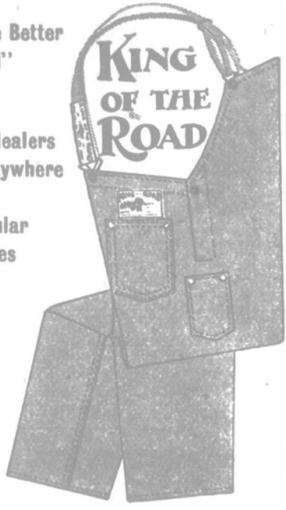


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## Power Lot--God Help Us

(Continued from Page 109)

but there was no handsome, stalwart Rob in that slouching group. Something got a hard grip at my heart. I rushed through every car on the train, searching. I knew the conductor. He let me work my way, tumbling and searching through the freight.

"What's up, Jim?" he called to me, and "All aboard," in the same breath, and the train was moving when I jumped.

Probably Rob was down in the boat waiting for me. Still I did not doubt him, and I turned, shamefaced, trusting that he had not seen my crazy leap from the train. I could see the boat stepping idly to her anchor in the harbor, but no blond head shining there. Still I did not doubt. He was loitering about somewhere in the dirty little town; some tobacconist's, or candy shop (with a special thought to Rhody), or some dog-fight, or some Punch and Judy show—that would be Rob, nursing out his holiday to the fullest extent.

So I paced up and down the one "Main" street, looking in everywhere, and making my affectedly light-hearted inquiry.

"Seen a tall fellow?—good-looking, light hair, blue flannel shirt, sort of showy necktie; thought you might 'a' seen him swaggering along somewheres—fine-looking fellow, you'd 'a' noticed him."

"Seen him around with you, whiles back," was the invariable response; ain't seen him since."

Search was made at the hotel; there, too, I knew the proprietor. Back and forth from the town to the boat I went. At dusk I entered the forlorn restaurant again.

"You seen my friend anywhere?" I said carelessly to the girl.

"Te, he!" she tittered, "I thought you'd lose him. No, I ain't seen him," she added, with the regretful accents of truth.

I ordered my supper as the natural excuse for my entrance.

"Tootsy-Wootsy 'll have to wait a while for her pretty things," said Miss, knowingly, as she brought me my tea. "Hubby's over to the hotel getting some 'fizz' after all, I reckon."

"No," said I, cheerily, "he ain't that kind."

And I forced down my supper, though the food choked me.

Then, from Main Street to the boat, with an air of loafing and sauntering, I alternated, like the pendulum of a clock. I gave up the boat, and paced the street till the last light went out and every shed and store was black as the night staring coldly at me; and then I began to curse Rob in my soul, for a weak liar and a coward.

I took a room at the hotel and turned in to bed. I could not sleep. My love for Rob had turned to stone. I longed to see him beaten, thrashed, and I would have borne a hand in doing it. But to go back without him to-morrow, the cause of his ruin; who had so trusted him, and who would have given my lifeblood for him—to go back without him, and to meet Mary!

I ground my teeth. "The cur, he is," I said, "the thankless, foolish, selfish, miserable cur." And thus anchored on the rock of indignation, with weariness in every bone, I sank off into a troubled sleep.

(To be continued)

## Questions and Answers

### MATING DUCKS AND GESE.

Will you kindly tell me how many ducks I can put with one drake, and how many geese with one gander for breeding?

E. M. Sask.

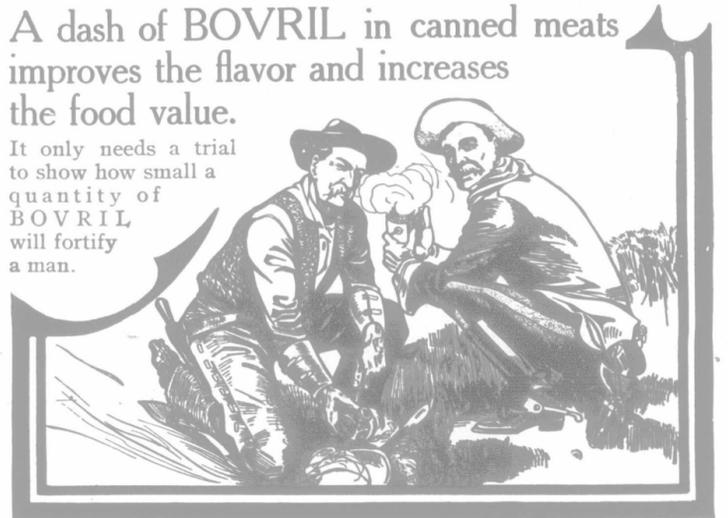
Ans.—With ducks, a fair number is four females to one male until the end of June, but after that, one drake with ten females is sufficient. Geese are disposed to pair, but when a small flock is kept, a gander will take care of four geese. Some of

There is only one

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the larger breeders, however, allow only two geese with each gander.

### MARE RUN DOWN

Have a mare, eleven years of age, raising a colt. She is run down, but I use her for light work. Feed her plenty of hay or grass and mixed chop. I have fed her an ounce of elecampane, which, I was told, is a blood-purifier. Is that the best I can give her? What is the action of elecampane?

Sask.

D. S. McN.

### CUTTING GRAIN IN THE MORNING

Should a person cut grain in the morning before the dew is off it? Some people around here say it makes no difference, others say you should not, but if you don't, how is it possible to rush your work through?

Sask.

W. J. H.

Ans.—Yes, certainly, cut as early in the morning as convenient, some people even run all night. A good deal depends upon the dew. Sometimes it is so heavy that it is just as well to wait an hour or two for the grain to dry, but, generally, the dew is gone far enough by the time a man gets into the fields.