It was such a cleasant evening, and Lord Arlington had so contrived matters that Darcy Lonschle was the real hero, and not himself. He was all that was most kind and considerate; he talked to him, and won his scn's heart forever. But in everything he put Darcy first, so that people mgit uncerstand all the had ben done for him. Was it any wonder that when he was gone the men stood in little groups, each one praising him? one praising him?
Felix followed him to the carriage.

"My lord, your life is filled, so people say, with great and generous actions; but none could be so great so generous, so noble as that

which you have done to-day "I have only done justice, my dear oy," said the earl, kindly. "Your ther was an injured man; I have tried to set him straight. Au reste, I wanted a good agent, and I have

"You cannot make light of the deed," returned Felix; "It is a good one. My father appears to be a new. man to-night; there is a light on his face and fire in his eyes that I have not seen there for long months. The miracle has been months. The miracle has been worked by you —you have removed the faish reproach attaching to his name. I can fancy, but I cannot tell you, what our home will be like to-night. My heart beats fast when I think of the mother and the bilder atters are lord. children there, my lord. I am not very eloquent, and I am moved too much for words —I can only echo my father's request; command me

you will." earl was more touched than he liked to show by the emotion on his handsome young face.

"I will make you this one promise, Mr. Felix Lonsdale: if ever I want a service done, or want a friend, I will come to you."
"Thank you, my lord," responded Felix; and when the earl drove off home he knew that he had left some of the happiest hearts in England behind him.

hind him.

No wonder that they praised and blossed him; he was a kind-hearted man, who knew how to use his influ ence in a noble manner-one of those ence in a noble manner—one of those men who, to keep alive in the hearts of the people a love for their rulers, do more than many orators and statesmen put together.

What a night it was! The vicar

what a night it was! The vicar drove away soon after the earl had left; and then one by one the comp. my cwindled down to about twenty. These would not let Darcy Lonsdals leave them—they had so much to say to him, and were so anxious to mak up to him for their coldness; and when the host grew anxious, they would not separate until they had sung "Auld Lang Syne" in chorus. Then they escorted father and son to Vale House, where Eve and Kate

anxiously awaited them.
"I am quite sure," said Eve, spring-ing from her seat, "that I hear them; and that is Mr. Lonsdale laughing-do you hear, Kate? - laughing - and he has never laughed e trial! Now I know there

is good news."
There was good news in very truth, and the pity was that Lord Arling-ton was not there to see Kate clasp her arms around her husband's neck, and sob out that she always knew matter would come right —that he

he replied. "Eve. "It is true, Kate," my dear, what have you to say to me, my true friend—the one true friend who loved me well enough to offer me her fortune if I would take it. Eve, I shall never

It had been arranged that Eve should spend the night at Vale House, so they sat around the fire until they were quite ashamed of the hour. they were quite ashamed of the nour, and Felix repeated every one of the carl's noble words, while the two ladies listened in raptures; every time he paused they said, "Go on, Felix," until he assured them that he had repeated every word.

"So it will be printed in every paper in England?" said every what could have inspired Lord Arlington to do such a kind and gen-

lington to do such a kind and gen-erous action."

knew that Lady Maude had that was a secret he never told; he kept it all his life. It was Darcy Lonsdale who answered his wife's

"My dear Kate," he said, "Lord Arlington has a love of seeing just-ice done. I remember when he raised half the county because some wrong had been done to a tollgatekeeper. It was such men as he who made old England what she is, and who made the word 'England' a

synonym for honor. And then these simple people, who ad been through the fiery fyrnace f suffering—who had borne sorrow, shame and disgrace-who had never ventured to hope for justice in this world-knelt and thanked Heaven for their rescue, and Darcy Lonsdale's eyes grew dim with grateful tears

he opened his Bibio and read how just and merciful Creator saves see who put their trust in Him. Gradually they awoke to the full reality of the good fortune that had befallen them. The strength of his youth seemed to have returned to Darcy Lonsdale; he took his place once more among his townsmen, he went briskly to and at his business, the clerks came back one by one to the office, and

fore.

The day came when Darcy Lonsdale put his arm lovingly on his son's shoulder and said:

"Do not think, Felix, that in the midst of my troubles and my poverty I have given no thought to you. I am doing the best I can for you by giving you so much work you by giving you so much work that you will have no time to re-

that you will have no time to regret your lost love."

"My dear father, I shall regret her until I die," returned Felix.

"The young aiways think both their love and their sorrow, immortal. I will say now what I have never said before, because I thought it would pain you; I thought she was not worthy of such love as yours. She had nothing but a beautiful face to recommend her; her soul was not beautiful, her heart was not true. recommend her; her soul was not beautiful, her heart was not true. The time will come when you will say that you had a fortunate escape. I pray Heaven that it may be so."

But Felix looked grave; the world must come to an end before he could see a silver lining to that cloud-the cloud of his misplaced, unhappy love.

CHAPTER XXVIII. Lady Chevenix wrote a long letter home, telling her mother how greatly she was enjoying Paris—how she had been to one of the state balls at the Tuileries, and how the emperor had danced with her—and Mrs. Haye, on her side, made all the ladies round Lilford envious by telling them how her "dear child ,Lady Cheve-nix," was enjoying herself in Paris and what a favorite she was at the Imperial Court Imperial Court.

Sir Owen was very kind to Violet in those days, and she was so com-pletely dazzled by the novelty of all she saw that she never remembered Felix, except to congratulate herself on her own good sense in having given him his conge. Some slight indications of impatience made her think that Sir Owen had made her think that Sir Owen had a certain amount of bad temper, but at present he had shown none to her—indeed, she thought him far better than he had represented himself. He had told her that he gambled and drank. She had seen nothing of these bad habits; she was too inexperienced to detect that he had placed a restraint on himself which might break down any day.

himself which might break down any day.

She did not like him very much. Although he was a baronet and a man of wealth, he was not a thorough gentleman. That she must have known. Thorough gentlemen are men of honor—and the man who steals the promised wife of another man can hardly be placed in that category. She found that Sir Owen was coarse in his manners, coarse in his speech. She often. coarse in his speech. She often even in those early days, shrunl

from him, saying:
"You talk so strangely, Owen—I
do not understand you."
"Then you must have some lessons,

was kind to him; she tried to talk to him, to amuse him; she obeyed his wishes, and made herself very able and charming-not because leved him, but because he was loved him, but because he was the means of procuring her all the lux-ury, the magnificence, the pleasure that she now enjoyed. In his coarse

way he felt that.
He brought her home one day a set of saprhires so brilliant and rare that she cried out with rap-"There are no sapphires finer than these," he remarked "What do you

say for them, Violet?"
"I say "Thank yor," with all my heart," she cried. heart," she cried.

"Is that all, Violet?"

"What more can I say, except that you are good, kind and generous?"

"Can you think of nothing else, Violet?" he asked.

She looked puzzled. "I cannot, indeed, Owen: but will say anything you wish me

say."
He turned away impatiently.
"If you thought any set form of
"If you thought any set form of words, any pretty phrase, would please me you would use it—I am quite sure of that."

With the brilliant sapphires in one of her hands, she looked half wistfully at him. The man who had it in his power to be the same with the same win the same with the same with the same with the same with the sam in his power to make such presents as this was worth any amount of

"I would say anything to please you, Owen," she said. He looked into her fair face. "I know you would," he returned;

but it has never occurred to you to throw your arms round my neck and kiss me, and—and say, 'Thank you, my darling.'"

She chrunk from him with a little She shrunk from him with a little shudder, his dark face was so close

to hers. "I have noticed," he said, "that when I bring you any of the ship trifles women love so much -you are then most amiable; but never once by leaven, cince we have been mar-ried have you come to me and kiss-ed me of your free will!"
"I will do so now," she said; and she placed the sapphires in their

No. thank you," he returned. "It

far more than its ancient glory returned to the house of Lonsdale & Son.

Kate could not rest until she had of his face, at the tone of his voice seen the early norder to thank seen the earl in order to thank startled, and just a little afraid. him, and the little lady went over to Bramber Tovers and asked for tot?" he asked.

lations. He was to have her beauty, she was to have his money and his title.

"Do you love me, Violet?" he demanded, angrily; and before she had time to speak a sudden conviction darted through her mind that she did not love him and never should—a certain terrible conviction that, although she was narried to this man, she loved Felix Lonsdale still. She trembled as she answered:

"Yes, you know I love you, Owen." She knew the words were false, but she was too frightened to say anything else.

"I know you ought to love me," he said, savagely; "but there is no understanding a woman—fair dealing is not characteristic of the sex. Still, I should not like to think that you married me for my money, and for nothing else. Did you, Vioget?"

She was not clever at lying, although she had broken a noble heart by her weakness. She had not the quick, ready-fashlon of speaking falsely which she acquired afterward. She buried her face in her hands; it was easier to weep, after the weak tashlon of women, than to speak.

She buried her face in her hands; it was easier to weep, after the weak lashion of women, than to speak.

''Nay, Idid not mean to pain you, Violet," he said. "Do not cry. Still, I should like to know that you love me. No man would like to think that his wife had married him for his money."

After that little scene Lady Cheve nix did not feel quite so sure of her husband, and began to stand a little in awe of him.

The gay French capital might be as gay as it would, Sir Owen would as gay as it would, Sir Owen would not remain. Invitations poured in upon him and his beautiful young wife; he would not accept them. One of his fixed resolves was to be in England at Christmas, and to England he was determined to go. In vain Viclet pleased that Garswood at Christmas would be dull He laugh. at Christmas woul! be dull. He laugh

"No place is ever dull where I am, Violet," he cried. "That shows how little you know me. I shall fill the place with visitors of my own choosing—and I promise you that we shall not spend our time in singing psalms."

psalms."
That was the first dissension between Violet and her husband. She would fain have remained longer, but Sir Owen was tired of Paris. He liked English sports, English habits, and English cheer. He was angry that Violet should for one moment presume to like Paris. It was unheard of, he said, that any English woman should find Christmas at home dull. And that was the first time that Violet say him in a rage. He swore et saw him in a rage. He swore oudly—not at her—that was to come localy—not at her—that was to come later on. He declared the whole race of women foolish and idiotic. He frightened her so that she was glad to escape from his presence and give orders for the packing up. "I am not my own mistress, after all." she said, with a discontented look on her fair face. "I cannot do as

look on her fair face. "I cannot do as I like. I never dreamed that I should have a master."

She did not like the idea. She had been so free and unfettered all her life that it was new to her to be under control. She had yet to learn that Sir Owen had the obstinacy of twenty men, and that when he had once set his mind upon anything he would carry it through. Her wishes, caprices, fancies, and desires would have about as much effect upon him as summer waves had upon a weaas summer waves had upon a wea ther-beaten rock.

ther-beaten rock.

She had a sample of this when they reached Calais on their return to England. It was not wet weather, but there had been a terrible gale, and the sea was rough. Violet was and the sea was rough. Violet was a bad sailor and when she heard the surf beating on the shore she begged of her husband to delay their passage at least twenty-four hours. She was so afraid, she said, of a

rough sea. He laughed. It was all nonsense—the ea would not hurt her. No one ever leard of an accident to the Dover

She allowed that; but the parsage made her very ill. Would he not wait? "If you are ill you will coon by well again; the whole parsage does not occupy two hours. You must bear it as other people do."
"I did not think you could be so unkind to me, Owen," she said, pit-

'I am not unkind; but I warn you fairly that I have very little patience with the caprices of women. As for their other nonsense, I should never bear it. A man cannot be expected to go on honeymooning forever. That kind of thing is all over now, and we may as well take our proper places.

Mine is to be master, and I tell you quite frankly that I intend to be obeyed. Make up your mind to that and we shall get along all right.

They were not very tiegesn't words They were not very pleasant work for a bride of only a few weeks to

She thought over them for some time.
"Telix would never have spoken to "Felix would never have spoken to my in that fashion," she said to herself. "But I must cbey. There is no help for it—he is supreme master." She was very ill crossing the Channel; but Sir Owen only laughed. Seasickness was a sort of jest to him. He never dreamed that his young wife would resent the laughter, but she did. When they landed at Dover she would not speak to him. He might be master, she said to herself a hundred times over, but no man should dred times over, but no man should

dred times over, but no man should laugh at her.

"You are sulking with me," he said, laughingly. "Ah, my Lady Chevenix, you will find that a losing game. I do not think there is a person in all England—man or woman—who can sulk so long or so thoroughly as I can myself;" and that she found to be perfectly true. Neither of them had the faintest idea of self-control—it was a thing unknown to either of them—so they reached Garswood without exchanging a word on the journey. Their coming home was cuite unexpected, coning home was cuite unexpected, coning home was cuite unexpected, censequently there was no rejoicing. It was night, too, and cold. Sir Owen was not well pleased at their reception, although he had expressly forbidden anyone to write.

But Violet's spirits rose again when she found herself in the magnificent mansion. After all, her husband might the corresponding to the state of the second had the proceed.

coarse and bad tempered, she was mistress of those erb rooms. This was her house. was to live in the midst of all superb rooms. This was her house. She was to live in the midst of all this luxury, with troops of liveried eervants at her call. Still she did Co., Brockville, Ont., and the Tablets

She had hever thought about loving him; he was to her a rich man who had wanted her to marry him, who had bribed her by his riches and his title, and for whom she had given up the man she really loved; but to love him—she had never thought of it: had never entered into her calculations. He was to have her beauty, she was to have his money and his title. evening they spent together at Gars wood was perhaps the happies they ever had there. 'On the morrow Sir Owen found

they ever had there.
On the morrow Sir Owen found a hundred things that required his attention; nevertheless, he was also thoughtful about his young wife.
"You will like to see your mother and father, Violet," he said. "Order the carriage when you like. I can not go with you, but I will come for you. You bought some presents for them, did you not?".
"Yes," she answered.
She looked wistfully at him. It was her first visit siace her marriage, and she would have liked him to be with her; but she was beginning to understand that she must not interfere with his arrangements. She could not resist saying:
"I should enjoy it so much more if you were with me, Owen."
"Oh, no, you would not!" he laughed, carelessly; "you only fancy so. You and your mother will have so much to talk about that I really could not stand it, you know—I could not, indeed. I will be there in the evening, and will drive you back home."
She knew that to say more would be quite useless, so she made the best of the arrangement. After all, there were many delights before her. She had a superb costume, trimmed with costly sable—one of the great Worth's masterpleces—and she was to wear that for the first time. Her heart beat as she

trimmed with costly sable—one of the great Worth's masterpleces— and she was to wear that for the first time. Her heart beat as she thought of the pleasure of driving in her magnificent carriage through the streets of Lilford, dressed in her Parisian costume, (To be Continued.)

HEALTH IN SPRING.

Nature Requires Assistance in Mal ing New, Health-Giving Blood.

Spring is the season when your system needs toning up. In the spring you must have new blood just as the tree must have new blood just as the trees must have new sap. Nature demands it. Without new blood you will feel weary, weak and languid. With new, rich, red blood you will be sprightly, happy and healthy. The one sure way to get new blood and fresh energy is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new blood. They are the greatest spring tonic in the world. Mr. J. J. Mallette, a well known grocer in Montreal, says: "I wish to thank you for the great goe! your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Ballette, a well known grocer in Mont-real, says: "I wish to thank you for the great goo! your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have days me. My system was very much run Gown, and your pills have made a new right of me. As I am in business coming in contact with many people. I am dien able to recommend the pills, and they have already relieved a dozen of my friends who suffered as

Many people in there weaken their system in spann; through taking purgative medicines. What nature needs to help her is a tonic, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills supply this as no other medicine can. Be sure you get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or post paid at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Brockville, Ont.

No Animal Like it.

In the Berlin Zoological Garden there is now an animal which is wholly unlike any other in the world. It is the offspring of a female puma from the Argentine Republic, and of a male leopard Republic, and of a male leopard from India.

The owner of a menagerie in Ger

many obtained these two animals some time ago, and, as he had only one cage unoccupied, he put the two into it. At first he was afraid that they would quarrel, but they became good friends at once and so he allowed them to remain in

the cage.
One morning a little cub was one morning a little cub wai born, and at first it was supposed to be an ordinary puma. In a few weeks, however, it resembled a leopard quite as much as a puma and then the truth became known and then the truth became known. Scientists are studying this strange animal with much interest, which not surprising, since no one ever imagined that a puma and a leopard would pair.

The animal itself is strong, healthy and of a beautiful color. In some respects it is wonderfully like a leopard and in others like a puma.

The Cost of Great Wars.

It cost France over \$2,000,000 a day to keep an army of 600,000 men in the field against the Germans. The Austrian economist, Shaffle, eight years ago declared that a war involving the continental powers of Europe would cost France over \$5,000,000 a day; Russia \$5,600,000; Germany, \$5,000,000, and Austria, \$6,000,000. The figures would probably be larger to-day, and if made to include Great Britain, the United States and China the expenditure for waste, destruction and death would aggregate nearly \$40,00,000 every twenty-four hours, or more than a million and

KEEP LITTLE ONES WELL

There ought not to be any sickly, fret ful, sleepless children—there would no be any if mothers gave their little one an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tab lets. The little ones are sickly and fret-ful and sleepless usually because of some stomach, bowel or teething trou-These and the other minor little ones are speedily relieved promptly cured by Baby's Own Tablets, and the little one thrives and grows plump, sleeps well at night, and lets the mother get her much needed rest as well. Mrs. R. M. LaRue, Mountain, Ont., says: "I can recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all mothers who have cross Tablets to all mothers who have cross or delicate children. I do not know how I could get along without them. Mother isn't it worth your while to give this medicine just one trial? If your medicine does not keen the Tablets sent Co., Brockville, Ont, and the Tablets will be sent by mail post paid.

THE GIBRALTAR

:: OF JAPAN.

Moji is the Gibraltar of Japan.

Whether you arrive by land or by sea, the place gives an immediate impression of culminating majecty, says the London Daily Mail. Greathills tower up in every direction, and behind them lie snow-clad montain peaks topping them.

Here and there you say openings

tain peaks topping them.

Here and there you spy openings on the rocky shore, artfully concealed natural harbors. A well protected channel takes you into the Bay of Shimonoseki itself, and here, after a short journey, you come on the twin towns, Moji and Shimonoseki, on either side of the bay.

The hills, black and lined with midst, stands grimly arcund. Stacks of titanic chimneys on the low levels of Moji, yomit forth thick smoke, recalling the horrors of Pttsburg. Ten thousand craft, from the 8000 ton

calling the horrors of P.ttsburg. Ten thousand craft, from the 8000 ton Harland & Wolff steamer to the antique junk, lie packed around Stacks of coal, almost mountains in themselves, are one great centre of work. An almost unceasing succession of trains add to them, while myriad workers bear the accumulating loads to lighters nearby. The locomotives, you notice, are Baldwins, and the coal trucks are the newest patternsteel, automatic emptying. The open steel, automatic emptying. The oper fires burn weirdly on the nativ fires burn weirdly on the native boats. There is a feeling of hast

boats. There is a reening in the air.

In the harbor, both on the Moji and the Shimonoseki sides, the native craft are emptying and filling with great speed. Packages covered with matting are being swung on the backs of tireless coolies or swung on cover moving cranes. In the deeper ever moving cranes. In the deeper water great steamers are lying, sur-rounded by coal barges, and ar rounded by coal barges, and an army of women and men is coaling them by hand with a rapidity no machinery can rival. This is not the sleepy Orient, but has the spirit of the bustling west.

The multitudinous junks themselves are aveil worth action.

The multitudinous junks themselves are well worth actice. The rule here seems to be "one junk, one family." The family live continually on the great, angular, unpainted boat, the wife helping at the tiller as she carries her baby on her back, and the children playing around. Here is a junk so large that half a dozen households could find room on it; here is one so tiny that its poor owner and wife and children can only find room to sleep at night by pullowner and wife and children can only find room to sleep at night by pulling matting over the bare deck. Tals junk is outwardly the replica of an old Spanish galleon, and this is the image of the pictured pirate craft which awesomely rejoiced one's boyhood days. The sails of yonder craft are quilted like the curtains in a West Homested bare device describes. West Hempstead lady's drawing-room. Many have a distinctive note of their own, proclaiming them the pride and holdfast of their inhabi-

Some may grow enthusiastic over the nimble women who till the bunks of the steamsh ps with coal. I cannot. Seen from the steamer's deck, their appearance, as they stand in long lines passing up the small baskets of coal, no doubt has a touch of ets of coal, no doubt has a touch of peturesqueness. A nearer view spoils the effect. These are adult women, all amazingly short and sturdy, all stunted in growth and aged in looks by severe and constant to lunsuited for their sex. As one watches the weaker of them drop down on the deck of their barges, exhausted after their work is done, the sense of the picturesque dies.

It is hard to realize that around here is one of the best fortified spots

here is one of the best fortified spots n earth, Every trace of the gigantic military and naval preparations now proceeding in the neighborhood is as carefully covered as possible. The hills around are honeycombed with forts and protected by artillery at every point, but one looks in vain for the guns. The supplies now being landed from a thousand junks are, every one is hware, for military use. But there are no men in uniform supervising. Tens of thousands of troops lie ready within a prief ere is one of the best fortified spots troops lie ready within a brief

the poetic side of Japan would receive a shock from the streets of Moji or her sister town Shimonoseki. They are as prosaic and as dirty as those of the worst parts of Black Country. Everyone bears the the traces of toil. The streets are narrow and tortuous, and have that indescribable slummy smell (the nearest approach to a description can be a combination of the odors these winter times.

The streets are ever a tangled confusion of pavement merchants, of patient coolies carrying heavy burdens, of laughing children, of rare horses or cattle carrying povisions, of shouting rickshaw men. Even here, in a place where foreigners are counted by the units, many of the men, but practically none of the women have put on European garb. Shimonoseki and Moji have been the

centre for two of the most moment-ous events in modern Japanese his-tory. It was here, in 1858, that the fleets of the great powers came to punish Japan for some offences against foreigners. Many men still living nearby took part in that conflict, and they say (whether rightly or not, I have no means of knowing), that the Marquis Ito himself was among the defenders. The fleets shelled Moji, and the people mountail their flatters and its properties of the contract of the cont ed their batteries and vigorously replied. But every Japanese shot fell short. The result of that bombardment was not merely local ruin at Moji, but stretched out to the overthrow of the old Japanese feudalism and the inception of a new ideal of an occidentalized orient. It was therefore fitting that this same bay which had witnessed the humiliation of the old, should be the scene of the crowning triumph of the new. In 1895 Japan proved, by force of arms, her power to enter the ed their batteries and vigorously reof arms, her power to enter the ranks of the world-nations. China lay defeated before her despised rival and it was to Shimonoseki that Li Hung Chang, China's envoy, came craving and obtaining prace.

FOR THE FARMERS.

Experimental Union Distribution of Choice Seed.

The members of the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union are pleased to state that for 1904 they present to state that for 1904 they are prepared to distribute into every Township of Ontario, material for experiments with fodder crops, roots, grains, grasses, clovers, and fertilizers. Upwards of 1,500 varieties of farm crops have been tested in the experimental department of the Ontario Agricultural College Gualdy. Ortario Agricultural College, Guelph. ortario Agricultural College, Gueiph, for at least five years in succession. These consist of nearly all the Canadian sorts and several hundred new tarieties, some of which bave done exceedingly well in the carefully conducted experiments at the College, and are now being distributed free of charge for co-operative experiments throughout Outs. ative experiments throughout Onta-rio. The following is the list of co-operative experiments for 1904: 1.—Three varieties of oats

2—Three varieties of barley...... 3—Two varieties of hulless bar-4—Two varieties of spring wheat 5—Two varieties of buckwheat 6—Two varieties of field peas for northern Ontario 7—Emmer and spelt 8—Cow peas and two varieties of

Soy, Soja, or Japanese beans 9—Three varieties of husking

turnips 13—Kohl Rabi and two varieties of fall turnips 14—Parsnips and two varieties of carrots 15—Three varieties of fodder or slage corn 16—Three varieties of millet

17-Three varieties of sorghum 18—Grass peas and two varieties of vetches 19—Two varieties of rape 20-Three varieties of clover 21-Sainfoin, Lucerne and Bur-

plaster 20—Planting corn in rows and in square, an excellent variety of early corn will be used ... The size of each plot in each of the first twenty-six experiments is

the first twenty-six experiments is to be two rods long by one rod wide; in Nos. 27, 28 and 29, one rod square; and in No. 30, four rods square; one-tenth of an acre.

Each person in Ontario who wishes to join in the work may choose any one of the experiments for 1904, and apply for the same. The material will be furnished in the order in which the applications are received until be furnished in the order in which the applications are received until the supply is exhausted. It might be well for each applicant to make a second choice for fear the first could not be granted. All material will be furnished entirely free of charge to each applicant, and the produce of the plots will, of course, hecome the property of the person become the property of the person who conducts the experiment.

C. A. Zavitz, Director. Ontario Agricultural College,

JAPAN-THE HOPE OF ASIA

Japan is making the last stand of Asia. If it fails, Asia ceases to be a separate integer in human development, and becomes an appanage of Europe. If Japan wins, it has wrestled well and everthrown more than its enemies. It will become the teacher, first of China and march; but there is not a solder on the streets. This scenery, at least, is typically Ordental.

Those who are enraptured with the poetic side of Japan would receive a shock from the streets of liberal study. Its administrative and of liberal study. ors and officers are alone in knowing both Chinese classics and modern science. They are ready for their task. They have already begun it. The prestige of victory will give them authority and acceptance in semedating. China Largan after narrow and tortuous, and have that indescribable slummy smell (the nearest approach to a description can be a combination of the odors of boiled cabbage and spilled parafilin), familiar in the back streets of London. The children too often show plain traces that their mothers are busy at other work than caring for them. The roadways are without footpaths, and on wet days anything but pleasant. Drainage is exceedingly primitive. Every shop has its front open all day, even in these winter times. mus what to us seems accessement in attitude, ceremony and action, and yet preserves a complete self-respect is retained by the Japanese. They vote, they have parties, they practice ar amazing freedom of speech t Japan; but at the ideal limit political action is bounded and controlled by interest. by influences and principles unknow, and alien to the West, out perfectly comprehensible to the Asiatic, who never forgets that the state and its supreme head is greater than him solf, his party, or his policy. Japa has the secret of using Europeas reience without ceasing to be Aslatic It is a shallow view of the Japaness nation which regards it as Europcanized. It remains at the core Asia tic. (What it has borrowed is small by the side of what it has retained. The prospect, strong twenty years ago, that its upper and intelligent classes would adopt Christianity, ha vanished. There has come instead a remaissance of Shinto faith, a revival renaissance of Shinto faith, a revival of Buddhism—just as Islam grows stronger in every Moslem country— and a widespread desire to preserve the Japanese attitude in faith, in morals, and in social life. The Jap morals, and in social life. The Japanase soldler and sailor—in arms armament, uniform, organization discipline and drill—is European but he addresses himself to his task with a reckless disregard of life, a secrety, a subordination, and a freedom from personal ambition which in the April Booklevers' Magazine.

black fox of Kamchatka, the skin of which when dressed becomes a very attractive blue. A single skin is worth attractive blue. A single skin is as much as \$1,000.