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LOVE AND A TITLE

"God knows," he says, with suppressed bitterness, "if this day's work could be erased, my hand should be the first to wipe it out. I say it calmly; act you as calmly. You cannot repair by flight the injury you have done; you will but add a sharper sting to it by publicity. You are no child, Jeanne; you have proved yourself too much a woman; think before you set every tongue wagging, every finger pointing at the man whose love you won by deceit and concealment! Besides," and his lips twist into a painful smile, "why should you care as to how you have played for? You are the Marchioness of Ferndale, this is your house, your settlement—deeds are in my lawyer's hands already signed. Yesterday I reversed your simple, generous, childlike nature to deeply to speak of such matters: to-night, knowing what I know, I can speak out. I have made as ample, and more ample, provision for you, than if you had a score of lawyers at your back. All this is yours, you cannot leave it—you have robbed me of my heart, do not take away my good name by leaving your home."

She is at the door, but she hesitates—something in the word, or the tone of the last word, touches her to the heart and wrings it. With a low cry, she sinks into a couch and hides her face.

Vane turns whiter than before, his mad passion, already half spent, falls suddenly like an exhausted flame. With a groan he strides across the room and, kneeling beside her, lays his burning hand on her hair.

"Jeanne," he breathes fiercely, "say that you love me. Is your heart not here? At his touch, at the almost savage energy of his words, she shudders and springs to her feet. It is her turn now. "Do not touch me," she breathes, all the passionate indignation of a woman scorned blazing in her eyes. "Do not come near me now. You hate and despise me, but I will have to remember what you have accused me of. You—you think I married you for all this, and she waves her hand with a scornful gesture. "You think me false, and treacherous and deceitful. You hate and despise me, but you will not let me go back, though I want to go—yes, want to go! But it is not true that I deceived you—you do not understand why; you cannot, you are too unjust. I did deceive you, and I will bear the punishment. Because I did it I will stay; I will not do you any further harm, as I have done you so much. This great place is large enough for both of us. You have said that you will stay until I may go—until you tell me that I may go—and with a sob she presses her hands to her eyes and moves toward the door.

"He rises slowly, and looks at her with a wild, ungodly gleam in his eyes. He is yielding, loving, girl, who used to cling to him blushing, so childlike in her ways and words that it seemed degrading to kiss her? This proud, passionate, indignant woman cannot be Jeanne. But surprise is mingled with awe and borne by admiration. Never has she seemed so lovely in his eyes as she appears now—her lithe, graceful figure drawn to its full height, her eyes flashing like diamonds, her lips apart.

"Jeanne," he cries, hoarsely, "what I have said—I for heaven's sake forget it! Jeanne, come back to me! I—there is some mistake!"

"Yes," she says, with a look of anguish, "you thought you loved me. Some mistake—I have been mad! Jeanne—my Jeanne—forgive me! Come back to me!"

And he moves toward her with outstretched arms. "Drive to-night we are to live apart—only to the world. Oh, do not shrink!" for as he speaks, she has drawn further away from him— "I will not force your love. It was yours to give or to withhold. So be it—so ends this last hope of happiness!"

"Crushed by your own hand," she says, "by your own hand!" and without another word she turns and moves silently over the thick carpet to the conservatory.

He scarcely knows that she has moved, but when he lifts his head and finds that she has gone, he starts forward, calling her name.

"Jeanne—Jeanne! Come back!" But before he can reach the curtain he hears the outer door close, and realizes that she has gone beyond recall. With a smothered oath he flings himself onto a chair, and looks about him with a dazed, vacant stare.

The night is passing rapidly, the room seems stifling and hot as a furnace, with a fresh oath, the miserable victim shows open the window, and passes it

and fro with agitated steps; then he takes out his cigar case, and, with trembling fingers, lights a cigar.

Oh, potent tobacco! who, knowing your virtues, can speak too highly in your praise!

Before that cigar is half consumed, Vane, Marquis of Ferndale, sees his folly and curses the madness which has cast aside, utterly thrown away, and trampled upon that sweetest gift which the gods can give a man—love! That cigar has effected all that reason, love and experience failed to do—it dispels the remaining symptoms of the Ferndale passion; but it shows, clearly as the noonday sun, how great a fool he has been.

For, with a groan, he leans his elbows on the balustrade, and his head on his hands, and there he remains smoking and repentant until the dawn comes creeping slowly from the east, and throws its gray, cold light on a face as cold and gray as its own.

With a wild, almost blind haste Jeanne crossed the hall, and goes up the great staircase.

One or two of the servants are morning about. Tully, the butler, crosses the hall slowly, and solemnly stands aside as she passes him.

A maid-servant, coming from one of the rooms, stands back against the hall as my lady goes along the corridor, as if it were a goddess passing, little thinking it is only an unhappy woman.

There are softly shaded lights upheld by gleaming statuettes along all the corridors, and Jeanne remembers her way, or finds it by instinct, and at last reaches her own room.

As she enters the boudoir Mrs. Fleming rises from a chair.

"I was right to wait, my lady, was I not?" she says, then stops suddenly, struck dumb by Jeanne's white face and wild eyes.

"There is some trouble, my lady," she says, "and I am sure you will be glad to hear of it. Are you waiting for me? Who are you—yes, I remember. No, do not wait, please."

"But your ladyship will let me comb your hair—"

"No—no!" says Jeanne, hurriedly. "Go, please, at once!" and, following her to the door, she locks and bolts it.

She goes to the innermost room, and bolts and locks both doors, and then, woman-like, falls upon her knees and bursts into a passion of tears.

"Hail—hail!" she exclaims, trembling. "What has happened? Crying like that, already! Poor child—poor child!"

And so ends Jeanne's wedding-day.

While the world lasts, women will have one great, vast advantage over their lords and masters—they can weep! Man, poor man, meets the sharp, sudden stroke of adversity, the dull, persistent blows of adversity, with a wrung heart, a shifting sense of misery, and finds no outlet for the bubbling, seething pain which threatens to stifle him; but women! no anguish is so intent, but, sooner or later, it finds its expression, its outlet, and—its relief.

When Jeanne stood confronting the passionate storm of Vane's bitter disappointment and unreasoning jealousy, she would as soon have dreamed of laughing as of crying. But once alone in the solitude of her room, away from the reproachful anger of that voice, and the bitter scathing of those eyes, she can weep, and the overstrained misery relaxes, the feverish excitement is allayed. Tears! who calls them idle? Not a woman, surely, for every woman knows the worth of them.

Jeanne does not cry for long, the very violence of her grief forbids that, and almost as suddenly as she threw herself on her knees, calling on "Hail," she is upright again and facing her position. With a little tremor of shyness and alarm, she looks at the strange richness of her surroundings, upon the decorations of the dainty little rooms, the rare hangings and exquisite furniture, the costly appointments—where is she?

As she goes to the table, her hands fall on a magnificent dressing case, and her gaze rests on the coronet and initials emblazoned upon each of the brushes, upon the golden tops of the scent bottles.

And here Jeanne remembers that she is the Marchioness of Ferndale, it is not all a strange and fevered dream. The man from whom she has fled, whose harsh, cruel words ring in her burning ears, is her lover, is the great marquis, and she, is his wife.

Jeanne hides her face in her hands, and thinks—thinks as she never thought before, staring at the sweet, pale face which stares back at her in the glass.

Every word of that bitter accusation she calls up, springing herself not one. She has deceived him—yes; no matter with what motive. It is true that she has deceived him! How could she tell him of the doubts and fears which kept her silent on all concerning that fearful visit of the Lady Lucelle! She had deceived him, and lost his love—if ever hers to lose. If ever it was hers to lose! That is the thought which makes her lips quiver and her heart ache! It is true, all that the fair-haired, fashionable beauty told her! Vane's love for her was a fancy, and it has gone—dispelled by the discovery that his which was balked and his identity known!

It is a bitter thought, but it is the only thing that saves Jeanne—Jeanne,

alone in the great castle—moves her from utter despair, for it rouse her pride! "He does not love me," she says to the dainty Venetian mirror; "and he fears I shall bring scandal and idle gossip upon the great name he has given me. He need not fear! I, too, can be proud and cold; I, who am not plain Jeanne Bertram now, but the Marchioness of Ferndale! He thinks that I shall make a noise before his people, and let the servants see the trouble between us! He shall see. Oh, Jeanne—Jeanne, if you have any courage, now is the time to see it! Be brave!"

Then she falls to pacing to and fro on the thick Persian carpet, her little hands clasped before her, her dark brows drawn into the straight line across her eyes, as they used to be when the Nancy Bell was nearing the bar and danger loomed ahead, her red lips set tightly and closely, and her heart beating quickly.

For the future, from to-night, they are to live apart, widely sundered, though living in the same house, breathing the same air. He has said it, so shall it be. There shall be no moan, no wail, no complaint made by her. As he reminded her, she is the Marchioness of Ferndale, she is the Marchioness of Ferndale, for whose coming and outgoing the world cares nothing; she is the Marchioness, whose every word and look will be noted. "Well!" and she confronts the glass defiantly, "he shall see how she can play the part which he has set her."

And as this resolve is made, Jeanne is a girl no longer, but a woman—proud, contented, and injured!

If he could see her now, surely it would recall to him the lithe, upright figure, standing as so often he has seen it stand on the beach, with the clear eyes looking out to the sea; and he would take back the bitter words and angry looks that have built up the barrier between them.

If he could see her now, her white little forehead puckered in her endeavor to solve the problem of her future course, he would himself seek the English air. But while she fights for courses, struggles against the dull anguish that beats at her heart, he is moodily, remorsefully wasting the precious moments of reconciliation in the night air; and thus wasted, they vanish, to return, who shall say when?

CHAPTER XXXI

"Oh, yes, 'tis now September, the harvest has begun. The golden-bearded barley is ripening in the sun."

So hums a gentleman, who, leaning on his gun, stops to wipe the perspiration from his face. Tramping by his side is a companion sportsman. Both of them we know, for the man who is singing is that Lord Charles Nugent, who, nine months ago, said farewell to a certain Vernon Vane on the platform of Marly Station.

There is the same careless, happy-go-lucky expression on his face, and as he whistles and hums the old English air, and quaint words, he looks more like a schoolboy than a man whose name is famous in every court in Europe as one of fashion's most ardent votaries. His companion is no other than our old friend Clarence, Viscount Lane. Now, Lady Lucelle had said in her letter that Clarence Fitzjames was very much altered since he had become Lord Lane, and she had only spoken the truth.

He had spent the last three months in travel and in losing that languid, lackadaisical air, upon which, as Clarence Fitzjames had prided himself pretty considerably, but which as Lord Lane he felt ought to be abandoned. He had cast off the self-attitude, and, as no one can travel and move about in the world without acquiring a little information and increment of knowledge, he was rather more sensible than of yore.

As a finishing touch, he should like to be able to add that his morals had improved, but—well, the less said on that part of the subject, the better, perhaps. A man's manner may be improved by his becoming a viscount, but it is not a rule, remain what they were, or grow more luxurious with increased opportunity.

But certainly Clarence was improved, was less conceited, less lazy, and if not selfish, had learned the art of concealing his selfishness, and passing for a real good fellow.

Upon the hill up which the two men were climbing stood a gray old pile, Nugent Abbey, Charles's ugly but substantial country seat.

"Jolly hot," says Nugent; "more like July than September; no wonder the birds seemed half-asleep."

"And we've been peeling along so," remarks Clarence, wiping the perspiration from his face and shifting his game-bag to the other shoulder.

"Can't help it," rejoins Charles. "I'm afraid Ferndale and his wife will be there now before I get home, and I'm anxious to see him when he arrives—not that I need stand on ceremony with him; but there's his wife, whom I haven't seen yet. You don't know her, do you?"

"No," replies Clarence with a frown, that shows his double row of excellent teeth, "nor him either. We have never met, although I've heard of his going to the same house as myself; but something kept either him or me away, and we never met. Awful big pot, isn't it?"

"What, old Vane?" laughs Charles. "There isn't a jollier fellow going—when you know him. A little stiff at first, perhaps, a little what-do-you-call it?—eccentric; but as easy going as a windmill. Awfully glad he's coming! We haven't seen each other for nine months. The funniest start he went on that ever you heard of!"

"Sh-sh!" breaks Clarence, suddenly, "there goes a brace!" and, raising his gun, he brings them down.

"And his wife—what's she like?" asks Clarence, trudging back with his newly-slaughtered victims in his hand. "I should kind of them, I suppose—all and serene, in black satin—it's black velvet if it's a duchess, satin for a marchioness, and I suppose all the rest of 'em have to go in silk."

Nugent laughs. "Getting quite a cynic in your old age, Lane. No, the marchioness isn't anything of the kind. Why, man, didn't you hear them talking about her at dinner last night?"

"There was a great deal of cackle about some one, but I didn't pay much attention," says Clarence, with a little sigh.

Charles laughs and claps him on the back. "Thinking of past times, and lost loves, eh, old man? Oh, I've heard you were awfully hard hit last year—somewhere down in the country, wasn't it?"

Clarence nods and sighs, as he lights a well-worn tobacco pipe.

"You're right I was; and what's more, I haven't got over it yet, for all you chaffing."

"Lucky beggars, most of you are," says Lord Charles, with light envy. "Never was hit in my life; don't know what a grande passion is. Seen plenty of pretty women, too, in my time. Suppose my day will arrive perhaps when I'm old, and have the family gout. One generally gets knocked over by a schoolgirl, doesn't one?" and acquires a past fondness for bread and butter, and marmalade.

"Chaff away," says Clarence. "If you don't know what it means, you are the lucky one. But about the marchioness?"

"Oh? Oh, yes, I was just going to observe to everybody says she is to be the new beauty. Two or three of the fellows in the smoking-room last night had been staying at Ferndale, and they swear she's the most beautiful young creature they've ever seen, and as charming as she is beautiful. Wonderful, that, isn't it? For my part, most of the lovely women are confounded bores. It's the same with horses; if ever you see anything on four legs as pretty as paint, you may lay your life there's something wrong with the temper, spint thrown, or something. But, of course, the marchioness is the exception that proves the rule, and Ferndale's a happy man!"

By this time the two men had made their way into the grounds, and were crossing the lawn.

"Well, I'll go and make myself fit," said Clarence; and Lord Charles, throwing his gun and bag to a servant, inquired after visitors had arrived.

"Lord and Lady Ferndale, my lord," said the man. "The marquis is in his dressing-room."

Charles sprang up the stairs two at a time, and knocked at the door of one of the dressing-rooms. "The marquis is set apart for the marquis and his newly-married wife."

(To be continued.)

SICKLY CHILDREN.

More children die during the hot weather months than at any other season of the year. Their vitality is then at its lowest ebb, and an attack of diarrhoea, cholera infantum or stomach trouble may prove fatal in a few hours.

For this reason, when a child is sick, are young children should be without a box of Baby's Own Tablets, which promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles. If the Tablets are given to a well child they will prevent these ailments and keep the little one well and strong.

Mrs. Joseph T. Pigeon, Bryson, Que., says: "My little one was attacked with colic and diarrhoea, and I found Baby's Own Tablets so satisfactory that I would not now be without them in the house. These Tablets not only cure summer troubles, but all the minor ailments that afflict infants and young children. They contain no opiate or harmful drug, and may be given with equal safety to the new born baby or well grown child. These Tablets are made of this medicine and mothers should see that the words 'Baby's Own Tablets' and the four-leaf clover with child's head on each leaf is found on the wrapper around each box. As you value your child's life do not be persuaded to take a substitute for Baby's Own Tablets—the one medicine that makes children well and keeps them well. Sold by all druggists, or you can get them by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ASTOR'S PALACE OF MARVELS.

Amazing wonders are being wrought by William Waldorf Astor, the American millionaire and naturalized British subject upon the historic Hever estate in Kent, which he recently purchased.

The artistic owner is spending money with lavish hand in beautifying the estate, and to make the grounds more attractive. He has spent the last three months in travel and in losing that languid, lackadaisical air, upon which, as Clarence Fitzjames had prided himself pretty considerably, but which as Lord Lane he felt ought to be abandoned.

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THE LABOR WORLD

Russia may have to call her peace commissioners home to negotiate an internal peace.

The Russian Government cannot afford to scorn peace terms. It may soon have to struggle for its life against an aroused Russian people.

Those thirty fanatical Doukhobors are improving. They have this time selected August for their nude pilgrimage "in search of Christ."

Seventeen thousand men will be needed this year to harvest the wheat of the great Northwest. Many of them will go from Ontario, a great number of whom will not return.

Mr. Wannamaker, the Philadelphia department store owner, is the latest United States millionaire to secure one of England's "ancestral homes"—Temple House, at Marlow. The millionaire colony is growing in Britain.

There are no fewer than six hundred and nine labor unions in Great Britain, with a total membership of 1,905,116, of which number 122,644 are women. The aggregate income is about \$3,000,000, and the expenses \$7,000,000, so that \$1,000,000 can be laid aside every year to swell the sinking fund.

A Toronto cigar store has a branch of the Anti-Swearing League, where it costs a fine of one cent to use a "cuss" word. The other morning \$3 which had been collected in one-cent fines was handed over to the Hospital for Sick Children. That represented three hundred swears. Better raise the fine.

Sir William Macdonald, Montreal's great tobacco manufacturer, is 72 years of age, and is said to be as spry as a young fellow. The somewhat remarkable statement is made that, although he is a tobacco manufacturer, he has never smoked and never drank spirituous liquors.

The Norwegian people have voted on the question of separation from Sweden, and of the 320,000 ballots cast it is estimated that only about one in three thousand was against the proposition. We hope it will be a case of "Go in peace"; and Norway expresses a willingness to abolish the border forts if Sweden regards them as a menace, which is a hopeful sign.

Mr. Armes, of Montreal, is anxious to see the exodus of young men from the Maritime Provinces to the United States put a stop to. He says there are too many bright young men from there and from Quebec going south, and he believes that by a little judicious effort on the part of the Government these young fellows could be tempted to go to the Northwest and grow up with the country.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay, who was recently elected a school trustee at Roslyn, Col., made a neat little speech at the first meeting of the Board which she attended. She proposes to advocate that the girls be taught to sew and do such useful things, and that the boys be taught to use their hands so that when they turn to trade later they will be able to use them. She also believes in teaching live, not dead, languages. She proposes also to look after the comfort of the scholars in a general way.

The French-Canadian press of Montreal, says the Witness, is expressing its unbounded delight at the visit of the French fleet in British waters. The Canada, the Presse and the Patrie unite in declaring that the visit makes the peace of the world assured. The Presse says: "Sentiment goes far with us, and the more contentment we feel in our work the stronger will be our ties of loyalty to Great Britain." So that King Edward's friendship for France binds French Canada still closer to Britain. Truly Edward is the Peace Maker.

Germany's war in Southwest Africa against the Hereros began in January, 1904, about a year and a half ago. By May of that year the Kaiser had 6,000 troops engaged in trying to suppress the revolt. Up to the present time he has sent out all told nearly 14,000 men. The Berlin correspondent of the London Times reports that fifty-nine officers have been killed in action or have died of disease, while the casualties in the ranks are given as 1,191, including non-commissioned officers. In addition to these, 233 men have been sent home permanently invalided. The pecuniary loss to Germany up to the present time has been about \$60,000,000. And the end is not yet. The Germans will now be better able to appreciate the difficulties that beset the British in the Boer war.

According to a Japanese contributor to The Independent, the Mikado of Japan is in no immediate danger of having to pawn his crown and jewelry to keep the pot boiling. His yearly allowance, which is made to do duty for the 60 members of the Imperial family, is now \$1,500,000. Besides he has the yearly incomes of \$500,000 from the interest on the \$10,000,000 which was given to him from the war indemnity received from China ten years ago, of \$250,000 from his private estates, which amounts to \$5,000,000 or more; of \$500,000 from the forests, covering an area of 5,124,473 acres and valued at \$512,487,300, at \$100 an acre; in all, \$1,250,000. Thus, his yearly net income amounts to \$2,750,000. The Mikado is 54 years old, six feet tall, stout, and weighs about 200 pounds. Empress Haruko is two years his senior. The couple is said to be a very loving one, although Crown Prince Harunomiya is not the Empress's son.

An analysis of the reports of correspondents to date shows a continued falling off from the good indications of previous reports. Fungous diseases are beginning to show seriously though insects are not as prevalent as usual.

Apples will be a light crop, probably about 50 per cent. of last year's crop. It must not be forgotten, however, that the general scarcity will prevent any waste such as has been common for the last two years. Sales are being made at \$1.00 to \$1.25 for No. 1's and 2's on the trees. Barrels are lower in price than last year, running from 25c in Nova Scotia to 30 and 35c in Ontario, but where proper arrangements have not been made early in the season prices are likely to go higher than this.

Pears will be a very light crop, scarcely enough for the local market. Blight has worked sad havoc in many orchards this year.

Plums—The drop and plum rot have lessened the prospect for plums to such an extent that the prospects can be rated for a light to medium crop. The Lombard, barring rot, appears to be the only plum that stands out prominently with a fairly good yield.

Peaches show a light crop in the Essex and Kent districts; a medium crop on bearing trees in the Niagara district. The market will not be overloaded.

Sweet cherries have rotted badly; sour cherries have been a medium crop, but badly infested in many cases with fruit worm. Small fruits have been a medium crop, realizing good prices.

The reports from Great Britain and the continent would indicate a light to medium crop. Reports from twenty of the largest apple growing American States show seventeen States having a light or poor apple crop, some a failure; three, Wisconsin, Kansas and Oklahoma, report the crop promising or good.

Careful estimates by correspondents place the exports from the Annapolis Valley at 20,000 barrels. The apple crop in British Columbia is below the average but a considerable increase in the acreage will make the exports into the Northwest Territories somewhat larger than last year.

It is pleasing to note the increased confidence in the effect of spraying. There are several enquiries for power machines.

Yours truly, A. McNeill, Chief, Fruit Division.

BULLETINS ISSUED BY THE POULTRY DIVISION, OTTAWA.

Three bulletins containing useful information for the poultryman are being issued by the Poultry Division of the Live Stock Branch at Ottawa.

Bulletin No. 7 is a re-written and revised edition of Profitable Poultry Farming (No. 6), and contains chapters on (1) Incubation, (2) Brooding, (3) The Chicken Trade, (4) Selection of Suitable Breeds, (5) Crates for fattening, (6) Preparing Chickens for Market, (7) Marketing, (8) Some Station Work, (9) The Egg Trade, (10) The Flock, (11) Feeds for Poultry, (12) Trap Nests.

Bulletin No. 8, Farmer's Poultry Houses, a pamphlet of 15 pages, treats of the needs, location and essentials of a poultry house for the farm, and gives plans of seven good poultry houses used in Canada. Statistics of the value of poultry in Canada, divided into Provinces, with quantities exported etc., are included.

Bulletin No. 9, Diseases and Parasites of Poultry, also a pamphlet of 15 pages, describes the various diseases affecting poultry, with the treatment adopted by successful poultry men.

Any or all of these bulletins may be had on application to F. C. Elford, Chief of Poultry Division, Ottawa, Ont.

THE COW FOR CHEESE FACTORY.

Prof. E. E. Elliot, Washington Experiment Station at Pullman, says: We are considerably interested in the Holstein breed, and are doing what we can to extend its influence throughout the dairy sections of the State. With the recent extension of the condensed milk industry in this State as well as the production of cheese, we find that the Holstein is growing more and more in favor. We have also a show calf which we are feeding which is the product of a short-horn bull out of a purebred Holstein cow. This calf weighs 550 pounds at the age of eight and one-half months, and the judge who recently passed on him remarked that the individual was a splendid illustration of the possibilities of good feeding cattle from such a cross.

Grounds for Suspicion. (Quibbles) Partner—I guess it's time to fire the cashier. Senior Partner—Caught him gambling, hasn't he? Junior Partner—No; but he's begun teaching a Bible class.

THE LABOR WORLD

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