

4. Give some hints that lead to successful farming.

These three questions I would like answered when the "Boys' Club" is started, especially No. 3 question. When the club is started I will do all I can to help it and make it turn out a success.

Man. BLAKE MORDEN.
(The Boys' Club has already started, making its first appearance in the FARMER'S ADVOCATE of Feb. 2. Now, it is up to all the boys who promised to help make it a success to do something. There are a number of subjects mentioned in that Feb. 2nd issue and among them one that almost every boy is interested in.

Your questions are good ones, Blake, and I'd like to see them answered. Like you, I'm especially interested in the answer to the third question. I think sometimes it is the farmer's own fault that his calling is looked down upon. Wonder if I'm right!—The Editor.)

A USE FOR SPOOLS

How many, many empty spools your mothers throw into the waste basket. Beg them not to do so any more, as you can make good use of them. They will serve you for a hundred different toys that you can invent with your own sharp wits—things that you couldn't get for love or money from the shops.

Take your collection of spools and make the toys described here, first. After that you can very easily invent toys of your own design. And it is such fun that you will keep the thing going for many a summer—till you are grown up, in fact. And even then you will probably keep it up to amuse your little friends.

You need a good jackknife, paste pot and some black paint (or black ink). To make some quaint toys. Take a spool, cut a slit in it for a cardboard nose (triangular shaped); put this spool on top of one or two other spools, as you please, and keep them firmly together by means of a wedge whittled out of a stick. With your paint, black up a curve to serve for a mouth (or paint teeth if you feel like it); make the outline of eyes and ears and paint in whatever you want by way of whiskers and hair.

If you want to represent a king, make a cardboard crown; if a soldier, make a cardboard sword; if a captain, make a cardboard visor for the cap, and outline a collar with your paint.

For an Episcopal clergyman you can make the rim of his low flat hat out of cardboard.

Whittle arms out of sticks and bore holes in the sides of the spool to stick them into. Make the hands out of chewing gum.

These are only a few of many good suggestions that might be offered. You do not need any more, however, for you will have plenty of ideas of your own—figures of girls and ladies, for instance.

Now—a game.
Take marbles and flip at them to see how many you can knock down at a lick, or make a sort of bowling alley and bowl at them with marbles. It is great fun—Ex.

THE PASSENGER PIGEON

There should not be much difficulty in identifying the wild pigeon, as there

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are only two or three birds that could be confounded with it. Its characteristic slate color is familiar to practically everyone as pigeon blue. Its shape and markings are also sufficient to single it out from the wild doves that might otherwise be confounded with it. The passenger pigeon is a smaller, slimmer bird than the ordinary domestic pigeon, and its tail is much longer. Its prevailing color is a bluish slate, with primary feathers black, and with scattered black spots on the side and the wings. This chequering is more pronounced in the female than in the male; while the color of the male is generally brighter. There is a black bar across the end of the tail.

The band-tailed pigeon has no black spots on its wings; it has a square tail and a white collar on the back of the neck. The mourning dove in general build is not unlike the pigeon, but its tail is of another shape, being composed of feathers of varying lengths, and it has only four or five spots on the wing. The white-winged dove carries white flights that would distinguish it from the passenger pigeon. Anyone who comes across what appears to be a bird of the passenger pigeon's description should communicate with Prof. Hodge, Worcester, Mass., who will investigate.

The Golden Dog

By WILLIAM KIRBY, F.R.C.S.

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CHAPTER L Cont.

Le Gardeur, not knowing the reason of this sudden interference, and flaming with wrath, leaped to the ground just at the moment when Angelique and De Pean rode up. Le Gardeur neither knew nor cared at that moment who his antagonist was; he saw but a bold, presumptuous man who had seized his bridle, and whom it was his desire to punish on the spot.

De Pean recognized the stately figure and fearless look of the Bourgeois confronting Le Gardeur. The triumph of the Friponne was at hand. De Pean rubbed his hands with ecstasy as he called out to Le Gardeur, his voice ringing above the din of the crowd,

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"Achevez-le! Finish him, Le Gardeur!"

Angelique sat upon her horse fixed as a statue and as pale as marble, not at the danger of the Bourgeois, whom she at once recognized, but out of fear for her lover, exposed to the menaces of the crowd, who were all on the side of the Bourgeois.

Le Gardeur leaped down from his horse and advanced with a terrible imprecation upon the Bourgeois, and struck him with his whip. The brave old merchant had the soul of a marshal of France. His blood boiled at the insult; he raised his staff to ward off a second blow and struck Le Gardeur sharply upon the wrist, making his whip fly out of his hand. Le Gardeur instantly advanced again upon him, but was pressed back by the habitants, who rushed to the defence of the Bourgeois. Then came the tempter to his ear,—a word or two, and the fate of many innocent lives was decided in a moment!

Le Gardeur suddenly felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and heard a voice, a woman's voice, speaking to him in passionate tones.

Angelique had forced her horse into the thick of the crowd. She was no longer calm, nor pale with apprehension, but her face was flushed redder than fire, and her eyes, those magnetic orbs which drove men mad, blazed upon Le Gardeur with all their terrible influence. She had seen him struck by the Bour-

geois, and her anger was equal to his own.

De Pean saw the opportunity.

"Angelique," exclaimed he, "the Bourgeois strikes Le Gardeur! What an outrage! Can you bear it?"

"Never!" replied she; "neither shall Le Gardeur!"

With a plunge of her horse she forced her way close to Le Gardeur, and, leaning over him, laid her hand upon his shoulder and exclaimed in a voice choking with passion,—

"Comment, Le Gardeur! vous souffrez qu'un Malva comme ca vous abime de coups, et vous portez l'epee!" "What, Le Gardeur! you allow a ruffian like that to load you with blows, and you wear a sword!"

It was enough! That look, that word, would have made Le Gardeur slaughter his father at that moment.

Astonished at the sight of Angelique, and maddened by her words as much as by the blow he had received, Le Gardeur swore he would have revenge upon the spot. With a wild cry and the strength and agility of a panther he twisted himself out of the grasp of the habitants, and drawing his sword, before any man could stop him, thrust it to the hilt through the body of the Bourgeois who, not expecting this sudden assault, had not put himself in an attitude of defence to meet it.

The Bourgeois fell dying by the side