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A Tenderfoot's Wooing

By CLIVE PHILLIPPS WOLLEY (Author of "Gold, Gold in Cariboo," Etc.)

(CHAPTER IV .- Cont'd).

knees he reached for a long stick from the fire, and bending forward, tossed it so the hot end of it fell upon the

turned, and for a moment the women and the fire still divided the aggressor

Mrs. Rolt and Jim, who had return-d too late to interfere not join in that ed too late to interfere.

CHAPTER V.

and reckless, and the ladies accustom-

as inoffensive, there would have been

Through all that long night the hun-

camp that night.

The Indians did not sleep.

the white people lay.

gloom as a storm centre.

If Anstruther had not been young

The silence which followed was mor ominous even than that incessant muttering. The intent scrutiny of those watching eyes made itself felt. At last the chief spoke.

"The white dog dreams in his sleep," he said, "but his eyes are shut," and hunter as Khelowna was, he made a mistake. His forest training should "Got you my beauty," said the un-have taught him that the hunted feign conscious artist," with quite your most often. If he had remembered that, engaging smile on," and utterly care- Jim Combe might not have recognize was, Jim Combe knew what ki

not help the poor beast now, and his first duty was to look after his boss's wife and that dear curly little head under the blue robe. After this the grey dawn began to come, a sad weird light, sifting through the pine trees, whilst the fires died down, and the tink chick-a-dees began to call among the boughs, warning their woodmates that those silent footed things who use the "fire-stick" were-moving again in their lairs, and would soon be creeping their lairs, and would soon be creeping up towards the high places whither the full-fed stags were already saunt-ering for a day's siesta after a long

With the first hint of light, a busy stir began in the Indians' camp, even before that the women must have been moving in their lean-to, for Emma, bent and old, began to put out strangely compounded packs, blankets rolled and corded, and bloody parcels of

Then the lean-tos came down, and they too were dissolved into packs, and before the dawn had come, the Indian camp was completely dismantled, the pack-horses loaded with hides and meat, and everything ready for a

bare legs tottered.

Just before the grey dawn came into the sky, he saw Khellowna hand something to his victim of the surface of the protection of the sky he saw Khellowna hand upon his victim of the sky before the light was lot particularly struck with the outlook; but the wise men had said potatoes were the thing, so potatoes were the thing were the crouching where it had been tied, its more about potatoes than they ever done out of doors, and it frequently

> he untied it from the tree and dragged the unhappy beast towards the pack.

At the first jerk the dog howled with yield potatoes, and potatoes bring the there is much butchering to be done, anguish, and Mrs. Rolt, whose ears were always open to a beast's cry of pain, turned sharply on her heel.

In its agony it tried to bite its torin his hand again.

pushed on one side, and though it was not pretty English for Anstruther, her heart went out to the boy for it, as his to it, boys! We'll come out all right trying out the lard, as well as washfist crashed into the big Indian's face, if we do." And when they followed dropping him like a pole-axed ox.

Kisheenew, for it was the chief's prophet.
son, struggled to his feet. "Want more The finest part of it was—and don't

had got possession of it.

in front of Kitty Clifford, so that she it!" saw neither Kineeshaw nor the other Indians who had returned at the sound before they knew it the folks round of the fighting, but she heard a rifle about were just as cheery as the new shot ring out, and if she could have man. They were beginning to see seen from where she stood, she might that that sort of a thing gets a grip have seen Jim square his shoulders on success. They went over and made and put his head back like a man who inquiries into the simple art of getprepares to take a shock. But neither ting there. Now was the time when Anstruther nor Jim fell. Khelowna, we might suppose that a man would though he had fired point blank into turn on his neighbors and say things; the group, had not dared as much as but he did not. He only smiled the that yet. It was only the wretched more and told them all about it the dog which, with a strange instinct, had crawled for preservation to Mrs. Rolt, that turned over under her very feet, L. Vincent in Canadian Countryman. and stretched itself in death. blood of it splashed her skirt.

Then Jim jumped forward. "Drop them guns, you dogs," he

(To be Continued.)

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Of Interest to Farmers

estimate that on a 100-acre farm simi-

rid of his mortgage so rapidly.

The Indians were apparently not going to stay to cook breakfast.

It had been a successful hunt even for the Chilcotens, and every living thing in camp; except the braves, carried packs. Of course the braves would neither pack any thing noruallow their saddle horses to packed so long as there was a tottering old woman, a child, or a dog in camp, which could possibly be made to stagger under another pound.

When the procession had wound away into the woods, the toothless old princess leading, bending under a mountain of rucs, followed by bundless under which and a way into the woods, the toothless under which and a windfall from some unknown on the metal parts.

The Man Who Did It.

"He never will win out. He can't. If he should dig nuggets of gold ort is pounded in the most of them when you were here 10 years ago," was the astounding reply. "There is nothing new on them, but the paint. I calculate to keep the implements looking new. If you want to get comfortably wealthy on a farm, you must do it all out. And yet, he did pay for the place and bought another fifty off the could possibly be made to stagger under another pound.

When the procession had wound away into the woods, the toothless old princess leading, bending under a mountain of rucs, followed by bundless under when he first came on the farm. Somebody thought he might have no there had been naint when the interval and the man and prophesic his utter failure when he first came on the farm. Somebody thought he might have no man and prophesic his interval of the buildings.

"I had the most of them when you were here 10 years ago," was the stounding reply. "There is nothing new on them, but the paint. I calculate to keep the implements looking new. If you want to get comfortably wealthy on a farm, you must do it was wondered, and they had become more found them all carefully cleaned, the and more ashamed of themselves the bright parts greased to prevent rust, more they watched and the more they watched and the more they wondered. For what they never had there as needed on the plow handles.

The average life of an implement the state of the product of the plow handles. done, this quiet man had accomplished as easily as falling off a log. Listen. on the farm I am told by implement This is the secret of that man's win- dealers, is about five years.

ning out: He found out what his farm was lar to that run by my cousin, the inleft good for and then made it do it. He setment in machinery runs about sent a little package of the soil of \$800. At that rate the young fellow had his farm to the experiment station has already saved himself \$800 on fell for analysis. The report came back: implement bills by using paint and natting. It "Grow potatoes." Now, he never had grease judiciously. Perhaps this ex-made a specialty of potato growing; plains in some measure why he got orth nothing, so that he might the outlook; but the wise men had wheat it would have been. He would weather butchering out of doors is that was just what the Indian was have mastered the wheat business. Seizing the dog's rope, But how those hills did roll out population people to catch cold, making butchtatoes! No need that the fields should ering day dreaded. I am of turn out nuggets of gold. They did opinion that on every farm where

gold. And gold was what he needed there should be a building on purto pay for the farm. pose for it, says a writer in Michigan The folks about him were buying Farmer. It should stand as near the howl was of course rewarded with a automobiles and other expensive cure and a kick, and then, screaming things. The young folks spoke to built in a conspicuous place, may be at every movement, the poor brute was father about it once or twice that it perked along the ground, its broken bones rinding together as it went.

The poor brute was father about it once or twice that it would be fine if they had a machine bones rinding together as it went.

The poor brute was father about it once or twice that it applies, cheap structure.

My father built such a one, in which we could scald, dress and cut was the poor and be warm and come. In its agony it tried to bite its torboys," he insisted, and that was the
mentor, and in a moment a club was end of it. They knew that the old fortable, even on the coldest day. At nis hand again. "Oh, won't someone stop the brute," wagon and harness would be the thing one end there was a chimney,

"Oh, won't someone stop the brute," cried Kitty, almost in tears, but the elder woman, white with rage, said nothing. With her riding crop in her hand, and her fine nostrils wide and twitching, she was almost within striking distance of the Chilcoten, when a strong hand caught her and swung her unceremoniously out of the way.

"You swine," she heard, as she was pushed on one side, and though it was nade cn the mortgage.

Then, too, he held a steady man on his job. He did not make a great splurge this year and next year drop down to two or three acres, just before. Every year he had just about the same acreage, and the long run found him with a profit on the right side. When the neighbors said they were sick of raising potatoes to give scalding barrel.

"You swine," she heard, as she was pushed on one side, and though it was the place, and crane, that would hold two big kettles for heating water. One end of a large scalding barrel two big kettles for heating water. One end of a large scalding barrel two big kettles for heating water. One end of a large scalding barrel two big kettles for heating water. One end of a large scalding barrel two big kettles for heating water. One end of a large scalding barrel two big kettles for heating water. One end of a large scalding barrel two big kettles for heating water. One end of a large scalding barrel two big kettles for heating water. One end of a large scalding barrel two big kettles for heating water. One end of a large scalding barrel two big kettles for heating water. his lead, they found him to be a true tatoes, and pumpkins for hogs, and

did not want to lose it, but it was too do you," drawled the English voice, you think it was this that helped him went down and Anstruther nights worrying. There were tho without a sound into the firelit circle, and the Indian laughed.

Just then Jim Combe stirred in his sleep, and throwing one arm restlessly from his blankets, turning over Under that grey blanket by the white lessly from his blankets, turning over Under that grey blanket by the white lessly from his blankets, turning over Under that grey blanket by the white lessly from his blankets, turning over Under that grey blanket by the white upon it before the figure at his feet never paid to find fault and give up. Sticking is what wins! Might be a As he did so, the figure glided back to the shadows.

The bushes which seemed to have the figure glided back and when to bide his time. He could be and when to bide his time. He could be and when to bide his time. He could be a school, had learned when to bide his time. He could be a school, had learned when to bide his time. He could be a school, had learned when to bide his time. He could be a school, had learned when to bide his time. He could be a school, had learned when to bide his time. He could be a school, had learned when to bide his time. He could be a school, had learned when to bide his time. He could be a school, had learned when to bide his time. He could be a school, had learned when to bide his time. He could be a school, had learned when to bide his time. He could be a school, had learned when to bide his time. He could be a school, had learned when to bide his time. He could be a school, had learned when to bide his time. He could be a school, had learned when to bide his time. He could be a school, had learned when to bide his time. He could be a school, had learned when to bide his time. He could be a school had great deal worse with us than it is.

That kind of talk is catching, and

A Lesson in Economy.

Two years ago I visited a young them guns, you dogs," he farmer in the northern part of On-"Anstruther, cover those men tario county; a cousin of mine, by and stand still. If they stir, shoot the way. My first visit had been Now Khelownn, drop that gun, or—" made nine or ten years previously, and his rifle said the rest.

writes C. C. L., in Farm and Dairy. "You have a fine line of new

had a windfall from some unknown on the metal parts. Every place critic as to fulfilling the requirements source. "Wife may have had some there had been paint when the implement left the factory, paint had had lived near him and kept their been applied ever since as needed. had lived near him and kept their been applied ever since as needed.

eyes open knew this was not so. They could tell you just how it was all done. plowing was over and the plows oil meal, hominy meal, cotton seed wondered, and they had been applied ever since as needed. At the time of my visit the spring could tell you just how it was all done. plowing was over and the plows oil meal, hominy meal, cotton seed wondered, and they had become all the plows of stored in the implement shed. I meal, salt, powdered charcoal, beets, found them all carefully cleaned, the ensilage and alfalfa.

average is 40.96.

Telling the Tale.

The old soldier was telling his thrilling adventures on the field of battle to a party of young fellows, one or two of whom were very sceptical as to his veracity. "Then," he said, "the surgeons took me up and laid me carefully in the ammunition wagon, and—" "Look here," in-terrupted one of the doubtful listen-A House for the Farm Butchering. ers, "you don't mean the ammunition Farmers' hog killing for home conwhom to lay the worthless burden fell He learned the potato business to the upon his victim of the night before, last syllable. He could tell people quite cold weather. It is generally wagon." But the old man shook his "No," he insisted; "I was so head stretched out along the ground, knew. If the message had come to happens that the day appointed is full of bullets that they decided I not dead, but vowering to escape no- him to raise wheat on his place, cold, raw, and snow-squally. In bad ought to go in the ammunition wag-

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For a moment he was non-plussed, their back leaves were tipped with but the devil of island insolence had red light, ewallowed him up and for possession of him, and he knew that a full minute the droning ceased.

Kitty was watching him. Still on his The silence which followed was n

nearest Indian's bare foot. Quick as thought the Chilcoten drew their breath and feared for what at once the figure returned and took was to come, but the camera clicked its place in the muttering circle. Good

less of the dumb wrath in the man's in the fifth figure Davies' murderer yyes, he put his camera into its case Indian who had been wanted and walked back, laughing, to his police for that last three years.

You can see how they hate into his shirt front and rising stole away.

It is a curious trait of the Indians, One of the dogs, which had lain all night just outside the edge of the fireat any rate of the Far West, that they themselves seldom or never laugh, light, rose and attempted to follow whilst the merest hint that you are him. It was his own dog probably, for laughing even in the mildest way at though it cowered at the chief's low them, puts their backs up immediately.

Like the vast plains and dumb forcommand. Stealthily one of the ests through which they roam, they younger bucks, reached for a billet of are by nature sombre, and a laugh is wood, and hurled it with so sure an as much of an outrage to them as a aim, that the beast rolled over scream-thrush's song would be to the forest ing with pain.

With a well feigned start Jim Combe sat up in his blankets, but he was too late. Davies' murderer had vanished

"Cutlus dog," said the Indian who ed for years to look upon all Indians had thrown the billet, and rising went after the beast, which was crawling but little sleep in the white people's away on its belly, dragging its hind leg after it and howling at every movement.

The dumb beast is not allowed to of the Chilcotens sat round their c fire, smoking and muttering among this one would not cease howling, the themslves, casting now and again bigger brute clubbed it over the head evil glances toward the spot where with a great tent peg; clubbed it until it lay very still.

Constant contact with men, armed That is the Indian method of makwith weaponss of precision, has taken ing a sleigh dog obedient and one the courage out of the grizzly; it has reason perhaps why no Indian dog had the same effect upon a tribe which ever shows any sign of affection for is naturally one of the boldest and its master. When the beast lay still fiercest in Western Canada, but the the Indian passed a rope round its instincts of the savage remain, and neck and tied it up to a tree. The anyone with half an eye would have dog was not dead yet, and as it might recognized that dull glow in the forest possibly be made to work again, he oom as a storm centre.

An hour or two passed by, the night nearly dead to bite, so he took one now quiet and steady, and again the to win out?—that he forgot to sit up deepened, the drone of growling voices of its hind legs and moved it side. fellow went on and then a figure detached ways. The leg moved easily from the stood over him heady to repeat the who sometimes went around with itself from the gloom and slipped thigh in a ghastly unnatural fashion, dose as often as the man should re- their under lips hanging down, mourn-

on his side towards the Indian's fire, man's fire a lover of dogs felt his flesh creep and his hands clench, but Jim

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