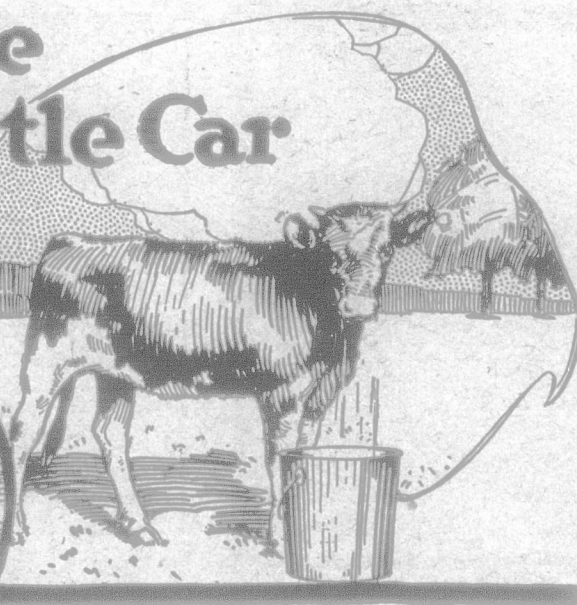
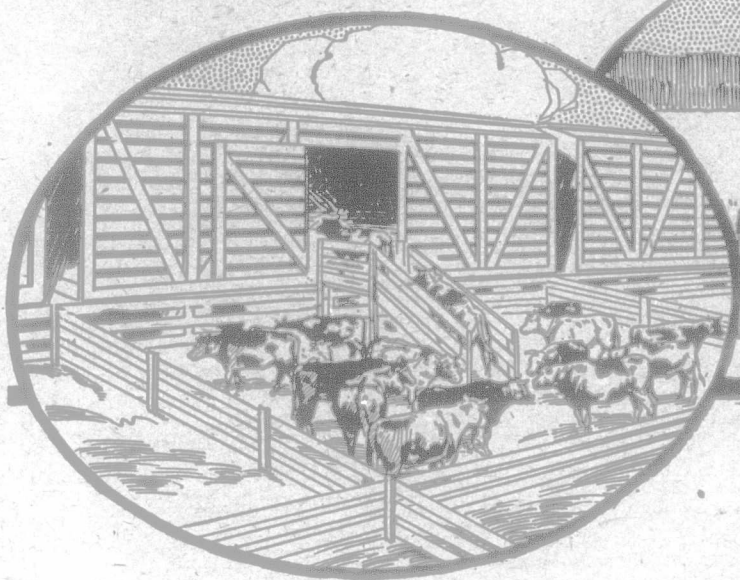


## Shorten the Time from Calf to Cattle Car



You raise cattle for profit, but your profit comes only when your steers have been delivered to the

cattle buyer, ready for the cattle car—and the abattoir.

Anything that you can do to hasten the growth of your steers and shorten the feeding period must increase your profit. And there is something you can do—you can feed your cattle.

## SUGAR BEET MEAL

On actual tests at Experimental Stations, sugar beet meal has been found to produce larger gains with growing steers and sheep than cornmeal. It is a wonderful growth producer, and beyond question, its use shortens the period of outlay, and hastens the "pay day."

Besides promoting rapid growth, Sugar Beet Meal is a great milk producer. For this purpose, it has many of the properties of fresh June grass, which, though low in protein, greatly stimulates the flow of milk.

In the United States, where Sugar Beet Meal has been widely used for many years, it is recognized as one of the best conditioners procurable. It is succulent and palatable, and the animals thoroughly enjoy it. Put some Sugar

Beet Meal in front of your own cattle, and watch them devour it ravenously to the last shred!

In former years, the bulk of our product has been sold in the United States, where stock-raisers have learned to appreciate it highly. We have been offered as high as \$45 per ton for it, f.o.b., Chatham, for shipment to the U. S. However, at the request of the Canada Food Board, who have informed us that cattle feed is badly needed in this country, we have decided to introduce Sugar Beet Meal to Canadian farmers, and we have fixed the price at the very low figure of \$35 per ton—containers to be returned to us.

Write for our new booklet which fully describes the value of Sugar Beet Meal, and tells how to obtain it and how to use it.

## Dominion Sugar Company, Limited

Head Office: CHATHAM, ONT.

## Sydney Basic Slag

FERTILIZES YOUR LAND ECONOMICALLY AND EFFECTIVELY

If you know the goods place your order with our local agent right away. On the other hand, if you have never used SYDNEY BASIC SLAG, write for our pamphlet giving all information.

Agents wanted where not already represented. Write immediately.

## The Cross Fertilizer Co., Limited

Sydney, Nova Scotia

much joy," I went on, trying to recollect what was proper to say under such circumstances. "Let me see how pretty you look, Hannah. Turn around here."

"Yes, turn around, Hannah," assisted Jim. "Let Alan see ye."

So with that she turned her face to me, and I saw her two cheeks, that are always red enough, redder than any apples that ever grew, which puzzled me somewhat, for Hannah is a saucy lass, and not given to blushing.

"Why, you're—blooming, Hannah," I exclaimed. "Why those blushes?"

But I was not long to be left in wonder, for Hannah is not chary with her chatter, and was just waiting for the preliminary modesties to be over to get in her word.

"It's only mulleins," she said.

"Mulleins?"

"Yes, I rubbed the leaves on an' I guess I put 'em on too hard, for good Lord but my cheeks is stingin' yet! They stung so back there—that I asked Jim to blow them."

I burst out laughing.

"And did he?" I asked.

"Why he did, until—until—"

"Shut up, Hannah!" commanded Jim, and so Hannah did, by going off into another spasm of the giggles.

"Well, Hannah," I laughed, "you shouldn't tempt a fellow like that, you know, especially when you look so fine."

"That's it," chimed Jim, ecstatically, giving his trousers a thwack for emphasis.

"Isn't she a bird o' Paradise, though! Isn't she a snorter!—Made it all herself, too, bonnet an' all—Oh I guess Jim Scott knows what he's doin'! No dependin' on mammy when it comes to Hannah!"

"You are a lucky dog, Jim," I said.

"It isn't every fellow that finds just the girl for him, and gets her, too.—Stand up, Hannah, and let me see the whole outfit."

"Yes, stand up, Hannah," seconded Jim again.—"Whoa, ye divils! Don't upset her. Never mind that grass! Ye've had yer dinner!"

With a laugh Hannah stood up and gave me a saucy curtsy, and Jimmy and I gazed at her, I fear with varying emotions. Hannah is pretty enough, in her way, though a bit too buxom for beauty; she has merry blue eyes, and just a few freckles on her nose, but she has not, somehow, what Barry calls "the gift of clothes." I fear I get into deep water when it comes to describing ladies' dresses, but as far as I could make out this one was a very gay purple, with green frills on it, over a crinoline so wide that when she stood up it quite obliterated Jimmy.

"I done it all in a week," she explained, "an' there's forty yards o' ruchin', too.—Lord, it took a lot o' work! Aunt got the stuff at Laurie's in Toronto, when she was up ten days ago, an' didn't I hev' to hurry! Jim wouldn't wait a week longer. He's the hurriest man I ever seen.—There, look at 'im now!—tryin' to put the sun on!"

Jim had taken out his big silver watch, and was beginning to look restless.

"Jim's all right," I said, "But the oxen are altogether too slow for a wedding. He should have got our Billy and put you up behind, Hannah."

"Now, ye've said it!" he agreed, enthusiastically. "I thought o' that, Alan, but I couldn't think nobow what could be done with them hoops o' hers on horseback, so I kalkilated it 'ud be as safe all round to keep to the oxen."

—Well, we must be goin', Hannah. The minister'll be waitin'.—G'wan, Spot! G'wan, Star!—Well, a good-day, Alan."

After much thumping the oxen went on again, and as the wagon bumped along Jim called back to me.

"I forgot, Alan, but we're goin' to hev' a little house raisin' soon.—Will ye come?"

"Depend on me for that," I said.

"We're goin' to live in the wee shanty until it's up," he shouted, still more stentoriously.

Now we happened to be just at the Echo Spot on the road, and as our voices arose the echoes began to come back.

"That's fine," I called.—"That's—fine," came back, in lower tone, from the hills beyond.

"Better do it too!" shouted Jimmie.

"—Do it—too!" came the echo, and I swear that, of a sudden, so forlorn felt I that it seemed to me as though it were mocking me.

The last I saw of Jimmie and Hannah there was a suspicious black streak across the purple, and Jimmy's queer old chimney-pot and Hannah's big straw bonnet were merged into a yellow and black blur.