

BREEDING POULTRY FOR SALE

One carload of specially selected standard-bred birds, in the following breeds:—

Barred and White Plymouth Rocks. White, Silver and Golden Wyandottes. Rhode Island Reds. White and Buff Orpingtons. White and Brown Leghorns

PRICES.

Single birds.....\$3.00 each
Special matings,—3 females—1 male.....\$10.00
Special matings,—9 females—1 male.....\$25.00
Other sized pens on application.

STOCK.

This poultry is from the best utility breeding in Canada, and all raised in 1911. It affords a splendid opportunity for Western Farmers to get a good foundation stock.

The car will be in charge of Mr. A. P. Hillhouse, vice-president of the Poultry Producers' Association, and one of the largest and most successful breeders of the "bred-to-make money" poultry, both utility and exhibition stock.

Shipment will go forward about the end of April, and the following stops will be made:—Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina, Medicine Hat, Calgary, and any other points should orders warrant same.

Prices quoted above include delivery at points mentioned. All coops supplied free. Surplus stock sold direct from car.

Every bird guaranteed pure bred, true to type and in good health, and breeding vigor. Second choice should be made, in case your breed selected was all sold. If your order cannot be then filled, money will be refunded promptly.

REFERENCES.

The Poultry Department of any Agricultural College in Canada, or any Canadian Branch of the Dominion Bank.

HOW TO SEND ORDERS.

Orders with remittances will be received, up to April 15th, by the following:—

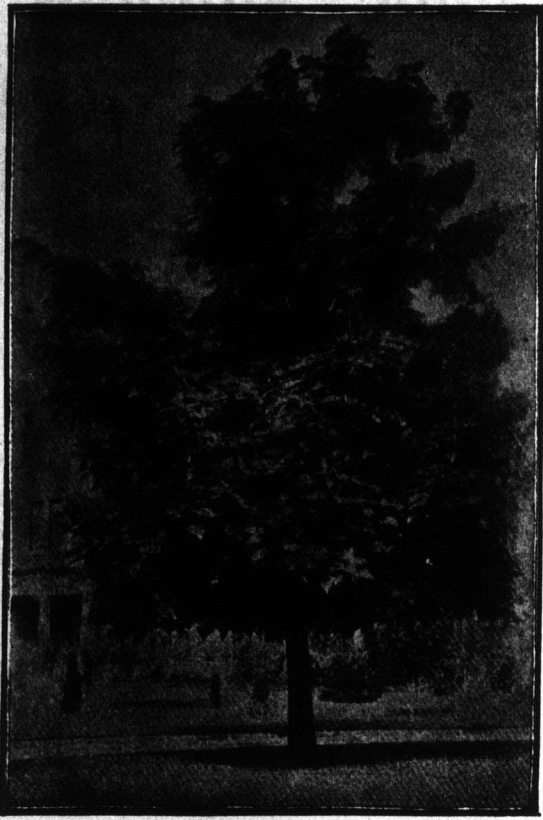
The Simpson Produce Company, Princess Street, Winnipeg, Man.; F. J. Robinson, c/o Regina Poultry Association, Regina, Sask.; P. Burns and Co., Pork and Beef Packers, Calgary, Alta.; or, may be sent direct, up to and including the 22nd of April, to:—Special Poultry Department,

GUNN, LANGLOIS CO., LIMITED

241 ST. PAUL STREET

MONTREAL, QUE.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE from our SPLENDID STOCK OF SHADE TREES



Your grounds would be wonderfully improved with the planting of a few shade trees and shrubs but they must be grown under proper conditions. We can grow the right kind of hardy trees on our Nurseries at Pointe Claire—14 miles from Montreal and we can safely recommend them. **Hardy stock** is what you want—it is what you must have if you make a success in planting.

We try to please everyone and in the main we succeed. At any rate the demand for our **hardy stock** has never ceased and new Western customers are added to our list every year.

Remember we have no Agents in the Western Provinces. Deal direct with the grower and have stock which will grow.

Canadian Nursery Co. Ltd.

10 Phillips Place

Montreal, Quebec

in his hands, leaving little Joe feebly gasping and spluttering through an inch of sticky, semi-liquid transparency. "What in Hades is a feller to do with that now?" said Joe in despair. He looked appealingly at the two girls, but found no inspiration in their horror-stricken faces. All at once his eyes fell upon Fido. "Here, Fido, good dog, here!" he cried, placing the child on the floor with his back to the wall. Fido needed no second invitation. "Gee, but that's slick!" he remarked, watching in admiration the business-like methods of Fido, but keeping one eye on the door nevertheless.

A smell of burning meat called him to the stove, and it was while he was occupied there that his wife entered unperceived, and Fido's yelp of pain and surprise as a well-aimed kick from a pointed toe caught her unawares, was the first intimation he had of her presence.

Catching up little Joe she turned an outraged countenance upon her husband. She said nothing, but her look as she slowly disappeared made him positively shiver. By the time she returned, after a somewhat prolonged absence, a shrunken pile of chips that had once been steak, together with some very dirty looking potatoes and a discolored liquid that was guilty of false pretences in any honest tea pot, were ready upon the table. Last, but not least, a fresh

thing was in readiness and screwing the top firmly down, he began to churn. At the end of what seemed a very long twenty minutes he stopped, and unfastening the lid, looked inside. But the most searching scrutiny failed to detect any change. Replacing it with a sigh, he went doggedly on. In a short time he stopped again, with the same result. Anathematizing churns in general, and this one in particular, he applied himself once more to his task. In this monotonous way the greater part of two hours went by and it was after four o'clock and he was in the act of peeping into the churn for about the fifty-ninth time when the sound of buggy wheels arrested his attention. Hurriedly rising, he went outside. It was the minister paying an afternoon call and Joe felt that it was in accordance with his luck that he should have chosen to-day for his visit. However, he put a good face on matters, and explaining that his wife had been obliged to go out for the day, invited him to enter.

"So you're all alone in charge of the house and kiddies," said the minister, patronisingly. "Quite a responsibility, eh?"

"Well, yes," answered Joe, hesitatingly.

"Quite the family man," continued the minister with pompous joviality. "I expect you're almost as good a hand at it as your wife. Isn't he now?"—turning



pie replaced its ill-fated predecessor—one with a cover on.

Selina ate in silence, an inscrutable expression upon her features, and the meal was drawing to an end ere Joe ventured to enquire, with a sheepish grin, "how she had made out?" "Oh, fine!" The terse and laconic reply was given in such galling mimicry of his own half-absent tones when too lazy to enter into particulars that the grin swiftly faded from his face, and his attention became concentrated upon his plate. At the earliest possible moment his wife left the table and went out to the barn; another pointed protest that was not lost upon him. The children trooped out after her, leaving him sitting in gloomy reverie, from which he did not arouse himself until their returning footsteps told him that his wife had set out to work again.

Feeling unaccountably tired and jaded, he slowly cleared away the dishes and proceeded to wash up. The advantage of hot water was at once apparent, and had he but known where to lay hands upon a clean dish towel, the operation might have achieved a fair success. As it was the result was but moderate. The crockery sided up, he began to prepare for the churning.

This had always appeared such a ridiculously simple business that he approached it with confidence, almost with cheerfulness. He even whistled a few bars as he placed the 'Favorite' in the centre of the floor and briskly set a chair beside it. In a few minutes every-

encouragingly to the eldest girl.

Lena pursed up her lips and looked at her father.

"Well, well," said the minister, "it does one good to see a man helping his wife in the house. Quite an example to the neighborhood, I declare!"

"Won't you sit down?" said Joe, with a view to changing the rather painful trend of the conversation. The minister complied and Joe resumed his seat at the churn opposite. "Ah! Churning, I see," said the former pleasantly. "So interesting to watch the butter slowly forming, is it not?"

"Ye-es," replied Joe doubtfully, wishing, nevertheless, that the other was in his place for an hour or two.

"Pray do not let my presence interrupt your labors," said the minister graciously.

Joe obediently grasped the handle and gave a vigorous pull. Splash!—!—!

Little Joe, who was playing on the floor, received the bulk of it; the remainder washed over the minister's ankles, the lid fetching up sharply against his shin. For a moment there was a dead silence. Then an ugly word from Joe broke the spell like a pistol shot. The minister visibly winced. "Mr. Hebblethwaite," he said reprovingly, "these trifling accidents are sent by Providence to try us. Remember the patience of Job!"

The words acted on Joe like salt on a sore.

"Huh, Job!" he shouted, losing his temper. "What's the use of talkin'

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