

The True and The False

Upon the present occasion, no heavy state affair, no reformatory project, not even a neighborhood improvement—but a more genial family interest engaged Mr. and Mrs. Hunter. As Maud entered her father, with a cheerful, encouraging countenance, held out his arms to her; and when she came to him, he drew her between his knees and set her down, and smiled in her face.

Maud thought she had never seen her father look so strong and calm and benignant—so full of power and goodness and self-reliance—and a certain high faith and hope mingled with her love and raised it almost to worship as she lifted her eyes to his face. He said: "I sent for you, my dear, to tell you to relieve yourself from all uneasiness, to cast all your care on me—for I care for you. I have the desire and the ability to make you happy. Of what avail, indeed, were my age and position, if I had not the power to bless our people? All that I am, and have my love, will I use in making your mother's child content. You do not know what took me to Baltimore? No; for I would drop no hint of a purpose that must have been a subject of excitement and anxiety to you during my absence and would have hindered your recovery. But I went to Baltimore in pursuit of Falconer. I understand that boy thoroughly, my dear; his very faults grow out of a noble, though misguided, nature, which time, experience and knowledge will correct. I feel a real and deep interest in him, my dear, and not solely upon your account, but also upon his own and his family's. I have great hopes for him, my love—he will yet do very well; he will yet be an honor to his friends and to his country."

"Did you see him in Baltimore, my dear father?" "No my dear, I did better than that. It would not have been well to have seen him in the mood he was then in. But I was enabled to make a tolerably accurate guess as to the places where I should be most likely to hear news of him. As there was no election pending I made inquiries about him at artists' studios. I found that he had visited several in Baltimore, and that he was going the next day to Washington City. Now, therefore, in order to effect my purpose in his behalf, it was necessary for me to precede him thither. I did so. I set out by the night coach, and reached the city by the next morning. Immediately after breakfast, I went to see our friend Donzoni, the Italian sculptor, procured the employment of the Government."

"A man, my love, who owes his present fortune to your father's patronage. Fifteen years ago, when we first went to Europe, Mr. Hunter found, in a small village in Italy, a poor, unfriended, but highly gifted young artist, who, in addition to the trials of genius, had endured persecutions, and well-nigh suffered martyrdom for the freedom of his thoughts and utterances upon religious and political questions. Your father brought him to this country, procured him a government contract, and laid the foundation of his present fortunes. Donzoni, my child, is one of the many men of genius in all the departments of life, who owe their success to your father's discriminating benevolence and timely aid," said Mrs. Hunter, warmly.

Maud lifted an almost worshipping glance to her father's noble countenance, but he only smiled and kissed her, and shook his head, saying: "I do not know, my dear; every one whom I have been so happy to assist would probably have succeeded without my aid, though possibly not so soon and easily as with it. Genius, like murder, will out, and it is easier to clear the way for it than to repress and keep it back. But as I was about to say, my dear, I found Donzoni in a studio, near the Capitol. I had a long and confidential conversation with him. I spoke of Falconer—spoke highly and I am sure justly, of his genius and promise. I found that he knew and appreciated the boy. And then I held out some strong inducements to him as decided him to offer Falconer a place in his studio as pupil and assistant. I received his promise to this effect, and took leave with the understanding that he should come in the evening and sup with me at my lodgings at Brown's. It turned out exactly as I had expected. When Donzoni came in the evening, he informed me that Falconer had called at his studio about the middle of the afternoon, soon after the arrival of the day-coach from Baltimore, in fact, and that he had made the stipulated bargain immediately accepted. Therefore,

you see, my dear, for the present, Falconer is safe and provided for."

"My dear father! my dear, dearest father! said Maud kissing his hands, with the tears in her eyes. "And Falconer, as yet, knows not to whom he is indebted for his present good fortune," said Mrs. Hunter.

"As yet, nothing; nor is it necessary that he should. In the boy's present mood, the knowledge would be worse than useless—it would be detrimental. All he wants from me now is my Maud; and he wants her instantly, and as I cannot give her to him yet, he would spurn all other benefits. He is young, fiery, headstrong, self-willed. He has all ways not only really been his own master, but has considered himself everybody else's. He never was opposed, probably, in his life before—and now to be frustrated in the very dearest wish of his heart, just in the hour of his frustration, and by a man whom he considers it a religious duty to hate, too, half-maddens the poor boy, and no wonder. We must allow him time to recover himself," said Daniel Hunter, smiling.

"My dear father! my dear, honored father! murmured his child, under her breath, as she pressed his hands to her bosom and to her lips.

In the meantime, if any one is interested in knowing it, Miss Honoria had Sir Henry Percival all to herself in the drawing-room. And the young Englishman had got himself into a beautiful entanglement. Meeting with his relatives Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, in London, and joining their party for the sake of coming to the United States with ease, he had been attracted by the superficial beauty of Honoria's face, and during the long sea voyage had paid her such "particular" attentions as had somewhat committed him with the beauty in his hands with the baronet. But at the very first sight of Maud Hunter, for the very first time in his life, he really and irretrievably lost his heart. And you may imagine how delightful it was, under such circumstances, to be so easily given over by all parties to Miss Honoria. And he remained at Howlet Hall, apparently as the suitor of Honoria—really as the lover of Maud—a position which neither Maud nor her parents had perceived.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Soon after the first of January, Mr. Hunter wrote to his agent in Washington to engage for his use a furnished house in the "court end" of the city—the employment of the Government."

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"I have been turning over in my mind whether it was best or not to leave a card upon young O'Leary. It is difficult to decide how far to go and where to stop in dealing with a young gentleman of his character and disposition. I do not feel well to spoil him—to feed his egotism and increase his presumption, of which he has a plenty, poor boy. What shall I do, Augusta?" "Leave your card with him, Mr. Hunter. Wherever there is a doubt let good feeling decide. And surely, dearest, if any one in the world can afford to act out the utmost degree of his benevolence without the possibility of misinterpretation, it is yourself. Of what worth else are your position and years?"

"I will do so, Augusta," he said, and gathering up his papers, he took his hat and left the apartment.

Mrs. Hunter went to her dressing-room, where a couple of mantua-makers were engaged in fitting the young ladies with ball and street dresses. As she entered, she heard the voice of Miss Honoria in fretful complaint.

"I really never imagined such country notions; but country girls are so queer."

"What is it, my dear?" inquired the lady.

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"Why, mamma, I said I really did wish papa would see Montclair's hair-dye, for, indeed, he really is as gray as a rat! But, Maud here objects; she says—"

"Yes! What said my Maud?" asked the lady, turning to her daughter as Honoria paused.

"I said, mamma, that I loved his gray locks, and I do. They are his, and I should not know him without them."

"Nor I, my dear," said Mrs. Hunter.

"Oh, but that is so ridiculous now, Maud! Why, papa is only fifty, and he is as gray as an owl, and really, he ought to dye his hair. I really do wish he would!"

"And I really do assure you, Miss Honoria, if you speak of such a thing in connection with your father, you will incur my displeasure," said the lady, gravely.

"But, mamma, why? Now you, to be sure, do not need anything like that. You look twenty years younger than papa. You have no gray hairs. Your hair is as raven black as ever."

"No," said Augusta, with emotion, "because he has challenged it so well. His hair is bleached by the storms of life that have beaten on his head; and mine is unfaded because he has leaned over me, and sheltered me with himself; because, notwithstanding all the trials and sorrows and casualties of life, he has made me so content. Yes! so happy. God bless his premature gray hair! It is a crown of glory descended upon his head." The lady's heart was deeply moved by a life's memories rushing upon her; yet, thinking that she had at first spoken somewhat coolly to poor Honoria's child, she so happily young girl to her, and kissed her cheek, saying, gently: "I am not displeased with you, my dear; you did but mistake. When you live longer, and know and feel more, you may see a deeper beauty and deeper meaning in grey hair than you ever saw in black or auburn tresses."

Engagements of every description crowded upon the Hunters, and it was just impossible to evade or escape them. Every morning there were calls to make or receive, or shopping or sight-seeing to do, or some great debate in Congress to hear. Every day there was a dinner party at home or abroad. Every evening a ball or a reception somewhere, or a party made up for the opera, the theatre, or a concert. And so every hour of the day, and every day of the week, except the Sabbath, was filled up. And Daniel Hunter laughed, and said: "Well, well! let's yield the point! Let the world have us while we are here. By-and-by we shall be at home."

And the beautiful Maud Hunter received an honor; to which, in her modesty and humility, the maiden had certainly never aspired. She became, reigning belle, the toast, the divinity, the rage, the enthusiasm of the fashionable world at Washington. Mrs. Hunter always presided at her daughter's toilet, and perhaps it was quite as much to her mother's exquisite taste as to her own exceeding grace and loveliness that the maiden owed her position as queen of fashion, as well as of beauty. Whatever style of dress Miss Hunter originated, at once became the prevailing mode, and was immediately adopted by ladies of all heights and complexions—by the majestic and the petite—the brunette and the blonde—the fleshy and the fragile—the pale and the blooming—whether it became them or not. Of her it was true that:

Beauty watched to imitate, And gather from her air and gait The graces of its queen. Doubtless there had been other belles in Washington city. Season after season they had succeeded, and successfully they had been crowned. Each winter had witnessed the rise, culmination and decline of a new star in fashion's hemisphere. But they—one and all, had been spoiled by adulation even in their school days—were full of the pride and vanity of "conscious beauty born," were unnatural, artificial, affected—the Juno-like, with lofty and imperial airs—the sylph-like, with poetic and sentimental graces. Maud was different from all those—the child of beauty, genius and goodness; she was the unspooled charm of nature as truly.

The charm—the winning and endearing charm of Maud Hunter's beauty was her innocent consciousness of its possession and of its effect. She really did not know that she was the most beautiful and most admired girl in the city. And all the adulation she received, she simply accepted as offered solely to Daniel Hunter's daughter. Her mother had ever been her ideal of perfect beauty, and if ever the maiden had a vain personal desire, it was that her own hair and eyes had been dark, like her mother's, and her father's. And there it was this sweet humility and modesty that so endeared her to all hearts—that subdued the feeling of envy and silenced the tongue of detraction in her rivals; that deepened admiration into love. Yes! a disinterested love, the sentiment she awakened in all, even the coldest, the most worldly hearts. Old men and maidens, young men and matrons, all who looked upon the beautiful girl, felt their hearts drawn to her—looked upon her and loved her.

And in the meantime, how did poor Falconer bear this? Eating his own heart in sullen rage. His almost fear was realized—his "Star of Silver Creek" had risen upon the city—and for one poor lover, had a town full of adora. Rumor also gave her in marriage. It was said that the beautiful Miss Hunter and the young English baronet, seen always in her company, were affianced, and that that was the reason why the young lady received the adulations of all other with such ready indifference. All these rumors reached the poor fellow in silent torture—the harpies of jealousy, rage and despair were gnawing at his heart.

"I knew it," he growled to himself; "I knew it! I said so! I told her of it! Oh! prophetic soul of mine! I foretold that she had only to be seen to be worshipped, and only to be worshipped to be won!" And to relieve himself and express his sentiments, he flew to his art, and made a model of the Laocoon strangled by serpents, and showing a countenance so diabolical with anguish, despair, and magnificence, as could only be inspired by such a state of mind as that of the artist.

He seldom went out, for he was totally unconnected in the city, and he scornfully rejected the good offices of the only man who both could and would have introduced him into society. He would not honor Mr. Hunter's card with any sort of notice; when he first got it, he hid it up, and turned about with a bitter and sour smile, and read, "Daniel Hunter receives Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock," and said:

"Daniel Hunter! Just see the arrogance of that man! Just see the pride that apes humility!" Another man would have written Mr. Daniel Hunter, but he writes Daniel Hunter as if it were Julius Caesar! And it deceives the people, too! Pah! how I hate humbug! and so saying he tossed the card over his shoulder, and hammered away at his work, digging vicious furrows in the unlucky brow of the Laocoon.

And all this while Daniel Hunter was silently and secretly watching over the boy, and promoting his interests. He lost no opportunity of recommending the young sculptor to his friends. And all commissions for busts, medallions, statues, etc., which Falconer received during the winter, and which, with an artist's pleasant egotism, he ascribed to his own merits, were entirely owed to Daniel Hunter's exertion and influence in his behalf.

Falconer never saw Maud except at church, or in the ladies' gallery of the Senate, or in the carriage on the avenue, or at some concert or opera, and then she was always with her parents and the odious Sir Henry Percival. And the boy was too proud and resentful to approach her under such circumstances.

"Half A Bottle CURED HER Rheumatism"

This is the kind of proof that convinces—

"I advised a friend, who had Rheumatism in both feet, to try AJAX OIL. Half a bottle completely cured her. She says, 'AJAX OIL is undoubtedly the best remedy made.' I shall be glad to recommend it to all who suffer from Rheumatism."

THEO. SCAIFE, Cashier, King Edward Hotel, Toronto.

8 ounce bottle of Ajax Oil, sent to any address on receipt of price, \$2.00. Ajax Oil Co., Toronto, Ont.

AJAX OIL Liniment

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So passed the season until it drew near its close. Congress adjourned on the 4th of March, and the fashionable world was preparing to leave Washington. Falconer did not know, and scorned to inquire, whether Daniel Hunter and his family would leave with the others. But he had not spoken with Maud since her arrival in the city, nor, in fact, since their separation at the altar. And now an intense, irresistible longing to speak to her, to hear her speak, took possession of his soul.

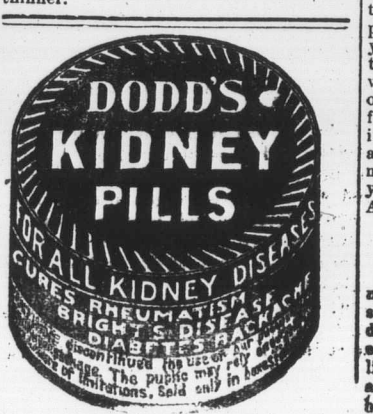
The President's last reception was to be held on the evening of the 3rd of March, and all the world was expected to be there. The Hunters would be present, of course. And Falconer O'Leary resolved to go and enjoy perhaps the last opportunity he should have of seeing and speaking to Maud.

So when the evening came, he made a careful toilet, and set out for the Presidential mansion. The numerous carriages of all descriptions, with their horses' heads turned thitherward, the crowd of carriages lining the avenue, and the drive through the lawn, and ranged before the mansion, admonished this poor, solitary foot-passenger how great the press of wealthy, fashionable, or distinguished visitors would be. He entered the grounds by the side gate, and there he found plenty of company in the humble visitors that thronged the paved foot-way, and were hurrying on to the most democratic assembly in the world. He went on, and the nearer he approached the mansion, the thicker, the more impassable became the crowd. He arrived at its portals, and found the steps, halls and passages literally blocked up with the multitude, who had come to pay their last respects to the most popular President the country had seen since the days of Washington.

Slowly, and with great difficulty, he "worked his passage" through halls and ante-chambers to the drawing-room, where the President received his friends. This room was quite much crowded, as any he had tolled through. He glanced at the centre of the room, where the chief magistrate stood, attended by the marshals and other civil and military officers, and shook hands with all comers among the hundreds, until Falconer had compassed on the muscles of the old man's right arm, and wondered if it were possible he could go entirely through with the multitude. The did not linger there; he did not care an iota for the President, who was not of his thinking in politics; besides, he thought the best feeling was to be shown in not helping to tire that aged hand to death; so, without waiting to shake hands with his excellency, he worked his way through the crowd and entered the "back room"—the grand saloon of the Presidential mansion.

(To be continued.)

Phatleigh—Everybody tells me that I am not as stout as I used to be. Wigwag—Yes, I notice your hair getting thinner.



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The Small Yield Cow.

Dairying in the United States is depressed by one element that must forever stand in the way to block the dairymen from success. That element is the small yield cow, and the steer that costs \$40 or \$50 a year; for keep and returns her own \$25 to \$35 for milk. Many a milk producer, with a herd of 20 such cows, representing an investment of \$1,000 or \$1,200, is losing money regularly, and must lose as long as he insists on keeping with such cows. He can invest his \$1,200 in, say, twelve cows that cost \$100 apiece, and these cows will give him more milk than his 20 small yield cows. He would save the feed of eighteen cows, with all the hard labor and other costs of their keep, and he would be in the way to make money. There is in sight no change in farm and market conditions that promises ever to put a profit into dairying carried on with cows that average 1,000 to 1,500 quarts of milk per head per year, and producers may as well turn their eyes to this truth. The proposition to make milk with such cows is an absurdity, because it is proved beyond all possibility of doubt that they put more money into their milk than they can ever expect to get out of it when it is sold in the market. The student of milk production is surprised every day to observe what a small number of herds he will find that average less than 1,200 quarts of milk per head per year. The owners of these herds are, of course, "contented" with their cows. The truth is, that they cannot afford better cows. These cows, one correspondent says that last summer, in four herds, 300 so-called "dairy farms" he found less than twenty herds whose average yield was large enough to bring the cost of production of milk at average prices of the year. The twenty who owned these herds were making money. The other 280 owners were losing money. The small yield herds, the lesson is plain. The conclusion is inevitable—New York Farmer.

COWS NEED CONSTITUTIONAL VIGOR.

This is the element that produces endurance under great strain of any sort—in the race horse under the strain of terrific speed, in the milk cow under the strain of enormous production. Under the strain of a severe climate it is called hardiness. The presence or absence of this element is especially manifest in the growth and development of the young of the different breeds. Of the one they live and grow without special care or attention; of the other they perish easily if they do not have the best of care. The difference is simply in constitutional vigor or vital force born in the calves of these one and not in the calves of the other. The difference continues throughout the lives of these animals; it may not be manifested so conspicuously in after-life, yet it affects all their relations to their food, care and productions. In what does it consist? Is it in possessing what is sometimes called the nervous temperament? Not infrequently we find the offspring of breeders, especially lacking in the ability to live and rapidly develop without special care. It is a secret force hidden in the race, in the breed and in the animal.

Perhaps it may be properly called the vital temperament. The bulls of the Holstein-Friesian breed possess this vital force or temperament more strongly than those of any other improved dairy breed. The breeders in Holland and Friesland have always been careful to maintain a high standard of vital force, including that in almost every climate, including that of Northern Russia nearly up to the Arctic Circle. Its calves are raised without difficulty. Taken from their dams at three days old, and reared on skim milk and a little alfalfa, they grow like weeds. Given plenty of food, no matter if most of it is roughage, they develop rapidly. The heifers usually drop their calves at about two years old, and henceforward are profitable to their owners.

30,778 POUNDS MILK FROM ONE COW IN 12 MONTHS.

Visitors of the Ontario Agricultural College during the past summer were shown a Holstein-Friesian cow called Bouleje Q. Pieterje DeKed, which was expected to produce twenty thousand pounds of milk within the year. As a matter of fact, she has actually exceeded this estimate. From Oct. 27th, 1907, to Oct. 29th, 1907, she has given 29,778 pounds of milk, testing a fraction over 3.76 per cent., and containing 781.91 pounds of butter-fat. The cost of the feed, as charged up by the College authorities, was \$224.37. The value of the butterfat, at prices that have been paid neighboring farmers by the College creamery, was \$124.38. If the 20,000 pounds of skim milk and butterfat were to be valued at, say, 20¢ per cwt., it would amount to \$400. Adding this to the value of the butterfat, the total yield of butterfat and skim milk would equal \$224.38. Deducting the cost of feed, we have a profit, over feed consumed, of \$157.72. At the price of cream which have been received during the past year by her former owner, Mr. Geo. Rice, of Tillsonburg, Ont., the butterfat in this cow's milk would have been worth \$224.37. The skim milk in this case would have been, say, 175 cwt. worth \$35, making total proceeds of \$259.57; or a profit over cost of feed of \$186.91. To state this cow's record another way, according to the rule for estimating butter yield by analyzing one sixth of the butterfat, the estimated quantity of butter which could have been made from the cow's milk was practically 912 1-4 pounds, which is about six times the yield of the average cow of this country. This is a wonderful record, one which very few cows would be capable of making. Prof. Dean writes that so far as he is aware, it is one of the best, if not the best, ever made in Canada, and he doubts whether any cow beginning her record before she was four years old had a better one.—Farmer's Advocate.

VALUE OF A PURE-BRED SIRE.

A few poor cows may do little permanent harm to the dairy herd but a poor sire will do untold damage. Frequently dairymen hold the penny so close to their ears that they cannot see the dollar a little farther off, and this is just what a man is doing who has a good dairy herd of grade cows and thinks he is economizing by buying a poor or even common sire.

If the good pure-bred sire improves the milking capacity of his daughters only one and one-half pounds of milk at a milking, above the production of their dams this would mean an increase of 900 pounds of milk for the ten months or 300 days an ordinary cow should give milk. The daughter would also be a much more persistent milker, that is, would give milk for a longer time in the year and she would regain her flow of milk better after an unavoidable shortage of feed as in a summer drought. These daughters may certainly be credited with 1,000 pounds more milk per year than their dams produced. At the low estimate of \$1 per 100 pounds this extra amount of milk would be worth \$10 per year. The average cow is a good producer for at least six years, or until she is eight years old. It will on the average be four years after purchasing the sire before his first daughters will have brought in the first extra \$10. Eight dollars and twenty-three cents kept at compound interest for these four years at 5 per cent. will equal \$10. So the daughters improvement or increase of income the first year is worth \$8.23 at the time her sire is purchased.

If the heifer calves are to be raised for dairy cows there is absolutely no business or reason on earth for keeping a scrub bull. The dairymen who think there is a heavy price annually for maintaining the tradition. The scrub bull is the most expensive and extravagant piece of cattle flesh on the farm. He does not stop at being merely worthless but will lose the farmer the price of two or three good bulls every year he is kept. The dairymen could not afford to keep a scrub bull if the animal were given to him, if he were paid for boarding the beast and giving a premium of \$100 per year for using him. The presence of the scrub in so many Illinois herds—many times without a single qualification except that he is a male—is an offense and disgrace to the dairy business and a plain advertisement of the dairymen's thoughtless bid for failure. The only thing on earth the scrub sire is good for is damage and it is high time that this plain and simple truth was given practical acceptance on every dairy farm.

By all means get a good dairy sire if you have to sell two or three cows to do it. The improved sire is without question the most economical investment in any dairy herd.

Wilber J. Fraser, Chief of Dairy Husbandry, University of Illinois.

A JOLT TO A JINGO.

The Toronto Saturday Night has the following incident:

A good story has reached the city concerning a speech recently delivered in Washington, D. C., by Mr. J. A. MacDonald, editor of the Globe, Mr. MacDonald, who has been much in demand as a public speaker, was one of the leading orators at a big Y. M. C. A. gathering at the American capital a few weeks ago. The meetings were held in a big hall which accommodated about 8,000 people. The Toronto editor was on the programme for the second night. One of the speakers on the first night was the Governor of one of the Carolinas—a big, fat, clean-shaven man, seeming to be the personification of the being the illustrated papers are fond of portraying as the politician of the best trust type. Even though it was an international occasion, and many of the ambassadors of foreign powers had seats on the platform, he chose to grow eloquent in a jingoistic strain. In loud tones he dilated on the magnificent resources of the country and reminded them that the United States supplied the world with fifty per cent. of this, eighty per cent. of that, and ninety per cent. of something else. Among other things he said the United States supplied the world with ninety-seven per cent. of peanuts.

Amused at this inopportune jingoism, some of those present asked Mr. MacDonald to say something in his speech on the following night to offset it. Others facetiously dared him to use the word peanuts. He did both. As he rose to speak he was encouraged by three Canadians, who occupied seats at the front of the hall, who rose and sang "The Maple Leaf." His subject was "The Call of the Nation," and he pointed out that the greatness of a nation did not consist alone in the size of its territory, but in the quality of its people. Then he warmed up to the question.

"It may be true," he said, "that we were so beautifully told last night that the world with ninety-seven per cent. of its peanuts, but your mills are starved from the forests of Quebec. As the old world watch the development of this North American continent, what a noble sight it will be to see on the northern half a nation built upon a pile of pulpwood and on the southern half a nation built on a pile of peanuts."

The point told, but the Americans took it good naturedly and joined in the general cheer.

Were Nagged by Their Wives.

Rip Van Winkle. Socrates. Petrichio. Agamemnon. Joseph Gargery. Solomon. Mr. Caudle. Mr. H. Peck. Beadle Bumble. Any additions sent in to this list will be regarded in the strictest confidence.

Mrs. Muggins—Would you call Mrs. Hempecke a liberal-minded woman? Mrs. Buggins—Only where her husband is concerned. She is generally giving him a piece of her mind.



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