

pathetic as usual in the dilemmas of others. We squeezed in, anyhow, except Jonkheer Brederode, who sat on the box to tell the driver how to go, his cap pulled over his eyes, as if it were pouring with rain, instead of being the most brilliant moonlight night; and Tibe sat on all our laps at once.

Hendrik and Toon sleep on "Mascotte" and "Waterspin," and they were on board, true to duty, though if they had been anything but Dutchmen, they would probably have sneaked slyly off to the Kermess. They are not the sort of persons who show surprise at anything (Nell says that if the motor burst under Hendrik's nose, he would simply rub it with a piece of cotton waste—his nose or the motor; it would not matter which—and go on with what he had been doing before); so no time was lost, and in ten minutes, we were off, finding our way by the clear moonlight, as easily as if it had been day.

We had not gone far, when I spied another motor-boat, larger than ours, but not so smart, in harbor, and I stared with all my eyes, trying to make out her name, for she had not been there when we came in; but "Mascotte" flew by like a bird—much faster than she ever goes by day, in the water-traffic, and I could not see it.

Everything was much too exciting for us to wish to sleep, though had we stopped quietly in the hotel, we should have been in bed before this. Jonkheer Brederode advised us to go below, as the air was chilly on the water, and such a wind had come up that it blew away two cushions from our deck-chairs. But we would not be persuaded.

Out of the narrow canal we slid, into a wide expanse of water, cold as liquid steel under the moon, and tossed into little sharp-edged waves which sent "Mascotte" rolling from side to side, so choppy that I was glad to get into the next canal, even narrower than the first, such a mere slip of water that flows on shore, vague, shadowy, shapes, suffled clouds of clover-sweet breath in our faces as they turned toward them from the deck.

The windows of little thatched cottages seemed to look straight into our cabin windows, like curiously glinting, wakeful eyes; and Jonkheer Brederode said that, by daylight when the canal was crowded with barges and lighters, it needed almost as much skill and patience to steer through it, as to guide a motor-car through Piccadilly in the height of the season.

It took bribery and corruption, I'm afraid, to get the sluice gates opened for us in the middle of the night; and Jonkheer Brederode had his Club flag flying, in case any one proved obstinate. But no one did, so perhaps—as people are supposed to be quite the opposite of their real selves in disposition, if waked suddenly—Frisians are weak and yielding if roused in the night.

It was wonderful to see the moonlight shining into dawn, over the canal, and the gentle, indistinct landscape, and I wished that Mr. van Buren could have been with us, as I am sure it was the end of things which would have appealed to his heart—especially if Freule Menela were not with him, to hold him down to earth.

Morning was clear in the sky when we came to Groningen, and we were not the least tired, though we had not even tried to doze. At a nice hotel, called by the old name of the "Seven Provinces," were Jonkheer Brederode and arranged for us to stop a night if our plans had not been suddenly changed, there was a telegram for Nell. It was from Mr. van Buren, and said, "Can I bring fiancée and sisters to spend day with you at Utrecht? Answer, Robert van B., Scheveningen."

Of course, one word costs less than two, and is therefore wiser to use in a telegram. Besides, she is his fiancée; it looked so irrevocable, staring up from the paper, that I felt more sorry for him than ever. I was a little excited, too, as Nell was wiring back "yes, delighted," and adding the date which we expected to arrive at Utrecht. I am excited still, as I write this; for I have the idea that Freule Menela was angry with Mr. van Buren for spending so much time with us, and that she wants to punish him—or somebody else.

(To be continued.)

Germany's Pigs—and Others.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":
The Germans are badly off for pigs. During the period of the war, pig breeding—which was improving rapidly before it—has gone quite to the wall. At ordinary times, in Germany, there are 26,000,000 pigs, but at the moment that number stands at just half, but if there were more the difficulty would be in feeding them. Everything in the way of food stocks has gone up in price, and pork is exceedingly dear. It has advanced one to two marks per kilo in price in many towns since the war started. Having regard to the fact that pork is one of the staple foods of the German people, this increase in cost must hit them very hard. In such towns as Hamburg, Mannheim, Stettin, Berlin, and Chemnitz, the advanced prices have reached their highest point.

"Trench fever" among the British army is to-day receiving much attention from the medical authorities. The pig lies at the bottom of it; and German pig, too! Trench fever is really paratyphoid fever, and the bacilli of it are often found in pig meat, and especially German pork. The German soldiery being much addicted to such food, even when it is not of the best quality and above suspicion, takes in, thuswise, paratyphoid bacillus en masse. Their trenches, consequently, are laden with these bacilli, and when our soldiers take possession of them they incidentally pick up the paratyphoid bacillus. But, thank goodness, trench fever is not common, and the "death rate" is a small one among those men affected. Soldiers are now being vaccinated with both typhoid and paratyphoid vaccine as a safeguard against the diseases.

With all this in mind, I could hardly repress a smile when in London the other day and heard Professor Haliburton, of the Institute of Hygiene, declare that the pig gave better human food than any other farm animal. He added that a pound of bacon yielded more nutriment than a pound of beefsteak, which was, he averred, mostly, water after all! The pig was the easiest kind of flesh food to prepare for the market. That is true, because it is the easiest to feed, and in return also repays its patrons by its prolificacy.

G. T. BURROWS.

London, England.

A French School of Horticulture.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

The mention of Versailles brings to one's mind the Palace of the Kings, surrounded by the famous gardens which are crowded with memories of the period when lavish extravagance, flattery and frivolity reigned with the last three Louis before the clash of the Revolution. It is not of the Chateau gardens that I intend to write, but of the nearby gardens of the Ecole Nationale d'Horticulture de Versailles.

In the early days of our journey from Paris to the Mediterranean we tramped through a market garden district into Versailles, and among other things delivered our letter of introduction to the Director of the School. Later, when we again arrived at the appointed hour, a huge door in the wall opened by means of a compressed-air ball worked in the conciergerie, and we walked into a dark driveway, where, from the light of the big court beyond, we could see a door on our right. The concierge and his wife asked us to enter their room where we left our haversacks; then we were conducted into the courtyard where we passed on to a second man, who led us to the head gardener.

We crossed through a hall and descended into a large square walled-in garden where we saw the students at work; they appeared to be youths between the ages of school and conscription.

Try to picture an old English kitchen garden, with fruit trees trained to high brick walls, next to the wall a wide border with a path that followed it, and the central beds cut into squares and oblongs, and you will have the setting for the picture of the youths who were working there.

On one of the borders we saw a group of lads bending over a trench, and digging in a liberal dressing of manure.

while the calcarious soil stuck to their wooden shoes; the latter they may now have exchanged for soldier's boots, and possibly some of them are resting in other trenches beside their now idle shovels.

Here in Versailles they were using shovels for trenching where an Englishman would use a spade, and the ground appeared to be almost too wet to work; but at this time not only lower Paris and the rivers, but the newspapers seemed to be overflowing with floods, so when would the soil have a chance to dry?

We walked beside the gardener and noted the dwarf apple trees grown as single and double cordons, while on the walls they were tied up with osier withes, and trained in the usual shapes, such as espaliers, fans, and toasting-forks; space was economized by alternating a fan-shaped tree with one having a narrow apex and a wide bottom, so that none of the wall was left bare.

It was the middle of November, and the first leaves had not yet fallen; some of the boys were picking off diseased leaves to burn. The gardener told us that they used a substance called Rosinal as a fungicide. It smelled of carbolic.

As we passed various trees, the gardener pointed out that peaches growing on walls did fairly well, but the climate was too cold for apricots, which did not do as well as the peaches.

The borders were edged with various herbaceous perennials, such as chives, thrift and iris, while some edgings were of clipped box. Many of the hardy perennial roses were in flower; also wall-flowers and pansies.

In a corner of the garden was a Pyramid pear tree, which, we were told, was seventy years old.

The neighborhood of Versailles being about ten miles south-west of Paris, is naturally devoted to market gardening, and here we saw winter vegetables of root and leaf type; spinach, salsify, scorzonera, and also an assortment of salads, including chicory and corn salad.

Salads of every description, from watercress to wild dandelion, form an essential part of the French daily menu. The leaves are served with oil and vinegar; olive oil seems to be a necessity, while butter is a luxury, which, if you ask for, you may be rated as able to pay for it. The frugal French will have no need to learn economy, they practiced it long before the war, and in this country of small holdings they find goat's milk (and in some parts the milk of sheep) is more economical to produce than that of cows.

The demand for salad necessitates big crops of it in various forms, and perhaps it will not be out of place here to give the ingredients of the genuine French salad dressing.

Before we left our hotel for the gardens, Francois demonstrated the art of salad-making while he waited upon us. On the table there was a bowl of leaves with a wooden spoon and fork. Francois put pepper, salt and vinegar into the spoon and mixed it with the fork; this he tipped over the leaves and added a spoonful of olive oil. Next, the waiter turned the salad over and over until it was well covered with the condiments; sometimes garlic is added, and even the blanched leaves of celery. This method of making salad never varied in any of the fifty-odd hotels or cafes where we chanced to stay, whether in the north or the south of France.

To return to the gardens. In a greenhouse a few of the students were attacking mealy bugs (or thrips) with sponges. We looked around the house, which appeared to be more experimental than ornamental, and after we had finished here we returned to the buildings. Here we went through passages to the front rooms, which were built inside the street wall.

We descended stone steps into a series of long passage-like rooms lit by windows looking on to the street. The windows, in addition to the usual iron bars, were covered with wire netting. On our right were shelves, eight in number, and they were made of slats, only. Instead of the slats being one height, they were in steps, gallery fashion, so that the back slat was the highest.

The slats were a little wider than the fruits, and on each slat were arranged rows of apples and pears; they looked

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