

MANITOBA SEED
WHEAT.
CANADIAN TIMOTHY
AND CLOVER SEED,
SOLD LOW AT
P. HENNESSY'S.
Newcastle, April 20th, 1896.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.
To be sold at private sale the house and lot
Newcastle, adjoining the premises of Mr.
Francis Doherty situated on the highway lead-
ing down river.
The lot is 42x122, with a 13 story house
fronting 30x20. The above premises will be
disposed of at private sale.
For Terms and other particulars apply to
HENRY REEVES.
Newcastle 23th, 1894.

PROVISIONS ETC.
I have on hand a large stock which I offer at
reasonable rates. My stock comprises in part
Tea, Sugars, Molasses,
Beef, Pork, Hams, Bacon,
Barley, Peas, Soap,
FLOUR.
all the highest grades including the never
failing brand "Five Roses" Rolled Oats and
standard Oatmeal and Cornmeal in tins and
bags, Ontario and Mountain Cracked Feed,
etc. American Household Oil.
Store on Public Wharf.
J. A. RUNDLE.
Newcastle, Aug. 12, 1895.

FARM FOR SALE.
The subscriber offers for sale by private
bargain
The Farm
owned by him situated on the highway leading
to the N. W. bridge, and about ten minutes
walk from the post office, Newcastle. It con-
tains about 15 acres of cleared land, about
one third of which is mowed. The front field
is undermown with timothy and the whole is in
good land, and some large crops. There is
also a
HOUSE AND BARN
on the premises, the house contains 8 rooms.
Possession given at any time.
For terms and particulars apply to
W. C. ANSLAW.
Newcastle, April 16, 1894.

PATENTS
Can also be secured, Trade-Marks regis-
tered, and all other matters relating to the Patent
Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully
attended to.
Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention a
careful examination, and advice as to the
possibility of securing a patent.
With any office directly across from the Patent
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assured that the inventor will receive the most
prompt and efficient service for the most reasonable
fees. A successful presentation of applications for
patents, and the securing of the same, is the
specialty of this office.
J. R. LITTLE
Solicitor and Attorney in Patent, Canada,
England and the United States.
Mention this page. Opposite U. S. Patent Office.

DR. CATEN, DENTIST.
Will occupy his dental office, over Mr. Thomas
Russell's store, in the Hays' building
From the 26th to the 30th or
31st of each month.
Artificial teeth inserted for \$3.00 and \$10
per set up. Hoping to meet his patients as
promptly, for whom satisfactory dental work
will be done in all branches.

TAILORING
I wish to remind my patrons and the public
generally that I am still
Carrying on the Tailoring
in the old stand over Messrs. Sutherland and
reagan's Store. I have a fine
LINEN OF SAMPLES
on hand. Parties furnishing their own
goods can have them made up in
GOOD STYLE
and cheaper than elsewhere. Perfect satis-
faction has been given in the past and I can
guarantee the same in the future.
J. R. McDONALD.
Newcastle Sept. 1892.

1896 Spring, 1896
I have now in stock for the Spring Trade,
Wool, Nails, all sizes, Carpet and Gimp Tacks,
Mixed Paint, all colors, Paint Brushes, White
Wash Brushes, Steel Brushes, painted and gal-
vanized, Sheet Zinc, Sheet Lead, Sheet Ladders,
Butter Boxes, Butter Moulds, Prints, and
Ladies' Creamers, Milk Pails and Pans,
Wringers, Willett Washing Machines, the
largest and best assortment of Cook Stoves I
have ever had. Everything in Tinware and
Kitchen utensils that the best housekeeper
requires at right prices.
J. H. Phinney.
Newcastle, April 6th, 1896.

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Agency for
PATENTS
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DESIGN PATENTS,
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BUTLER & CO., 31 Broadway, New York.
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the public for a notice giving the nature of the
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world. Published weekly, except on Sundays and
holidays. Price, \$10.00 per annum. Address, BUTLER & CO.,
Publishers, 31 Broadway, New York City.

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done at the
"ADVOCATE" OFFICE.

METEOROLOGICAL.
Reported for the Dominion Gov-
ernment by J. F. CONNORS.
APRIL.

DATE	Time of Observation.	Barometer.	Thermometer.	Maximum Thermometer.	Minimum Thermometer.
Sun., 19	8 a.m. 30.127	33	33	48	29.4
" "	10 a.m. 30.115	40	40	48	30.4
" "	12 p.m. 30.117	47	47	48	30.4
Mon., 20	8 a.m. 30.108	33	33	48	30.4
" "	10 a.m. 30.115	40	40	48	30.4
" "	12 p.m. 30.117	47	47	48	30.4
Tues., 21	8 a.m. 30.108	33	33	48	30.4
" "	10 a.m. 30.115	40	40	48	30.4
" "	12 p.m. 30.117	47	47	48	30.4
Wed., 22	8 a.m. 30.108	33	33	48	30.4
" "	10 a.m. 30.115	40	40	48	30.4
" "	12 p.m. 30.117	47	47	48	30.4
Thurs., 23	8 a.m. 30.108	33	33	48	30.4
" "	10 a.m. 30.115	40	40	48	30.4
" "	12 p.m. 30.117	47	47	48	30.4
Fri., 24	8 a.m. 30.108	33	33	48	30.4
" "	10 a.m. 30.115	40	40	48	30.4
" "	12 p.m. 30.117	47	47	48	30.4
Sat., 25	8 a.m. 30.108	33	33	48	30.4
" "	10 a.m. 30.115	40	40	48	30.4
" "	12 p.m. 30.117	47	47	48	30.4

The maximum and minimum columns show
the highest and lowest temperature in the 24
hours.

Miscellaneous.
A man who believed the old saying,
"See a pick up, and all the day
you'll have good luck," saw a pin in
front of the post office the other day, and
when stooping to capture it his hat fell
off and rolled into the middle of the
street. He braced game way, his collar
split open, and his false teeth, which
cost him \$3 when new, fell out and broke
on the pavement. He picked up the pin,
however.
I know MINARD'S LIN-
IMENT will cure Diphtheria.
French Village J. D. Bouthillier.
I know MINARD'S LIN-
IMENT will cure Croup.
Cape Island J. F. Cunningham.
I know MINARD'S LIN-
IMENT is the best remedy on
earth.
Norway, Me. Joseph A. Snow.

'What poor shoppers the men are,'
exclaimed Mrs. Trotter on her way home
from a shopping expedition. 'My hus-
band hardly ever pays less than 15 cents
for a cigar; and here I have bought a
whole box for 75 cents.'—Boston Trans-
cript.
The reputation of Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
as a blood medicine, is maintained by
daily cures.
A Political economy is a ticklish sub-
ject. A man has to be wide awake to
understand all about it. For instance,
the very ideas of capital and labor.
B—Look here! that is simple enough.
Supposing I borrow 20 marks from you;
that would represent capital. A—To be
sure. B—Then after a while you would
be trying to get your money back. That
would be labor.—Zigzag.

Bad Blood Between Them.
The ever slaying farmer's wife, her
delicate sister in the city, suffer more
than they care to tell. The dark rings
round the eyes, headache, distaste,
palpitation or rheumatic twinges, be-
come a run-down system. The blood in
Aunt Lydia's is a bar to enjoyment of life.
Scott's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood,
strengthens and vitalizes the system,
and speedily restores the bloom of health
to the cheeks. It cures when all others
fail. Sold by E. Lee Street.

**First Farmer—Has the lawsuit be-
tween you and Hays-de been settled?**
Second Farmer—Yes; and so are the
lawyers. "How do you mean?" "They
are settled on our farms."—Philadelphia
Record.
When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she became a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Adolphus (fingering his only ten cent
piece).—For cream to be becoming more
and more deadly every day.
Imogene (passionately).—Let us die
together.
Consumption Can be Cured
by the use of Shiloh's Cure. This
great Cough Cure is the only known
remedy for that terrible disease. For
sale by E. Lee Street.
'Pat I told you to wake me up at six;
it's only 4.30. What the deuce do you
mean?'
'Well, sorry, I was awake at 4.25, but
so basely shalpy, sorry, or was I scared
of're shalpy at six?'
Pills Do Not Cure.
Pills do not cure Consumption. They
only aggravate. Karle's Cough Root Tea
gives perfect regularity of the bowels.
For sale by E. Lee Street.

Trap—It's a pie I stole off your
windy mum. I want to bring it back.
Housekeeper—Well, I'm glad you've
got some conscience.
Trap—You're in. I'm tough, but I
don't dare to eat a strange mouse pie.
Leading medical authorities endorse
Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best blood
medicine.
Tommy—Paw, what sort of orders are
sweeping orders that the papers talk
about?
Mr. Flagg—Just wait till your mother
gets to her sneezing.

MINARD'S LINIMENT cures
Diphtheria.
Young Husband—Are my eggs done
yet, darling?
His Bride (in tears)—Oh, Jack, I've
boiled them for an hour and a half, and
they are not soft yet.

A Baby's Life Saved.
My baby had croup and was saved by
Shiloh's Cure, writes Mrs. J. B. Martin,
of Hantsville, Ala. For sale by E. Lee
Street.
Teacher—When Lot found his wife
was turned into a pillar of salt, what did
he do?
Burcher's Son—Why, Miss, I kinder
guess he got him a fresh one.

Are You Made
Miserable by Indigestion, Constipation,
Dizziness, Loss of Appetite,
Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Sarsaparilla is a
positive cure. For sale by E. Lee
Street.

Mr. Tuppenny (the bridegroom)—I
don't see the big cheque you say your
father placed among the wedding pre-
sents, darling.
The Bride—Papa is so absent-minded
dear. He let his cigar with it almost
immediately afterward.

MINARD'S LINIMENT cures
Diphtheria.
A young Irishman was asked by his
contender if he was prepared to renounce
the devil and all his works.
'Oh, your honor,' said Pat, 'don't
ask me that. I'm going into a strange
country, and I don't want to make my-
self an angel.'

A Great German's Prescription.
Diseased blood, constipation, and kid-
ney, liver and bowel troubles are cured
by Karle's Cough Root Tea. For sale by
E. Lee Street.
Mrs. De Fadd—The latest fashion is
to have the piano built into the wall.
Mr. De Fadd (wearily)—Well, that's
sensible. Let's wall up ours.—New
York Weekly.

A Forty-Year Old Grievance Removed.
In Bath, Ont., Charles's Kidney Liver
Pills are a standard remedy. Joseph
Gardner, of this town, suffered for 40
years with indigestion and the ter-
rible accompaniments—constipation
and headache. K. & L. Pills are the
only remedy that gave him relief. 25c.
a box, of all druggists. One pill a dose.

Teacher—What does the reign of
King Charles I. teach us?
Tommy—Please, sir, not to lose our
heads in moments of excitement, sir.—
Truth.
When the scalp is scrooped, or shyn-
bald, no preparation will restore the
hair; in all other cases, Hair's Hair
Restorer will start a growth.

Grease (sadly).—That's too bad! My
wife has gone and put my handkerchiefs
in the wash, and I am positive that I
had led a knot in it to remind me of
something.

MINARD'S LINIMENT cures
colds, etc.
Strolling—Then I told him that it was
useless to have any more talk about the
matter; the time had come for action.
Digdigs—Yes?
Strolling—The cotton began by his
kicking me out of the room.

The Best Cough Cure.
Is Shiloh's Cure. A neglected cough is
dangerous. Stop it at once with
Shiloh's Cure. For sale by E. Lee
Street.

'There,' said the playwright, 'that play
is finished.' 'Why, George, dear,' said
his wife, 'you've only been at it ten
minutes.' 'I know it, dear, but it isn't
part of my work to introduce the dances
and comic songs. It's only three acts,
you know.'—Harper's Bazar.

Johnny Smithers, as the blacksmith
pared some of the bones away from the
horse's hoof. 'Why? What have I
done?' asked the blacksmith. 'You
said I got ahead to St. Dobbins, an' you're
whittlin' off his feet to suit those you
have got.'

MINARD'S LINIMENT cures
garget in cows.
Maud—I hear proposing parties are
all the style this winter. The girl do
the proposing, and the one who proposes
the best gets a prize. Have you been to
any? Ethel—No; but I had a propos-
ing party come to me the other evening.
How do you like my ring.

He Wants Others to know.
DEAR EDITOR:—Please state in your
valued journal, that if any suffer from
Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness,
Lack of Energy and Ambition, Lost
Munition, Night Losses, etc., will write
me in confidence. I will inform him by
sealed letter, free of charge, how to ob-
tain a perfect cure. I ask for no money,
having nothing to sell. I know how to
sympathize with these sufferers and am
only too glad to be able to assist them.
If you desire to get well, send stamp
and address simply: P. O. Box 388,
London, Ont.

Youths Corner.
AN EVERY-DAY STORY.
'You aren't going to try to ar-
range that cupboard yourself, are
you, mamma? You look tired.
Close the doors, and let's forget its
existence.'

Mrs. Jordan smiled; the sugges-
tion was so like Bettie.
'No, dear, it ought to be done at
once. I can't bear to have such a
disorderly crowd about the house.
I'm sure I don't know when Susan
will be back, and I don't much care.
She never does anything thoroughly.'

'Then let me do it, mamma.'
Bettie spoke more cheerfully than
she felt. She had mapped out a
different plan for these Saturday
morning hours.

'You dear child! It would be
such a relief, but I don't like to put
it on your shoulders.'
'Oh, nonsense!' laughed Bettie.
'My shoulders are stronger than
you think, mamma. What do you
suppose all my physical culture
lessons have been good for?'

So Mrs. Jordan was cajoled out
of the room, and Bettie, perched on
the baby's high chair, attacked the
upper shelves. It was a pleasant
sight to Aunt Lydia, sitting by the
fireplace, under whose deft fingers
a little sock was taking form and
shape. Her needles never slacken-
ed, even while her eyes were fixed
on the slender, girlish figure. How
unselfish Bettie was growing!
What was the reason? Was the
little silver cross, with its three
suggestive letters, in the secret?

As the work progressed, Aunt
Lydia felt a slight uneasiness.
Would Bettie prove faithful, she
wondered, when she reached the
lowest shelf? You see the day be-
fore, Aunt Lydia had gone to this
same shelf in search of some article,
and had come across a box away at
the further end. In the one swift
glance she gave it as she raised the
cover she had a glimpse of Tom's
top, some tattered tissue-paper
flowers, tattered embroidery silks,
and sundry old gloves and ribbons,
while there were indications of
equally interesting developments
beneath. Evidently Susan had
made it a sort of dumping ground
for 'odds and ends.' And now
Aunt Lydia wondered if this might
prove too much for Bettie's good
resolutions.

'Behold!' said the unconscious
Bettie, at this juncture, with a
flourish that imperilled her standing
on the high chair. 'The top
shelves are in a state of precision
that it would do your heart good
to see.' And then she descended
to give Aunt Lydia a great hug,
and prepare for an attack on the
lower shelves. 'Do you know,' she
went on confidentially, 'I have turn-
ed over a new leaf? I detest work
of this kind, but I make myself do
it. It's a discipline for the mind,'
as Miss Brownlee says on motive,
but, that isn't my motive, in
either.' And with a kiss that
suddenly serious. 'I made up my
mind that I must improve or I
should feel as if I were dishonoring
him.'

A minute later, Mrs. Jordan put
her head in at the door.
'Can you leave that awhile, dear,
and take this letter to the post-
office? It ought to go in the next
mail.'

'Of course I can,' said Bettie,
promptly; 'and glad of the chance.
I'll be ready in just two minutes.'

Left alone in the dining-room,
Aunt Lydia laid down her knitting
and vanished up the stairs. She
was back at her place, however, and
knitting as placidly as ever, when
Bettie returned with her girlish
face glowing from exercise and con-
tact with the crisp, frosty air.

'It's delicious outdoors, Auntie.
I was tempted not to come back
till time for luncheon.' And Bettie
shook her fist menacingly at the
unfinished work. 'But then, I'm
nearly through. Only two more

'Say, now, he protested; 'you
guess them too fast. I haven't
made out the one you gave me yet.
Here's another word for you,
though. It isn't very long, but it
puzzled me the other day.'

Tom shook the letters vigorously
in his two hands and delivered
them over to Bettie.
'That isn't hard,' she announced
almost immediately. 'It's a
daughter.'

'Well, now, aren't you smart?'
And Tom looked disgusted. 'You
can wait awhile for the next one.
I shan't bother with you till I guess
my own.'

'That suits me,' said Bettie.
'I'm going downstairs, anyway.
There's something I want to do
there.'

No one but Aunt Lydia suspected
what the business was, and she did
not guess the cause of the sudden
decision.
It was that last anagram on Tom-
Bettie's conscience was in a sensi-
tive state that evening, which
made it an easy transition from the

Trace Him
You want Scott's Emul-
sion. If you are a doctor-
gist for it and get it—you
can trust that man. But if
he offers you "something
just as good," he will do the
same when your doctor
writes a prescription for
which he wants to get a
special effect—play the
game of life and death for
the sake of a penny or two
more profit. You can't
trust that man. Get what
you ask for, and pay for
whether it is Scott's Emul-
sion or anything else.
Scott & Bowles, Belleville, Ont. 50c. and 75c.

ENAMEL STARCH
Can be mixed
with hot or cold water
**GIVES AN
IDEAL FINISH**
Smooth and lasting
**TO SHIRT FRONTS
COLLARS & CUFFS**
The Edwardsburg Starch Co. Mfgs. Co.
WORKS, CANADIAN, ONT. OFFICE, MONTREAL, P.Q.

shelves to do, and they're easy.
Evidently she was in blissful igno-
rance of the miscellaneous collection
in that neat-looking pasteboard box.

Aunt Lydia watched her pretty
niece when the last shelf was clear-
ed and the discovery made. Bettie
always sang over her work; and she
was in the midst of,
God make my life a little lighter,
when a sudden impulse led her to
open the white splendor. The
song ceased abruptly. Another
minute, and the cover was replaced
—the box pushed back to the end
of the shelf. Bettie's voice piped
up again; but it was constrained now,
and not so clear as before.

'All through, dear?' said Mrs.
Jordan, entering just as Bettie was
closing the cupboard doors. 'Yes,
I see you are. How beautifully you
have arranged everything! What
would we ever do without our help-
ful Bettie, Aunt Lydia? You
don't know what a relief it is, Bet-
tie, to know that everything is in
order here.' And with a kiss that
brought the blood to Bettie's
cheeks, her mother left the room.

Early in the afternoon Ethel
Manderson called. 'Put on your
things, can't you, Bettie? Mamma
wants you to go sleigh-riding with
us.'

Of course, Bettie flew to her
room for her warmest wrappings;
and the result was a long, blissful
ride through city and country roads,
to the music of jingling sleigh-bells.

It was not till evening that she
thought again of the slightest box.
She felt uncomfortable when she
joined the group around the fire
place in the library.

'Let's have anagrams,' suggested
Tom, running for the box of letters.
'You give me a word, Bet, and I'll
give you one.'

'Well, but Bettie's voice was
somewhat reluctant. She was
bright and quick however, and
guessed her words too easily for
Tom's satisfaction.

'Say, now, he protested; 'you
guess them too fast. I haven't
made out the one you gave me yet.
Here's another word for you,
though. It isn't very long, but it
puzzled me the other day.'

Tom shook the letters vigorously
in his two hands and delivered
them over to Bettie.
'That isn't hard,' she announced
almost immediately. 'It's a
daughter.'

'Well, now, aren't you smart?'
And Tom looked disgusted. 'You
can wait awhile for the next one.
I shan't bother with you till I guess
my own.'

thought of the daughter she claim-
ed to be—the 'King's Daug-ter';
and her resolution was taken.
That detestable box should be
cleared before she slept that night.
It wasn't pleasant to sit there all
alone in the dining room, assorting
that heterogeneous collection on, for
Bettie was a sociable little body.
But the coals glowed brightly in
the open grate, as if they wanted
to cheer her; and, as her fingers
flew over the distasteful work, a
warm feeling crept into her heart.

There were other compensations,
too. Long lost treasures, it seem-
ed, had found their way to Susan's
dumping ground. 'If here isn't
my best paint brush!' and Bettie's
eyes shone as he drew it out by its
long handle; 'and actually my tube
of yellow ochre!'

'What in the world is this?' she
said, as she found a neat, little
tissue paper package, and opened
it wonderingly. 'If here isn't
Aunt Lydia's lovely pink pin-
cushion! And here's a paper
pinned to it! So there was; and
on it were just three words, 'For
faithful Bettie.' Well, well!
What a wonderful woman Aunt
Lydia was, anyway! How did she
know anything about the box, when
even Bettie had been ignorant of
its existence? How confident she
must have been that Bettie would
not shrink, or she would never have
placed that dear little reward for
her to find! Aunt Lydia must
have been disappointed in her!
The thought made Bettie's fingers
fly faster than ever till the work
was finished. Somehow, she did
not want to throw her strong young
arms around Aunt Lydia until her
conscience was quite, quite cleared.

It was a light, quick step that
came behind the big arm chair a
few minutes later.
'Who's a darling?' whispered
Bettie, to cover her embarrassment;
and who gave her horrid niece her
very prettiest and pinkest pin-
cushion?
'Who's a dear little King's
Daughter?' asked Aunt Lydia.

What are you two talking about?
said Tom. 'Giving conundrums?
Come over here, Bet. I've got a
new word for you—a regular
puzzler!—Bertha Genevieve Davis
in Christian Register.'

Farm and Household.
CANDIED PEELS.
This is a good season of the year,
when the cheap oranges from the
Mediterranean are in market, to pre-
pare candied peels. Candied orange
and lemon peel are not only much
cheaper prepared at home, but sure
to be fresh. These peels take the
place of citron in mince pie and fruit
pudding, or can be used with it.
The true citron, from which the
candied citron of market is made, is
never imported fresh. It is a fruit
of the citrus or lemon family, but the
peel is the only part used. To can-
dy orange or lemon peel, make a
strong solution of salt in water for
three days. A large teaspoon of salt to a gallon of
water is in the right proportion
for this brine. Drain the peels and
rinse them after soaking them, and
make a thick syrup in proportion of
a pound of sugar to a pint of water.
Make enough syrup to cover the
peel, and let the peel cook slowly
for a long time, taking great care
that it does not burn. When nearly
all the syrup has been absorbed take
up the peel and spread it out on a
plate, and pour the remainder of
the syrup evenly over it. Let it dry
in a moderately warm place, but
keep it in a cool place. At time
take a large quantity at a doze.
Three months' supply is enough to
keep well. The operation is not a
tedious one, and can be easily re-
peated.

WHY LEAVE THE FARM?
Farming is one of the most inde-
pendent of occupations. The farmer
is the most independent man in the
world. He can go where he wants
during a large portion of the year
with less hazard than the men of
other callings. This liberty is one of
the greatest privileges ever bestowed
on man. He naturally longs for the
freedom which independence or lib-
erty to do as he pleases gives him, and
nowhere else can he enjoy this free-
dom more than on the farm. The
business man is the slave of his
customers; the farmer is the slave
of no one. So far as concerns the
manner in which his time shall be
spent, he is absolutely free to deter-
mine. Of course this does not imply
that he has any license, or neglect his
business, but it does imply that he
can modify it to suit his convenience.
Generally speaking, he can do so
tomorrow, without any serious in-
convenience, while he may not have been
able to do so today.

And farming is more tempo-
rary than any other calling under
the sun. The farmer who is at all
prudent and simple in his mode of life is
sure of a good living for himself and
his family. Over and above this, he
is able to provide something for a rainy
day. This is not true of the men of
other callings, that is to say, it is
not true of the rank and file of them.
In business men make fortunes, but
the many go to the wall at some period
of their business career. There is
no calling in the world which is pur-
sued by the many where the in-
crease of earnings is so great if the
living of the farmer is considered,
and, of course, it ought to be.
'Agriculture' in Farming for January.

It requires not only a good eye in
the teamster, but a strong active
team to do good work in marking out
furrows and making straight rows
across the field. If the team is not
strong enough for the work, it will
wedge from one side to another to
relieve the excessive strain on its
shoulders. This will make absolute-
ly straight rows impossible, no mat-
ter how correct the eye of the plough
man may be. The first furrow across
the field is harder on the team than
any later one, especially if the field
be in sod. After it is cut, each after
furrow requires less lifting to turn
over, as on the plough there is an
open furrow instead of an un-
broken sod, so that only one slice of
the soil has to be cut. But the first
furrow for this reason should be
shallower than those which follow it.
This will make less of a ridge where
it lies.

Roots require a large amount of
available nitrogen, but it is never
advisable to plough under large
quantities of stable manure where
they are to be grown. This makes
the soil too dry for the best growth,
and it also furnishes most of the
nitrogen in the hottest weather when
the roots need it the least. Turnips
grow hollow and pithy when manured
with stable manure. It will also
breed worms, which will attack the
roots and make them worthless for
marketing. Soluble commercial
manures will pay. Later in
season the soil, if fairly rich,
will develop enough fertility with
out manure.

TRAIN COLTS TO WORK.
Many colts are now learning to
work. The rate of travel required
of them is important. Confiding
the travel mainly to walk is not the
rule with all drivers. As soon as
the young animal ceases to rear and
plunge in the harness it is of con-
sidered 'broken' and is allowed to
take any gait it chooses. The old
horse by which the youngster is
hitched, is allowed to advance with
long rapid strides, thus forcing the
colt out of a walk from the start.
The older animal needs to be held
back and forced to walk at a rate
which the learner can equal. Grad-
ually increase the rate, but only in
keeping with the ability of the colt
to walk. A colt that proves natu-
rally slow on