

die due to suffocation. In such cases it is pretty hard to effect a cure. The best thing would be to take carbolated vaseline and put it down the throat of the bird, rubbing the swollen parts with this salve. In addition to this, they should be kept in protected coops or houses free from dampness, and not overcrowded.

I am inclined to think, however, that the trouble with these hens is poisoning. Probably there is some material lying around the premises which they ate and were poisoned in this manner. I would advise a close inspection for any poisonous material. Grain that has been treated with formalin, or any loose material of a poisonous nature might have been the cause for the large number of birds lost.

M. C. HERNER.

The Spruce Ridge Trestle

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trestle crossed. A sheer-boom held the log drive back from the latter current and a short examination satisfied McCracken that there was practically nothing to fear from this quarter. He went back to the bridge with this off his mind.

With the coming of the dark, great fires were kindled on the banks, the red glare flinging out over the rushing water and lighting up the rocks and tangled forest like day. The scene was almost weird. All night thru, without pause, the creaking cranes swung timbers into place; the stringers swarmed with men; the noise of mallet-strokes, the shouting of orders, flung away in echoes into the darkness beyond the glare of the fires. Without a single hitch the mortising of caps, the setting in and bracing of uprights, went on apace, and when the new day crept in over the bluffs to the east, nearly two tiers of the great trestle were up. McCracken sighed with satisfaction as he blew out the ill-smelling oil lantern and threw himself into a bunk to snatch a few winks of sleep.

The second night closed in with rain and wind and a sky full of scudding clouds. The rain was beating up against the oilskin which covered the one window of the old section shack, and it was thundering and lightning outside. McCracken knew they were in for a nasty night of it, but he also knew that things were in running order for the night and that Sigerson could be relied on. He hung his dripping raincoat on a peg behind the door and sat down to fill his pipe.

There were dark circles under the young engineer's eyes and his face was white with fatigue. He shivered slightly as he turned up the wick of the lantern and bent wearily over his diagrams. He had been thus for perhaps ten minutes when a sudden gust of cold wet air swept in upon him, and he looked up to find the door standing wide open. He thought at first the wind had blown it off the latch and was getting up to shut it, when a figure loomed unexpectedly against the glitter of the driving rain and a man, wet to the skin, staggered in and leaned with his back against the door, panting for breath. It was Healy.

McCracken stared. He was vaguely conscious of something unnatural in the fellow's manner, but it was nearly a minute before he could place it; then he caught a whiff of rye whisky which permeated even to where he stood. The man reeked of it. McCracken eyed him sharply.

"S all right, boy," grunted the foreman abruptly. "Y' don't need to say nothin'. Jus, come back to tell y' I ain't done the square thing goin' off like I done. Tha's all. Y' don't need to say nothin'. I'm dang sorry, see?" He glared sullenly at the younger man as if he expected to be laughed at for the admission. "They played me dirt, young feller, but I ain't got—ain't got nothin' ag'in you, an' I wanted you to know't. That's all. I'm fired—fired m'self I did—job's your's."

"Healy, you're drunk!" accused McCracken severely. "What d'you mean coming back to camp in this condition? What did you leave for last night? Eh?"

(To be concluded next week).

Several German papers published in New York and Chicago have been forbidden the Canadian mails, and heavy fine or imprisonment is the penalty for any being found in anyone's possession.



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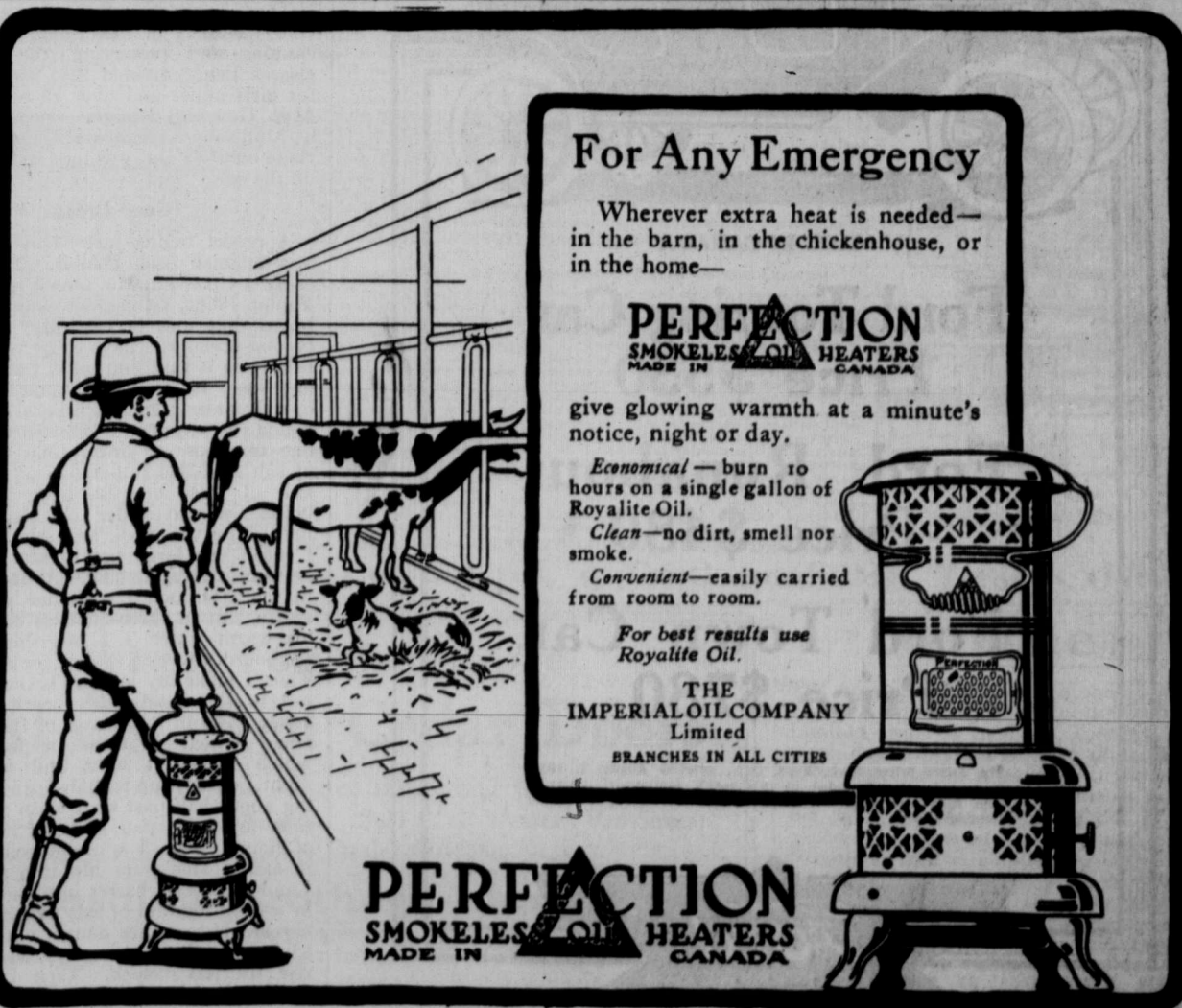
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