

A Tenderfoot's Wooing

By CLIVE PHILLIPPS WOLLEY
(Author of "Gold, Gold in Cariboo," Etc.)

CHAPTER III.

"Are you men up?"
The mist wreathes of early morning, the very last of them, were slowly trailing away like dainty long-skirted dames from the hollow below the cabin, and the top half of the sun was showing through the timber which crowned the rise to the east of the camp, when Mrs. Rolt's head was protruded from the cabin door to ask the above question.

But no one answered her. The fire had been made up and the men's blankets were hung on the bars of the corral, but there was no other sign of life if you except a grey bird like a jay, who was making a careful inspection of relics.

"No one here, Kitty," Mrs. Rolt called back into the cabin. "Now is our chance to make our toilet, and of course that dear old Jim has everything fixed for us, basin and water and towels. Makes me feel quite to home" as he'd say.

"How do you know that it was Jim?"

"How do I know, you ungrateful girl? Hasn't Jim done these things ever since we came to the country. You don't suppose that your new chum would ever have thought of it?"

"I think that you are very hard on my new chum," said the girl, showing a delightfully rosy face in a mist of disordered hair.

"And I think that you are hard on your old friend," retorted Mrs. Rolt. She had almost said more than she had intended to, but caught herself up in time and buried her face healthily in the basin to hide her confusion.

"Well," blowing the soap suds out of her eyes and shaking the water from her wet hair.

"What an object you do look, dear. It's lucky your fringe is natural."

"Is that all you wanted to say, Miss? I am all natural and so were you before you went back to England. Now you must needs wear that thing!" and she pointed indignantly to a portion of Kitty's locks, which that charming maiden carried in her hand.

"You must wear a toupee in England. How would you keep your head smart without one?"

Mrs. Rolt held up her hands with a little gesture of horror.

"Spare me that word, Kitty, before breakfast at any rate. Smart! That is your gospel nowadays. Who said that you must be smart. I loathe smart people."

"You prefer—Jim?"

"Yes, infinitely. Jim is a man."

"And Mr. Anstruther is not?"

"I did not say so. I don't know. He may be one in embryo, but he'll take a lot of making."

"Would you not rather that Jim had some of your pet aversions 'making' in the English language, for instance. Or is it necessary to talk like a broncho buster to be a man?"

Polly Rolt hesitated. She did not want to lie. Indeed downright truthfulness was one of her occasionally painful characteristics, but she did not like to admit any blemishes in her favorite.

"Oh, well, fine English is as easy to put on, for a man like Jim, as your toupee is for you. A man must speak the language of a country if he wants to be understood in it. You used to understand Jim well enough before you went home."

"And now I don't. He seems to me to have changed. In some way he does not seem to be natural any more."

"I thought your complaint was that he was not sufficiently artificial—smart, I mean."

"He isn't that, either. But hurry up. Here they come," and the two ladies whisked round the corner and into the seclusion of their cabin, to put on the last finishing touches.

A minute later they were congratulating Combe and Anstruther upon a fine buck which the two slung in the wagon.

"Who shot it, Jim? You, of course," asked Kitty, her dainty head as trim as if she had just parted from her maid, though Mrs. Rolt's fringe was still a trifle damp and straight.

"No, Mr. Anstruther killed him."

"And that is all I had to do with it," added Anstruther. "Combe found his tracks; I went right away from them, walked all over the country until I was beginning to grow tired. He told me to get my rifle ready at the foot of a hog's back, and as we peeped over, said 'shoot!' That is all I knew of our hunt."

"Jim had him picketed for you," said the girl.

Jim laughed. "Picketted to his feed, Miss Kitty. Taint much of a trick to know where a buck would be this time in the morning."

"It is a trick you will owe your steak to, more than to my rifle," retorted Anstruther generously, and then between them they set about preparations for breakfast.

Before that meal was over, the Indian Pretty Dick came up with the horses.

"Plenty man track in the swamp," he said.

"Fairclough's boys been hunting, I expect," said Jim, "though it's a long way for them to come for deer meat. I saw their tracks. Didn't you notice them going up that first rise to our right, Anstruther?"

"No, I saw nothing. I was looking for a deer."

"Not Fairclough crowd, Jim. Milka tum Chilcotins," put in Pretty Dick.

"What does he say?" asked Anstruther.

"Says he thinks they were Chilcotins. Why do you think so, Dick?"

"Me see old camp. See plenty little sticks go this way," pointing south.

"You come along, Jim, I show you."

The two went away together, and after a short absence returned. When they did so, even Kitty could see that something had gone wrong.

"What is it, Jim?" asked Mrs. Rolt.

"Chilcotins. Khelowna's band, I think."

"That doesn't matter, does it? Old Khelowna is all right. They won't bother us?"

"I suppose not. No, of course, they won't. Old Khelowna is as tame as a hen, but I don't like that," and he held out for inspection a small piece of fawn-colored hide.

Anstruther took it and turned it over in his hand. "A buck's ear," he said, in the tone of a squire who had found a rabbit wire. "The beggars have been shooting our deer, but you can't prevent them, can you? There's no game law in this free country."

"No, we can't stop them shooting deer and don't want to. There's plenty for all, but that's not a buck's ear. The Risky Ranch don't mark deer."

Anstruther saw then that the ear had been cut in a peculiar fashion, so as to make it swallow-tailed.

"Why, that is our mark, Jim," cried the Boss's wife.

"That's what I'm thinking, Mrs. Rolt. That's our mark sure. The Boss will have to keep an eye on those fellows. There's been a lot of stock missing lately."

"The Boss won't like that."

"No, nor I'm afraid you won't like

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Anstruther looked and Jim watched him.

"No, not there," he said irritably. "Lord! a man could count the rings on a rattler that far. Away beyond on the next big bench towards the river near those clumps of pine."

Anstruther could not see the pines. He saw a dark line, but that it meant pines was not obvious to him as it seemed to Jim's naked eye.

Mrs. Rolt took the glasses from him. "Let me try," she said. "I know what to look for. That is half the battle," and then, after a short scrutiny, she said:—

"Yes, I believe that there is a column of smoke or mist just to the right of the pines."

"It isn't mist. There's no swamp up there. I'll bet my socks that's their camp. Tell you what, Mrs. Rolt, if you've a mind to come along, I've almost a mind to take you. They might not suspicion anything if they saw ladies along and so give me a show to see more'n I would if I went by my lonely."

Kitty clasped her hands and let her horse go.

"Hold on," cried Jim. "You'll want some blankets, won't you? We shan't make it back to the rancho to-night. I mean to camp alongside those fellows."

He turned, calling Anstruther to follow him, and rode after Pretty Dick's wagon, from which they returned with all the blankets they could carry.

"You and me will have to rough it tonight, but it won't hurt us any, if we keep up a good fire."

The matter made no objection. In the warm sunlight the prospect of a cold, sleepless night does not seem very terrible. It is when the slow hours give you time to think of your discomfort that the pinch comes.

Then you vow that you will for the future leave your grub, rather than your blankets, behind.

(To be continued.)

The Farm

Feeding Value of Roots and Silage.

The relative value of roots and silage in the stock dietary is a question which is often discussed and about which there is much difference of opinion among practical farmers. If we compare the two on the amount of nutrients they contain, we find that silage is preferable.

Thus, 100 lbs. of silage has on the average about 4 lb. of protein and 8.6 lbs. of starch or its equivalent, 100 lbs. of mangels (medium size) have 1 lb. of protein and about 6 lbs. of starch or its equivalent; 100 lbs. of swede turnips have 3 lbs. of protein and 7.5 lbs. of starch or its equivalent.

The extra feeding value of silage thus shown by its chemical composition is borne out in feeding experiments. An average of the results obtained at the Ohio, Pennsylvania and Vermont experiment stations in the States show that about three per cent. more milk was produced by feeding silage than by feeding mangels.

An interesting experiment was carried on at MacDonald College, Quebec, which also shows the advantage of silage over roots where milk cows are concerned, but the benefit of feeding a mixture of half silage and half roots rather than using either alone. When three-quarters of the silage ration was replaced by an equal weight of roots the milk produced fell from 100 lbs. to 97 lbs. When half the silage ration was replaced by roots the milk production rose to 108 lbs., when one-quarter of the silage ration was replaced by roots the milk production was increased to 105 lbs. Thus the maximum result was obtained when half roots and half silage were fed; if more roots were added to the ration the flow of milk decreased.

It is interesting to compare the amount of food produced from an acre of roots and from an acre of silage. At the Central Experiment Farm at Ottawa in the season of 1913 the yield of roots and mangels was 17 tons per acre and that of silage 12 tons per acre. But for feeding purposes these crops must be compared not on the basis of bulk of product but on the amount of food nutrients produced per acre. By comparing the mangels and silage in this way, on the amount of starch or its equivalent produced per acre, as 100 lbs. of mangels only contain 6 lbs. of starch equivalent while silage contains 8.6 lbs. of starch equivalent, we find that in the case of mangels 2,040 lbs. of starch or its equivalent was produced per acre and 2,064 lbs. in the case of the silage. That is, about the same amount of starch was produced in each case. If we compare the two on the basis of protein the evidence is decidedly in favor of the silage. The cost of growing the mangels was \$36.35 per acre or \$2.14 per ton. The cost of growing the silage was \$22.03 per acre or \$1.84 per ton. That is, it cost about thirty cents less to produce a ton of silage than a ton of mangels.—Canadian Countryman.

Feeding the Farrow Cow.

Some cows are persistent milkers, while others cease giving milk at the end of seven or eight months. The former are the more profitable class to keep, but many dairymen do not give them a fair deal. Anxious to secure as much milk as possible, it is

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a temptation to continue milking a cow that will give milk, until a few weeks of the time of freshening, says Farmer's Advocate. While the present gain may be a few cents, the future loss, both in strength of calf and the quantity of milk during the following lactation period, may be counted in the dollars. The dairy cow works harder seven days of the week, for a period varying from eight to eleven months, than the average horse. A good horseman likes to rest his horse. So a good dairymen knows that, by giving his cow a rest of six or eight weeks and feeding her well between lactation periods, she will produce more milk annually than if deprived of this rest. Because the cow is not giving milk, during the rest period, is no reason why she should not have the best of care and feed. Straw and roots alone do not contain sufficient nutriment to nourish the growing calf and allow the cow to gain in flesh. In order to ensure a heavy flow of milk, the cow must be in good condition at time of freshening, and with a cow in a thrifty condition there is less trouble in calving. A liberal quantity of clover or alfalfa hay, along with a mixture of corn, silage and straw, with two or three pounds of concentrates daily, is a suitable ration for a cow due to freshen in a few weeks. If the cow, due to calve, is stabled, she should have exercise, but not chased by dogs or allowed to go where it is slippery. A few days previous to the time of freshening she should be put in a comfortable well-bedded box stall and watched closely, so that assistance may be given if necessary.

Profits From Poultry.

I enclose a report of the results obtained from a flock of 24 Barred Plymouth Rock fowls, kept on a city lot in a small yard 14 x 20 ft., part of which was separated from small chickens. The house is 8 x 12 ft., single boarded, covered with ready roofing, which makes quite a comfortable house, writes W. J. Ramsey in Canadian Farmer.

The flock consisted of 7 one year old hens, and 17 pullets, several of which were laying in December, 1914, and for each month they laid as follows: Jan., 171; Feb., 300; March, 337; April, 409; May, 339; June, 296; July, 288; Aug., 248; Sept., 204; Oct., 161; Nov., 70; Dec., 73; a total of 292 1-6 doz. Five of the hens set early in May, three died, and five were killed early in the summer, only leaving 16 by the 1st of Aug., which gives them a better average than at first appears. Reckoning the eggs we consumed at the same price as those we sold they averaged a fraction over 35 cents per dozen, total amount for 17 eggs, \$89.18. From those we set we raised 36 chickens, 14 pullets, which we value at \$21, and 22 cockerels which, at a fair market price in November and early in December averaged \$1.05, or a total of

\$23.10. A total income from the whole flock of \$133.28.

The feed consisted principally of wheat and oats, supplemented with buckwheat, cracked corn, ground bone, beef scraps, rolled oats, oil cake, corn meal, bran, shorts, oyster shell, chick feed, mangels, and a considerable amount of green feed from the garden and also all the table scraps we could conveniently get; total cost for feed \$50.91, added to this \$2.50 for five settings of eggs and \$4.50 for the hens we lost leaves a net profit of \$75.87.

How Rudyard Kipling Sees Situation When the War Ends

In an article written from Paris, Rudyard Kipling says: "The idea is beginning to penetrate the Teuton's head that this is not a war of victories, but a war of extermination for his species. We in Britain are better informed on this point than we were a year ago."

"When a whole nation goes into the trenches there can be no victories; there can only be killing, and at least three nations desire greedily that the Teuton be killed in retail since he cannot be killed in wholesale."

"The German cannot withdraw from his present lines. He dare not, because he would have to explain that action to his own people. He must use himself up gradually either by advancing and winning victories, or by staying where he is. And when he is used up there will be very little of the German problem to settle. That is the end whereto the destinies are forcing us, despite all the efforts we have made to avoid it."

"The question of indemnity to Germany has disappeared by the force of facts. If she claims one it will be cheaper to continue killing. It she demands peace without indemnity, returning to the status quo, what guarantees will there be that as soon as civilization is disarmed she will not throw herself on us again?"

"The moral law directing her life compels her to do so. That is why her ships cannot be allowed to go to sea again. She cannot wage any more war when she is now waging, because she is engaged on all possible fronts. She can defend and consolidate her conquests, but what good is consolidation when she perpetually has to throw men into the fringe of fire burning all around her?"

"Allah has decreed that she shall perish by her own act, from the consequences of the law that she professes, and through her own temperament. No Germany will remain. This may sound extravagant, but all that will remain will be a few people living on the eternal defensive in moral, social and political trenches."

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THE TURK AS SEEN BY WESTERN EYES

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Whether or not the Turk is as "unspeakable" as he is pictured, he is certainly the most amusing bundle of contradictions in Europe, an unconscious humorist in spite of his grave and dignified airs.

One year he may be begging alms in the street, receiving them with the air of a prince who confers favors; the next you may see him holding some high Government post, with his hand behind his back for the backbeeh he expects in return for his patronage. In both roles alike he is the beggar, but a beggar with the respect of a potentate.

He thinks nothing of beating his wife if she displeases him; he may even, if she goes too far, drop her into the Bosphorus, tied up in a sack, on a dark night; but he would no more dream of overworking his horse or kicking a dog than of denying Allah's existence.

Even for the pariah dogs which swarm in the streets of every town, the Turk provides kennels to shelter in and food to eat; although he will look on indifferently while a relative starves without a roof to cover him.

Ma-in-law Comes First.

However devoted he may be to any one of his wives he always insists on her playing second fiddle to her mother-in-law, though the latter lady may be a perfect dragon for domestic tyranny. His mother is autocrat of his home; and woe to the wife who disputes her sway.

The Turk is also at the same time the cleanest and the dirtiest man in Europe. His daily ablutions are as much a part of his religion as his prayers, and yet he allows himself to be surrounded by dirt. He steps from his door into a street often ankle-deep in mud or dust, and strewn with indescribable filth, through which he walks sublimely indifferent.

Although he is one of the bravest soldiers in Europe, a born fighter, he is also the champion shirker, seldom submitting to military training if he can pay another to take his place; and although he is constantly voting millions for the newest and most powerful warships, they are either promptly sold or never built, and he is content to possess a navy which is worth little more than scrap-iron.

Lazy and Happy-go-Lucky.

He is, in fact, the laziest and most happy-go-lucky man in the world, trusting to Allah to take care of him while he indulges his love of ease and luxury; and getting others to do his work—Greeks to act as bankers, Jews and Armenians as merchants—while he skims their profits for his own exchequer.

His laws are a model to other nations, but he only makes them to break them. He plans wonderful schemes for the good of his country—raising large sums of money for such laudable objects as railway extension and education, but all that happens is that the gold finds its way into the pockets of countless beys and pashas. And although his country, in spite of its potential wealth, is always drifting to bankruptcy, he never allows the knowledge to give him a moment's worry, so long as his own purse is comfortably lined. And this, which is all that matters, he sees to.

A Dream Which Has Vanished.