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TWIXT LOVE AND PRIDE

"You have been sitting here precisely fifty minutes," said her companion, in a slightly pained tone. "It is not a pleasant thing to be told by any one that they are heartily sick of your society after a trial of only one short half hour and twenty minutes. I am sorry you have found the time so tedious, but I suppose Mr. Blount was unaccountably detained. Can I do anything for you? Order your horse, or—"

"The master is just coming across the lawn," now interested the polite Mason, the gray-haired servant at Blount Grange, putting his head round the door at this juncture. "Thought I'd let you know, 'm, after you'd waited so long."

"Very good; I will come and meet him," Mabel said, hastily, anxious to avoid any greeting that might lead to the usual "naming of names" before this questioning stranger. "Please go and let Mr. Blount know that I am here."

After which she gathered up her riding-skirts once more, took her dog in her arms, and her whip in her hand and, finally turning, made a haughty little bow to the tall young man in gray.

"Good-morning," she said, coldly, albeit gracefully.

"Good morning, Miss—Manvers," he returned, with an equally punctilious inclination of the head, and a covert smile that was half satirical and wholly amused, while he followed her to the door, opened it, and bestowed upon her there another bow that must have somewhat resembled the ancient dignified salutation with which the "magnificent" Louis was in the habit of dismissing his attendant courtiers.

anything less like a disappointed lover than he always appeared it would be hard to find. Though seldom induced to go anywhere himself, he was particularly addicted to hospitality of all kinds, given in his own domain, such as bachelors' parties, picnics, morning entertainments of every description, and usually two or three balls in the year—which latter were conducted on a magnificent scale, and to which the entire county was invited, and went.

Far and near there was no man more universally beloved and respected by all classes. Young men adored him for his genial kindly advice, always so gently given, and his ready assistance, while every child in the neighborhood had reason to remember the good nature of old Dick Blount.

"Dear me, Miss Mabel," he said, "how am I ever to gain your pardon for keeping you such a time in duration vile? The fact is, I never heard a word about your being here until two minutes ago, when Mason came out in a frenzy of excitement to tell me you had been waiting at least an hour."

"Scarcely so long as that, I think; but—with her eyes bent on Boski's dusky head—Mr. Blount, I want to speak to you in private, please, for a minute or so."

"So you shall. Come in here," said Dick Blount, and he led the way into his library, the door of which he closed carefully behind her. "Now, what can I do for you?"

"I am going to ask something very dreadful," began Mabel, after a pause, during which she had torn her courage oozing rapidly away—"something that I feel sure no woman should ask; but you must promise not to think too hardly of me for all that."

"I promise you,"

GILLETT'S LYE

HAS NO EQUAL

It not only softens the water but doubles the cleaning power of soap, and makes everything sanitary and wholesome.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

you young witch!"

"And I have been calling him by his Christian name all this time!" declared Mabel, who was almost comical in her despair. "Oh, Mr. Blount, what on earth shall I do? When is he going away? You know I can never look him in the face again, so do say he will be leaving shortly."

"He isn't dreaming of going," said Blount—"not for a full month at all events—not until his leave expires, and then he goes to Dublin to join his regiment. So, you see, you will have to dance with him at my ball the night after next, Miss Mabel, and be sure you are cousinly in your behavior, whatever happens."

"Dance with him!" exclaimed Mabel, indignantly. "How can you go on like that when you know I can never speak to him again? Why, what must he think of my coming here on private business to you, and telling him such a horrid, horrid lie? Mr. Blount—"

"Imporingly—will you just explain things a little to him, without betraying Eddie—will you? Oh, if you will only be so kind!"

"Of course I will," said Blount. "Yes, Miss Mildred, heaven be praised for it!" said the woman, stopping opposite to her with tears standing in her dark blue Irish eyes. "An' if it hadn't been for you, where'd he have been now? 'Twas the good word ye had for him with the squire that got him off, I'm tould; an' if the prayers and blessins of Kitty Dempsey can do ye good, ye have them. Oh, asthore, 'tis little ye know of the sore heart I had yesterday—at may the heavens above ever keep ye from knowin'! Patsy—with a sudden and utter change of tone—" 'tis throublin' the lady ye are, ye spalpeen of the world, come down off her lap this mornin', I'm tellin' ye!"

"Ah, please, no," interceded Mildred's soft voice as she pressed her arm round the boy to hold him closer. "I like him here very much, and he likes being here, don't you, Patsy?—he should rather think he did, soliloquizing Demill, at the open entrance. But the child said no knowin'!" he only glanced up in his protectress's face with roughish, sparkling eyes, and laid his head against her shoulder. He was a remarkably handsome lad of about four years old, very dark and bright-complexioned, indeed almost foreign in his style of beauty.

"Tell me, Miss Mildred," began the woman again, with the respectful freedom peculiar to her countrywomen, "is it true that ye're going to be married? Is it true, alanna? An' to the young lord that's stayin' at King's Abbott?"

"It may be so," said Miss Trevanion, laughing. "Stranger things have happened before now. But I, for my part, have heard nothing about it."

been shooting since early dawn.

"And Miss Mildred—where is she?"

"Miss Trevanion has just gone down by the posse way, toward Grant's farm to see Kate Dempsey, whose man has been in trouble," Jenkins, the foot-man, informed her.

And so there was nothing left for Mabel but to wait patiently until such time as any of the members of the household should take it into their heads to return.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mildred was finding her way leisurely along toward Mrs. Dempsey's dwelling-place, enjoying thoroughly the fresh crispness of the wintry air as she went while the distant sound of the sportsmen's guns came now and then with startling distinctness to the ear.

"People say, 'Who'd be a dog?'" she thought to herself, gayly, as she walked along. "But I say, 'Who'd be a bird'—for at least nine months out of the twelve." Poor little wretches, how unhappy they must be to-day, how terrified. And yet—"Here she was going to add, 'And yet what a capital thing cold grouse is!' when her arrival at Mrs. Dempsey's door checked the ungentle reflection.

Amongst the slaughterers of the birds on that particular morning was Demill Younge, who having wandered from his companions in more ambitious search of game, found himself presently opposite a certain cottage door, with no assured knowledge of his whereabouts, and without a light for his pipe.

He decided to enter, and ask the good woman of the house permission to light his pipe at her glowing embers, as well as gain some information respecting his position; so he went up to the door, which he found open, and bowed his head to enter. And this was what he saw—Mildred Trevanion was no longer there; unapproachable Mildred of his everyday life, but a being soft smiling, lovable—with a little boy upon her knees, whose bare feet kicked triumphantly amongst the many flounces and fur-belowes of her dress.

Dynamite, if carefully made and kept will not explode except by shock or a blow; hence a cap or detonator is affixed to a charge just before firing to set it off. Set fire in open air dynamite burns fiercely with a smoky flame, but does not explode unless several sticks are closely piled together or packed in a box. The most common cause of premature explosion of dynamite is separation of its nitro-glycerin, slight friction or shock causing this to explode and, in turn, explode the dynamite. Separation of nitro-glycerin usually occurs when frozen dynamite is being thawed out; hence so many cases of explosion by careless or ignorant persons who use a perfect good stove in a course of instruction in how to handle dynamite. The force of a dynamite explosion is usually greatest downward. Thus a stick of dynamite exploded on a rock without being covered will shatter the rock, but will produce little effect in other directions. Like all explosives, dynamite just be enclosed by produce it pleasant. These last days of the sometimes prepared in granular form for producing certain explosive effects, but its action is too rapid and intense for use in rifles or cannon.

You can't beat Old Dutch

for taking rust and stains off knives

At Twilight.

I love to sit by the embers
As they sparkle and fade and creep,
While twilight gathers her children
And tucks them away to sleep.

When the noises of Day are softened
To a soothing, mellow crou,
Ere the reign of Night is ushered
By her herald, the weird-faced moon.

There's a magic balm in the gloaming
For the day-sacked weary train,
And my care-free fancy wanders
In the paths afar from pain.

The visions and dreams of boyhood
Pass before me clear and bright,
In the changing coals and ashes,
As twilight fades into night.

The pillar of fire before me
Glows a deeper and stronger glow;
Call me onward and upward
As it did in the long ago.

And I know that my heart grows younger
That my soul climbs nearer Truth,
For these twilight-hour communions
With the things of my vanished youth.

So I love to sit by the embers
As they sparkle and fade and creep,
While twilight gathers her children
And tucks them away to sleep.

—David DeKay Farnworth, in Pittsburg Chronicle.

THE WORD OF A GERMAN.

Your troth was broken ere the trumpet blew;
In the fight with unclean hands you rode;
Your spurs were sullied and the sword you drew
Bore stain of outrage done to honor's code.

And you have played your game as you began,
Witness the white flag raised by shattered ranks,
The cry for mercy, answered, man to man—
And the swift stroke of traitor steel for thanks.

Once bitten we are twice a little shy,
And then forget, out with the mooning score
Our old goo-nature, tried a shade too high
Still to his lip, and means to stand to more.

So now, when you protest with bleating throat,
And broader round your wrongs a piteous tale,
Urging the neutral ones to take a note
That we have passed outside the human pale;

The world (no fool) will know where lies the blame,
If England lets your pleadings go unheeded;
To grace of chivalry you've lost your claim—
We've grown too wise to trust a Bosh's word.

—O. S. in Punch.

MOUNT SIR ROBERT and BORDEN GLACIER

Seen from G.T.P. Line

From now on, while Canada endures, the name of its Premier, Sir Robert Borden, will be perpetuated in the topography of the Dominion. Thus decrees the Geographic Board of Canada, which has just officially adopted the name Mount "Sir Robert" to be applied to the beautiful snow-capped peak illustrated above. On the flank of the mountain is a great glacier, and this has been named "Borden Glacier."

This noble Mountain, whose glittering snow-capped crest rises sharply to a height of between eight and nine thousand feet, is situated 120 miles east of Prince Rupert, to the south of the Skeena River, and nine miles southeast from Doreen Station on the Grand Trunk Pacific line, and is in the heart of the British Columbia Coast Range.

Even on the route of the Grand Trunk Pacific, famous for its mountains, there are few more beautiful peaks than the newly named "Sir Robert," and while the pointed peak in itself is considered one of the most graceful and dignified in the neighbourhood, the huge glacier, fully a mile in width, lends it additional beauty and interest. This carried mass of frozen snow and ice—accumulating rocks, stones and earth as it moves slowly, inch by inch, down the side of the mountain—is apparently drained by a winding mountain stream which empties into the Skeena, and the great sweeping bend of this river, seen in the foreground of the picture, with a fine stretch of the track, indicates the view to be obtained from the railway line. Travellers on the Grand Trunk Pacific get the best view of this lovely peak when two miles west of Doreen Station.