the grass is abundant in the red condition, it seriously hin- e best action of cultivators and s, and, therefore, more work ired in fitting the land for the e desired.

e score-card above the heading nd Outs" in included. Under considered the evenness, n it- nd abruptness of the furrow ach furrow slice should con- its full size and shape to the d, and there be broken off This is done by having the re enter and come out of the abruptly as possible along a line at the ends of the land. this is done a considerable of land in this area will not erly plowed.

from the discussion relative of furrow, nothing has been h regard to the time of plow- ay soils and land that is not drained require the action rost to pulverize them, and therefore, be plowed in the reover, if left until spring, it impossible to get on them to fore most crops should be Neither of these facts hold h regard to sandy or gravelly d equally as good crops can grown when plowing is done spring, providing it is done d that the proper cultivation Experiments with our most t grain crops, however, show advantage in favor of early at it is advisable to do as l plowing as possible even on is, when intended for grain. ring, moreover, allows of the n and retention of moisture. nd is intended for corn, more available in spring before time and, under ordinary s, well drained land of a gravelly nature can, if ne- e plowed to good advantage ing for this crop.

w cases only is it possible ay with plowing. This will on well cultivated and after potatoes, roots, and, ases, corn. It must, however, ed by thorough and deep llage. On the heavier soils, ose that have not been thor- orked, plowing will prove efficient and economical f preparing the land for s. Light, well drained corn- nas been thoroughly culti- y be fitted for the follow- by running a furrow along deep enough to turn out the This should be done in nd if followed by thorough in the spring, may be the of preparing the seed bed and for seeding sown on

present day conditions perative that the operation be accelerated wherever y means of gang plows, ne cases, that it be replaced re speedy methods of till- requires to be thoroughly is yet the most important n cultivation, but must be other implements to com- ork if its best results are zed. The slowness and ex- e operation makes this all necessary. Good plowing, intelligent tillage to com- ork, would go a long way aking "two blades of grass e one grew before," and e agricultural production on a much higher level is.

The Canadian Countryman.

KET REPORTS

TO MARKETS.

RMERS' MARKET.

dairy	$ 0 45 to	$ 0 [illegible]
doz	0 45	0 50
		0 30
		0 32
ry		
	0 28	0 30
	0 25	0 28
	0 30	0 32
lb		0 [illegible]
		0 [illegible]
	0 50	0 60
	3 00	6 00
ox	0 16	0 22
bbl	0 40	1 50
	0 50	0 [illegible]
	1 00	1 25
	0 50	0 [illegible]
		0 [illegible]
		1 25
		0 [illegible]
	1 50	1 75
		0 [illegible]
		0 [illegible]
		0 [illegible]
		0 [illegible]
		0 [illegible]
	0 15	0 [illegible]
	0 05	0 [illegible]
	0 10	0 [illegible]
	0 05	0 [illegible]
		0 [illegible]
		0 [illegible]
bbl	0 40	0 50

SALE MEATS.

	$13	$ [illegible]
	17	[illegible]
	16	[illegible]
	13	[illegible]
	20	[illegible]
	12	[illegible]
	18	[illegible]
	22	[illegible]
	16	[illegible]
	12	[illegible]
	20	[illegible]
	24	[illegible]

AR MARKET.

ale quotations on Canadian Toronto delivery:

	100 lbs.
	$2 [illegible]
	9 [illegible]
	9 [illegible]
At Atlantic and	
	$ [illegible]
	$ [illegible]
	$ [illegible]
St. Lawrence and	
	$ [illegible]
	$ [illegible]
	$ [illegible]
	$ [illegible]
	$ [illegible]
	$ [illegible]

20-lb bags, 15 cents over bags, 20 cents over; 5-lb. ts over, and 2-lb cartons,

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"BELA"

With Sam the case was a little different. When Bela addressed him it was with perhaps a heightened arrogance, but for the most part he managed to keep out of her way.

Not that he was indifferent; far from it. This new aspect of her exasperated him mightily. "She needs a master," he thought. The idea of taming her was delicious, seductive. "I could do it," he told himself, sneering at the obsequiousness of Big Jack et al.

Meanwhile he attended strictly to his own duties.

Sam, when he chose, had command of a face as wooden as Bela's. More than once Bela, when she was unobserved, flashed a hurt and angry look at his indifferent back in the distance. For several hours during the afternoon Sam disappeared altogether. During his absence the other men had an uneasy time at Bela's hands.

With all her haughty airs she did not relax any of her care of Husky. The others envied him his wound. Hour by hour he was visibly growing better. The fever had left him. He had gotten over his fear of Bela.

Now, by a twisted course of reasoning, characteristic of him, he adopted a proprietary air toward her. She was his, he seemed to say, because forsooth, he had been shot by her. This, it need not be said, was highly offensive to the other men.

In the middle of the afternoon, Bela desiring a pail of water, Jack and Shand fell into a wrangle over who should get it. The fact that each felt he was making a fool of himself did not lessen the bitterness of the dispute.

Joe attempted to take advantage of it by sneaking out of the door with another pail. He was intercepted, and the argument took on a three-cornered aspect. Another endless, futile jawing-match resulted. Each was restrained from striking a blow by the knowledge that the other two would instantly combine against him.

Bela finally got the water herself, and ordering the three of them outside, bolted the door after them. The last sound they heard was Husky's triumphant laugh from the bed, whereupon they patched up their differences, and joined in cursing him, and expressing the hope he might yet die of his wound.

They were not allowed inside again until Sam returned and the supper was started. Their tempers had not improved any, and the situation grew steadily worse. Throughout the meal a sullen silence prevailed.

Bela maintained the air of a haughty mistress of an unruly school. They all deferred to her uneasily, except Sam, who kept himself strictly to himself. His face was as blank of expression as a wax-work.

As soon as Bela finished eating she rose.

"I go now," she said, coolly. "Come back to-morrow."

Three of the faces fell absurdly. Sam did not look up. A tiny flash in Bela's dark eyes showed that she observed the difference. She moved toward the door. Involuntarily Young Joe started to rise.

"Sit down," snarled Jack and Shand simultaneously.

Bela went.

Left to themselves, none of the men were disposed to talk except Husky. Like sick men generally, his fibers were relaxed, and his tongue loosened.

"I feel fine to-night," he announced at large.

"A hell of a lot we care!" muttered Joe.

"It's great to feel your strength coming back," Husky went on unabashed. "She's a wonderful fine nurse. Takes care of me like a baby. I'd trust myself to her sooner than the highest-priced doctor in the city."

"You sung a different tune yesterday morning," sneered Joe.

"Lord! you're a fool, Husky!" added Shand.

"Ahh! you're only jealous!" returned Husky. "You wish you was me, I bet. She's got rare good sense, too. You fellows with your quarreling and all, you don't know her. This afternoon when she put you out we had a real good talk. You ought to heard the questions she asked. About the city and everything. Like a child, but better sense like. She thinks things out for herself all right. Me and her's gettin' real good friends."

"Ahh! shut your silly head!" snarled Joe. "Be thankful you're laid out on your back or you'd get it busted in for less than that. To hear you talk, one would think you had a mortgage on the girl just because she plugged you! You fool! You got no chance at all. You're already got your turn-down good and proper!"

"You're jealous!" retorted Husky. "Wouldn't you give something to know what passed between us when you was locked out. You wait and see."

Husky was in no condition to keep up his end with a well man. His voice trailed off into a whine and ceased.

Sam unconcernedly rolled up and went to sleep. The other three smoked and glowered into the fire. No sleep for them. No telling how near she might be. The heart of each man was outside the shack. Each knew that any attempt to follow it would only result in a fresh wrangle.

Finally Big Jack remarked very casually: "Let's go outside for a bit."

The other two arose with alacrity and they issued out in a body. The sky was still bright. They covertly looked about, hoping to discover a sign of her presence, or some indication of the way she had gone.

Together they loafed down to the creek, and crossing by the stepping stones, walked out on the point beyond, whence they could see a long way down the shore. Toward the east the lake was like a sheet of armor-plate. Behind them the sky was paling from amber to clear jade.

Without confessing what was in his mind, each man searched the shore for a telltale wisp of smoke. Nothing was to be seen. Each wondered if she were watching him from concealment, laughing in her sleeve.

Returning at last, unsatisfied and irritable, a senseless dispute arose at the door as to who should be the last to enter. Shand, losing his temper, gave Joe a push that sent the youth sprawling inside on his hands and knees. He sprang up livid and insane with rage.

Jack and Shand instinctively drew together. Joe, seeing the odds against him, leaped without a word toward the corner of the shack where the guns were kept. The other two, paling, measured the distance back to the door.

But Joe was held up in mid career.

"They're gone!" he cried, blankly.

Following his eyes they saw that the corner was empty. Their thoughts took a sharp turn. They glanced at each other suspiciously.

Joe's anger blazed up afresh.

"You did it, you traitor!" he cried, whirling around on Shand.

"You made away with the guns so you could pick us off one by one! You keep quiet, don't you, and work behind our backs! Jack, are you going to stand for it? He'll get you, too!"

Jack moved a little away from Shand, grim and suspicious.

"What grounds have you?" he demanded of Joe.

Joe had no grounds—except his anger. "I see it in his face!" he cried.

"It's a damned lie!" said the dark man thickly. "I play fair."

Joe renewed and enlarged his accusations. Husky, from the bed, merely to be on the stronger side, added his voice. Big Jack's silent anger was more dangerous than either. Once more the little shack was like a cauldron boiling over with the poisonous broth of hate.

Sam sat up in his bed, blinking—and angry, too. He felt he had been wakened once too often by their imbecile quarreling.

"For Heaven's sake, what' the matter now?" he demanded.

"Shand stole the guns!" cried Joe.

"He didn't," said Sam. "I hid them."

All four turned on him in astonishment. "What did you do that for?" demanded Joe, open-mouthed.

"I hid them to keep you from blowing the tops of each other's heads off before morning," said Sam, coolly. "Turn in and forget it."

Joe took a step toward him. "By George, we don't need no cook to tell us what to do!" he cried. "I'll teach you—"

"You fool!" said Sam, scornfully. "It's nothing to me if you want to shoot each other. I'll tell you where they are. Only I'll move on by your leave. I don't want to be mixed up in any wholesale murders. The guns are all together—they're—"

"Stop!" cried Jack in a great voice. "He's right," he said, turning to the others. "Let the guns be till morning. Let every man turn in. Are you with me, Shand?"

"Sure!" he muttered.

"Me, too," added Husky from the bed, somewhat unnecessarily. "I need sleep."

The storm blew over. Joe went to his corner, muttering. Jack and Shand lay down between him and Sam. Sam fell asleep calmly. By and by Husky began to snore. The others lay feigning sleep, each ready to spring up at the slightest move from one of his fellows.

Shortly after dawn they arose simultaneously from their wretched beds with muttered curses. They looked at each other blackly. In the uncompromising light of morning all were alike weary, sore, and dispirited.

"Hell!" muttered Big Jack, the wisest and most outspoken of the three. "This can't go on. Inside a week we'll all be loony or under the ground!"

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" snarled Joe.

"It's no good our fighting over her," said Big Jack. "She'll take the one she wants, anyway. You never can tell about women. Soon as she comes to-day I'll offer myself to her straight out and stand by her answer."

"Do you think you'll be let do all the talking?" asked Joe. "Eh, Shand?"

"Every man is at liberty to speak for himself," replied Jack. "Every man here is welcome to hear what I say to her."

"Jack is right," growled Shand. "I agree."

"Well, how about the order?" demanded Joe. "Who's speak first?"

"Last word is supposed to be best," said Jack. "We'll give that to you," he added scornfully. "If she's got the sense I credit her with I'm not afraid of you."

'Fat chance you have! Twice her age!" snarled Joe.

"I take my chance," returned Big Jack calmly. "Already I feel better since I thought of putting it up to her. Whichever man she chooses can draw his share out of the concern and go on with her. Husky speaks first, me second, Sand third, and Joe last—or we can match for chances."

"I'm satisfied," said Shand with a sidelong look at Jack. It appeared as if these two felt that the other was the only one to be feared.

Joe, suspicious of both, refused to commit himself.

'He's got to be satisfied," declared Big Jack, indifferently.

Bela arrived with the sun and peeped in the window. Seeing them up and dressed, she came around to the door. In the mean time Husky had awakened, and Jack had told him what was planned.

It was almost too much for Husky. His objections and entreaties were unnoticed. Fully dressed but somewhat shaky, he was now sitting on the edge of his bed. Sam still slept in the corner.

From the character of the silence that greeted her, Bela instantly apprehended that something was in the wind.

"What for you get up so early?" she demanded.

"Bela, we got something to say to you," Big Jack began portentiously.

"More talk?" asked Bela.

"This is serious."

"Well, say it."

"Let's go outside," said Joe, nervously. "It's suffocating in here."

Filing out of the shack, they stood against the wall in a row—Big Jack, Black Shand, Husky and Young Joe. Bela stood off a little way, watching them warily.

It had a great deal the look of a spelling bee with a teacher who meant to stand no nonsense. But each of the men was taking it very seriously. Each was pale, tight-lipped, and bright-eyed with excitement, except Husky, whose eyes were harassed, and whose mouth kept opening and shutting.

"'Tain't fair! 'Tain't fair!" he kept muttering. "Look at me, the state I'm in, and all!"

"Well, what you want say?" demanded Bela.

Big Jack stood up straight and brought his heels together. He had been a soldier in his time. He felt that it was a great moment. An honest bluntness gave him dignity.

"I got to open this matter," he said, "before each man speaks for himself." He glanced at his companions. "If any man here thinks he can explain it better, let him speak out."

"Ah, go ahead, and cut in short!" muttered Shand.

"Yesterday," Jack resumed, "it may have seemed as if we acted like a parcel of unlicked schoolboys. I own I am sorry for my part in it. But I don't see how I could have done different. A man can't let another man get ahead of him when there's a woman in the case. It can't go on with the four of us here, and nobody knowing where he stands. So I proposed that we end it this morning by putting it up to you."

The other men were moving impatiently.

"Ah, cut out the preliminaries!" growled Joe.

Jack was direct enough when he got ready to be. "Are you married?" he asked Bela, pointblank.

Bela was a stranger to the tremors and blushes imposed upon civilized women at such a crisis. "No," she said, with her inscrutable face.

"Do you want to be?"

She shrugged with fine carelessness. "I suppose I got get 'osban' some tam."

"Well, take your pick of the four of us," said Jack. "I ain't sayin' we're prize specimens, mind you. But you'll hardly do better at that up here. Anyhow, look us over."

She proceeded to do so. Under her glance each man bore himself according to his nature. Her eyes showed no change as they moved along the line. None of them could tell what thoughts lay behind that direct, calm glance. Having inspected each one, her eyes returned to Jack as if inviting him to speak further.

"Husky speaks first, according to arrangement," said Jack, waving his hand.

Husky's speech was moist, incoherent and plaintive.

"They fixed this up when I was asleep," he stuttered. "Sprung it on me unawares. Me just out of a sick-bed, not shaved nor slicked up nor nothin'. 'Tain't fair! I ain't had no chance to think of anything to say. Made me speak first, too. How do I know what they're going to say after me? 'Tain't fair! I'm as good as any man here when I got my strength. Don't you listen to anything they say. Take it from me, I'm your friend. You know me. I'm a loving man. A woman can do anything with me if she handles me right. I won you from them fair, and now they want to go back on it. That shows you what they are. Don't you listen to them. You and me, we had our scrap, and now it's all right, ain't it? Look at what I suffered for you!"

There was a lot more of this. The other men became impatient. Finally Jack stepped forward.

"Time!" he said. "You're beginning all over. It's my turn now."

Husky subsided.

"Now I speak for myself," said Jack. It was the voice of what men call a good sport—cheerful, determined, wary, not unduly confident. "I am the oldest man here, but not an old man yet by a long shot. I am boss of this outfit. I got it up."

Joe angrily interrupted him. "Hold on there! You ain't proved the best man yet.'

"Shut your head!" growled Shand. "Your turn is coming."

"Forty per cent. of this outfit belongs to me," Jack went on. "That is, I got twice as much property as any man here. I can make a good home for you. A girl has got to think of that. But that ain't all of it, neither. You got to take me with it, ain't yeh? Well, I'm old enough to realize how lucky I'd be if I got you. I'd treat you good. Wherever you come from, you're a wonderful woman. You taught us a lesson. I'm man enough to own it. I say I take off my hat to you. Will you have me?"

Bela's face never changed. She turned to Shand.

"What you got say?" she asked.

Shand's dead white face made a striking contrast with his raven hair. His heavy head was thrust forward, his big hands clenched. He spoke in an oddly curt, dry voice, which, however, did not hide the feeling that made his breast tight.

"I am no talker," he said. "I'm at a disadvantage. But I got to do the best I can. I want you as much as him, though I can't tell you so good. I'm five years younger. That's something. I'm the strongest man here. That's something, too, in a land where you get right down to tacks. But that ain't what I want to say. If you come to me, you'll be the biggest thing in my life. I ain't had much. I'll work for you as long as I draw breath. All that a man can do for a woman I will do for you!"

The three others scowled at Shand, astonished and a little dismayed that the dumb one should prove so eloquent.

Young Joe plunged into the silence. A particular confidence animated him. With his curly hair, his smooth face, and his herculean young body, he had a kind of reason for it.

He showed off his charms before her as naively as a cock grouse. But somehow the fire of his eyes and voice was a lighter, flashier blaze than that of the men who had last spoken.

"Sure, they'd be lucky to get you!" he said. "Any of them. Jack is twenty years older than you. Shand and Husky fifteen, anyhow. I guess you want a young husband, don't you? How about me? I'm twenty-four. We're young together. They've had their day. Girls have their own way of picking out what they want. Jack says look us over. I stand by that. Look us over good, and say which one you want."

She deliberately did as he bid her. The suspense was unbearable to them.

"You've heard us all now," said Jack. "What do you say?"

Bela was the picture of indifference.

"There's another man here," she said.

Jack stared. "Another? Who Oh, the cook! He ain't one of us. He ain't got nothing but the shirt on his back!"

Bela shrugged. "You say you want mak' all fair. Let me hear what he got say."

Here was an unexpected turn to the situation. They glower at her with increasing suspicion and anger. Was it possible there was a dark horse in the race?

"If you want him, I guess you can say so right out, can't you?" growled Jack.

Bela tossed her head. "I not want him," she said, quickly. "I jus' want hear what he got say."

It was difficult for them to think of the despised grub-rider in the light of a rival, so they decided it was just a freak of coquettishness in Bela.

(To be continued.)

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CURING TIRED FEET.

This is the age of tired feet. It is also the age of pavements. And tired feet are largely the result of walking on hard pavements. Yet, curiously enough, pavements were inventd primarily to nable man to move about on his feet more comfortably.

The outer side of the foot is of stronger construction than the inner and will remain so even with prolonged usage on hard pavements if the foot is kept in a proper position while walking. But the out toeing position takes the strain off the outer portions of the foot, and thus the muscles are weakened eventually through lack of natural exercise. The best way to correct this and at the same time correct the tendency to falling arches is by cultivating the habit of walking and standing with the feet held parallel. This is particularly helpful to persons who are obliged to stand for prolonged periods at their work.

In addition there are two simple exercises which will strengthen the foot muscles and ward off the tendency to fatigue if practiced for a few moments each day. One of these consists in toeing in as much as possible—walking club footed—and walking about the room for one minute several times each day. This position puts the strain on the muscles of the outside of the foot, thus toning them up and strengthening them. The strain will be apparent to any one the first time he tries this exaggerated form of pigeon toed locomotion. But the ultimate result will be a pronounced strengthening and straightening of the feet, with a tendency to assume unconsciously a natural position in walking and standing.

The second exercise consists in throwing the weight of the body on to the outside of the feet by standing with the legs crossed and the feet held parallel. This position should be assumed for several minutes each day and is often found very restful to persons obliged to stand in cramped quarters. By bending the knees and walking about the room with the feet still in this position, alternating with first one foot and then the other in the lead, the outside foot muscles may be strengthened very rapidly.

If either one or both of these exercises are practiced for one minute periods three or four times each day the foot muscles will be toned up to resist fatigue and the tendency to falling arches that follows almost invariably.—Los Angeles Times.

WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Mrs. A. C. Smith, Goodwood, Ont., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for the past two years and have found them the best medicine a mother can give her little ones and I would not be without them." The Tablets never fail to banish the simple ailments of childhood. They regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach and make the cross, sickly baby bright, healthy and happy. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Public Makes the Market.

The public makes the stock market. The impression that a few operators can advance or lower prices as they please is a sadly mistaken one. If this could be done, by a dozen men, or by a hundred, or a thousand, there would be no need of a stock market, for these gentlemen could combine and enrich themselves beyond the dreams of avarice.

No; the stock market is made by the public. When the public is scared and refuses to buy the market languishes, business halts, and uncertainty prevails. When the public is badly scared it becomes panic stricken and unloads by wholesale, and all must take their losses, big and little operators alike.

I do not mean to say that large operators are not able to influence the market to a certain degree and under favorable conditions, but they cannot do this to the extent that most persons imagine. They make their money by operating skilfully on the side that they think will win, whether the bull or the bear side.—Jasper in Leslie's.

There is something wrong with the German efficiency that tears the brass door of a poor woman's cook stove and squanders ten or twelve thousand dollars on an ineffectual torpedo—Washington Star.

To beat the white of eggs stiff, always have them cold and add a pinch of salt.

Is Lacquer Ware Doomed?

The ancient Japanese art of lacquering is in danger of extinction, for the supply of lacquer is threatening to give out. Lacquer is made from the juice of the lacquer tree or varnish tree. It forms a very hard surface and stands heat to such an extent that the Japanese use lacquered vessels for hot drinks. They consume about 1,000 tons of lacquer every year for all sorts of articles, both for export and home use—work boxes, tables, fire screens, trays, bread baskets, carriages and musical instruments. Three-fourths of the lacquer comes from China, but so much has been used of late years that the demand exceeds the supply.

The lacquer tree is something like an ash and takes a good time to grow to maturity. The method by which the sap is handled is wasteful, it costs a great deal to get the varnish to a market and the native exporters have the monopoly of it. These causes together account for the shortage of the supply.—London Standard.

How War Comes.

The precedent of history show that the great majority of the world's conflicts have been begun before formal declarations of war were made. According to authorities on international law, a condition of war arises in three ways:

First—Declaration of war.

Second—A proclamation or manifesto declaring that a state of war exists.

Third—Through the commission of hostile acts of force.

One authority on international law, describing ways in which hostilities may begin without formal declaration, says, "Acts of force by way of reprisals or during a pacific blockade or during an intervention might be forcibly resisted, * * * hostilities breaking out in this way."—New York World.

A cat has nine lives, but the fellow who tries to kill time will discover it has more lives than a cat.

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