SEEDS

RENNIE'S ALWAYS GROW—
THE FINEST IN THE LAND.

Catalogue FREE. Sold by best dealers.

WM. RENNIE CO. LIMITED
ADELAIDE and JARVIS STS., TORONTO, ONT.
Also at Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

More Dividends From Garden Crops

This Year, if Ever, the Opportune Time for Making Money From Vegetables.

MAKE EVERY ACRE PRODUCE MORE.

Five acres of Ontario soil near a good market can be made to easily support a family in comfort. In potatoes alone the returns would run, under ordinary prices, at from $100 to $200 per acre. From $400 to $500 per acre can be made from cauliflower. Many people will be inclined to regard these figures as exaggerated, but they are facts, and many cases can be pointed out to substantiate our statements.

With proper soil treatment, the average garden will produce at least a half more than it now does. Several things must be borne in mind, however, to make a success with garden crops, such as onions, potatoes, cabbage, etc. The soil must be suitable, cultivation must be thorough, varieties the best for the district and the market, and good salesmanship.

The plot selected for the garden should be well drained, and must not be shaded to any extent. Drainage takes away surface water rapidly, and keeps the soil water away from the surface, thereby allowing the roots to grow deep and the air to enter the soil and aid in decomposing it. Fertility is another most important feature. The need for fertilizer is shown by lack growth and pale color in the plants. Stable manure, bone meal, or good commercial fertilizer should be used to renew the elements required by the soil.

Germination.

Crops are often lost through the failure of the seeds to germinate. Don't blame your seedsman for this, usually because in planting the soil is left loose about the tiny seed and the dry atmosphere penetrates to them, shrivelling them up and all vitality is destroyed. Vegetable crops as a rule are sown in rows and in every case, as soon as the seed is sown, it should be pressed down in the drill with the foot, then covered up level by the back of a rake, drawn lengthwise of the drill, and again firmed by the roller or back of a spade. For want of this simple precaution, perhaps one-quarter of all seeds sown fail to germinate. Again, for the same reason, when setting out plants of any kind, be certain that the soil is pressed close to the root. We have seen whole acres of cauliflower, cabbage and strawberry plants lost solely through neglect of this precaution.

Value of Rotation.

In order to secure maximum yields, and to keep down weeds, the systematic rotation of farm crops is an acknowledged necessity. Why not, therefore, plan the varieties of vegetables and their planting time so as to secure a continuous and abundant supply of good, fresh green things? It is just as easy as any other method of garden management, and it is much more satisfactory.

For example a crop of radishes, turnips, spinach or lettuce sown in April, will have ripened so that the ground can be cleared, dug up, and manured, and again used by the first of June, when such crops as cucumbers, peas, tomatoes, or sweet corn can be planted, and so on all through the list.

The crops should be moved around from year to year, so as to give the soil a chance to recuperate. Where a number of successive plantings are desirable, as with peas, it is an excellent plan to plant a third or fourth crop between the rows of the first crop, removing the vines of the first crop as soon as the peas have been picked.

The observance of the foregoing suggestions, along with instructions for planting, which most reliable seedsmen supply with purchases of seeds and plants, should enable any thoughtful and ambitious person to make a success of growing the common and most popular summer vegetables.

Extensive Potato Cultivation.

The potato is probably more in demand at all times, and will show a better proportionate profit year in and year out, than any other farm crop. In next week's issue of this paper will appear an article dealing thoroughly and interestingly with the methods of one successful farmer in Western Ontario, who has grown potatoes extensively for 43 years, and who last year sold $1,200 worth of potatoes from a twelve-acre patch of his 150-acre farm.

Don't fail to read this article. Here are some interesting facts cited by the farmer about whom the article is written:

"The first two crops after putting in twenty-one thousand tile paid for the underdraining in increased yield per acre."

"When you take much food from the soil you must return a like amount or your soil will soon play out. This spring we used about five tons of fertilizer, as well as several hundred loads of manure."

"In the last two years I have sold fifteen thousand bushels of potatoes from this farm, and have not had one single complaint as to quality."

"Up to the year 1900 the total value of stuff sold off my farm amounted to $41,724.28. The ten years following 1900 would add easily another $40,000 to that sum. This last year I had at least 6,000 bushels of potatoes, at the low price of fifty cents per bushel and you get $3,000. I can raise one acre of potatoes for twenty dollars, easily. So, you see, I have been making pretty good profit on my thirty acres."

"For the last seven years I have each year been unable to fill my orders."

"In taking up six thousand bushels of potatoes this year we have not run across a quart measureful of potatoes unfit for market."

"When every potato means two or three cents, one must be careful that there is an eye on each piece planted."

"I started forty-three years ago with five acres in potatoes, and in not a single year since have I failed to grow them."

"I believe in repaying the soil for what you take from it. I have made it a rule never to sell off the farm hay, straw or oats."

"I have been decent with my men, giving respectable wages and their room and board, but never washing. When I hired my first man, many years ago, I simply told him that I hadn't married my wife to do washing."

* * *

A merry sinner is at least more entertaining than a melancholy saint.

VALLEY FARM;

Or, Felicity's Inheritance.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

Her thoughts got no further, for she entered at that moment, shutting the door behind him; and at the sight of the handsome, well-loved face, the broad shoulders and erect form, all her doubts and questionings took flight, and she gave herself up to the joy of loving and being loved like a true woman, to the bliss of being caressed, to the rapture of kisses that were—

"Sweeter sweeter
Than anything on earth."

Chris Carleton presently drew her down beside him on the sofa, and then held her at arm's length.

"My white rose has vanished," he said fondly. "I shall have to christen you afresh. Are all these lovely blushes for me? Why, you will make me the vainest man on earth. Fancy a commonplace fellow like me marrying such a radiant little beauty!"

"Oh, I am not a beauty, and you know it! I am a pale, insignificant girl—I always have been. It's only that I am so happy now." She put her hands up to her hot cheeks. "When it has worn off I am afraid you will be disappointed."

"What is going to wear off, darling? The roses or the happiness? You'll keep both if I can manage it. I don't think you had either when I fell in love with you—such a grave, wistful little face it was!"

"When was that?" in a low voice.

"The first time we met—when I came through the gate and saw you sitting under the horse-chestnut. You were wearing a dress the color of lilac, and you looked at me with such disapproving eyes; but I loved you on the spot, and I said to myself—There's my wife if ever I have one!"

"I can't believe it," she whispered.

"You must, for it is true. I didn't believe in it myself till that moment, or, rather, I had never thought about it—but my heart gave a big throb and then flew right away from me. I haven't had it here since—till you gave me yours. Say you believe it?"

"Oh, I do, I do! Because it was just the same—"

But here she stopped, covered with confusion, and not all his coaxing could make her confess what she was going to say.

Presently they fell into more serious talk, for she had many questions to ask, and there was much he wanted to explain.

"Did you come that morning with the intention of pretending to be Robert Stone and taking up his work?" Joyce asked.

"No! Never thought of such a thing. But when Felicity took it for granted, it flashed into my head that it wouldn't be a bad idea. You see my heart had just performed that remarkable feat, and I hoped it would give me a chance of seeing more of you. There was another reason, too, dear. I came really to explain about Robert Stone, and to see if I could do anything to make Felicity's visit a success. It was I who persuaded uncle George to make a new will in her favor, but I couldn't get him to leave out that absurd condition. He was an obstinate old man, and he would not leave his beloved little place to any one who would not value it. I knew she was alone in the world, and not too well off, and I hoped devoutly she would get fond of the farm. I did my best to make her like it, but—" He shrugged his shoulders with a comical air.

"So that was why you flirted with her so shamefully," Joyce said severely.

"Did I flirt? I wasn't aware of it. I was under the impression the boot was on the other foot—if you will forgive such a vulgar speech. I was sere I behaved beautifully, I know. I thought more than once of that saying about 'suffering fools gladly,' but don't tell Felicity I said so."

"Didn't you really care for her?" the girl asked, a little wistfully. "She's so beautiful, so charming. I don't see how you could help it."

"Don't you? You little goose." His eyes twinkled. "I could give you a good many reasons—that I never have admired golden-haired girls; that I hate a chattering woman; that no man worthy the name cares to be run after all day and every day; but they sound so rude to Felicity that I shouldn't care to mention them. And after all, they were not the real reason, and that was that I had eyes only for one, tiresome little person who seemed to be a kind of vanishing lady. Where did you hide yourself all the time, you troublesome child?"

"I didn't hide. I didn't know you wanted to see me. Oh, I must ask you one more question, and then I will try not to be jealous again. The day you quarrelled—do you remember?—she made me believe afterwards—made me think—that everything had come right between you. I felt quite sure that you had asked her to marry you—and had—had kissed her!"

Chris burst out laughing.

"Was that why you ran away? I felt like running, too, sweetheart, no thing so romantic as that took place. I'll own at first I tried to comfort her; I even wiped her eyes—I hate to see a woman cry!—but only made her worse, and then I got afraid I lost my temper. I told her I should smack her or shake her, if she did, leave off. I think she rather liked it, and then—and then—" He stopped and grew very red. "I didn't kiss her, dearest, but I don't mind admitting she very nearly kissed me! Of course I couldn't stand that—felt such a fool—so I bolted!"

Joyce could not help laughing a little, partly at his rueful face, partly from sheer lightness of heart.

"I wonder why she tried to make me believe—that!"

"I'm not particularly smart, but I think I can guess. She wanted to show you it was no use your setting your affections on me, because I belonged to her—see? I hate to say it, it sounds so conceited—but I can't see any other reason."

Poor Felicity! Joyce could not help being sorry for her. She had lost all along. "I think you were very good to her—letting her worry you with questions and order you about, and all because you wanted her to have a good impression of country life."

"I had to do it, Joyce." He put his hand under her chin and raised her face so that he could look down into the dark eyes. "Do you know who that farm comes to if she don't have it?"

"No, and she doesn't either—she said so."

"It comes to me. So you see, I was in honor bound to do my best to make her have it. But I drew the line at being married—or kissed," he added, gaily.

But Joyce could not smile. How noble he was, this lover of hers! She would never be worthy of him—never! She fondled his big hand, and had much ado to keep the tears back.

"You worked so hard," she said, very low. "Sometimes you looked quite done up—tired out. I often noticed it."

"It wasn't the work," he rejoined quickly. "It was the sitting up at nights with Robert Stone. I got a man now and then to help me, but I was the only one that could manage him. I couldn't let his poor wife do too much—she had him all day as it was."

"Why wasn't he sent to an asylum if he was mad?"

"It wasn't ordinary madness, dear. It was delirium tremens—if you know what that is. We got him through a very bad attack, and I believe he would have pulled round and been able to go away soon; but the day before yesterday he bribed a friend of his to bring him some bottles of brandy, and it undid the work of weeks. I had a dreadful night with him. It was the day of the thunderstorm, and I think that affected him too. I never closed my eyes all night. That was why I slept so heavily last night—I was worn out. He was very cunning, and he got away. I soon missed him, and was after him like a shot, for I guessed where he had gone, but I was only just in time."

Joyce felt a shiver run through him, and his arm closed more tightly round her.

"Do you think he would have hurt me?" she asked.

"I can't say, dear. Of course you know what idea he had got in his poor crazed mind? He meant to kill uncle George. He was always raving about it. It was dreadful to listen to him when he was at his worst. But we won't talk about him, dear—you are looking quite pale."

"But I want to know. Tell me about him—and his poor wife, and then I won't bother you any more. I am more interested than you think, and I can't rest till I know all."

And then she told him about her walk in the storm and of what she had seen through the kitchen window.

As Chris listened, he felt it would be a long time before he could forgive Felicity Gray. Having tried to poison his mind against Joyce, she had sent her for a long tiring walk with the deliberate intention of preventing a meeting between them, just as later she had laid her plans to get her safely away so that he might have no chance of finding out how she had lied to him.

"How is Robert Stone now?" Joyce asked, "I suppose you fetched his wife when you went to Gossy Lane in the night."

"Yes. He has done for himself, poor chap! The doctor says it is only a question of days. How he found the strength for that last awful effort I can't think—he was nothing but a wreck. The doctor says it was a maniacal outbreak, and his strength for the time being was that of a madman."

"Is his poor wife very much upset?" Joyce asked pitifully.

"Yes. But it is the best thing that could happen and she will see it some day. He would never reform—he would never be anything but a curse to her. I will take you to see her when—when it's over. You will be able to comfort her. She is not a common person—she is a refined and educated girl. That was why uncle George was so hard on him."

"Tell me about it, please!"

"I don't want to," he objected. "I want to talk about you and me. I want to tell you you've got the prettiest little ears I ever saw, and that your hair is as soft as silk; and that you are the sweetest little morsel that ever a man coveted for himself. And here you keep dragging me back to this gruesome tale!"

But Joyce was firm.

"You will have plenty of time to tell me these silly things after," she observed, "so please go on with Robert Stone's story. You forget I know nothing but a few vague accounts of his misdeeds—all of which I put down to you."

"Well I'll begin at the beginning and get it over. As you have heard, uncle George trusted him implicitly and thought the world of him. He was like a good many other rogues—he had a clever tongue and a charming way with him, and he was a capital worker—I will say that of him. It was only this last winter that uncle George began to find him out and in a way that touched him in his most sensitive spot. Old Mr. Carleton was not a popular man, and he had not many friends, but he always prided himself on his honorable name. He had always fancied he was highly respected. For a long time he had noticed he was shunned at the markets and fairs—he couldn't make out what had come to the people. Then a friend told him. It turned out that all Robert Stone's grasping bargains and mean dishonorable tricks had been laid by him at his master's door. The man had benefited while the employer got the blame. It was a blow to the old man's pride. Then, when Stones' wife turned up one day, that was the last straw. He had a great reverence for women, and though he was an old bachelor, he had the most chivalrous nature."

"Did he know Robert Stone was married?"

"No. The beggar always posed as a single man. He made his wife live in Leicester—pretended he should lose his situation if Mr. Carleton knew of her existence. He used to go and see her now and then, but he kept her so short of money—she has five little children, you know—that at last in despair she went to see Mr. Carleton to throw herself on his mercy. The dear old chap had the tenderest heart in the world, and that he should have been made out such an unfeeling brute was too much for him. He gave Stone that cottage and let him keep his situation for her sake and the children's, but he never made a friend of him again—would not have him inside the house. The man had reckoned on getting everything at his death—uncle George had practically promised it him—and he went from bad to worse. I think the old man was getting afraid of him—that is why he sent for me."

"What have they been living on since his death?"

"Oh, I kept on paying his wages—couldn't see the kiddies want, you know—they are nice little things. She didn't like taking it—she is proud, poor woman—but lately it has been easier. I made out I was doing Stone's work, and she might as well have the money for my board." He laughed his merry infectious laugh. "The funny thing about it is that I have never had my pound a week."

"Didn't Felicity pay you?" asked Joyce in astonishment.

"No, not a cent—no more than she paid the fare she promised you. There is something very wrong with her memory, I am afraid," shaking his head in mock concern—"perhaps it wants operating on to make it work."

"I don't know how you can laugh about it. It was dreadful of her. How could she do it? What will poor Mrs. Stone do now?"

"She will be all right. I am thankful to say better off than she has been for years. Her father is a well-to-do tradesman, and he will have her and the children to live with him—only he is so glad. She is an only daughter you see. He would have had her long ago if she would have consented to leave her scamp of a husband; but she wouldn't do that, and she never let them know at home what she suffered."

After that they talked about themselves, to Chris's great content. Joyce let him say all the silly, tender things he wanted, and even found a few foolish speeches on her own account; and they were both greatly surprised when Mrs. Verinder appeared and announced that it was time for tea. She held a hand of each, and congratulated them with such a sweet mother-look in her eyes that Chris impulsively bent his tall head and kissed her—because something in his throat prevented him from speaking.

Before he went away that evening he laid his plans before her and the Vicar—plans so audacious that they took Joyce's breath away. Plans that he had been artful enough only to mention to her in the most casual fashion, but which appeared to be remarkably well formed in his own mind.

(To be continued.)

* * *

If only men were as quick to see the good in their wives as they are to see the good in other women, there would be more happy wives.

"What is your name, little boy?" inquired the kindergartner of her new pupil. "I don't know," replied the little boy bashfully. "What does your father call you?" "I don't know," still more bashfully. "How does your mother call you when the griddle cakes are done?" "She don't call me; she beamed the new pupil; "I'm there already."

Delicious with Blanc Mange

Have you never tried "Crown Brand" with Blanc Mange and other Corn Starch Puddings? They seem to blend perfectly—each improves the other—together, they make simple, inexpensive desserts, that everyone says are "simply delicious".

EDWARDSBURG
"CROWN BRAND"
CORN SYRUP

is ready to serve over all kinds of Puddings—makes a new and attractive dish of such an old favorite as Baked Apples—is far cheaper than butter or preserves when spread on bread—and is best for Candy-making.

"LILY WHITE" is a pure white Corn Syrup—more delicate in flavor than "Crown Brand". Perhaps you would prefer it.

ASK YOUR GROCER—IN 2, 5, 10 AND 20 LB. TINS.

THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED
Head Office — Montreal 36

A GREAT INDUSTRIAL CENTRE.

Warsaw Produces Three-fifths of Poland Manufactures.

The Government of Warsaw, occupying a narrow strip of land in the heart of Russian Poland, where vast military operations have been in progress for weeks, is one of the richest manufacturing districts of the whole Russian Empire. The importation of industries by the Muscovites has taken its way over this flat plain northward, and a great many of these industries have halted not far from the borders, nearer to the skilled labor markets and the markets for machinery and raw materials than would be the case deeper in the hinterland.

Thus, the textile industry crossed into Russian territory, and, for the great part, remained in the Government. Iron and steel working followed the textile mills, and the manufacture of boots and shoes, hosiery, sugar, tobacco, furniture, machinery, and lace-making have grown up around the working of the two most important modern staples, iron and fibers.

Warsaw, the capital of the Government of Warsaw, as it is the capital of the general government of Russian Poland, is the industrial centre. The value of the annual output of manufactures of the government is estimated at between 60 million and 65 million dollars, and of this the city of Warsaw produces nearly three-fifths. Cotton and woolen goods and products of iron and steel make up the bulk of this value. Footwear, leather goods, and beat sugar are, however, items of considerable importance in the prosperity of the district.

The Germans and Jews have played the leading parts in developing its manufacturing ventures. Russian rule, wholesale deportations of artisans after the Polish uprisings of 1794, 1831 and 1863, and a German customs barrier on one side, with a Russian customs barrier on the other, have operated to greatly retard the growth of the Government's industrial importance.

There is a well developed agriculture in the Government, despite the fact that its soils are very poor and that in some sections there are periodical drownings out of the country by the Bug and Vistula. The lowlying grounds are boggy. The Government embraces an area of 5,605 miles, and houses a population of about 2,300,000. The land is mostly low and flat, broken only here and there by low hills in the south and by the high terraced banks on the left of the Vistula in the north-west.

The Vistula forms the northern boundary of the Government and is its principal artery of trade. On the west it is bounded by the Prussian frontier. The herd grazing of Eastern Prussia is carried on into the Government of Warsaw, and, combined, its herds of horses, cattle, sheep and swine number about half a million head. In the 18th century, when the city of Warsaw, next to Paris, was the most brilliant city in Europe, this flat plain was actually rich in herds and geese flocks, though almost bare of manufactures.

The soil had been a fertile one, but the indiscriminate cutting of the forests and the subjection of the land to intensive and exhaustive cultivation, without any attempt at rotation of crops, has reduced the productive power of the soil to a very low ebb. In 1891 there were 1,500,000 acres under cultivation, and in 1901 only 1,200,000 acres. The yield of wheat per acre has fallen from 15 bushels to 10 bushels, and of rye from 12 bushels to 8 bushels. Potatoes have fallen from 100 bushels to 70 bushels per acre.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND TRADE MARK

THE ALLIES

"Spohn's" and the Horsemen. For twenty-one years have waged a successful campaign against the army of disease. Distemper, Influenza, Pneumonia, Pinkeye and Shipping Fever are successfully checked by "Spohn's". Absolutely safe for all ages. Best preventive. Sold by druggists, turf goods houses or the manufacturers.

Spohn Medical Co., Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

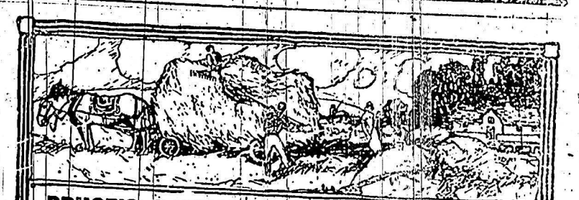
4,000 HOTBED SASHES

White Pine 3 ft. 0 ins. 6 ft. 0 ins. at reduced prices in lots

Less than 100	$1.00 each
100 to 200	95c. each
200 to 500	85c. each

Write or wire orders to

PAUZE & GOHIER, Lumber Merchants
1822 Cote des Neiges Road, Montreal.
Also in stock, Cypress, Greenhouse Material.



BRUCE'S SPECIAL "BIG FOUR" FIELD ROOTS

BRUCE'S GIANT WHITE FEEDING BEET—The most valuable Field Root on the mat set, combines the rich qualities of the Sugar Beet with the long-keeping, large size, easy-harvesting and heavy-cropping qualities of the Mangel. ¼lb. 20c., ½lb. 35c., lb. 65c., 2½lb. 30c, 5lb. 55c, 10lb. $1.00.

BRUCE'S MAMMOTH INTERMEDIATE SMOOTH WHITE CARROT—The best of all field Carrots. Feeding Beet, and equally easy to harvest. ¼lb. 10c., ½lb. 15c., lb. 25c.

BRUCE'S GIANT YELLOW INTERMEDIATE MANGEL—A very close second to our Giant White.

BRUCE'S NEW CENTURY SWEDE TURNIP—The best shipping variety, as well as the best for cooking, handsome shape, uniform growth, purple top. ¼lb. 15c., lb. 20c., 10lb. 85c., additional pound 10c.—Where there are Express Offices this is cheapest.

Prices are at Hamilton—Add for postage, ¼lb. 5c., ½lb. 10c., lb. 15c. Each way to send all orders of 5 pounds and up.

FREE—Our handsomely illustrated 112 page catalogue of Vegetable, Farm and Flower Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Poultry Supplies, Garden Implements, etc., for 1915. Send for it.

John A. Bruce & Co., Ltd., HAMILTON, ONTARIO
Established sixty-three years.

On the Farm

Young Folks

An Indoor Garden.

Why not start a garden in the house this winter? Why not start a garden in the house this winter? Why not start a garden in the house this winter?