Redpath

is the Sugar for Jams and Jellies.

When you pay for good fruit, and spend a lot of time over it, you naturally want to be *sure* that your jellies and preserves will turn out just right. You can be, if you use Redpath Sugar.

Absolutely pure, and always the same, REDPATH Sugar has for sixty years proved most dependable for preserving, canning and jelly-making.

It is just as easy to get the best—and well worth while. So tell your grocer it must be REDPATH Sugar, in one of the packages originated for REDPATH—

2 and 5 lb. Sealed Cartons.
10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Cloth Bags.

"Let Redpath Sweeten It"

142

CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

THE GOLDEN KEY

Or "The Adventures of Ledgard."

By the Author of "What He Cost Her."

CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd).

Monty was sitting up when they reached the hut, but at the sight of Trent's companion he cowered back and affected sleepiness. This time, however, Francis was not to be denied. He walked to Monty's side, and stood looking down upon him.

"I think," he said gently, "that we have met before."

"A mistake," Monty declared. "Never saw you in my life. Just off to sleep."

But Francis had seen the trembling of the man's lips, and his nervously shaking hands.

"There is nothing to fear," he said; "I wanted to speak to you as a friend."

"Don't know you; don't want to speak to you," Monty declared.

Francis stooped down, and whispered a name in the ear of the sullen man. Trent leaned forward but he could not hear it—only he too saw the shudder and caught the little cry which broke from the white lips of his partner.

Monty sat up, white, despairing, with strained, set face and bloodshot eyes.

"Look here," he said. "I may be what you say, and I may not. It's no business of yours. Do you hear? Now be off and leave me alone! Such as I am, I am. I won't be interfered with. But——"

Monty's voice became a shriek.

"Leave me alone!" he cried. "I have I tell you, no past, no future. Let me alone, or by Heaven I'll shoot you!"

Francis shrugged his shoulders, and turned away with a sigh.

"A word with you outside," he said to Trent—and Trent followed him out into the night. The moon was paling—in the east there was a faint shimmer of dawn. A breeze was rustling in the trees. The two men stood face to face.

"Look here, sir," Francis said, "I notice that this concession of yours is granted to you and your partner jointly whilst alive, and to the survivor in case of the death of either of you."

"What then?" Trent asked fiercely.

"This! It's a beastly unfair arrangement, but I suppose it's too late to upset it. Your partner is half sodden with drink now. You know what that means in this climate. You've the wit to keep sober enough yourself. You're a strong man, and he is weak. You must take care of him. You can if you will."

"Anything else?" Trent asked roughly.

The officer looked his man up and down.

"We're in a pretty rough country," he said, "and a man gets into the habit of having his own way here. But listen to me! If anything happens to your partner here or in Buckomari, you'll have me to reckon with. I shall not forget. We are bound to meet! Remember that!"

Trent turned his back upon him in a fit of passion which choked down all speech. Captain Francis lit a cigarette and walked across towards towards his camp.

CHAPTER VI.

A sky like flame and an atmosphere of sulphur. No breath of air, not a single ruffle in the great, drooping leaves of the African trees and dense, prickly shrubs. All round the dank, nauseous odor of poison flowers, the ceaseless dripping of poisonous moisture. From the face of the man who stood erect, unvanquished as yet in the struggle for life, the fierce sweat poured like rain—his older companion had sunk to the ground and the spasms of an ugly death were twitching at his whitening lips.

"I'm done, Trent," he gasped faintly. "Fight your way on alone. You've a chance yet. The way's getting a bit easier—I fancy we're on the right track and we've given those black devils the slip! Nurse your strength! You've a chance! Let me be. It's no use carrying a dead man."

Gaunt and wild, with the cold fear of death before him also, the younger man broke out into a fit of cursing.

"May they rot in the blackest corner of hell, Oom Sam and those miserable vermin!" he shouted. "A path all the way, the fever season over, the swamps dry! Oh! when I think of Sam's smooth jargon I would give my chance of life, such as it is, to have him here for one moment. To think that that beast must live and we die!"

"Prop me up against this tree, Trent—and listen," Monty whispered. "Don't fritter away the little strength you have left."

Trent did as he was told. He had no particular affection for his partner, and the prospect of his death scarcely troubled him. Yet for twenty miles and more through fetid swamps and poisonous jungles he had carried him over his shoulder, fighting fiercely for the lives of both of them, while there remained any chance whatever of escape. Now he knew that it was in vain, he regretted only his wasted efforts—he had no sentimental regrets in leaving him. It was his own life he wanted—his own life he meant to fight for.

"I wouldn't swear at Oom Sam too hard," Monty continued. "Remember for the last two days he was doing all he could to get us out of the place. It was those fetish fellows who worked the mischief, and he—certainly—warned us all he could. He took us safely to Bekwando and he worked the oracle with the King!"

"Yes, and afterwards sneaked off with Francis," Trent broke in bitterly, "and took every bearer with him—after we'd paid them for the return journey too. Sent us out here to be trapped and butchered like rats. If we'd only had a guide we should have been at Buckomari by now."

"He was right about the gold," Monty faltered. "It's there for the picking up. If only we could have got back we were rich for life. If you escape—you need never do another stroke of work as long as you live."

Trent stood upright, wiped the dank sweat from his forehead and gazed around him fiercely, and upwards at that lurid little patch of blue sky.

"If I escape!" he muttered. "I'll get out of this if I die walking. "I'm sorry you're done, Monty," he continued slowly. "Say the word and I'll have one more spell at carrying you! You're not a heavy weight and I'm rested now."

But Monty, in whose veins was the chill of death and who sought only for rest, shook his head.

"It shakes me too much," he said, "and it's only a waste of strength. You get on, Trent, and don't you bother about me. You've done your duty by your partner and a bit more. You might leave me the small revolver in case those howling savages come up—and Trent!"

"Yes."

"The picture—just for a moment. I'd like to have one look at her!"

Trent drew it out from his pocket—awkwardly—and with a little shame at the care which had prompted him to wrap it so tenderly in the oilskin sheet. Monty shaded his face with his hands, and the picture stole up to his lips. Trent stood a little apart and hated himself for this last piece of inhumanity. He pretended to be listening for the stealthy approach of their enemies. In reality he was struggling with the feeling which prompted him to leave this picture with the dying man.

"I suppose you'd best have it," he said sullenly at last.

But Monty shook his head feebly and held out the picture.

Trent took it with an odd sense of shame which puzzled him. He was not often subject to anything of the sort.

"It belongs to you, Trent. I lost it on the square, and it's the only social law I've never broken—to pay my gambling debts. There's one word more!"

"Yes."

"It's about that clause in our agreement. I never thought it was quite fair, you know, Trent!"

"Which clause?"

"The clause which—at my death—makes you sole owner of the whole concession. You see—the odds were scarcely even, were they? It wasn't likely anything would happen to you!"

"I planned the thing," Trent said, "and I saw it through! You did nothing but find a bit of brass. It was only square that the odds should be in my favor. Besides, you agreed. You signed the thing."

"But I wasn't quite well at the time," Monty faltered. "I didn't quite understand. No, Trent, it's not quite fair. I did a bit of the work at least, and I'm paying for it with my life!"

"What's it matter to you now?" Trent said, with unintentional brutality. "You can't take it with you."

Monty raised himself up a little. His eyes, lit with feverish fire, were fastened upon the other man.

"There's my little girl!" he said hoarsely. "I'd like to leave her something. If the thing turns out big, Trent, you can spare a small share. There's a letter here! It's to my lawyers. They'll tell you all about her."

Trent held out his hands for the letter.

"All right," he said, with sullen ungraciousness. "I'll promise something. I won't say how much! We'll see."

"Trent, you'll keep your word," Monty begged. "I'd like her to know that I thought of her."

"Oh, very well," Trent declared, thrusting the letter into his pocket. "It's a bit outside our agreement, you know, but I'll see to it anyhow. Anything else?"

Monty fell back speechless. There was a sudden change in his face. Trent, who had seen men die before, let go his hand and turned away without any visible emotion. Then he drew himself straight, and set his teeth hard together.

"I'm going to get out of this," he said to himself slowly and with fierce emphasis. "I'm not for dying, and I won't die."

He stumbled on a few steps, a little black snake crept out of its bed of mud, and looked at him with yellow eyes protruding from its upraised head. He kicked it savagely away—a crumbled, shapeless mass. It was a piece of brutality typical of the man. Ahead he fancied that the air was clearer—the fetid mists less choking—in the deep night-silence a few hours back he had fancied that he had heard the faint thunder of the sea. If this were indeed so, it would be but a short journey. With dull, glazed eyes and clenched hands, he reeled on. A sort of stupor had laid hold of him, but through it all his brain was working, and he kept steadily to a fixed course. Was it the sea in his ears, he wondered, that long, monotonous rolling of sound, and there were lights before his eyes—the lights of Buckomari, or the lights of death!

They found him an hour or two later unconscious, but alive, on the outskirts of the village.

* * * * * * *

Three days later two men were seated face to face in a long wooden house, the largest and most important in Buckomari village.

Smoking a corn-cob and showing in his face but few marks of the terrible days through which he had passed was Scarlett Trent—opposite to him was Hiram Da Souza, the capitalist of the region. The Jew—of Souza's nationality it was impossible to have any doubt—was coarse and large of his type, he wore soiled linen clothes and was smoking a black cigar. On the little finger of each hand, thickly encrusted with dirt, was a diamond ring, on his thick, protruding lips a complacent smile. The concession, already soiled and dog-eared, was spread out before them.

It was Da Souza who did most of the talking. Trent indeed had the appearance of a man only indirectly interested in the proceedings.

"You see, my dear sir," Da Souza was saying, "this little concession of yours is, after all, a very risky business. These niggers have absolutely no sense of honor. Do I not know it—alas—to my cost?"

Trent listened in contemptuous silence. Da Souza had made a fortune trading fiery rum on the Congo, and had probably done more to debauch the niggers he spoke of so bitterly than any man in Africa.

"The Bekwando people have a bad name—very bad name. As for any sense of commercial honor—my dear Trent, one might as well expect diamonds to spring up like mushrooms under our feet."

"The document," Trent said, "is signed by the King and witnessed by Captain Francis, who is Agent-General out here, or something of the sort for the English Government. It was no gift and don't you think it, but a piece of hard bartering. Forty bearers carried our present to Bekwando and it took us three months to get through. There is enough in it to make us both millionaires."

"Then why," Da Souza asked, looking up with twinkling eyes, "do you want to sell me a share in it?"

"Because I haven't a darned cent to bless myself with," Trent answered curtly. "I've got to have ready money. I've never had my fist on five thousand pounds before—no, nor five thousand pence, but, as I'm a living man, let me have my start and I'll hold my own with you all."

Da Souza threw himself back in his chair with uplifted hands.

"But my dear friend," he cried, "my dear young friend, you were not thinking—do not say that you were thinking of asking such a sum as five thousand pounds for this little piece of paper!"

The amazement, half sorrowful, half reproachful, on the man's face was perfectly done. But Trent only snorted.

"That piece of paper, as you call it, cost us the hard savings of years, it cost us weeks and months in the bush and amongst the swamps—it cost a man's life, not to mention the niggers we lost. Come, I'm not here to play skittles. Are you on for a deal or not? If you're doubtful about it I've another market. Say the word and we'll drink and part, but if you want to do business here are my terms. Five thousand for a sixth share!"

"Sixth share," the Jew screamed, "sixth share?"

Trent nodded.

"The thing's worth a million at least," he said. "A sixth share is a great fortune. Don't waste any time turning up the whites of your eyes at me. I've named my terms and I shan't budge from them. You can lay your bottom dollar on that."

Da Souza took up the document and glanced it through once more.

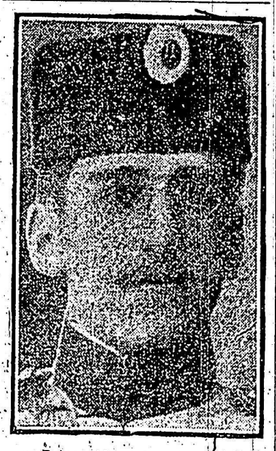
(To be continued.)

ALEXANDER OF SERBIA.

Formerly Crown Prince, Is Preventing a Balkan Agreement.

It is one of the little jokes of fate that the young man, Crown Prince Alexander of Serba, who was treated with such contemptuous condescension by the exalted personages assembled at London in June, 1911, for the coronation of George V.—that he Prince Alexander, should be, in June, 1915, the arbiter of the immediate destinies of Europe.

Bulgaria's entrance into the war on the side of England, France, Russia, and Italy would, it is quite openly stated in each of their capitals, help to bring about an early termination of the war. It would release Rumania, now fearful of a Bulgarian attack on her flank if she flung her-



Prince Alexander of Serbia

self at Austria's throat in Transylvania. It would furnish the allies with a veteran Bulgarian army to march upon Turkey through Thrace, and it would give the allies the Bulgarian port of Dedeagatch, on the Aegean Sea, for the landing of their own troops to co-operate with the allied navies at Constantinople.

Bulgaria's Demands.

Bulgaria makes no secret of her willingness to be bought for such assistance. But she has only one price. The Crown Prince of Serbia? Regent in his country, can alone pay it in full. This he persistently refuses to do.

Bulgaria demands, above all, else, that part of Macedonia which is inhabited by Bulgarians and which is in the possession of Serbia. To reclaim Macedonia from Turkey, and in pursuance of the ideal of nationality. Czar Ferdinand began the first Balkan War, fortified by a solemn agreement with Greece and Serbia that, in the spoils, Macedonia was to go to Bulgaria. The blood of thousands of Bulgarian patriots was shed in the victorious campaigns of Ferdinand. Greece and Serbia became fearful of Ferdinand's ambitions to dominate in the Balkans. They preferred to entrap and betray him.

Prince Alexander of Serbia.

Alexander, the twenty-four-year-old commander-in-chief of the Serbian army, captured Monastir from Turkey, thus bringing about the fall of the whole of Macedonia, and from Monastir the Bulgarians were barred by the sword as from Salonika.

Prince Stands Firm.

Rumania is to-day feverishly eager to restore the Dobrudja if thereby she can quiet the dogs of war upon her flank and rush her force of a million men into Transylvania. It comprises thousands of acres of territory and millions of inhabitants, Rumanian in blood, to the thousands of the Dobrudja, Austria-Hungary, at the present moment, could not defend Transylvania. Greece will not give up Thrace to Bulgaria, but England, France and Russia have offered compensation elsewhere which is acceptable. It is only Serbia which is the stumbling block, because it is Macedonia which Bulgaria demands first and last, and for which she will not be compensated elsewhere.

June 24 of last year King Peter a man of seventy-three and weak in health, left his capital and the Crown Prince was appointed Regent. Alexander has coldly rejected every compromise which included the giving up of a foot of territory now held by Serbia. His father is ensconced at some watering place away from Belgrade. His elder brother, Prince George, has been dancing and dining in the hotels of the Riviera.

Canaries sing best in the subdued light.

Perfect Tea must be used for a perfectly satisfactory infusion.

"SALADA"

B 19

Tea is the acme of perfection, being all pure, delicious tea. Black, Mixed or Green.

PRACTICAL FARMING

Hints for the Farmer.

There is big difference between economy and stinginess.

We have seen a man treat a $150 horse as though he was worth only $1.50.

The telephone cannot take the place of a hired man, but it helps wonderfully.

Crows eat ants, beetles, caterpillars, bugs, grubs, etc., which do much damage.

Charcoal in a granulated form should always be kept before fowls of all ages.

To get white cauliflower tie the leaves over the head as soon as the head is formed.

A hog in a good pasture or one that is fed regularly seldom does much damage by rooting.

Scald the drinking vessels in the poultry yard often so they will not harbor disease germs.

Countries adapted to sheep raising become large consumers of mutton as they increase in size.

A garden is more bother than it is worth unless you get fruits and vegetables that are really better than those you can buy.

Make it a point to have some choice male lambs to sell to your neighbors who would like something better than they now have.

When setting any of the bush fruits the top should be pruned to correspond to the root pruning the plant gets in transplanting.

It is about as profitable to try to do two things at once as it is to try to raise two crops on the same piece of ground at the same time.

The wise dairyman will keep his best cows, and not let the buyer tempt him even with a good price. The better the cows the better the profits.

If the onions are not growing well, a little nitrate of soda or hen manure sown broadcast, before or during a rain, often helps them to fill out.

The cow's udder should be well washed and dried with a coarse cloth before milking, and the milker's hands should be washed after every cow.

Warm weather is the time to make growth in the hogs. Push the shoats along, giving them good pasture range and feeding all they will eat up clean.

There are many rough hillsides and pastures which are now bringing no returns that could be made profitable were they planted to nut trees, especially walnuts.

Celery, cabbage, and other plants of this sort do much better if transplanted once or twice before going into the field. They will form a much heavier root system, which is desirable in all plants.

A good many farmers who neglected to plant an orchard and shade trees while they were young waste more time now wishing they had them than it would take to plant them in the beginning.

Use the spray pump to whitewash your poultry house. Make a good whitewash, adding a little carbolic acid, and spray the building thoroughly, covering every bit of the surface, and the house will be wonderfully sweetened.

In choosing a breed of cattle or any other class of live stock due consideration should be given to the question of environment. Where one breed would be a failure another would perhaps be a success.

The silo is not the only way of preventing the usual loss from the corn fields, but it is the only way and the best way for preserving the feeding elements of the corn plant. The silo adds nothing to the feeding nutriments. On the other hand there is a slight loss through fermentation, but it does increase the palatability greatly.

Fine Grain | Medium Grain | Coarse Grain

St Lawrence Sugar

FOR YOUR NEXT BATCH OF PRESERVES

Buy good Fruit which must not be over-ripe, and what is equally important, use good Sugar.

The slightest impurity (organic matter) in the Sugar will start fermentation in the jam, and preserves which were well cooked and carefully bottled, become acid and uneatable after a few months.

You are absolutely safe with the ST. LAWRENCE EXTRA GRANULATED SUGAR which is made from Cane and tests over 99.99 per cent pure.

If you prefer a very fine grain—a medium one or one quite large, your grocer can suit your taste in St. Lawrence which is offered in the three grades, in 2 lb. and 5 lb. Cartons, and bags of 10, 20, 25 and 100 lbs.

Buy in Refinery sealed packages to avoid mistakes and assure absolute cleanliness and correct weights.

Sold by most good Grocers

ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINERIES, LIMITED, MONTREAL.

Fashion Hints

What to Wear and How to Wear It.

Time was—and not very long ago, either—when a gross of buttons were used as a trimming for a single gown of buttons.

Now buttonholes are used instead.

A very charming frock has two long godets on either side of the full skirt, and each seam is outlined with a two-inch band of black taffeta, across which, one inch apart, are buttonholes done in white silk.

Little godets—or dog's ears—give a flare to the jacket, and the seams of these are outlined after the same manner. The effect is most unusual. Contemplation of the stitches taken in the hundreds of buttonholes is positively paralyzing to the woman who hates to sew.

Although buttonholes are profuse and numerous, buttons have not lost their vogue entirely, though they are no longer employed in squads and by the wholesale.

They are used now in embroidery on net, taking the places of spangles and sequins. The best quality of jet beads come from Bohemia—or did come before the European madness broke loose—and, since they are scarce now, buttons are used instead.

In the embroidered nets the leaves and blossoms of the flower designs are helped out by tiny buttons, a flat yellow satin button posing gayly as the heart of a daisy and a little red button doing service as a make-believe cherry. Often the buttons are held by hand embroidery. Only the lightest weight buttons are used, as they appear to grow filmier and frailer every minute.

It is all one's memory is worth to keep up with the names of new colors. How the clerks in the shops manage it goodness only knows.

Among the new grays are full mouse gray and metal gray. One never hears of battleship gray, which was "it" early in the spring. Belgium blue had just become familiar to the human ear when it was crowded out by raven's wing black and soldat. The best green now is "sage," which is an old name given to a new shade, and "sulphur" leads the yellows.

Watermelon pink is fashionable in the new taffetas and has a glimmer of frost, as if the melon had just come out of the refrigerator.

It is almost a peril to wear the delicious color; somebody might come along and pat you!

Black crocodile plush is a new material suitable for the first cool days of autumn.

Duvetyn, a most expensive, unsatisfactory and perishable material, is about to return to favor. The more it costs the worse it wears. If you fancy this velvety stuff, by all means select a coarse weave and heavy texture. The fine one flatten and fade at the slightest exposure to disturb the elements or the most ordinary wear. It is predicted that certain shades of green duvetyn and the new blue will be popular.

New coats fasten with a single button. The effect is strikingly modish and smart.

Ribbon machine is appearing on some pretty summer frocks. Sometimes it is lattice plaited, sometimes it is box plaited. It gives a satin and silk look. For the cash of these it is very good.

All ribbons are extended either a [illegible] the short [illegible] and general [illegible].

Neck machinery [illegible] are some [illegible] lowest [illegible] Panama [illegible] or raspberry [illegible] ton are [illegible] tele.

A Ri[illegible] linding [illegible] This [illegible] though [illegible] fussy [illegible] This [illegible] the pl[illegible] the la[illegible]

THE [illegible] DAY.

When a [illegible] duct of [illegible] —Dr. M[illegible] There [illegible] brooding [illegible] and a[illegible] ture.—[illegible]

He wi[illegible] breaks a [illegible] find the [illegible] gotten [illegible]

In Ch[illegible] ness of the [illegible] through [illegible] izes eve[illegible]

Do n[illegible] morrow. D[illegible] yourself [illegible] you cannot see [illegible] stand if you saw them.—Kingsley.

True it is that one can [illegible] that education which teaches woman everything except herself—except the things that relate to her own [illegible] womanly destiny, and, on the [illegible] the holiness of ignorance, sends her without a word of just counsel into the temptations of life.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

In three years a beech tree grew 1 ft. 8 ins.; a willow, 9 ft. 3 ins.

Young Folks

The History of a Needle.

"Oh, dear, I do hate sewing," Mary to herself, as she sat by the fire clumsily stitching a doll's frock which nurse had said must be finished before she could go and play. "I go in, do," she said, trying to make the needle go through a hard bit of the stuff, and bending it so that it almost broke, and then the needle went in suddenly and pricked her finger. "Oh-h-h," and she began to cry.

"It serves you right," said the needle bluntly, "for hurting me as you have; I've hardly any point left."

"Oh, dear, I'm sure you may [illegible]," said Mary, looking at her [illegible] ger.

"Just as though I hadn't [illegible] through enough already," [illegible] the needle.

"Why, I've only sewn half a seam with you," said Mary, "[illegible] were a new one."

"I don't mean through cloth," replied the needle, "[illegible] were as bright as I am [illegible] what I mean."

"What do you mean, then," [illegible] Mary, and she left off [illegible]

"Well, I haven't long [illegible] and then I was very [illegible] you know."

"No, I don't know," [illegible] eagerly; "please tell me [illegible] were made."

The needle seemed pleased [illegible] eagerness, and unbent [illegible] have to go through two [illegible] rate processes before I'm [illegible] use," it announced, and [illegible] sparkled proudly.

"What was the first one?" [illegible] Mary.

"The first thing that happened [illegible] ter I had been cut with [illegible] others from a length of [illegible] wire, was—I was heated in [illegible] a time, and taken out [illegible] an iron-topped table; [illegible] rubbed with the other [illegible] file! this straightened [illegible] me. (I believe it had [illegible] given it," thought Mary, [illegible] finger again, but, the needle [illegible] speaking of that sort [illegible] "Then we were carried [illegible] face of a stone driven [illegible] and as we were all kept [illegible] the same time we soon had [illegible] ful point each."

"How was your eye made?" [illegible] Mary.

"My eye was knocked [illegible] the Needle.

"Knocked out!" exclaimed [illegible] opening her eyes very [illegible] ishment; "how dreadful!"

"Not at all," said the Needle; "[illegible] first the size and shape [illegible] was marked out on me, [illegible] hole was stamped out."

"Oh, you do seem to have [illegible] rough time," said Mary.

"Oh, but my eye was [illegible] smooth," said the Needle, [illegible] standing her, "for I was [illegible] with the others on a [illegible] and then the wire was [illegible] we were jerked about [illegible] all our roughness became [illegible] bright, like you see [illegible] the Needle's eye such [illegible] with pride again.

"Well, you have had [illegible] tures," exclaimed Mary.

"Oh, that's not all," [illegible] plied the Needle, "but I [illegible] you a few of the other [illegible] we were heated, and [illegible] into a bath of oil to temper [illegible] Then we were all mixed [illegible] energy powder, and put [illegible] coarse for about nine [illegible] which time we were [illegible] der heavy pieces of wood [illegible] Needle groaned at the [illegible] "then we were sharpened [illegible] and polished," added [illegible] "and then put to bed [illegible] the time between papers [illegible] us, in little packets."

"You certainly have [illegible] good deal, as you say," [illegible] and she picked up the Needle [illegible] gan sewing again.

"And now something [illegible] through me instead," said [illegible] to itself, as it fell off the [illegible] the fender and rolled [illegible] ashes, and got lost.

HURRY GERMAN CROPS

Hot Water Pipes Placed in Soil to Induce Growth.

(Since the beginning [illegible] Germany's chemists, [illegible] and others, have been hard [illegible] studying agricultural [illegible] whereby the soil could be [illegible] the fullest extent in yielding [illegible] in order that the supply of food [illegible] not be menaced seriously.

The Berliner Tageblatt [illegible] that experiments made by Dr. Kubler, of the Technical High [illegible] of Dresden, have shown surprising results, so much so that the [illegible] may revolutionize agriculture [illegible] empire.

Professor Kubler's idea was to [illegible] part certain warmth artificially [illegible] soil, and the method he adopted has been remarkably successful, so that crops can be grown and harvested in a very short time, and several crops obtained throughout the year.

The method consists in putting pipes underground and feeding water through them at a proper temperature to generate warmth in the earth, this warmth rising up in the ground to the vegetation and giving impetus to their growth, no matter what the weather may be above ground.