

Fresh and Refreshing "SALADA"

is composed of clean, whole young leaves. Picked right, blended right and packed right. It brings the fragrance of an Eastern garden to your table.
BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN

THE CABLEMAN

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

BY WEATHERBY CHESNEY

CHAPTER X—(Cont.)

The islet for which she was steering lay a little more than two miles from the shore, with deep water close up to its flanks. It was ring-shaped, like a Pacific atoll, but its formation was different. Not the slow, quiet growth of coral insects had made it, but a convulsion of nature. It was the summit of a deep-water volcano, whose crater raised a rim, a hundred yards across, out of the sea. There was one place on the West, where for a few feet this rim had been broken down, leaving a gap by which a boat might enter, and the water inside made an almost circular lagoon.

Local tradition said that it was built by a giant. It was a piece where a ship might have hidden out in safety the heavy hurricane that ever blew, if it had been possible for any ship to enter. But the opening in the circular wall was hardly more than ten feet across, and underneath there was a broad sill, which rose to within two fathoms of the surface. It was a dangerous entrance, even for a small boat, and when the wind blew from the west, impossible; but Elsa knew it well, and thought that she could manage it, even alone.

She was an expert and fearless boatwoman, but she was not accustomed to having to depend altogether upon herself in her expeditions. The boat was a present which her father had given her a little more than a year ago, but with the present, he had coupled a stipulation that she should never go out in it alone. The irregular currents, and the wind treacherous currents, and the wind squalls are sudden, and even had the waters been its safe as the Solent, Elsa's boat was too big for one girl to manage.

This, therefore, was the first occasion on which she had been out in it alone, but to-day a companion was impossible. For she had worked to do which no eye but her own must see.

Did she still believe in her father's innocence? She was acting as though she did; and, for the rest, she tried to force herself not to think.

She had not kept her faith without a struggle. Recollections had arisen in her mind, but she had strangled them remorselessly at their birth, and by an effort of will made herself believe that they had never been there. There was, however, the moment when the doubts had been too strong to be stifled, then they had tried clamorously, and had refused to be choked; and for half an hour she had fasted a misery more bitter even than that which had come when she first knew that her father was dead. That moment was when she listened to Sealborough's tale of the embezzlement of Margaret Ryan's inheritance, and had told him passionately that since he believed it, he might as well believe that she had hated him. She had thrown herself on the ground, and sobbed hysterically for at that moment the knowledge was in her heart that what he said was true.

Later had come the reaction. She took up her faith again, the more unreasonably because reason had forced her to lay it down; and she despised herself for the weakness in allowing the calumny to influence her even for a moment. There was something of obstinacy in this—the obstinacy of a strong nature which fights the more tenaciously when facts and common sense alike are against it, and it

AN IDEAL TONIC

When your head is dull and heavy, your tongue furred, and you feel done-up and food for nothing, without knowing what is really the matter with you, probably all that is needed to restore you to health and vigour is a few doses of a reliable digestive tonic and stomachic remedy such as Mother Seigel's Syrup.

Take it after each meal for a few days and it restores tone and healthy activity to these important organs, and by so doing enables you to gain new stores of vigour, vitality and health.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The new 1.00 size contains three times as much as the 'trial' size sold at 50c per bottle.

Elsa, I say to you solemnly, that it is as strong now as ever it was. But having said that, I am now going to add something which you will, perhaps, not understand. It is this: I hand over the work to you, but I lay no charge upon you to complete it. Nay, more, under certain circumstances, I forbid you to complete it. I do not even make you the judge of those circumstances. That is an office which I leave, not to you, but to your mother.

"Your mother is on her way to join us. She will arrive on the Funchal from Lisbon on the tenth of the month. If on that date I am unable to meet her, if my presentiment—after all, I think it is a presentiment—after all, I think it is a presentiment—I wish you to recover this package from the safe place in which you have bestowed it, and to give it into her hands. When you do so, tell her also that my last message to her, spoken by the lips of you, her daughter, is that she is to respect the wish I have expressed in a letter to her which the packet contains. She will understand; you will not. For the rest, be guided by her.

"Good-bye, little girl. I think this is the longest letter I have ever written to you. I have one thing more to add to it. If you have begun to doubt me in some things, at any rate you have never doubted that I love you. In days to come your estimate of your father may change; you will hear things that will try your faith. But never believe that he did not love you. It is for your sake that I am daring danger to-day; it is for your sake that I hope for success, that I may return to you to be happy, for a little while longer in your love.

"It is time now that I was starting. I cannot write more. But again, darling, good-bye."

Elsa read this letter with tears streaming down her face. Whatever the man may have been in life, only a child would deny that this message from him in death was pathetic. If he was a scoundrel, he had never been so to his daughter; and in his skillful disquisition of the revelations that must come after his death, there was a melancholy cleverness. He fought for the continuance of her love, and it was plain that while he pleaded the pleadings; it was not until later days that she recognized, with a sorrowing pity, that the tear was there too.

There was much in the letter that she did not understand. Her father plainly looked for death as the issue of his effort; but what sort of death was going to meet?—murder? Then why that reference to the hardships of his youth, and the weak place that had left? For the first time she allowed herself to hope that her father's end had not been violent, after all. Sudden it must have been, but perhaps—

Her love carried her on one to the other extreme of speculation. Was her father not a victim, but a hero? He had made a great effort, and he said that he made it for her sake; she would not understand that, but he had written those words. Did he know that the effort would cost him his life? She canvassed this thought, and it seemed to her that it was the truth. She found a certain comfort in it, and she took a dreary pleasure in carrying out the task which he had laid upon her. The safest place she knew, that was surely the Ring-Rock, round whose flanks she could now, through the fog, hear the water swirling.

She had the packet with her, sealed in a great stone jar. It was thin and flat, and had rolled easily into a shape that would pass through the jar's neck.

She took the boat in through the opening, and made for a spot on the east of the isle. There was a funnel-shaped hole in the rock wall, which opened at water level, and a fathom of black tide contained it. In the last occasion on which she had visited the Ring-Rock, and it was this funnel-shaped fissure that she meant to use for her hiding-place. She had painted the jar black, so that it should not be visible against the bassalt, and she had tied many loops of strong picture wire about its neck so that she could recover it by grappling when her mother came.

She brought her boat close to the rock wall, and was feeling with a boat-hook for the mouth of the fissure, when a sound from the outside struck her ears.

She was not alone. Voices of men close at hand came to her through the fog.

CHAPTER XI

Elsa drew back her boat-hook from the fissure, and stood up in the boat, listening with a strained intensity that were men's voices that she had heard; but were the men a long way off or close to her? She knew how deceptive is the nature of sound in a fog on the water. Probably some boat was passing in the distance. She heard the voices again, and this time they seemed quite close. She could almost distinguish the actual words, and she could hear plainly that the language was English. The fog swept down upon her again in a thick blanket. She could not see the gloom was uniform, and probably only local. But while it lasted she was safe from observation, and she must finish her work before it lifted to betray her.

She lowered the stone jar into the

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PRACTICAL FARMING

Clover—A Soil Renovator.

"Practically every variety of clover is considered by farmers to be a soil renovator. It does not require four leaves in order to bring luck to the farmer growing it, but clover and riches go hand in hand. This may seem an absurd statement to make, when the price of clover seed is considered, but even at the present high price, a farmer would hardly be justified in curtailing to any great extent the amount of clover seed to be sown per acre this spring. There is a considerable variation in the amount of red clover seed sown per acre, some farmers obtaining a good catch from five or six pounds of seed, while others sow from eight to ten pounds per acre in order to ensure a good stand. The amount of seed to sow depends somewhat on soil condition, preparation of seed-bed, and vitality of the seed.

It has been noticed that where clovers can be successfully grown, and a liberal supply of seed is used each year, the land is gradually increasing in fertility, and increased fertility—other things being equal—means larger crops and consequently more money in the farmer's pocket. Many farmers are making a practice of sowing a large acreage with clover, each spring, though formerly the custom, and it is believed that the average amount of seed sown per acre is also increasing during recent years. Where three or four pounds of seed was considered sufficient, a few years ago, six or seven pounds is now aimed at, and many farmers consider it profitable to sow as high as ten pounds along with timothy and alsike.

Clover Roots Add Humus to Soil.

The clover plant is valuable to the farmer because of its ability to take nitrogen from the atmosphere and store it in the soil in such a way that plants can utilize it. To purchase this valuable plant food as a fertilizer would come very expensive, much more so than securing it through buying clover seed, even at the prevailing price. Plowing under a three-ton crop of green clover is claimed to return to the soil about 40 lbs. of nitrogen, 8 lbs. of phosphoric acid, and 34 lbs. of potash per acre. Supposing a crop of hay is harvested, the soil will still be in a better condition for succeeding crops than if any crop other than a legume, had been grown. Clover roots add humus to the soil, increase the amount of nitrogen, make the soil more friable, and open it up, thus allowing for a freer passage of air.

Besides being a soil builder, clover, either as pasture or cured for hay, is a valuable feed for all classes of the fertility of the soil at least expense, it is inadvisable to increase, rather than decrease, the acreage devoted to clovers.

"True, there are difficulties in the way of growing clover successfully year after year, but it is believed that many of the obstacles standing in a good way, for one year at least, can be overcome. The clover plant demands that certain soil conditions be granted, if it is to give maximum returns. These conditions are that the soil be sweet and properly underdrained, either by natural or artificial means; that there be available plant

food and favorable conditions for the development of bacteria; that the seed be given a good bed and not covered too deeply. On most farms these demands can be complied with. Soils may be tested for acidity by the use of litmus paper by placing a small strip of blue litmus paper in moist soil, and, if it turns the paper red, litmus is required in the soil. Another method is to pour a few drops of acid on the soil, and, if it does not "fry" it is an indication that the soil is acid. Clover does not do well with wet feet. If conditions are such that water remains on the surface of the ground for any length of time, after a heavy rain, few crops will pay for a system of underdrainage in a few years, besides assisting in giving the clover plant a change. In regard to plant food, it is necessary that the young seedling have easy access to available material to give it a start, after which it is able to look after itself, and return more to the soil than it takes out. Where clover has been successfully grown, there is usually sufficient bacteria in the soil. These minute organisms which appear on the roots of the plant are essential to the growth of clover, as they are the means by which nitrogen is absorbed and stored in the plant and soil. If there is reason to believe that the soil is deficient in bacteria these may be supplied by treating the seed with nitro-culture just previous to sowing. A culture is prepared for the different clovers, and may be secured with full directions for using, from the Bacteriological Department, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

The Method of Seeding.

For the successful growing of clover, a good deal depends on the seeding operations. Clover seed is small, yet it must contain sufficient plant food in itself to develop the first roots and leaves. These leaves must reach the surface before the tiny plant can commence drawing food from the soil atmosphere. If the seed is buried too deeply, the tender growth never succeeds in reaching the surface and is lost. A rough seed bed is not conducive to giving the seed a good start, as it has a tendency to dry out more

THE BLOOD GUILT OF A NATION

WHAT PROF. MORGAN SAYS OF THE GERMAN.

Entire People Seem Affected by Some Kind of Mental Distemper.

Professor Morgan was sent to France last year by the British Home Secretary to investigate the alleged outrages by German soldiers in the French towns and villages which they occupied before the battle of the Marne. Professor Morgan is a famous jurist. He has of almost academic regard for the value of direct evidence. He has investigated everything that was only backed by hearsay, however widespread that hearsay might have been.

He has now published the result of his enquiries in a book of some volume a detailed examination of the German official apology for the outrages in Belgium. The result is a document as terrible as the outrages themselves. Professor Morgan has the courage to define the outrages, not from the fearsome story he has to tell. He is not content to saddle responsible for a series of unspeakable crimes on the shoulders of the Prussian military.

Orgy of Blood.

He boldly indicts a nation. It is the fondest of delusions to imagine that all the wickedness is confined to the German Government and the general staff. The innumerable diaries of German soldiers in the ranks which I have read betray a common sentiment of hate, rapine, and ferocious cruelty.

The progress of French, British and Russian prisoners, civil as well as military, through Germany has been a veritable Calvary. The helplessness which in others would excite forbearance, if not pity, has in the German populace provoked only derision and insult. The old people, man with the grey beard and old spectacles who, broke his umbrella over the back of a Russian lady, the loafers who boarded a train and under the eyes of the indulgent sentries poked their fingers in the blind eye of a wounded Irishman who had half his face shot away, the men and women who spat upon helpless prisoners, and threatened them with death, the guards who prodded them with bayonets, carried their path dogs, and despatched those who could not keep up—these were not a Russian cast, but the German people.

People to Blame.

I have been told that there are still some individuals in England who cherish the idea that this very orgy of blood, lust, rapine, hate and pride is in some peculiar way merely the Bacchanalian excesses of the German people, and that the mental aberration of a people seduced by idols takes into these courses by its rulers.

If the reader is astonished, as well he may be at the disgusting repetition of stories of rape and murder, let him study the statistics of crime in Germany during the first decade of this century, issued by the Imperial Government; he will find in them much to confirm the impression that the whole people is infected with some kind of mental distemper.

FAKE FOOD FOR GERMAN ARMY.

Trader Sold Thousands of Tons to Administration.

Among the numerous cases of "fake" food wares to the German troops, which the Government is vigorously prosecuting, the following is one of the most flagrant violations. Max Schmitges, described in a known trader in Muenchen-Gladbach, proprietor of a delicatessen store, and incidentally inspector of markets, thousands of tons of "delicious" Bolognese in Mayonnaise," the only one with which was that the heretofore conspicuous for its absence.

"His much advertised and widely known product did, however, contain no meat and carried mixed with other ingredients, which mixture he packed in bound tins, selling them at a low, daily low price, but without once times the actual worth.

Schmitges was sentenced to six months in prison and three years of citizen rights. Thousands of cases of his mixture had been sold to the army administration.

The second case is that of Max Schmitges, a leather dealer in Nuremberg, who has been sentenced to five months in prison and 2,000 marks (\$500) and the closing of his business, for supplying boots to the German troops, the footwear largely consisting of a preparation of cardboard, which business Herr Schmitges had already sold 215,000 pairs to the army when the fraud was discovered.

Tied Up.

Why are you asking me for even? you any close relative? "Yes, That's the reason why appealing to you."

about the only difference between art and impudence is that the man who says it.

Horse Sale Distemper

You know that when you buy or sell through the sales has about one chance in fifty to escape EQUINE DISTEMPERS. "SPOHN'S" is your best protection. Your only safeguard, for a sure as you treat all your horses with it you will soon be rid of the disease. It acts as a sure preventive to matter how they are exposed. By the bottle or dozen bottles at all drug stores, horse food stores or delivered by the manufacturer.

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