

storing. It gives the soil a good leaf growth ammonia in wheat fertilizer helps prevent winter-killing. It will never do, however, to give the crop all the nitrogen it needs in the one fertilizer application made at seeding time. In the fall we need enough ammonia to "start" the crop. What more is needed must be supplied in the spring by a top-dressing fertilizer.

The two per cent. of ammonia in four of the seven wheat fertilizers is included as a so-called "starter" to furnish available nitrogen under conditions when the soil cannot be relied upon to furnish an sufficient quantity. Let us see what these conditions are:

1. When clover or other legumes are not grown in rotation.
2. When but little manure is used on the farm and this applied to crops other than wheat.
3. When wheat follows corn, oats or wheat.

The first two conditions are self-explanatory. As far as the third condition is concerned, we need simply remind our readers that these crops drain the soil of its available nitrogen and after growing these crops there is for a time inactive and therefore for these processes which make nitrogen available are slowed down. Under these conditions available nitrogen is needed to start the crop. We can select from Group I—either A or B.

There are other conditions under which the use of the ammonia starter fertilizer is unnecessary. When manure is applied to wheat, when clover is plowed down a short time before wheat seeding, when manure is applied liberally to the preceding crops—these conditions indicate a sufficiency of available ammonia and selection may be from Group II—either A or B.

The necessity of studying farm practice so as to see whether or not wheat crop will suffer from lack of available nitrogen should be emphasized over and over. On some farms, however, the potash proportion is very nearly as important as the nitrogen question.

Especially this year does the lack of available potassium in the soil mean the disappointment. Much of the loss is due to "leach" and much "nut" and some perhaps to the winter rain, which is said to have made potassium difficult. Way in the background there is a suspicion of lack of potash in some fertilizers beginning to tell, just as it is ready to tell with potash and tobacco. Rust and scab are diseases about which, but no one can disagree that their virulence is much increased when malnutrition is such and as a result of it.

In this matter of high analysis fertilizer the writer is inclined to be a little crabbed. Only recently a very old friend asked—what do you think of a 1-1-1 for my wheat this fall? I have by this time the reply is formed, though it is doubtful.

MURINE (Bayer's) Salts, Sodium, Potassium—Keep your Eyes Strong and Healthy! If they Tingle, Smart, Itch, or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Safe for Infants or Adults. At all drug stores. Write for Free Eye Book. **Bayer Company, Chicago, U.S.A.**

When needed to start the crop, we can select from Group I—either A or B.

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SHILOH 30 DROP COUGHS

Since 1870

Na wa 1-2-1 fertilizer will help to grow more wheat. There is not a shadow of doubt about that. It also returns a profit in any case where it is a fair about the plant-food of an argument for its use unless a higher grade fertilizer cannot be obtained.

What do we buy fertilizer for, anyway? If it isn't for the plant-food it is for the soil. Let us take the average man's analysis on the wheat night as well printed in Greek for all the use he can get of it. A 1-2-1 is cheaper than 2-1-2 beyond a shadow of doubt. How much cheaper is the 200 pounds of plant-food when compared with the 20 pounds of the higher grade. That makes the difference. Just for illustration, suppose we see a 1-2-1 fertilizer and a 2-1-2. The 1-2-1 is seldom ever offered for sale, but it will serve the purpose of fertilization and besides, it is not far from being exactly double the plant-food of 1-2-1 and in the same proportion. Which shall we buy, half a ton of 2-1-2 or a ton of 1-2-1? It will cost less than a ton of 2-1-2. It is sold at a demand wage and a rail-rate for freight. That is loss number one.

When after we have it, what advantage is there to the two tons that the farmer does not possess? Certainly, none. Yes, and the consumer has to pay for them. Count up the lost money and endways, and the only advantage for the low analysis is a few backaches and a more or less of sweat—something most of us can spare without ill-feelings. It is loss number two.

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SIR WILLIAM'S PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

Ward it off! Grace your table daily with a generous jug of Crown Brand Corn Syrup, ready for the dozen desserts and dishes it will truly "crown".

She looked from right to left, as if she would have escaped the question if she could; but his eyes were fixed on her with an intentness, an earnestness that seemed to command her heart, and—traitorous heart!—it yielded.

"Why, yes," she said, in a low voice, which, for all her efforts, quavered, and with a smile that flickered pathetically. "I—shall be glad—you have always been so kind—so—so—careful of me—in my sister."

He nodded. "Yes, but it that way," he said, with a short breath. "Then, if luck go with me, I'll come to you—and tell you. It will seem a long time—but I can wait. Can wait!"—he laughed slowly, mockingly—"For wealth and fame, and the rest of it, you know?" She moved away from him without a word, and he stood, his eyes still fixed on her; then he started, as if from a dream, and said: "Your horse?"

"At the stable," she said, just glancing at him. "But don't trouble. One of the men—"

He walked beside her, and almost in silence they reached the stables. He set the horse—she noticed how carefully he examined the girths and the "fastenings"—and held his hand and knee for her. His strong hands lifted her, as if she were a feather, into the saddle, and he stood for a moment looking up at her, as he arranged the reins in her hands.

"Thank you, thank you," she murmured, her eyes downcast. "I am late, I must ride fast. Good-by!"

"Good-by," he responded, in his deep voice; and the music of it rang in her ears, and seemed to be echoed by the pines as she rode between them.

Jack stood looking after her, his face pale, his lips set. Yes, he could wait until the time of grace's set forth in the will had passed; then he would go to her and say: "I am Wilfred Carton. I have renounced my claim to the estates and the money, they are yours; I love you; will you marry me?"

A voice from the beach startled him, and he turned, to see Lord Stanton coming up the beach.

"What luck!" he called out, and the words sounded like a good omen in Jack's ears. "I was afraid I should miss you. I say, Douglas, the specifications have come down, and I want you to go over them at once. Will you come up to the Towers to-night?"

Jack nodded. "Yes, I'll come," he said, absently omitting "the Lord Stanton."

The lad looked at him. "I say, you look rather off color, Douglas," he said, and he laid his hand in a very friendly way on Jack's broad shoulder. "You haven't looked the thing for some time past. You've been sticking to the work too hard, and want a change, that's what the matter. Why don't you take a holiday, go up to London and have a bit of a spree, do the theatre and the music-halls, eh?"

It did not strike him as strange that he should speak as if to an equal; and Jack nodded.

some which had once been familiar enough.

He passed in the screen of the bushes and looked in wistfully. The softly shaded lights showed him the women in their rich frocks, the men in the severe regulation evening dress; Lady Mervyn in black velvet, with priceless lace and diamonds, Mollie in her white cashmere with her ruddy hair tied in a pigtail, and—yes; there was Clytie in black!—less than usual, the clear ivory of her neck like the driven snow on which the faint dawn is shining. How lovely she was, and—ah, how much better!—how lovable!

But for his folly, and the fierce passion which was slain to madness, that had wrecked his life, he might be there, by her side, a welcome guest, free to love, to woo her. With a sigh, he was turning away, when he saw the tall, slight figure of Hesketh Carton leave Lord Stanton and approach Clytie. Jack stopped unconsciously and watched them. He saw Hesketh bend over Clytie and speak to her—it was some request, evidently, for she, after a moment's hesitation, rose, and they passed into the adjoining conservatory.

Jack moved away; but he had to pass the conservatory, and, though he turned his face aside, and sought his ends in the darkness, he could not but see the solution failed him, and he looked in.

They were standing in front of a bank of chrysanthemums, and Hesketh Carton—his cousin, as Jack mechanically reflected—was talking to her, bending over with an expression in his face which sent the blood to Jack's face and made him start, heart beating. Clytie was listening at first with just conventional attention; but he saw Hesketh suddenly draw closer, bend still lower over her, and take her hand.

He was almost too blinded by the sudden passion to see that her face had grown crimson and then pale; his eyes were fixed on Hesketh's face.

Coak's Cotton Root Compound

It is a reliable remedy for all the ailments of the throat, such as Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, etc. It is sold in 2, 5, 10, and 20 cent bottles. Price per bottle, 25 cents. Wholesale price, 10 cents per dozen. Address: The National Dispensary, 100, Broad Street, New York, N.Y.

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him, and called to him. He went into the tiny room, and she sat up, rubbing his forehead.

"Is that you, Mr. Jack?" she said, yawning. "What are you doing? It's velly late, isn't it? Where are you going my that bag?"

"I'm going on—a little journey, Polly," he said. "Don't make a row and wake your mother. Tell her I was obliged to go. She'll find some money on the kitchen table."

The child put her arm around his neck and peered sleepily up at him.

"How curious your voice sounds," she said, "and you're all white and shaking. You'd had again, I know. And what are you doing?" in the middle of the night for?"

"Business, Polly," he said, his throat dry and aching.

"You're comin' back?" she said, anxiously.

"Yes, I'm coming back," he said, forcing the falsehood. "There, lie down and go by again."

He drew the clothes about her and kissed her; with a little sigh of content she closed her eyes, and Jack, a lump in his parched throat, stole from the room at the end of the house.

CHAPTER XIX.

Now, Clytie had accompanied Hesketh Carton to the conservatory without the least suspicion of his object in asking her to do so. It may be accepted as an almost universal truth that every woman, even a girl in her teens, knows when a man is in love with her. Hesketh's heart had been engaged in the conservatory no doubt Clytie would have discovered the fact; but he was not in love with her—it is doubtful whether Mr. Hesketh Carton was capable of an exalted passion. He desired was not Clytie, but Bramley and Sir William's fortune; and that being so, Clytie was justified in attributing the attentions

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

with which he had favored her to a simple desire to make himself pleasant to a near neighbor.

So she went into the conservatory quite innocently and without any misgiving, and listened placidly and contentedly as he expatiated on the beauty of the chrysanthemums. She noticed that his voice was softer than usual, and that his dark eyes dwelt upon her face rather than the flowers; but she remained quite unconscious until, his voice dropping to almost a whisper, he said:

"Miss Bramley, I asked you to come out here alone with me because I wanted to speak to you, to tell you of something that is of vital importance to me. I think, I hope, that you will not be altogether unprepared for what I am going to tell you. You must have seen that my frequent visits to the Hall, my evident desire to be near you, sprang from no ordinary cause. Indeed, though I have refrained from speaking—for I have, of course, felt it wrong to tell you. To-night I have guessed how it was, I think, I do not think any man could have seen so much of you as I have done without being inspired by love for you; at my rate, I am not that man; and I can keep silence no longer. To-night I have resolved to confess my love for you and to ask you to be my wife."

It was at this point he had taken her hand; and Clytie was so amazed, so bewildered, by the sudden and unexpected avowal that, in the confusion of the moment, she had actually allowed her hand to remain for a moment or two in Hesketh Carton's, while a blush, say, rather, a startled flush, had risen to her face; it might well have been mistaken by Jack for the sign of a warmer emotion. But after that moment she recovered herself, and, withdrawing her hand, looked at Hesketh steadily, her face pale, her brows drawn together as was their wont when she was deeply moved.

Most men would have been disconcerted by the steady gaze of the beautiful eyes; but Hesketh Carton, not being in love, had nothing of the lover's timorousness, and he bent himself to his task with all the advantage which a man possesses when his heart is not engaged. He was perfectly self-possessed and an admirable actor, and a very fair imitation of passion shone in his dark eyes and quivered about his thinly cut lips.

"I see that I was wrong, for I have startled you," he said. "You are so innocent, so beautifully ignorant of the world and its ways that you have not suspected the truth. I do not know whether to be glad or sorry. Yes, I am glad; for it is so characteristic of you, so indicative of your pure, innocent nature. It will make the acceptance of my humble proposal—if you should deign to accept it—so much more precious. Please do not speak yet." For Clytie had opened her lips, which had been tightly compressed.

"I will ask you to hear me to the end. I have spoken of presumption, and I know how great a sin it is; but I cannot be aware of the fact of the distance between us and the audacity I am displaying in endeavoring to pass it. You are—what you are. Not only a member of one of the oldest of our county families, but the mistress of Bramley."

Clytie opened her lips again to deny the assertion, but he held up his hand, and smiled softly.

"I know what you would say," he said. "That your fortune of the estate and Sir William's fortune is uncertain. Perhaps that fact has given me courage to speak to you. Miss Bramley,

A Coated Tongue? What it Means

A bad breath, coated tongue, bad taste in the mouth, languor and debility, are usually signs that the liver is out of order. The liver is an organ of great importance to the health.

We can manufacture poisons within our own bodies which are as deadly as a snake's venom.

The liver acts as a guard over our well-being, sifting out the cinders and ashes from the general circulation.

A blockade in the intestines piles a heavy burden upon the liver. If the intestines are choked or clogged up, the circulation of the blood becomes poisoned and the system becomes loaded with toxic waste, and we suffer from headache, yellow-coated tongue, bad taste in mouth, nausea, or gas, acid dyspepsia, languor, debility, yellow skin or eyes. At such times one should take castor oil or a pleasant laxative. Such a one is made of Mergapple, leaves of sloe and jalap, put into ready-to-use form by Doctor Pierce, nearly fifty years ago, and sold for 25 cents by all druggists as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

THE LORD MAYOR

Something About London's Historic Civic Head.

The office of Lord Mayor of London dates from the twelfth century and the first held office twenty-five years. It then became annual.

The first two centuries remain misty. However, John Carpenter, town clerk, wrote his copious book in 1419, giving a full account of the Corporation. It is interesting to observe up to what privileges the London Mayor fought. He was a century and a half getting the title of lord, with all its meaning. Most readers will be surprised with what he has gained.

Within the city proper the Lord Mayor ranks next to the King. He is even technically before such dignitaries as the Premier (who has no hereditary rank), the Lord Chancellor, and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Lord Mayor takes precedence of the Lord Chancellor as First Judge of the Criminal Court. Neither of them enters upon "details" there, but it must be remembered when the outranking means when liberties had to be fought for.

The Lord Mayor of London cannot jump up easily. First he must be a member of one of the livery companies. Next elected alderman. Then sheriff. Anybody refusing to be an alderman is liable to a fine of £500 if he cannot prove his wealth to be under £20,000. The sheriff gets £750 a year, but must spend about £400. The Lord Mayor gets £10,000 and spends at least twice that in normal times. When a sovereign dies he attends the Privy Council and is a signer of the proclamation of the new monarch.

THIS WEAK, NERVOUS MOTHER

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was very weak, always tired, my back ached, and I felt sickly most of the time. I went to a doctor and he said I had nervous indigestion, which added to my weak condition kept me worrying most of the time—and he said if I could not stop that, I could not get well. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I bought a bottle. I took it for a week and felt a little better. I kept it up for three months, and I feel fine and can eat anything now without distress or nervousness."—Mrs. J. W. W. W., 222 North Taylor St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The majority of nervous ailments, however, there are great numbers upon their time and strength; the result is invariably a weakened run-down, nervous condition with headaches, backache, irritability and depression, and many nervous ailments develop. It is at such times that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore a normal healthy condition, as it did to Mrs. Worthless.

Clara, I must honestly tell you that I am bound to the uncertainty. I love you and care nothing for the loss of the money. I would ask you to be my wife, I would implore you, if you were one of the Bramley factory-girls. It is you I love."

Clytie turned her head away. No woman can receive a proposal of marriage from any man, however unworthy he may be, without being impressed by it; and Clytie, in her innocence, was touched by the emotion which Hesketh so skillfully feigned. And yet she was vaguely conscious of a false note in it. She could judge only by comparison, and though he had not spoken in an open world of love to her, it was not thus Jack Douglas had looked, not thus his voice had rung when he had stood before her and looked and spoken that afternoon.

"You are, as I say, far above me, in social position, everything. I am just Hesketh Carton, the proprietor of the Pit Works, of no social standing or position. I have only my love and a life's devotion to offer you—ah, give me one more moment! I am pleading for something that is more precious to me than life. Hitherto I have not been an ambitious man; but my ambition has grown with my love for you. I feel that if you will accept me, I am capable of making a place for you in the world, not worthy of you, Clytie; there is no position, however lofty, that your beauty and your grace would not adorn; but I can at least strive to win one in which you can reign as an acknowledged queen. Outside, in the great world there, I may find for you a sphere in which you may shine like the radiant star you are. It would be a labor of love for me to work for you, to realize those dreams which dwell in the heart of every true woman. What will you say to me, Clytie? Will you make me the happiest of men or the most wretched and hopeless?"

(To Be Continued.)

A RIGID SABBATH

Britain Only in Recent Times Ended Blue Laws.

Numerous laws in the United States, Canada and Great Britain forbid various acts of work and play on Sunday, but not since the late '80s of the "blue laws" of colonial days—some American laws have been forced by legislation to go to church on the Sabbath, an exchange says. In England, however, it was not until the middle of the last century, during the reign of Queen Victoria, that all penalties for non-attendance at religious services were abolished. Some unusual incidents attended the enforcement of the regulations, particularly upon the Hebrews.

They were not released from the provisions of the law until 1874, and multitudes of the Jews were prosecuted for insisting upon observing their own Sabbath. In the thirteenth century, it is reported, a Jew of Tewkesbury fell into a sewer on a Saturday. Although almost submerged, he would not permit himself to be drawn out, believing that to do so would be to violate the sanctity of the holy day. On the following morning he was quite ready to be rescued, but the perilous plight, however, had been a source of reverence for the Christian Sabbath, would not permit the unfortunate man to be rescued until after sunrise on Monday, when he was found to be dead.

As late as 1880 there were persons in English prisons whose only crime was refusal to attend divine service. One of them was a young man, who had been convicted at the instigation of his own mother who appeared against him. In 1817 Sir Montague Burgoyne was haled into court to explain why he disregarded his religious duties. Rigid Sunday observance in England began during the reign of Edward, in the tenth century, when the Sabbath day was ordained to be kept holy from three o'clock on Saturday afternoon until sunrise on Monday. The most innocent actions were condemned, and death was the extreme penalty for certain violations of the law. About three centuries ago Parliament passed a law imposing a fine of one shilling for remaining absent from church on Sunday, unless some good excuse was forthcoming. This act remained in effect until comparatively recent times, and inability of unwillingness to pay the fine resulted in a prison sentence.

Dr. Martell's Female Pills

For Women's Ailments

A Scientifically Prepared Remedy, recommended by physicians, and sold for many years. It is a powerful and reliable Menstrual, Backache, Constipation and other Women's Pills. Accept no other. At your druggist or by mail direct from the Canadian agents, Lyman Bros. & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can., upon receipt of price, 25c.

BIRD RIDES FREE

Rice Bird Uses Buzzard as a Steed.

Sie and strength are popularly associated with victory, especially among the lower animals, but in many cases this is far from being the case, particularly in the bird world. Among the rice flats of the Carolina lowlands about at some seasons tiny rice birds, birds so small that it takes two dozen for a good meal, even though bones and all are eaten.

The great buzzard is found circling over the flats at all times. He droops the time for the rice birds to come, for he is then prepared to death. It is a common sight to see one of these tiny creatures fly up to a buzzard, and after dodging this way and that around the awkward bulk, finally alight well forward on the buzzard's wings on the back. Here the little passenger grabs a few feathers in his beak and holds on for grim life. After enjoying a ride for as long as he desires, the little fellow hops off and is gone.

The peculiar feature of the whole performance is that apparently the only purpose the rice bird has in getting on the back of the buzzard is to take a free ride. It puzzles everyone who chances to see the little play to find any other reason; yet the fact remains that it is a sequent occurrence, and the little birds seem to enjoy it hugely.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

BY LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease, HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is the only cure. It is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surface of the system. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood-purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions.

Druggists Everywhere. Testimonials from F. C. H. & Co., Proprietors, Toronto, Can.

Explaining Falling of Leaves.

The shedding of leaves in autumn may be due to physiological drought. The soil contains sufficient moisture, but the temperature of the soil may be so low to enable the trees to absorb it. "June drop" of oranges and many similar losses may be due to similar causes.

Many a paperman goes to the wall because his wallpaper doesn't.