

You Can Grow Bigger Crops and Better Crops

on your land if you set about to do this in an intelligent manner. There are three points to which you must give careful and particular attention: Proper Cultivation, Crop Rotation, and the Proper Use of the Right Kind of Fertilizers. To secure best results you must attend to all three of these. No matter how well your land is cultivated, or your crops regulated, unless you use in the proper way the right kind of fertilizers, you cannot secure the best results.

HARAB FERTILIZERS

are the right kind of fertilizers. Made from animal products, they return to the land the plant food which has been taken from it. They are organic fertilizers and for this reason act much more naturally than inorganic or chemical fertilizers. This difference in action can be very well compared to the difference between the action of a food and a stimulant on a human being.

Harab Fertilizers are Foods and will have no injurious after affects. They will **not** sour your land.

If you have tried other brands and are dissatisfied you will do well to give our goods a trial. They bring results. If you have never tried fertilizers you will be very wise to start now by trying Harab Fertilizers. Write us for full particulars. Our goods are put up as a finely ground powder in 125 lb. sacks. Can be handled without any trouble in an ordinary seed drill, or can be scattered by hand. We guarantee our goods to contain the plant foods represented, not only with you, but with the Government.

If we have no agent near you we want one. Write us for terms, prices, commission, etc.

"Harab Fertilizers" are Made in Canada

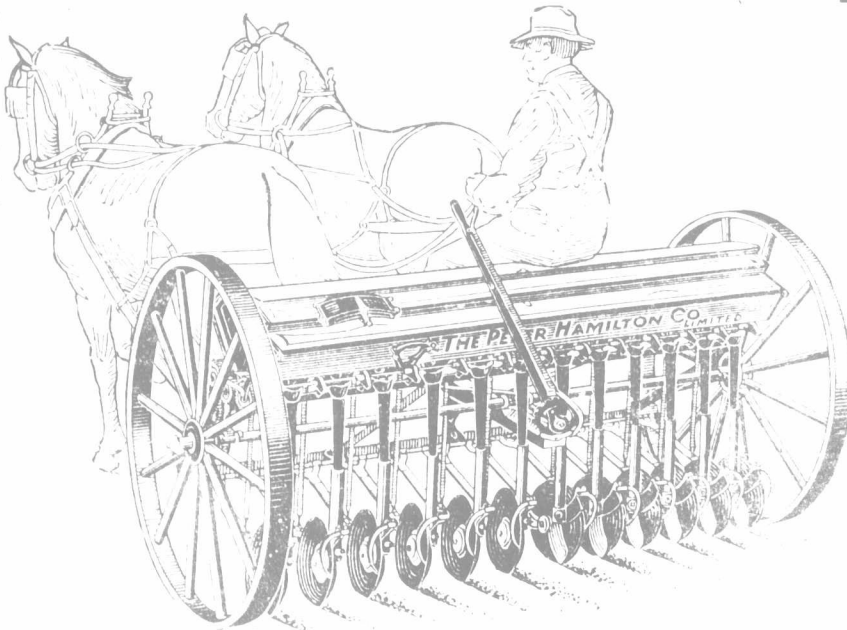
by

THE HARRIS ABATTOIR CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.

THE "LEADER" SEEDER

An examination of the "Leader" Seeder will show that it is no common drill. A trial in your field will prove it. A "Leader" always does the best possible work under the most difficult conditions; makes a perfect seed-bed and deposits the seed evenly at a uniform depth. The frame is strong, and reinforced to prevent the slightest springing or racking. The wheels are large, and have long, strong bearing hubs. The DISCS or HOES cannot clog. The gear is positive. The feed is absolute and exact. Be sure and see our agent before you buy.

The Peter Hamilton Company, Limited
Peterborough, Ont.



recherche dishes, and others overturned on the floor, that spoke volumes on the subject of my Lord Grenville's cellars.

It was a ghostlike replica, in fact, of that fashionable gathering upstairs; a ghost that haunts every house, where balls and good suppers are given; a picture drawn with white chalk on grey cardboard, dull and colorless, now that the bright silk dresses and gorgeously embroidered coats were no longer there to fill in the foreground, and now that the candles flickered sleepily in their sockets.

Chauvelin smiled benignly, and rubbing his long, thin hands together, he looked round the deserted supper-room, whence even the last flunkey had retired in order to join his friends in the hall below. All was silence in the dimly-lighted room, whilst the sound of the gavotte, the hum of distant talk and laughter, and the rumble of an occasional coach outside, only seemed to reach this palace of the 'Sleeping Beauty' as the murmur of some fitting spooks far away.

It all looked so peaceful, so luxurious, and so still, that the keenest observer—a veritable prophet—could never have guessed that, at this present moment, that deserted supper-room was nothing but a trap laid for the capture of the most cunning and audacious plotter those stirring times had ever seen.

Chauvelin pondered and tried to peer into the immediate future. What would this man be like, whom he and the leaders of a whole revolution had sworn to bring to his death? Everything about him was weird and mysterious; his personality, which he had so cunningly concealed, the power he wielded over nineteen English gentlemen who seemed to obey his every command blindly and enthusiastically, the passionate love and submission he had roused in his little trained band, and, above all, his marvellous audacity, the boundless impudence which had caused him to beard his most implacable enemies, within the very walls of Paris.

No wonder that in France the sobriquet of the mysterious Englishman roused in the people a superstitious shudder. Chauvelin himself, as he gazed round the deserted room, where presently the weird hero would appear, felt a strange feeling of awe creeping all down his spine.

But his plans were well laid. He felt sure that the Scarlet Pimpernel had not been warned, and felt equally sure that Marguerite Blakeney had not played him false. If she had . . . a cruel look, that would have made her shudder, gleamed in Chauvelin's keen, pale eyes. If she had played him a trick, Armand St. Just would suffer the extreme penalty.

But no, no! of course she had not played him false!

Fortunately the supper-room was deserted: this would make Chauvelin's task all the easier, when presently that unsuspecting enigma would enter it alone. No one was here now save Chauvelin himself.

Stay! as he surveyed with a satisfied smile the solitude of the room, the cunning agent of the French Government became aware of the peaceful, monotonous breathing of some one of my Lord Grenville's guests, who, no doubt, had slipped both wisely and well, and was enjoying a quiet sleep, away from the din of the dancing above.

Chauvelin looked round once more, and there in the corner of a sofa, in the dark angle of the room, his mouth open, his eyes shut, the sweet sounds of peaceful slumbers proceeding from his nostrils, reclined the gorgeously-apparelled, long-limbed husband of the cleverest woman in Europe.

Chauvelin looked at him as he lay there, placid, unconscious, at peace with all the world and himself, after the best of sauces, and a smile, that was almost one of pity, softened for a moment the hard lines of the Frenchman's face, and the sinister twinkle of his eyes.

He took a step forward, deep in dream, as he would not interfere with Chauvelin's work, catching that cunning gleam in his eye. Again he rubbed his eyes, and, following the example of the Englishman, Blakeney, he too closed his eyes. In the corner of the room, his eyes, opened his eyes, and the sounds of peaceful slumbers waited.

(Continued)