



Applying "Tarvia-X" on Sudbury-Coppercliff Road, Ont. Photo 1917.

Making an all-year-round Road with Tarvia—

ALL the year round this Tarvia road will be smooth, dustless, mudless, and ready for business!

As the picture shows, the layer of broken stone has been spread and rolled and now the steam-roller is drawing over it a tank-wagon of "Tarvia-X," heated by steam from the roller. A man at the rear directs the spray of the hot Tarvia upon the stone.

The Tarvia flows down among the broken stones, filling up the chinks, coating the stone, and cementing it together.

Behind the tank-wagon other men are spreading over the

Tarvia surface a thin layer of fine crushed stone or gravel which the roller will presently roll down into the Tarvia.

Thus is built a Tarvia-bonded macadam road that defies even our Canadian frosts and withstands heavy motor-

truck and swift automobile-traffic.

Such is the ideal road for rural thoroughfares because it is economical to maintain and will last three to five times as long as plain macadam, although it is only slightly more expensive to construct.

We have booklets about Tarvia which we should be glad to send you if you are interested.

The **Barrett** Company
LIMITED

MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER
ST. JOHN, N. B. HALIFAX, N. S. SYDNEY, N. S.

THINK THIS OVER!

There is a Canadian paper which for over fifty-two years has been steadily working to promote the interests of farmers. In all that time it has been owned and edited by practical farmers, and has refused thousands and thousands of dollars, not only in questionable advertising, but from outside interests seeking to use the paper for their own ends.

NO POLITICAL RING—NO MONEYED INTERESTS

Have any say or control over the policy of The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine, and its independent attitude enables its editors to speak out frankly and fearlessly in the best interests of its subscribers and Canadian farmers generally.

WHAT IS THIS WORTH TO YOU?

You support it personally by reading it and subscribing to it. But do you tell your neighbor about it, and give him a chance to benefit by it?

AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY

Send in your neighbor's subscription with \$1.50, to cover his subscription for the year, and for each new yearly subscription you send we will extend your own subscription six months FREE.

COUPON

The Farmer's Advocate & Home Magazine, London, Ont.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed is the name of a new subscriber, and money order for \$1.50, covering same for one year. Please extend my subscription for six months, in accordance with your offer.

Name of sender.....

Address.....

Name of new subscriber.....

Address.....

would be nice for you all to write letters to Oneta, addressing them directly to her at "Potter, Northern Ontario." You see she has so few playmates. Then she can answer you all at once by writing a letter to you through the Beaver Circle.

—PUCK.

Honor Roll.—Bessie Thomson, Kenneth Rath, Leila Kottmeier, Dollie Ard, Amy Edwards.

Beaver Circle Notes.

In reply to Leila Kottmeier: The little stories written by Beavers are not paid for except by prizes in the competitions.

If "Miss McAuley", Lemieux, Ont., had finished her story about Androcles and the Lion it would have been published. It is better to write original stories, about occurrences near home, than to re-tell stories already published.

In reply to Dollie Ard: The Beaver Circle is for the children of subscribers to The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine. It costs nothing to join it.

Our Junior Beavers.

The Jumping Mouse.

One fall when my father was digging at his water pipes, we found two little mice. Father caught them and gave them to me. I was afraid because I thought they might bite me, but they did not. When I was running away from a milk snake one of them got away and went down a stump, I brought the other up to the house and we put him under a glass lid and gave him rolled oats to eat.

Quite a while after we were asked to go to a wedding. We thought he might be cold, so we put an old mitt in and quite a bit of rolled oats and went away. When we came back we found the mitt all chopped up and made into a ball and inside the ball was the mouse.

We used to let him out to play and one day Muriel, my sister, tried to catch him and he bit her.

He had a grey coat and long black legs and he had a white breast and a very long tail. Soon after we took and let him go, so we had no more mouse to look at.

IRWIN SWITZER, (Age 10).

R. R. 1, St. George, Ont.

Irwin's letter, which was over-looked when the list was published, won a prize in the last competition.

The Windrow

Nine rest clubs for British nurses in France have been established by the Princess Victoria.

In the effort to solve the problem of providing adequate employment to returned soldiers in England and Scotland, looms are provided for the weaving of what are known as "Blighty Tweeds". Every piece of cloth bears the name of the man who wove it. French soldiers who are being cared for in the American hospital at Neuilly, France, are taught bead-work, and are making beautiful necklaces for sale, all returns going directly to them.

Paris designers are planning that the next fashion for woollen suits and dresses shall be made of 2½ yards of 40-inch goods—which means the straight silhouette, really more trim and smart than the full styles which have been in vogue for the past three years. The real reason at the back of the change, however, is the shortage of wool, so that more may be spared for the khaki suits for the soldiers.

A Humane officer with an automobile has been appointed to go through the State of Massachusetts to look after the work of prevention of cruelty to animals.

"A mule", said Uncle Eben, "should be a warnin' against kickin'. De better he does it de more unpopular he gits."

The Hostess:—"Are you a musician, Mr. Jones?"

Jones (dying to exhibit his powers):—"Well—er—yes; I think I might claim to be one."

The Hostess:—"Delighted. My daughter is going to play. It would be so kind if you would turn over the music for her."—Sketch.

Serial Story.

An Alabaster Box.

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN AND FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.

By arrangement with McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Publishers, Toronto, Ont.

Chapter XXVII.

History is said to repeat itself, as if indeed the world were a vast pendulum, swinging between events now inconceivably remote, and again menacing and near. And if in things great and heroic, so also in the less significant aspects of life.

Mrs. Henry Daggett stood, weary but triumphant, amid the nearly completed preparations for a reception in the new church parlors, her broad, rosy face wearing a smile of satisfaction.

"Don't it look nice?" she said, by way of expressing her overflowing contentment.

Mrs. Maria Dodge, evergreen wreaths looped over one arm, nodded.

"It certainly does look fine, Abby," said she. "And I guess nobody but you would have thought of having it."

Mrs. Daggett beamed. "I thought of it the minute I heard about that city church that done it. I call it a real tasty way to treat a minister as nice as ours."

"So 'tis," agreed Mrs. Dodge with the air of complacent satisfaction she had acquired since Fanny's marriage to the minister. "And I think Wesley'll appreciate it."

Mrs. Daggett's face grew serious. Then her soft bosom heaved with mirth.

"Tain't everybody that's lucky enough to have a minister right in the family," said she briskly. "Mebbe if I was to hear a sermon preached every day in the week I'd get some piouiser myself. I've been comparing this with the fair we had last summer. It ain't so grand, but it's newer. A fair's like a work of nature, Maria; sun and rain and dew, and the scrapings from the henyard, all mixed with garden ground to fetch out cabbages, potatoes or roses. God gives the increase."

Mrs. Dodge stared at her friend in amazement.

"That sounds real beautiful, Abby," she said. "You must have thought it all out."

"That's just what I done," confirmed Mrs. Daggett happily. "I'm always meditating about something, whilst I'm working 'round th' thouse. And it's amazing what thoughts'll come to a body from somewheres. . . . What you going to do with them wreaths, Maria?"

"Why, I was thinking of putting 'em right up here," said Mrs. Dodge, pointing. "A good place," said Mrs. Daggett. "Remember Fanny peeking through them wreaths last summer? Pretty as a pink! An' now she's Mis' Reveren' Elliot. I seen him looking at her that night. . . . My! My! What lots of things have took place in our midst since then."

Mrs. Dodge, from the lofty elevation of a stepladder, looked across the room.

"Here comes Ann Whittle with two baskets," she said, "and Mrs. Solomon Black carrying a big cake, and a whole crowd of ladies just behind 'em."

"Glad they ain't going to be late like they was last year," said Mrs. Daggett. "My sakes! I hadn't thought so much about that fair till to-day; the scent of the evergreens brings it all back. We was wondering who'd buy the things; remember, Maria?"

"I should say I did," assented Mrs. Dodge, hopping nimbly down from the ladder. "There, that looks even nicer than it did at the fair; don't you think so, Abby?"

"It looks perfectly lovely, Maria." "Well, here we are at last," announced Mrs. Whittle as she entered. "I had to wait till the frosting stiffened up on my cake."

She bustled over to a table and began to take the things out of her baskets. Mrs. Daggett hurried forward to meet Mrs. Solomon Black, who was advancing with slow majesty, bearing a huge disk covered with tissue paper.

Mrs. Black was not the only woman in the town of Brookville who could now boast sleeves made in the latest Parisian style. Her quick black eyes had already observed the crisp blue taffeta, in which Mrs. Whittle was attired, and the fresh muslin gowns decked with increased ribbons worn by Mrs. Daggett and her friend, Maria Dodge. Mrs. Solomon Black's water-waves were crisp and