



Advertisements will be inserted under this heading, such as Farm Properties, Help and Situations Wanted and Pet Stock.

TERMS—Three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

DOMESTICS WANTED—A GIRL WANTED as mother's help, age 14 to 16, light work, good home, kind treatment. Wages \$10 per month with good room and board. Apply Mrs. Thos. W. Slattery, 29 Spencer Ave., Toronto.

LAMBTON COUNTY DAIRY FARM FOR SALE, 185 acres, near town, creamery, cheese factory, school. Rural mail. Phone, Hydro line, Box W, Farmer's Advocate, London, Ont.

SCOTCH SABLE COLLIES READY FOR SHIPMENT. Buy brains and beauty combined. Geo. C. Burt, Hillsburg, Ont.

WANTED—BY OCTOBER 1st, KITCHEN maid, pantry maid, and two housemaids. Apply personally during September or by letter any time before October to Miss Elliot, Annesley Hall, Queen's Park, Toronto.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED MILKER AND farm hand; also man for bottling milk. Thirty-five dollars and board per month. Write Erindale Farms, Limited, Erindale, Ont. (12 miles from Toronto).

PATENTS AND LEGAL FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO., PATENTS Solicitors—The Old Established Firm. Head Office Royal Bank Building, Toronto, and 5 Elgin St., Ottawa, and other principal cities.

For Sale—by North Dumfries Seed Reg. Dawson's G Chaff Seed Wheat, in sealed sacks, at \$1.60 per bus. W. C. Barrie, Sec. R. R. 7 Galt, Ont.



POULTRY AND EGGS

Condensed advertisements will be inserted under this heading at three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order for any advertisement under this heading. Parties having good pure-bred poultry and eggs for sale will find plenty of customers by using our advertising columns. No advertisements inserted for less than 50 cents.

LIMITED NUMBER OF TRIOS OF THE famous table-egg ducks (fawn and white Indian Runners). Hardy, island raised. \$5.00 a trio, order quick from this ad. W. A. Staebler, Gananoque, Ont.

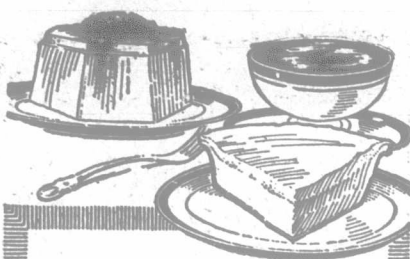
Pratts Poultry and Animal Regulators

A remedy for every ailment. Write now for FREE advice and descriptive literature. Address: PRATT FOOD CO. OF CANADA, LTD. 686 Claremont St., Toronto

SEED WANTED

We are buyers of ALSIKE, RED CLOVER, ALFALFA, WHITE BLOSSOM, SWEET CLOVER, and TIMOTHY Seed. If any to offer send samples and we will quote you our best price F.O.B. your station.

TODD & COOK
Seed Merchants
Stouffville, Ont.



These are only a few of the delicious desserts you can make with

BENSON'S CORN STARCH

The good cook will tell you that she always mixes BENSON'S with the wheat flour, no matter what she is baking—because BENSON'S gives a fine, smooth, even texture to Bread, Rolls, Biscuits, Cake and Pie Crusts, that can't be gotten with flour alone.

Our new recipe book of "DESSERTS AND CANDIES" tells just how to use it, to get the best results. Write to our Montreal Office for a copy.

THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED
Montreal, Cardinal, Brantford, Fort William.
Makers of "Crown Brand" and "Lily White" Corn Syrups and "Silver Gloss" Laundry Starch.

SEEDS

Timothy

Freight paid on two or more bus. Gov't standard No. 2, No. 1 for purity. \$4.85 bus. Write for quotations on any other seeds you might require.

GEO. KEITH & SONS 124 KING ST. E. TORONTO

Keep Your Live Stock Healthy

and in prime condition by supplementing the feed with

LINSEED OIL CAKE, "Maple Leaf" Brand

With a trial ton order we will send you free, "The Veterinarian," a valuable book about the diseases of cattle.

The CANADA LINSEED OIL MILLS, Ltd.
Toronto and Montreal

Harab-Davies Fertilizers

Yield Big Results

Write for Booklet.

THE ONTARIO FERTILIZERS, LTD.
West Toronto

Low Prices on GASOLINE ENGINES

Owing to our very large purchasing power, we have been able to secure a line of high class Farm Engines at prices never offered before in Ontario. If you want an engine, don't fail to get full information on our proposition—it will save you money.

CO-OPERATIVE PRICES ON U. F. O. ENGINES

1½ h. p.	mounted on skids, battery ignition	\$ 36.50
2 h. p.	" " " " " "	47.30
3 h. p.	" " " " " "	54.00
4½ h. p.	" " " " " "	91.95
6 h. p.	" " " " " "	115.20
Big 8 h. p.	on steel base " " " "	136.05
Webster Magneto extra on machines up to 4½ h. p.		10.00
" " " " " " " " " "	6 to 8 h. p.	12.00

Freight paid to your station in Ontario

These engines are sold under an absolute 10-year guarantee; and if within 60 days after you receive the engine you would rather have your money than the engine, we will cheerfully refund it.

See our exhibit of engines at the Toronto Fair in the Preston Metal Shingle & Siding Company's Steel Truss Model Barn.

Send for illustrated catalogue. Address—

The United Farmers' Co-operative Co., Limited
110 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.

the Santell memory. The last night of his life, he had run Orion's lines with letters from Mary Romany. . . . The postmarks were oddly smudged. The first letter had been written from Savannah, Georgia. The later two were not marked. Was she coming still nearer—perhaps to winter in Florida?

Mary Romany carried me far out of the world, and its thoughts and ways, filled my life with visions. As I blew out the candles, I had to recall, and with difficulty, that all men were not harboring such visions.

A man's ideals sweep him out of the human current far more surely than his errors. I learned this well.

Mary Romany had put me away for a year, and the answer was a kingdom in my heart, wrought of absence and dreams and love of her. How cheap was the price I paid—this dropping slightly out of touch with men.

Later I saw that a new tent had been raised near Headquarters, and as I approached, a white arm beckoned in the moonlight.

The Yarbins fitted in smoothly to the life of the settlement. I could see that Romany, a sick man, liked her stamp of woman, and found it good to have her about. He made it comfortable for her in many ways, which she returned in good measure to us all. Yarkin often joined us in the evening at Headquarters, where the dry Maconachie called, and Huntoon sat uneasily on occasion, rolling pestiferous cigarettes from a limp cloth bag. It appears that Yarkin, who had considerable currency, helped out in the purchase of supplies from Libertad.

Since gold was contraband, there was now no need of exciting Orion in the matter of exchange. It was a big gamble all round, but I came to realize that Yarkin had deeply appreciated the little brush we had in Libertad, and what I had said the next morning about having no interest in him beyond Libertad and the valley. He saw, moreover, that I had not spoken. There was a sense of protection in Tropicania which he enjoyed for the woman; and when Yarkin became acquainted with Romany, it was clear that he was willing to stake a good portion of what he had, with the fortunes of the big mining venture.

The old Master's wound healed outwardly, but had shaken the stronghold. Every evening he went to the Vatican with the day's yield of gold, but invariably alone. He alone held the keys to the great iron door, which was locked after his entrance. On two or three occasions, I went with him to the master-ruin, when duplicate parts of the machinery were needed, a few extra guns, or valuable stores; but it was afterward that I was required to look closely and learn the mystery of the treasure-house. The impressions that remained from these early visits were external; the cistern in the centre of the ancient stronghold, the great altar-stone enigmatically perforated, the long cases of guns, ammunition boxes, and the vast bulk of provisions of an imperishable nature. The size of the interior astonished me. All Tropicania might have found refuge there, indeed; and it was no black hole. Strangely enough there was fresh-water in the cistern, and sunlight found its way through the broken places in the roof, which Romany had caused to be reinforced with iron bars when he constructed the great door.

I thought much of the old Master's wound and the man himself. On the days when he seemed actually to be failing, invariably would he declare his strength. We had many rare talks. He did much writing and intimated that I was to have his effects in the event of death.

"I'm not looking for trouble," he said. "This is only a sort of insurance. You'll find a letter upon me, addressed to you. It will make everything clear."

His life had made him master of his own thoughts. Romany never fully confided to me anything that had to do with the success of the settlement, until conditions forced a disclosure. It was not that he distrusted, I found repeatedly. As a leader of a colony of men whose growing fortunes were bound together under his hand, secrecy appeared to him imperative. But there was a natural repression in the man—iron and unbreakable and under his will, like the great door of the Vatican.

For instance, one night he showed me a dispatch from an important financial

house in Guayaquil, politically very close to the government of Ecuador and colossally rich. The message was a reply to one that the old Master had sent out evidently weeks before, and was a courteous refusal of a large loan. The terms of the letter showed me what Romany had asked and represented. He had made it appear that he was in need of more machinery; and that, while he was convinced more than ever of the riches in the Calderon, it was going to require much more money than he had, to get out the gold.

And this was his way of writhing a little, of representing failure to Ecuador, of breaking the patience and concentration of Orion.

I knew that the riches in the Calderon were prodigious, also that they were yielding themselves every daylight hour; singing excitement everywhere. Each passing day was a victory; and yet with curious and far-reaching care the old Master had undertaken to negotiate a loan that he had no use for. The strategy undoubtedly checked the rush to the eldorado, and cooled the lust of the two republics.

The men knew that all was going well but so undeviating was the course of Romany's policy of silence, that even Maconachie could only guess at the degree; and I, who was closest to the Chief, did not know until afterward that the winning surpassed even his dreams.

He watched very closely my relation to the colony, pleased to observe that I prospered alike with the soldiers and miners. I had fallen into the post of his aide, on a large and friendly basis, and found much to do both in the departments of defense and labor. Leek alone remained unopened, in so far as I was concerned. The personal factotum to the old Master appeared to resent my advent.

It was the same between Viringhy and Huntoon. No love of these two for each other complicated their day's work. Huntoon remained dry—just about; his enthusiasm for the old Master unabated. Romany's personal gameness and mastery of strategic changes had won the professional soldier to the last breath. Huntoon had been given Santell's place—second to old Viringhy in the fighting force.

To be continued.

The Dollar Chain

A fund maintained by readers of "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine" for (1) Red Cross Supplies; (2) Soldiers' Comforts; (3) Belgian Relief; (4) Serbian Relief.

Contributions from Aug. 15 to Aug. 21: Mrs. Geo. H. Ridley, R. 2, St. Mary's \$2.00; J. McIntyre, R. 5, St. Thomas, \$5.00; Unknown, \$2.00; I. H. G., \$1.00; J. A. Spalding, Watford, \$2.00.

Amount previously acknowledged \$2,821.70

Total to Aug. 21 \$2,833.70

Kindly address contributions to "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine" London, Ont.

Dead Man's Hill.

Who was the "dead man" of Dead Man's Hill?

Plenty of comrades he has to-day Lying around him so calm and still, Corpses in blue and corpses in gray, Friend and foe, a grim array, Shattered by shrapnel and scorched by flame,

And the poilus grimly smile as they say That Dead Man's Hill lives up to its name.

Was he some wanderer lone who died On a winter's night when the air was chill,

And the snow lay deep on the country side, And the dirge of the wind was loud and shrill?

And so did he come at last to fill A nameless grave? Nay, who can tell?

I only know that the Dead Man's Hill To-day is but known as a living hell.

—London Evening News.