

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 June 16th to June 23rd: Mrs. A. McKnight, Galt, Ont., \$1.00; Fletcher Buckland, R. 2, Warton, Ont., \$4.00; "M," Appin, Ont., \$2.00; C. Fettes, Oil Springs, Ont., \$8.00; "T," \$1.00; "Unknown," \$3.00; "E. C.," Galt, Ont., \$10.00.

Amount previously acknowledged.....\$2,532.70

Total to June 23rd.....\$2,561.70

IF YOU CAN'T GO TO THE FRONT GIVE.

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

A Note About Serbian Relief.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

The Serbian Relief committee wish to thank you again, for your kind help in this work, we are forwarding from time to time all possible funds for medicines and hospital supplies. The Serbian wounded are deeply in need. Your splendid work in assisting the suffering will not only be appreciated by the committee working here, but all along the line and finally the needy in Serbia. Our Relief work required a number of links, for the chain to extend from here to Serbia is a long one and we feel we must keep it busy by all kinds of efforts. Thanking you again.

FANNIE L. EDWARDS,
Corr. and Treasurer.

A Song.

(BY CHARLES ALEXANDER RICHMOND,
IN "SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.")

I.

Oh, red is the English rose,
And the lilies of France are pale.
And the poppies grow in the golden
wheat,
For the men whose eyes are heavy with
sleep
Where the ground is red as the English
rose
And lips as the lilies of France are pale
And the ebbing pulses beat fainter and
fainter
And fail.

II.

Oh, red is the English rose,
And the lilies of France are pale.
And the poppies lie in the level corn,
For the men who sleep and never return.
But wherever they lie, an English rose
So red and a lily of France so pale
Will grow, for a love that never and
never
Can fail.

Our Serial Story

The Road of Living Men.

BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT.
Author of "Down Among Men," "Fate Knocks
at the Door," "Red Fleece," "Routledge
Rides Alone," "Midstream," "Child
and Country," etc.

Serial Rights Reserved.

II.

I have a suspicion that Huntoon thought us a bit mad that night. We found him through a card he had left for Yuan, and talked till mid-night in a buffet of his choice—accumulating impossible cigars and drinking dull sickening nothings. In the wash of this soft truck, Huntoon arose frequently to announce that he "wasn't taking a thing in the States." Yet, he was at his ease with the flow of drink about him—the atmosphere of tables, glasses, smoke and loosed laughter.

It was good to have him again, though we saw that he would die in the cities. He had lost the knack of St. Louis, and had "honed" to be away after the first two days, he said; and yet the mother and "Old Top" had been dear to him. She had wept over him for his courage "up the river," and "Old Top"

had offered him business at home. It appears Huntoon had explained that he was just the same, deserved quite as much as ever to be back on remittance. In his own charming selfless fashion, he believed this, but Yuan and I saw it differently—more as *She* saw it, I think. . . . It was I who mentioned South America, and I saw the gladness in Yuan's eyes at the quick-starting interest of Huntoon. This was the best moment of the night.

I was leaving at one in the morning for Philadelphia—to be back in Washington on the third day following. Yuan and Huntoon were to wait for me.

In leaving Yuan Kang Su, I had the odd sense that it was not safe for him to be alone, that he carried explosives without adequate knowledge or respect for them. I never was so close to weeping for a man's plight. This perhaps is just a saying. A jagged mote or an acrid gas would likely be necessary, if I were called upon to deliver tears. But Yuan seemed so young to be divested, and so brave. Many of the things he told me through that long day were too delicate-tinted for the expression of my words—yet they live for me still, perfume-breathing buds in the far night-fields of the mind. . . .

These were days of soul history. Yesterday Yuan; this morning Jane Forbes. Only two hours in Philadelphia. The alternative was a bitter one, indeed—to-night in New York instead of Covent. . . . Jane Forbes was at the Graham Refuge—a charity house for little girls. It was not far from the Broad Street Station. I waited in the superintendent's dingy office. Everything was old and gray; the day was gray. . . . The little girls were passing by the door. They seemed to bring flower-dust and the smell of stuffed birds from the dark halls. They passed out rigidly for their airing. The woman accompanying them was rigid—and her work of the hour was "sets of twos." . . . Gray gingham in sets of twos. Far beyond, in the dark hall, I saw thin compact cots, doubtless in sets of twos—a long dim room of many breathings. . . . There was one little face that passed—fragile and pale as a Roman hyacinth. I felt dry and shrunken about the heart. . . . There was another room of small red chairs—all straight. Rag rugs on the floor, and pale scrawny bouquets were pictured in the wall paper. On the wall before me was an enlarged photograph, done in charcoal—an old man whose beard was not what it had been, when he gave up the vanity of wearing a neck-tie. "Seth G. Graham" was written beneath.

"Seth Gingham Graham," I concluded.

Jane Forbes entered. . . . She had on a cap and was helping. More than ever the dropping curve of the shoulder was there; and the pale face, just as calm as ever, did not look so large. Was it the cap or the incorrigible gray of this Gingham house? . . . I had vowed long ago to sit at the feet of Jane Forbes and learn wisdom, but this place burdened me with the ponderosity of materials—the massy importance of substances. All the more wicked did I feel in my own heart, because this was so. . . . And Jane Forbes had crossed the world from Liu chuan to come home, and this was the home.

"I was brought here a baby," she said. "I lived here fifteen years."

I told her of Yuan—of our yesterday together. All the old spiritual loveliness came back to her presence.

"If China does not want him, because he helped to save our lives. . . . won't you please ask him to tell me? I can gladly let him go for the good of his work—but if China does not want his work, it would be too bad if he did not come to me."

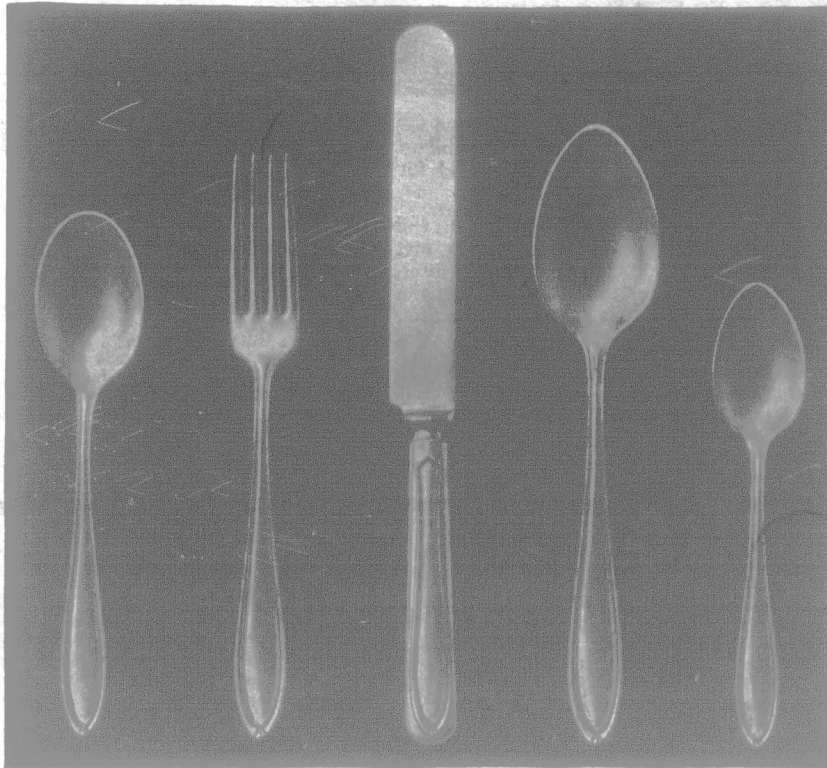
I told her that Yuan felt the recall in the nature of a disgrace—that he must be free from that before he could be happy in the greater thing.

"I have no concern with what China thinks," she said impatiently. "I think he was noble to help us—you do. We have no concern with disgrace like that. Tell him to come to me in China, if they do not want him—or if he is ill. Tell him to find me always, if only for a little while—when he is ill."

"In China?" I asked.
"Oh, yes. I shall go back. China has spoiled me for this. There are enough here to do the work. . . ."

Two Coupons Free

To Every Reader of This Paper



Get a Full Set

With Your Quaker Oats Coupons
See the Double Coupon Below

Here are Two Coupons for Quaker Oats users, to apply on our valuable premiums. See our offers in each package—dozens of things in Jewelry, Silverware and Aluminum Cooking Utensils as gifts.

Two Coupons come in each 25-cent package of Quaker Oats. The 10-cent package contains one. You may use those coupons, with the coupon below, to pay for any premium you want.

Quaker Oats is oat flakes in their most luscious form. This grade is made of queen oats only—just the big, rich grains. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. We want you to know this extra quality. It makes the dish doubly delicious. So we offer these premiums to get you to try it. It costs no extra price.

Dominion Pattern Silverware

The Tableware we picture is made by the Oneida Community. It is their famous Par Plate, with the best nickel base. The wearing qualities are guaranteed by the makers and by us.

This pattern—the Dominion Pattern—is made exclusively for us. It closely resembles Old English Sterling patterns. You never saw a more exquisite design.

Pay In Coupons

The Tea Spoon is given for 10 coupons, or for 2 coupons and 10c.

The Cereal Spoon is given for 10 coupons, or 2 coupons and 10c.

The Table Spoon is given for 20 coupons, or for 3 coupons and 20c.

The Fork—a medium fork—is given for 20 coupons, or 5 coupons and 20c.

The Knife—a medium knife—is given for 30 coupons, or 6 coupons and 25c.

Two are Free

Cut out the coupon in this ad. It takes the place of two of the Quaker Oats coupons. Then each 25c package has two coupons—each 10c package has one. Buy Quaker Oats and get them. Send them to us with the coupon we print here, and get a full set of this Silverware free. We send it by post prepaid.

This Coupon Good for Two

This coupon counts the same as two coupons from the Quaker Oats packages, when sent with the regular coupons. But only one of these coupons can apply on any one article. The rest must be Quaker Oats coupons. A

The Quaker Oats Company

Premium Department Peterborough, Ont.

(1354)



FARM FOR SALE. A VERY GOOD FARM of 97 arpents, rich soil, all under cultivation, with good house, barn and other buildings in perfect order. Well situated on the Automobile Highway at St. Hubert, Que. 9 miles from Montreal, 1 1/2 mile from Electric Railway. For price and particulars please write to H. E. Trudeau, 34 Decelle Ave, Ville St. Laurent, Que.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY — MARRIED couple for farm, no children. Man to have general knowledge of stock and farm work. Good wages. References required. Location 25 miles from Toronto. Apply: H. Olliver, No 441 Walmer Road Hill, Toronto. Phone, Hillcrest 2024.

200-ACRE GRAIN AND STOCK FARM FOR sale, in the Township of Flos, convenient to the village of Elmva'e. Between 80 and 100 acres of good clay loam under cultivation; the balance good pasture and wood land. Sufficient fruit for home use, well watered and fenced, good brick dwelling, two barns on stone foundations, pig pens, hen house, drive shed and work shop; never was leased. Sold reasonable and on easy terms. Apply W. F. Downey, Elmva'e, 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. 68C Claremont St., Toronto

PATENTS AND LEGAL FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO., PATENTS Solicitors—The Old Established Firm, Head Office Royal Bank Building, Toronto, and 8 Elgin St., Ottawa, and other principal cities.

Wanted—Threshing Outfit

State size, price and full description to Box 191 New Lowell, Ont.

Mention this Paper