

No Beams or Braces in this Steel Truss Barn

Nevertheless it is as sturdy and rigid as heavy angle steel trusses can make it. It cannot sag or buckle, and the roof is always true and straight. Inside, there is just open space from end to end, and from roof to floor. This means easy mowing away of hay and grain. Then, the Steel Truss Barn holds thirty per cent. more grain than the old style barn. Read the following letter by W. J. Bourne.

Alvinston, Ont.
Dear Sirs,—I am well pleased with my barn, and want to say in connection with the building of the barn that one can get a barn so much quicker by taking your style than the old-fashioned wooden barn, and also the expense in the building boarding men, etc., is greatly reduced. I would judge not more than one-quarter the cost it would be for a wooden barn. These two items alone should induce anyone to build your style of barn. Now, in connection with the barn itself, I consider that it is lightning-proof, and the danger from fire is not so great should other buildings be burned close by. It never needs painting, and I think it a very much stronger barn than any timber frame I ever saw. I think it will last much longer than a wooden barn, and its general appearance should recommend it to anyone who is going to build.

Yours very truly, W. J. Bourne.

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the limbless and naked lepers shoulder themselves along through the mire; where the poor have only the warrens and the walls, and the dogs come forth at night to eat the filth, and lick the wounds of the sore diseased; where the miles of little merchants squat like spiders awaiting prey, their women farther back in the darkness of the lairs; the streets in which a white man dare not go, lest he be plucked to the bone, as by multitudes of carrion birds; creatures in human forms, to whom would seem an amiable relaxation, what to us is the most loathsome abandonment. She was not a Mother to me—China, whom these two fine men worshipped, —but a degraded monster whose breaking-down tissues menaced and dumfounded the earth.

It was mid-night. That there was a train for New York at one, haunted me, but I could not leave. I felt that I should go to Philadelphia to see Jane Forbes, but her address had not yet been given me. . . . Yuan came early.

"My dear friend," he said, drinking his tea and professing that he had already breakfasted, "you must trouble no longer. You fought the good fight. It is lost—because I cannot sustain you at the last."

"Has she written?"
"Yes. . . . She perceives that my life will be better alone for the present. In some distant time—we may meet again."

"Was that in your telegram?"
"No. A special letter was in my rooms when I finally reached them this morning. . . . But, that is closed. Shan Wo Kai is no longer interested in that."

The moments were heavy with intensity. "You came in the very front of action," he added with a smile. "I heard from Philadelphia, and Shan Wo Kai heard from China."

With his arms crossed, he lifted his shoulders—as if to let the deluge slip over him. The gesture was vivid with, "Let it come." My questions, not without difficulty, made it clear to me in the next ten minutes, that Shan Wo Kai had heard officially of Yuan's assistance to the white people during the Rebellion. The younger man had been recalled. Even if Jane Forbes had not written, Yuan would not have planned to see her again. A Chinese of caste in disgrace, considers himself dead, in so far as a large part of his human relations are concerned. . . . I was to carry a message to her on the following day. "Please let me talk of something very

close to my heart, dear friend," he said finally and with weariness. "I could not try even to change the most exterior process which helped the lady to her decision—since this has happened. . . . I want to tell you something of myself long ago. Much that you said about China we understand, but there was one thing about making boy-babes into men artificially—by fathering instead of mothering—that was strange and wonderful to us. . . . You made me think of myself long ago, as you talked about women and romance, and the making of men by mothering. In the midst of your talk I was away back among the women of my house and the queer little mother."

"Then I went away to school. One day they told me that she was dead. To them who brought the news, it was as if a loved servant had—ended his service. I did not go home. I did not even go to my room. I felt numbed, but did not say so. They would not have understood. Only I kept remembering her. She had seldom spoken I did not recall a single word of hers. She did not know nor dream of such things as you have suggested. Jane Forbes does not. . . . And yet, I think, if that queer little Chinese woman and Jane Forbes had been in the chambers of the Ambassador last night, it would have all come back to them—what you said and much more besides—as if they had known it once, and men had taught them to forget."

We were silent, until he repeated: "The women know it, but they have forgotten. A man must say it to them—to make them remember."

Now this thought seemed much greater to Yuan Kang Su that morning—than his recall to China and his destroyed romance.

"When I first really knew you," he added in a moment, "I felt there was something great for me to learn. How quickly it came—the knowledge, the woman, the lesson, and now the memory. . . . I wish that queer little woman—she was incredibly little, Thomas—had lived for me to tell her."

I dared not speak. The world was very impressive that moment—not wicked at all—only the world had forgotten its benefits and was lost and suffering without them.

"You were very much right. Sometime Shan Wo Kai will tell you—how you struck his heart. China is called to defend herself in the cruel boyish modern way. She will fall in the lusts of it: first war, as you said; then the later mania, commerce—and the holy days will be more and more forgotten. It is true. The evil of the Old will make her abandon the good of the Old, for the evil of the New. . . . It is strange to us—to hear that the Light shines through women upon the race. We have tried to make it shine through men—and so we have our walled hells."

My friend was already talking of himself as of one in the past—not in the formation of sentences—but in the spirit of every thought. He was singing his swan song, and though a hush was upon my world—it was afterward that I knew. . . . He said many things I cannot repeat about the talk's trend the night before; how he had spoken with his master about it after I was gone; how China had forgotten the mothers. . . . It must have come from Mary Roman and their own readiness. Surely I was miserable enough over my part when it was done.

"And so to me, it is not Mother China, quite as before," he said hours afterward. "It is Old Man China. Shan Wo Kai has not failed to see. . . . Old Man China, and his arteries are scant and hard—his beard is unclean, his eyes dim and vile. He has forgotten his hill-rock upon which the arts of life were graven. He has forgotten his hill-rock to which the images came—fortitude, purity, hope, vision. He cries out for his sons, but they do not hear him—cries for his daughters, but they are hidden away."

But the darkened mother, back in the gloom of ages—she hears his voice. She would come to him, but he has forgotten her. He cries out but not her name—the sick Old Man who needs her great Mothering now."

All that day we wandered about the city, and Washington was as strange to my eyes, as to the stranger's. It seemed a place of ruins, by a forgotten river, whither I was led by one whose earth-life ended with this day—and all

that he said was wise and calm and unearthly clear. We fasted together until the dusk—and the day was a book of mighty pictures and visions—at apocalypse. It comes to me now that China has not failed, if only because of Yuan Kang Su, whose dreams were so vast, and whose spirit was so strong and sweet. . . . For always the multitudes must die. Whole nations rot down; by millions the animal men are entrapped in life, dismembered, devoured by their animal kings, waste away and corrupt the earth. But one youth among them sees. The precious vials of the national spirit are poured upon and into him. He stands against the tide of his people—weeps for them in his martyrdom. Upon him, for eternity, is the imprint of the whole. The last devil of nature is shaken and convulsed by his standing alone; the animal in man defeated, and the angel arisen. Night falls upon teeming Philistia—but one youth of visions stands forth—one youth born of woman. The good God seems content with this yield of Earth, and forever blessed is the woman who interpreted His dream.

At last we found the dusk about us, Yuan and I,—and remembered Huntton.

To be continued.

London June.

BY THOMAS BURKE IN "NIGHTS IN LONDON."

Rank odors ride on every breeze;
Skyward a hundred towers loom;
And factories throb and workshops wheeze
And children pine in secret gloom.
To squabbling birds the roofs declaim
Their little tale of misery;
And, smiling over muck and shame,
A wild rose blows by Bermondsey.

Where every traffic-ridden street
Is ribboned o'er with shade and shine,
And webbed with wire and choked with heat;
Where smokes with fouler smokes
entwine;
And where, at evening, darkling lanes
Fume with a sickly ribaldry—
Above the squalors and the pains,
A wild rose blooms by Bermondsey.

Somewhere beneath a nest of tiles
My little garret-window squats,
Staring across the cruel miles,
And wondering of kindlier spots.
An organ, just across the way,
Sobs out its ragtime melody;
But in my heart it seems to play:
A Wild Rose blows by Bermondsey!

And dreams of happy morning hills
And woodlands laced with greenest boughs
Are mine to-day amid the ills
Of Tooley Street and wharfside sloughs.
Tho' Cherry Gardens reek and roar,
And engines gasp their horrid glee;
I mark their ugliness no more:
A wild rose blows by Bermondsey.

Parody.

A soldier has parodied the well-known song, "Sing Me to Sleep," pluckily making fun of conditions where he sleeps, yet the pathos will "out." The bit is taken from "The Maple Leaf," the Magazine of the C. E. F. Pay and Record office.

Sing me to sleep where bullets fall,
Let me forget the war and all;
Damp is my dugout, cold my feet,
Nothing but bully and biscuits to eat.
Sing me to sleep where bombs explode,
And shrapnel shells are "à la mode,"
Over the sandbags helmets you find,
Corpses in front of you, corpses behind.

Far, far from Ypres I long to be,
Where German snipers can't pot me;
Think of me crouching where the worms creep,
Waiting for someone to sing me to sleep.

Sing me to sleep in some old shed,
The rats are running around my head;
Stretched out upon my waterproof,
Dodging the raindrops through the roof.
Sing me to sleep where camp fires glow,
Full of French bread and "café à l'eau,"
Dreaming of home and night in the West,
Somebody's over-seas boots on my chest.

Far from the starlights I'd love to be,
Lights of old London I'd rather see;
Think of me crouching where the worms creep,
Waiting for someone to put me to sleep.

A

ONTARIO

Question
1st—Questions to "The Farmer's Advocate" this department
2nd—Questions plainly written, and must be accompanied by the address of the writer
3rd—In veterinary especially must be wise satisfactory
4th—When a urgent veterinary be enclosed.

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Sec

An uncle of leaving a large was remembered notice to that will? What ste out, and at wh is in Quebec are the execut is to remain r least. There is in any of thei drawn by a n Quebec.

Ans.—You c office of the c admitted to p have your law could, perhaps, in the meantime waiting.