



Flower and Vegetable Seeds

Selecting good seed has a great deal to do with the ultimate success of growing flowers or vegetables. The love of flowers should inspire those who cultivate them to select the choicest and most reliable seeds. Gardening for profit or pastime should be done with a view to getting the best results. The size, quantity and excellence of flowers and vegetables are things that are governed largely by the character, strength and pedigree of the seeds.

CARTER'S TESTED ENGLISH SEEDS

These famous seeds are known, sown and grown the world over. Wherever used they have made extraordinary records for productiveness. Your flowers and your garden vegetables for next season will be the admiration of all who see them and a source of pride and satisfaction to yourself if you sow Carter's Tested Seeds this Spring. Order from the catalogue. Write for a copy at once, so you can order early.

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Eng. Seed Growers to His Majesty King George V.

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James Carter & Co. Ltd.

The Home Land of the Nation

A DELIGHTFULLY healthful summer and winter climate with neither extremes of heat or cold—a well distributed rainfall, varying from 45 to 60 inches annually—the production of nearly all fruit, vegetable and other crops known to the temperate zone—the rural telephone, improved highways, modern schools, ample church and social privileges—these are some of the advantages that tend to make the Southeast the "Home Land of the Nation."

A Great Profit Producing Section

The Dunleith farm in Mississippi, from a 28 acre field of alfalfa averaged six tons per acre (from five cuttings). The net profits were \$69.17 an acre at the local selling price of \$15 per ton.

There is not a state in the South today which does not import annually over \$10,000,000 worth of beef, yet Government experiments have proved that beef can be produced cheaper in the Southeast than elsewhere in America, the cost varying from 3 to 4 cents per pound.

Over \$12,000,000 worth of butter is shipped into the Southern Railway States each year, though nowhere else can dairy goods be produced so cheaply.

Northern Florida truckers were marketing strawberries the latter part of December, receiving locally \$1.00 per quart.

Good Land \$15 an Acre Up

The present price of Southeastern land is but a fraction of the cost of those in other sections. Good two and three-acre lands are selling from \$15 to \$50 an acre, prices varying according to improvements and location.

Market Conditions Favor Farmers

The large consumption of farm produce by the rapidly growing cities, towns and factory districts of the South, and the Northern demand for winter truck will always create the supply, thereby maintaining good profits to the producer.

You should investigate now the wonderful opportunities of this section. Send for the "Southern Field," our free magazine, mention the State and line of agriculture in which you are interested, and booklets and land lists will be sent.

M. V. RICHARDS, Land and Industrial Agent, Room 30 Washington, D. C.

Rose of Old Harpeth

(Continued from page 22.)

"Oh, please don't worry about Louisa Helen, Mrs. Plunkett. She is just so lovely and young—and happy. You and I both know what it is to be like that. Sometimes I feel as if she were just my own youngness that I had kept pressed in a book and I had found it when I wasn't looking for it." And Rose Mary's smile was so very lovely that even Mrs. Plunkett was dazzled to behold.

"Lands alive, Rose Mary, you carry your thirty years mighty easy, and that's no mistake. You put me in mind of that bluish pony bush of yore by the front gate. When it blooms it makes all the other flowers look like they was too puny to shake out a petal. And for sheep's eyes, them glances Mr. Gid Newsome casts at you makes all of Bob Nickols' look like foolish lamb squints. And for what Mr. Mark does in the line of sheeps—now there they come, and I can see from Louisa Helen's looks she have invited that rampage in to supper. I'll have to hurry and get me a knock up a extra sally-lunn for him, I reckon. Good-bye till' morning!" And Mrs. Plunkett hurried away to the preparation of supper for the suitor of her disapproval.

For a few moments longer Rose Mary let her eyes go roaming over the valley that was lying in a quiet hush of twilight.

Lights had flashed up in the windows over the village and a night breeze was showering down a fall of apple-blow from the gnarled old tree that stood like a great bouquet beside the front steps of the Briars. All the orchards along the Road were in bloom and a fragrance lay heavy over the pastures and mingled with the earth scent of the fields, newly upturned by the plowing for spring wheat.

"Is that a regiment you've got camping in the garden, Rose Mary?" asked Everett as he came up the front walk in the moonlight some two hours later and found Rose Mary seated on the top of the front steps, all alone, with a perfectly dark and sleep-quiet house behind her.

Rose Mary laughed and tossed a handful of the pink blow she had gathered over her shoulder. "Did you have your supper at Bolivar?" she asked solicitously. "I saved you some; wait it!"

"Yes, I had a repast at the Citizens', but I think can manage yours an hour or two later," answered Everett as he seated himself beside her and lighted a cigar, from which he began to puff rings into the moonlight that sailed down on to them through the young leaves of the bloom-covered old tree.

"You weren't afraid of frost such a night as this, were you?" he further inquired as she took a deep breath of the soft, perfume-laden air.

"I'm not now, but a cool breeze blew up about sundown and made me afraid for my garden babies. Now I'm sure they will all write under their covers, and you'll have to help me take them all off before you go to bed. Isn't it strange how loving things make you side with very wretched or wilt or get wet or cold or hungry?" asked Rose Mary with such delightful ingenuousness that a warm little flush rose over Everett's collar. "Loving just frightens itself, like children in the dark," she added musingly.

"And you said my supper for me?" asked Everett softly.

"Of course I did; get you know I would!" asked Rose Mary quickly, in her simplicity of heart not at all catching the subtle drift of his question. "They all missed you, and Uncle Tucker went to bed almost grumpy, while Stonie—"

"Rose Mamie," came in a sleep but determined voice as the General in a long-tailed nightshirt appeared in the dark doorway, "I want to sleep and you never came back to hear me pray. Something woke me; maybe the puppy in my bed or maybe God. I'll come out there and say 'em so you won't wake the puppy, because he's gone back to sleep," he added in a voice that was hushed to a tone of extreme solicitation for the slumber of his young bed-fellow.

"Yes, honey-heart, come say them hark. Mr. Stonie, to hear them, I did, but you were so fast to sleep and so tired I hated to wake you." And Rose Mary held out tender arms to the little chap who came and knelt on the floor at her side, between her and Everett.

"But, Rose Mamie, you know Aunt Viney says tired ain't no 'scuse to the Lord, and I don't think it are neither. I reckon He's tired, too, sometimes, but He don't go back on the praying. It wouldn't be fair. Now start me!" and having in a completely argumentative way stated his feelings on the subject of neglected prayer, the General buried his head on Rose Mary's shoulder, folded one bare, pink foot across the other, clasped his hands at proper angle and waited.

"Now I lay me," began Rose Mary in a low and tender tone.

"No," remonstrated Stonie in a smothered voice from her shoulder.



A Good Idea in Planting

The outside privacy surrounded by a tall cedar hedge.

"This is 'Our Father's week!' Don't tire out the Lord with the 'Now I lay me,' Rose Mamie!"

With an exclamation of regret Rose Mary clasped him closer and led the petition on through to its last word, though a curious gleam of mischief that the sleepy General relished him Amen, his will being strong but his flesh weak. The little black head burrowed under Rose Mary's chin, and the clasped pink feet relaxed before the final words were said. For a few minutes Rose Mary held him tenderly and buried her face against the back of the sun-burnt little neck while as helpless as young Tucker Stonie wilted upon her breast and floated off into the depths. And for still a few seconds longer Everett sat very still and held his eyes and his teeth set hard in his cigar; then he rose, bent over and very tenderly lifted the relaxed General in his arms and without a word strode into the house with him. Very carefully he held him in the little cot that stood beside Rose

(Continued next week)