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Sydney Basic Slag

The British Government recognise the value of Basic Slag and are urging farmers to secure their requirements for season 1917-18 at once.

See extract from Glasgow Herald, published in Glasgow, Scotland, of date 14th August, 1917, as follows:

"There is likely to be a larger demand for Basic Slag than the greatest efforts of manufacturers will be able to supply. Farmers are urged by the Food Production Department to place orders with their usual merchants at once and to take the earliest possible delivery of their requirements for season 1917-18."

Canadian farmers should use Basic Slag as recommended by the British Government

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Current Events.

The Governor-General signed the Military Service Act in Toronto on August 28.

Upwards of 27,000 Canadian soldiers sent to the front are now in the various hospitals.

American Food Controller Hoover has sent a challenge to Canadian boys to outdo the German boys in production work, as the American boys are to be asked to do.

Earl Grey, former Governor-General of Canada, died on Aug. 29 at Howick House, Northumberland, England

Sir Robert Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier will each nominate one-half of the 24 members of the Board of selection to appoint one member of each local tribunal under the Military Service Act.

The Stars and Stripes are now flying beside the Tricolor at Verdun.

Lord Rhondda, Food Controller in Great Britain, is to take over the control of the entire provision trade in the British Isles.

At the State Council of Russia, which opened on August 26, representatives from all over Russia were present. The address of Premier Kerensky, who spoke for an hour and a half, urging adherence to the Allies and the cause of democracy, was received with great applause.

Last week President Wilson fixed the price-schedules for coal at the mines' mouth, named a maximum profit for jobbers, gave coal shipments for the Northwest U. S. right-of-way over all other freight movements, and appointed as Fuel Administrator Pres. H. A. Garfield of Williams College. These precautions will probably prevent coal speculators from running coal to prohibitive prices during next winter.

Bad weather with heavy rains has considerably halted operations on the west front during the week, although Gen. Haig's troops made some gains in the region of St. Quentin. The Canadians, under Gen. Currie, are still pounding away at Lens. . . . On the Austro-Italian front, in the face of terrible difficulties, inseparable from the mountainous character of the country, the Italians are still fighting magnificently, and have advanced somewhat beyond Gorizia. . . . But far to the North, the important port of Riga has been abandoned by the Russians, leaving the road to Petrograd open to Von Hindenburg's men. The distance between the two cities is only 350 miles. . . . In the far East there seems to be a combined attack on the part of Gen. Allenby in the Holy Land, Maude in Mesopotamia and the Russians in the Caucasus. On Aug. 31, the British, in the face of artillery and machine guns, drove back the combined Turk and German troops over 800 yards, near Gaza, in Palestine. It is thought that this may be the beginning of a considerable offensive.

The Dollar Chain

A fund maintained by readers of The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine for the soldiers and all who are suffering because of the war.

Contributions from August 24 to August 31: Mrs. Wm. L. Johnson, R. R. 5, Perth, Ont., \$5.00; Agnes Shaw, Caledonia, Ont., \$1.50; "Toronto" (Hope), \$2.00; "Scotia", London, Ont., \$1.00.

Amount previously acknowledged.....\$4,873.05

Total to August 31.....\$4,882.55

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

Tom Parker's Frog Pond.

BY JOANNA NICHOLLS KYLE.

When the schoolboys found out that Tom Parker was keeping a pond full of frogs for pets, they gazed at him unmercifully. They missed him from their games, also, in which he had always been the ringleader. When the summer came, the boys met and talked the matter over, resolving to call upon him in a body and and remonstrate. Saturday was chosen for this visit. Tom saw them coming, but he was prepared.

It was Jim, his chum, who climbed over the fence and opened the attack.

"Hello, Tom, how're your cunning little pets?" he demanded.

"Fine and dandy," replied Tom heartily.

"How're your pigs?"

"All right, and I get at least ten cents apiece for 'em, too. What do your frogs bring?" asked Jim, laughing.

"Two dollars a dozen," said Tom soberly.

This speech produced a roar of laughter.

"Look, boys!" said Sam. "He's got lanterns hung all round the pond. Do you light them up at night, Tom?"

"Sure thing," Tom could hold his own.

"Oh, say, fellows, let's come to the frog concert. When does it begin and how much do the tickets cost, Tom?"

"Twenty-five cents admission all round," returned the proprietor of the pond with a grin. "You fellows think you're awful smart, but you come over that fence and I'll teach you more inside of five minutes than you ever dreamed of. When you go back to school next year, the teacher won't know you, you'll be so bright."

Thus invited, the whole posse scrambled over the fence and surrounded the pond with interest.

"Whew! What a lot of tadpoles!" exclaimed Jim, with sudden animation.

"Going to use them for bait?"

"No," said Tom, "going to raise them to be frogs. See here!" and he led the way around the pond to a spot where he had placed a number of large stones in the marsh. "Watch those little chaps coming up to breathe. They have dropped off their tails now, and are growing legs."

"Oh, come, you can't make me believe that," remarked one incredulous guest.

"They do, for a fact. I'll soon convince you," and Tom picked up a specimen in the transition stage.

"Say, that's funny, all right."

"Now," continued Tom, "he is losing his gills with which he used to breathe water like a fish, and he is growing lungs to breathe air; getting to be amphibious, as the teacher calls it. They seem to be tender, just now, and lots of them die. I put those stones in for them to climb up on when they get ready."

"What do you feed 'em on? They are mighty fat."

"Oh, all kinds of insects. When they're little, they'll eat dead things, but when they get big they won't look at anything dead. They began to eat each other, and some of them starved. So I got these lanterns and lit them up at night. You ought to see the beetles and moths; never saw so many queer bugs in my life. I'm going to make a collection of some of them. Want to see me catch a frog?"

Tom was in his element now, surrounded by an admiring audience. He produced a bit of red rag and tied it firmly to the string of a fishing rod. "Don't need a hook," he explained, meanwhile. "Now watch 'em jump," and he dangled the bait alluringly over the marsh. "They just love anything bright-colored; think it is alive, I s'pose."

Very soon he caught the attention of a contemplative old frog, basking in the sun.

The frog leaped high in the air and caught the red cloth firmly in his mouth.

"He'd swing on there forever if I'd let him," exclaimed Tom, shaking the line to illustrate his assertion.

After Tom had shown the boys his collection of insects he found himself more popular than ever. The "bunch" determined to let him enjoy his fad in peace.

That fall Tom made several trips to town, which was about four miles distant, and each time he came home his face beamed with satisfaction.

Winter came, and Tom entertained Jim one day by letting him see his frogs bury themselves in the mud, preparatory to a long sleep of several months' duration.

"Why, there are just a few left. What have you done with 'em all?" asked Jim in surprise as he counted over the collection.