

RENNIE'S SEEDS For Better Gardens

"EVERY back yard should be used for the cultivation of fruits and vegetables"—says the Food Controller's Bulletin. Market Gardens must be worked to capacity. But all this effort is wasted unless the seeds sown are capable of producing sturdy, vigorous plants. Plant Rennie's War Garden Seeds and insure a full crop!

For
Planting
Mar. 1st
to
Apr. 15th
Order
NOW!

Cabbage	pkt.	¼ oz.	½ oz.	oz.	¼ lb.
Danish Summer Roundhead	.10	0.90	2.75
Cauliflower					
Rennie's Danish Drouth-Resisting15 & .25	1.00	1.85	3.50	10.00
Celery					
Paris Golden Yellow (Extra Select)15	.60	1.10	2.00	
Onion					
Rennie's Extra Early Red	pkt. .05	oz. .35	¼ lb. 1.00	lb. 3.75	
Radish—Cooper's Sparkler	.05	.20	.65	2.20	
Tomato —Market King.....	.10	.60	1.75		
Rennie's Improved Beefsteak	.10	.75	2.50		
Pansy —Rennie's XXX Exhibition Mixture.....				pkt. .25	
Sweet Peas —Rennie's XXX Spencer Mixture15	
Nasturtium —Rennie's XXX Chameleon Mixture.....				.10	
Stocks —Rennie's XXX Large Flowering Globe Mixture.....				.20	

LOOK FOR THE STARS

Our 1918 Catalogue should be in your hand by now. It is your patriotic duty to consult it at every opportunity. Our Government insists we must produce more. Start right, then, and be sure and sow good seed—RENNIE'S SEEDS. Look for the special star border bargains in our Catalogue—it will pay you to do so.

THE WILLIAM **RENNIE** COMPANY LIMITED,
KING & MARKET STS TORONTO
ALSO AT MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER



Let Us Send You a Box of Turnbull's "M" Bands for Your Baby

Every mother we know of who has tried them would not be without them for anything.

Turnbull's "M" Band is a little garment that is worn next to the skin. They are very finely knitted from the softest and cleanest Australian merino wool. Over each shoulder and meeting like a "V" front and back are two linen tapes. These tapes are attached to a linen tab front and back. These tabs are used for pinning the diaper to.

This method keeps the diaper firmly and snugly in place, making the baby comfortable all the time and preventing soiling clothes.

In addition, the fine soft wool next the baby's skin serves as an abdominal band, keeping the body warm and at an even temperature all the time.

Good dealers sell these, or we will send you a box by mail for \$1.50—each box contains three garments.

Give age of baby when writing and send today.

The C. Turnbull Company of Galt, Limited
GALT - ONTARIO

The Best Washer You Ever Met!

Never gets tired or cross! Never "skimps." Handles light or heavy goods—blankets, table cloths, or handkerchiefs—a full tub or a few articles equally well. Doesn't wear delicate fabrics, and only takes half the time! Isn't that the kind of a washer to have in your home? Then go to your dealer's to-day and meet the—



Maxwell
"Home" Washer

—a ball-bearing washer—light, noiseless, easy-running—of handsomely-finished cypress. Specially-designed dasher makes it best for washing everything. Enclosed gears mean safety. Write us for booklet—FREE.
MAXWELLS LIMITED, Dept. K, St. Marys, Ont. 36



130-Egg Incubator and Brooder Both For \$15.75

If ordered together we send both machines for only \$15.75 and we pay all freight and duty charges to any R. R. station in Canada. We have branch warehouses in Winnipeg, Man. and Toronto, Ont. Orders shipped from nearest warehouse to your R. R. station. Hot water, double walls, dead-air space between, double glass doors, copper tanks and boilers, self-regulating. Nursery under egg tray. Especially adapted to Canadian climate. Incubator and Brooder shipped complete with thermometers, lamps, egg testers—ready to use when you get them. Ten year guarantee—30 days trial. Incubators finished in natural colors showing the high grade California Redwood lumber used—not painted to cover inferior material. If you will compare our machines with others, we feel sure of your order. Don't buy until you do this—you'll save money—it pays to investigate before you buy. Remember our price of \$15.75 is for both Incubator and Brooder and covers freight and duty charges. Send for FREE catalog today, or send in your order and save time. Write us today. **WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO., Box 210, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.**

Don't delay.



Register Here for Farm Labor

Women Desiring to Help on Farms and Farmers Needing
Them may Make Use of this Bureau

LAST year saw women's first organized attempt at fruit-picking and "mixed" farming. As pioneers they accomplished more than had ever been anticipated, and at the same time gained an experience that will stand to their good this year, when even greater effort is required.

The Government assures us that five thousand women are needed on the farms in Canada this season if normal production is to be maintained. The figure would appear to be a large one if it were not backed by the knowledge that at least that many women are willing and anxious to help out in this way, if they are but given the opportunity.

The universities and other institutions of learning will be closing just about the time that these volunteers should be starting out. There lies before these many

thousand scholars a long term of what may easily be either idleness or patriotic endeavor.

"But," some of the girls have been heard to ask—"tell us how. Where can we be placed; what remuneration will we get? We don't want to agitate for large salaries, but we must be clothed and fed."

To all of these, we reply:

The Government is handling the matter. Miss Winnifred Harvey has been appointed Director of Women's Farm Labor for the Ontario Government. Through her you may be placed where you are most needed.

For the convenience of those who cannot easily get in touch with Miss Harvey, we are supplying the coupon below. Fill it out properly and send it to us. We will pass it on to Miss Harvey for you.

(Name of Town or P.O.).....19....
Editor, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ontario.
I am desirous of helping out in some phase of agricultural labor during the coming season. I have had some no experience. Will you kindly pass my name on to Miss Harvey as a request for complete details. My services would be available from
to
Name.....
Address.....

On the other hand, there are many farmers who are badly in need of assistance, but who are at a loss to secure it. One man was heard to say last Fall: "If only some of the women who wanted farm work had come to me, it would have helped out. As it was, I handled the bulk of the work myself. I didn't know

where to apply for women help, and had no time to investigate."

We are aware that there may possibly be many in the same predicament this year. So we say to them—Fill out the coupon below and send it to us. Use our time. We will be glad to put it at your disposal.

(Name of Town or P.O.).....19....
Editor, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ontario.
I would be willing to place (state number.....) women on my farm this coming season. Will you kindly secure for me, from the Government, the necessary information? I would need them from
to
Name.....
Address.....

The Wild Red Steed

(Continued from page 5)

King Laogaire put down his great goblet of red wine upon the board and looked for a moment at the twisted shoulders of the lad by his side. He thought of the strong men over whom he ruled and of the strong hand with which he held them, and that this boy, with his fragile body and dreaming eyes, must sit in the kingly seat and rule in his turn over those rough, wild spirits. "Go—if you will, lad," he said "and good luck go with you."

But Ethne the Queen held the boy tight against her heart and gazed deep into his eyes, ere she, too, bade him go.

So Feargus, went forth, alone and unaided, to claim the promise of Aengus.

ALL through the long bright days of the spring time the wild red steed had roamed at will through the glens and valleys of Wicklow, or had stood upon the summit of Slieve Dearg, with the sea-wind sweeping round him, and watched King Laogaire's men as they went about their work below. Day after day he had wandered along the slopes of the mountain, between the slender stems of the silver birches and the whiplike saplings of the beech; across wide stretches of purple heather and prickly gorse bushes, golden with bloom, where the brown bees hummed, and white butterflies drifted lazily in the sunshine; past deep bog-pools, where ceanabhan and quaking marsh-grass fluttered in the wind, down to where the waters of the Liffey ran sparkling over their silver sands. Here he would drink deep draughts of the cool water or gallop along the margin of the river upon the hard sand that formed its shore. Then, rested and refreshed, he would seek a couch among the thick fern and bracken upon the slopes of the hill and stretch his mighty limbs in sleep.

So the summer went by until, upon the morning of Midsummer Eve, as he turned from his watchtower on the crown of Slieve Dearg and wended his way towards

the valley, he set his hoof carelessly upon a loose stone. It rolled beneath him and he fell, his foreleg doubling under him, and when he tried to spring to his feet again, it was only to sink back with a groan. The leg was broken, and hung helpless, unable to bear his weight. Then, for the first time in his long life, fear touched that proud heart. He struggled to rise again and again, but the pain was too great, and at last he lay exhausted and motionless, waiting for death to come to him.

Through the long hours of the day he lay there, the hot midsummer sun burning down upon his head. All about him the unherbush was alive with sound and movement. Brown rabbits darted past, full of bustle and excitement; small grey birds flitted in and out of a neighbouring bush, twittering a gay crescendo of gossip; a great crimson butterfly alighted upon his shoulder, and remained there for a moment, languidly waving its broad fans, yet the wild red steed still lay with his eyes fixed upon the broad waters of the Liffey that ran so far below. Could he but know the coolness of those waters once more upon his parched tongue, he thought, death would be an easy thing to bear. A torturing thirst was upon him, but he could not hope to reach them. So he struggled no more, but waited in silence for the end.

Meanwhile, early upon that same morning, Feargus had passed through the great oaken gates of Dun Laogaire and had set out upon the long and toilsome journey to the summit of the mountain. For a time his way led over level ground, where the wild cherry shook out its tasselled branches above turf that was velvet green and springy beneath his feet. Birch, beech and hazel trees grew thickly and cast a pleasant shade over his pathway. Bright flowers bloomed on every side and birds sang sweetly in the branches. The whole air was full of odour and warmth and

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