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GOVERNMENT EXPERT Chooses SHARPLES Tubular Cream Separators for His Three Farms



Like other shrewd farmers, Mr. Anson Groh, widely known agricultural lecturer employed by the Government, knows the money to be made in dairying. He has succeeded because he knows profit is of far greater importance than first cost. Mr. Groh is seen sitting in this picture, with his family and assistants, before his country home. Like others making most money from dairying, Mr. Groh selected the Tubular in preference to all others because the Dairy Tubular contains no disks or other contraptions, has twice the skimming force of other separators, skims faster and twice as clean, and pays a profit no other can pay. Mr. Groh says:

"Preston, Ontario, May 28, 1912.—Some years ago we selected the Sharples Tubular. After a few years' use we found it necessary to get another separator for another farm and selected a No. 6. After several years' service of these two machines, we would not think of introducing anything else on our third farm, recently purchased. ANSON GROH."

Now you understand why owners of other separators are discarding their machines by carloads for Tubulars. Follow the example of Mr. Groh and the many others who have succeeded. Buy a Tubular for the sake of double skimming force, easy cleaning, and all the profits.



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by asking for Cat-
alog 248

The Sharples Separator Co.
Toronto, Ont. Winnipeg, Man.

Mr. John Jude's Diary.

A Complete Story by Henry A. Hering.



MARCH 21st. Mary is worrying about my ancestry again. Since we removed to Cranmore Gardens and started a carriage she has become very ambitious. She is positive I come of aristocratic stock. My appearance certainly gives the impression, and it has had much to do with my success in life. I am five feet ten, and look six feet; my hair curls naturally, and my nose has a great resemblance to that of the first Duke of Wellington. My eyes are blue, and Mary hopes that my blood is the same color. My name is not aristocratic. They gave it to me at the hospital because I was found on St. Jude's Day by a man called John; but I don't think it is such a bad name after all. Anyway, I've made "Jude's Emporium" household words in London, and now I'm getting at the provinces. I wish Mary would be content with things as they are. I advertised for my father years ago, but with no success.

March 23rd. Mary insists that I shall advertise again. I suppose I shall have to do so. When Mary insists I generally do as she wishes.

March 25th. I have advertised again, and for the next few weeks the following appears in eight newspapers:

"On October 28th, 1874, at 6 a.m., a boy with a fractured skull was found in Berkeley Square. Information as to his parentage will be liberally paid for."

Then follows the advertisement number of the newspaper.

I think it all a great mistake. At one time I yearned for relatives. I should have made a loving son or an excellent brother, and I doubt if aunt or uncle could have had a more affectionate nephew than I was prepared to be. Yet all these degrees of kinship were denied me. When I regained consciousness in the hospital my memory had gone. I could not remember my own name, nor where I lived; and, what is still more singular, no one else seemed to remember me, for not a single inquiry was made. If my relations have been able to do without me all these years, they can do without me to the end. I have managed exceedingly well without them so far, and can easily continue to do so. When I was younger I thought differently. Everyone seemed to have relatives but me. All my friends spoke continually of their relatives and the newspapers were full of family strife. I alone seemed to be left out in the cold, and I resented it. Before I married I would have given a hundred pounds for the memory of a five shilling tip at school, and much more for an invitation to stay with an aunt in the country, but I have other ways of spending money since I married Mary.

March 29th. I have had twelve replies to the advertisement, none of them apparently referring to me. It is astonishing what a number of boys were left in Berkeley Square on the morning of October 28th, 1874. I noticed that when I advertised before.

April 2nd. I have had eight more replies to my advertisement. Twenty boys appear to have been deserted in Berkeley Square on that day. If I had any confidence in the writers I should forward the figures to the Royal Statistical Society, for the nation ought to know them; but I have grave suspicions about their accuracy. I have seen two of my correspondents, and found both unsatisfactory. One said he used to be butler to the Earl of Dexter, and that at the request of that peer he kicked the heir to the title out of the house on the evening of October 27th, 1874. He says that although he aimed for the street he must have kicked him into the area, where I was found, but he cannot account for the absence of subsequent inquiry into the matter. I should like to be the heir to the Earldom of Dexter, but the butler incidentally said that the nobleman lived at number fourteen, while I was found at twenty-two, at that time tenanted by Lord Hartlepool.

The man became abusive when I refused to pay for his information.

The other individual—an ex-postman—said he saw a gipsy woman tie a bundle on the door-knocker of a house in Berkeley Square. He is certain that it was on the night of October 27th, 1874, but could not give any reason for his belief. He suggested that the fractured skull was caused by the knot giving way, and the consequent fall of the baby on the pavement. I agreed that an injury to the skull was quite likely in those circumstances, but stated that the incident had no bearing on the case I was interested in, the boy in question being about twelve years old, and, therefore, too big to tie on a door-knocker. I paid him half a crown for his expenses, and had some difficulty in getting rid of him. I wish Mary had let the matter rest.

April 4th. At last I really seem to be on the track of my ancestry. James Bolland, who writes from Tooting, gives the right number of the house, mentions that I was left in the area, and says that he'll tell me the whole truth. He asks ten pounds down as a preliminary fee. I have sent him five, and told him to come on Saturday afternoon. He may be the retired butler of No. 22, and Mary may be right after all. Perhaps I am a scion of nobility. I may be the present Lord Hartlepool.

April 6th, 4 p.m. I am now waiting for Mr. Bolland. I really feel excited about the matter, and I think they noticed something unusual in my manner at the Emporium this morning. I was so preoccupied that I gave Mr. Mallinson a rise in his salary, although it was the first time he had asked for it. A bad precedent.

6 p.m. Bolland has been, and I must write down what I have learnt from him while the details are fresh in my memory. Mary was quite right. I ought to have left no stone unturned to trace my ancestry. I may be a man of great consequence to the nation. My abilities have certainly not been wasted. Jude's Emporium is a standing witness to the fact; but directing the destinies of the Empire would have been equally congenial employment for me. It may not be too late for me to take my proper position in the world. But the most absurd part of it all is that I don't know who I really am, Bolland, from a sense of honor which I fully appreciate, believing himself bound not to reveal the secret without the permission of my father, and my parent's address is at present very uncertain. But I must put down the interview just as it took place.

Mr. Bolland was a little late. It was 4.30 when the maid announced him. He is a farmer-like individual, with clean shaven face and rosy cheeks. Not at all like a butler. More like a job master, or, at any rate, a man who has to do with horses. He looked hard at me, and then took the chair I indicated.

"Now about this matter of Berkeley Square, Mr. Bolland?" I began.

"I know all about it, sir," he said. "No one knows better. I left the little gentleman there myself."

"What! You left a boy with a fractured skull!" I exclaimed.

"No, sir," replied Mr. Bolland, with dignity. "I've got a 'uman 'eart, an' couldn't do a thing of that sort. When I took him there on his father's instructions, his skull was as right as my own. It must have got broke after I left him."

"Whose boy was he?"

"I'm sorry I can't tell you to-day, sir," he answered. "All I can say is you'd be astonished if you knew, an' you'd be still more astonished if you knew why the young gentleman was left in the area."

"Come, come, Mr. Bolland, I said. 'You've got five pounds from me on the understanding you would tell me the whole truth. Now I must know it.'"

Mr. Bolland unbuttoned his coat with great deliberation, produced a pocket-book, and, with obvious reluctance, took from it a bank note.