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NOW that the New Year has started Ontario farmers will be thinking of fertilizers. The man who has used them knows their value. To him we say, give Sydney Basic Slag a trial this season. The cost is \$20 per ton. Compare this with what you have been paying elsewhere. Is it not worth your while to investigate? Then there is the man who has been watching his neighbors and has been thing of trying fertilizer, who probably has been reading our advertisements from week to week. We want to get at him. If we are not represented in your district, why not take our agency and distribute a carload of 20 tons? You will be reasonably remunerated for your trouble, and your neighbors will bless you for introducing Basic Slag into your district.

Write us at once, and we will have our general sales agent call on you.

The Cross Fertilizer Co., Limited
Sydney, Nova Scotia

Second Annual Consignment Sale

HEAD OF REGISTERED

60 Holstein Cattle 60

FROM THE HERDS OF THE

Brant District Holstein Breeders' Club

To be held at the Old Commercial Stables, Brantford, Ont.

Wednesday, Jan. 26, 1916, at 1 p.m.

The offering consists of 55 females of all ages and five bulls fit for service including several cows and heifers with very creditable records. Two 20-lb. mature cows, one 15-lb. 3-year-old, one with a 26-lb. dam, and others equally good. Every purchaser will be assured a square deal, as there will be absolutely no by-bidding or bidding in.

TERMS—Cash or credit from one to eight months on bankable paper with interest at 6 per cent. per annum.

SALE UNDER COVER

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N. P. SAGER
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G. A. JACKSON, DOWNSVIEW P.O., ONTARIO, WESTON STATION.

Menela's eye, that my own was pressing, and all my energies were bent in steering clear of her during the good-by excursion through Utrecht.

Luckily, the party distributed itself in two carriages, and though I could not resist the fair Menela's "Come with me, Mr. Starr," fortunately the L.C.P. jumped in with Tibe, whose mood was so obstreperous that clearly he did not find canal life relaxing. Then arose a discussion between Nell and Phyllis as to which should sit in the other carriage, and Nell came to us, wishing, perhaps, to avoid Alb, whose society seems of late to cast a blight of silence upon her.

"Now," said I to myself, "if the late fiancée can't wind her tentacles round a new victim in this vehicle, neither can Robert escape her toils by proposing to Phyllis in that one, surrounded by his family circle. If he doesn't seize his chance soon, he'll miss it forever; because once his Freule discovers that she isn't to be claimed by another, she'll find it convenient to change her mind about life in Rotterdam. I may be saint—or villain—enough to keep her dangling till sunset; but then, at latest, I shall have to cut her down; and woe to any Viking who happens to lie about loose and unattached, when she falls to earth with a dull thud."

Far be it from the clever lady of The Hague to admit that there was a place on earth of which she did not know everything; and though I have reason to believe that she never saw Utrecht till yesterday, she was so busy telling us about it that we were behind the others in arriving on board "Mascotte," our appointed rendezvous.

I noticed instantly that Phyllis was not on deck, helping Alb to entertain the twins, as her kind soul would have prompted her to do. Of course, she might be below, in one of the cabins; but where was Robert? It was a coincidence that he, too, should be missing. Yet no one attempted to offer an explanation. Lilli and Lisbeth merely looked flurried and pink when Freule Menela came airily on board with me, and Alb appeared interested in giving instructions to Hendrik, who disputed respectfully with Tibe possession of countless yards of his beloved cotton waste.

At last, however, I began to wonder why we did not get away. The day's trip was to be a return to Amsterdam, not with the object of reviving impressions of that city, but for the pleasure of the run through the River Vecht, which Alb praised as the prettiest stream in the Netherlands, and named a miniature Thames. It was ten o'clock, and, as usual, we were timed to start at ten; but I did not consider it my place to ask the reason why, or any other question about starting. Mine, but to do or die—and keep out of reach of Freule Menela.

It was through Nell that the mystery was solved, as we stood chatting on deck.

"Where's Phil?" she inquired of the twins.

"Gone back to the hotel to find something she forgot to pack," said Lilli.

"And brother Robert has taken her," said Lisbeth, with a fleeting glance at the self-deposed fiancée.

This revelation of Phyllis's diplomacy came upon me with a shock. She is such a simple-minded Angel; but I suppose all girls are alike in some ways. And she is so kind-hearted, she must have been anxious to put Robert out of his misery as soon as she could. Well, she couldn't have done it much sooner. "There they come," cried Lilli. And perhaps I should have been tempted to search their faces for news if Freule Menela had not turned her back upon the advancing figures, and begun to talk, with an air of proprietorship, to me.

"It's found!" cried Phyllis, to all whom it might concern. "I was so fond of it, I should have hated losing it. And it was so kind of Mr. van Buren to help me."

I wondered whether there were others on board beside myself who detected in this announcement a double meaning? Something in her voice told me that she really was thankful not to have lost the thing of which she was so fond, the thing for which she had gone back

to the hotel, the thing Mr. van Buren had kindly helped her to find. But there was no chance for a self-sacrificing brother to question his sister. Freule Menela saw to that.

It was my luck at its worst, to be torn in my mind on this exquisite day on the Vecht. Once in a while it dimly comes back to me that, in a past existence unbrightened by Nell Van Buren and Phyllis Rivers, I came to Holland with the object of painting pictures. Never, since my arrival in the bright little country of wide spaces, have I had a keener incentive to improve the shining hours; but how can a man remember that he's an artist when the girl he loves has engaged herself to another man, and one of the few girls he never could love is rapidly engaging herself to him?

It was in self-defense, not a real desire for work, that I fled to "Water-spin" and screened myself behind easel and canvas. And then it was but to find that I had jumped from the frying-pan into the fire.

My move was made while "Mascotte" and her fat companion lay at rest, that Alb might buy fruit for us from a fruit boat; and Freule Menela also availed herself of the quiet interval.

"May I come and watch you paint?" she asked, in a tone which showed that vanity made her sure of a welcome.

I longed for the brutal courage to say that I could never work with an audience; but I remembered letting slip last night the fact that I constantly sat sketching on the deck of "Mascotte," during the most crowded hours of life.

I murmured something, with a smile which needed oiling; and, accepting the grudging help of my hand, she floated across with an affected little scream.

"I saw a lovely picture you painted for Miss Rivers," she said, when she was settled in a camp-stool at my side. "Will you do one for me?"

"With pleasure," I answered. "This one shall be for you. But if you want it to be good, we mustn't talk. I shall have to concentrate my mind on my work."

"Thanks for the compliment," she laughed. "I give you leave to forget me—for a little while."

So I did my best to take her at her word, and tried impressionist sketches of the charming and ever-changing scene, upon which her presence was the sole blot; the beautiful old houses set back from the river on flowery lawns, faded coats-of-arms glowing red and blue and gold over quaint doorways shaded by splendid trees; fairy villas rising from billows of pink peonies and green hydrangeas; humble cottages, with tiny window-panes of twinkling glass, shining out from bowers of late roses; dove-gray windmills beckoning across piles of golden hay; above, clouds like flocks of snowy sheep, racing along wide sky-pastures, blue with the blue of forget-me-nots; below, a crystal flood foaming white with water-lilies that dipped before the prow of our advancing boat.

Over this crust of pearl, poised always long-stemmed, yellow lilies, like hovering butterflies; and, in a clear space of water, each little wave caught the sun and sky reflection, so that it seemed rimmed with gold and set with a big, oval turquoise.

"Well—have I pleased you?" Freule Menela asked at last.

The moment had come for an understanding. With my two hands, unaided I had saved Phyllis, and now I must save—or lose—myself. Of course there was no choice which to do. I had played my fish and caught it, and as it was not the kind of fish I liked for dinner, I must tear it off the hook and throw it back into the sea, wriggling. I told myself that it was a bad, as well as an unattractive fish, that if I hadn't hooked it, most surely it would have bolted the beautiful little golden minnow I had been protecting. Still—still, there it was, smiling on the hook, that bad fish, trusting the hand which had caught and would betray it. It deserved nothing of that hand or any other hand; but suddenly, I found mine powerless.

"Phyllis, Phyllis," I groaned in spirit. "you will be my death, for to save you I caught this fish; now I may have to eat it, and it will surely choke me."

Before my eyes stretched a horrible