

PRACTICAL FARMING

BUCKWHEAT FOR 1918.
The growing of buckwheat has fallen into disrepute in most places. The fact that it is often spoken of as a hayman's crop should not deter others from raising it, and the old principle that it requires little or no cultivation should not be followed. When the country was new, and the soil rich, any kind of scratching of the soil was considered sufficient, and in this way very few gave to the crop the proper attention.

Easy to Produce
Buckwheat is really one of the easiest crops to grow. The seed requires planting at a leisure time, and will grow a good crop on land that is almost worthless. These commendatory qualities of the crop seem sufficient to overcome those put in the opposite scale.

If buckwheat is grown on the true and right principle that when it is worth doing at all is worth doing well, there is little doubt that it will prove profitable, whether the soil is poor or otherwise. If for no other reason, it seems advisable to grow a small patch of it for the breakfast cakes that it yields the family during the winter season.

Suits Many Soils

The buckwheat that is sown on rich soil will, of course, yield better than that sown on new land which has just been scratched over by the plow and harrow. If the soil is mellow and well worked, a peck per acre will give a good yield. There is one

advantage in thin sowing, and that is that it encourages the branching of the plant so that the seed is borne very thickly.

The choice of the seed also affects the growth of the plants considerably, although the black and the gray appear to grow almost equally well on average soils. On a thin, gravelly soil which is in good condition, the gray variety yields more and better flour than the dark, thick-skinned kind.

The question of fertilizers for buckwheat is one to which little attention has been given. Why any fertilizer of any kind should be used may seem strange to those who have been accustomed to raise the grain on poor land, where it seemed to flourish under the most unfavorable circumstances. On rich soils it would at first glance seem that manure would be sheer waste. It may be said that this is partly true, but we have found that lime applied to the soil is not time or money lost. The application of plaster is also beneficial.

A Short Season Crop

Buckwheat is a short season crop. We have sown the first week in July and secured a mature crop. The last week in June is, all things considered, the best time to sow in Ontario. The best way to harvest it is to cut it with a mower, let it lay in the swath for some days, then put in into cocks, allowing it to cure thoroughly before thrashing.



INTERNATIONAL LESSON
MAY 19.

Lesson VII. Jesus Exercises Kingly Authority—Mark 11, 15-33.
Golden Text, Matt. 28, 18.

Verse 15. Entered into the temple—In the early part of his ministry, as recorded by John (2, 13-17) he had cleansed the temple, but now the old traffic was in full swing, and perhaps worse than before. He now with great vigor and authority expels those who profane the holy courts. Cast out them that sold and the things that bought—Victims for the temple service, wine, oil, salt were the various things purchased. That they could be purchased within the temple precincts was doubtless a great convenience to the pilgrims, but the sordid mercenary spirit which had grown up turned all the traffic to desecration, profanity, greed, and fraud. Overthrew the tables of the moneychangers—The temple tax of a half-shekel which every Jew had to pay annually had to be paid in Jewish money. Pilgrims from all parts of the neighboring world brought with them Gentile money which naturally would have to be changed for the current coin of the Jews. Great profits came to the moneychangers at this time, who were not slow, as in Cairo, Jerusalem, and Constantinople to-day, to reap rich results from extortionate charges. Them that sold doves—The Levitical law (Lev. 12, 8; Luke 2, 24) provided that those who were unable to purchase lambs might purchase doves, 16. Carry a vessel through the temple—Any kind of implement. They had fallen into the habit of making a thoroughfare of the temple precincts, which the Jewish authorities had prohibited.

17. And he taught—Stirred by what he saw he seized the opportunity to instruct them on the prophecies of the sanctuary. Ye have made it a den of robbers—The din of traffic is not in harmony with the spirit and practice of prayer in the house of God. The chaffing of traders, the noise of sacrificial beasts, the noise of men tramping through the sacred courts, was not so bad as the greed and robbery by which unscrupulous traders had enriched themselves at the expense of the thronging pilgrims who had come to worship.

18. The chief priests and the scribes heard it, and sought how they might destroy him—Since all this traffic took place by the sanction of the priests, and since all animals offered for sacrifice had to pass the priestly inspection we may well understand how bitter was their rage toward Jesus, when we are told that the priests derived revenue from this traffic. To sweep out of the temple the entire miserable crew of traffickers interfered with the gains of these secularized religionists. They feared him—We have two other instances where they combined against him (John 7, 82 and 11, 47, 57). He had the people with him and they did not dare arrest him before the crowd,

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Here's what Dr. McLaughlin, Shawville, P.Q. says about CAPTAIN'S REMEDY:
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who undoubtedly looked on with supreme satisfaction as they beheld his fearless attack upon the corrupters of the people and despisers of the common folk.

28. By what authority?—Who gave him this authority?—This was on his third visit to the temple at this time. He is challenged by all three classes, including the custodians of the temple, who might reasonably claim to inquire why he presumed to exercise authority in a region over which they had special jurisdiction.

29. I will ask you one question—He now brings up the mooted question of John's authority to do as he did. What authority has any man to move out of the conventional order, unless he is moved with a mighty call to his duty? Why did John baptize and so scathingly arraign the leaders of his day? 32. They feared the prophet for all verily held John to be a prophet—Consequently, to have lightly esteemed John was to bring upon them the popular indignation. Instead of frankly owning to their conviction of John's divine call they took refuge in a cowardly profession of ignorance.

33. Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things—John's fearless action was the action of a prophet; Jesus' conduct was likewise the procedure of one moved by divine authority, but he refused to answer men who were moved only by a hostile curiosity.

Bedtime Stories
A May Frolic.
A host of little raindrops hurried out one day;
A host of little sunbeams followed them in play.
When Miss Polly saw them frolicking together,
"Mother, look!" she cried, "What lovely rainbow weather!"

Hoptoad's New Coat.
"Homely Little Hoptoad,
Sitting by your door,
Just come up to sunlight,
Now the winter's o'er,
Oh, but aren't you dinky,
Such a looking sight,
Here among the blossoms blithe,
All so fresh and bright!"

Humble Little Hoptoad.
Never answered back,
Just began to wriggle—
Coat began to crack!
Wriggle, wriggle, wriggle!
Cracking, bit by bit.
"Mercy me! He's pulled it off,
And he's swallowed it!"

Happy Little Hoptoad.
Blinking in the sun,
Shining like the blossoms,
Almost looks like one,
For beneath the old coat,
Ready, all the while,
There had been a new coat fine,
Just the season's style.

Highly-tighty Hoptoad.
Starting for a stroll,
In his eyes so sparkling
Is a twinkling droll;
Maybe he is thinking,
"Don't you wish that you
Got your new spring togery
Just the way I do?"

The Journey
The journey of life?
It is but the stepping from the valley,
That lies dark and dank in the mist,
To the hill-top,
Bright and clear in the sun.
And for the journey,
Be it one day or a thousand years,
A knapsack filled with love.



How Canada's Greatest Shoe House Supplies the Nation's Footwear

CONSIDER the amount of time and the infinite care you take when buying footwear to suit your own taste in regard to style, size, etc. Multiply your own individual needs by millions and you will get an idea of the immense task which confronts the makers of Canada's footwear, and the size of the organization it is necessary to maintain for that purpose.

The buying of a single pair of shoes is an event that occupies a person but a few moments two or three times a year—but to meet the accumulated demand of a nation's individuals, it requires the whole resources of a gigantic industry. Ames Holden McCready are truly "Shoemakers to the Nation." It is a title justified by their size and the importance of their business.

It may be a revelation to many Canadians to know that to supply them with proper footwear, this firm maintains huge factories each with many acres of floor space, and hundreds of intricate, almost human, machines—facilities and equipment sufficient to turn out 8,000 pairs of shoes every working day.

It requires a small army of workpeople, clerks and warehousemen, in addition to executives, buyers and travellers.

It requires much study and thought to plan styles and models of Men's, Women's and Children's shoes in their various grades and styles.

In order to secure the best results in the production of various kinds and grades, it is also necessary to specialize.

For example: Ames Holden McCready factories are separated into three distinct factory units, each a complete factory in itself.

One unit of our factories is devoted entirely to the manufacture of high grade footwear for Women and Children. Consider the great variety of styles in women's footwear, including high-top boots, oxfords and pumps.

Consider the many different patterns and lasts, the varieties and shades of leather and finish—then you will see what a great number of models are required to meet the widely different needs of Canadian women in the cities and towns and also in the country districts.

Another factory unit is devoted to making only the better grades and styles of Men's Shoes—shoes for professional men, lawyers, doctors, and all business men, whose occupations permit the use of fine leathers such as calf and kid.

The third unit specializes in sturdier types of shoes for heavy wear and rough usage. Shoes for farmers, lumbermen, miners, trainmen, and workpeople who require a heavier and more solidly-constructed boot.

In addition to the work of manufacture—the requirements of distribution are also tremendous. A manufacturer must not only make his goods economically and well—but he must deliver them—DISTRIBUTE them. Therefore, in addition to a force of 60 travellers constantly visiting the retail trade from coast to coast, Ames Holden McCready maintain, in the centres of population throughout Canada, immense stocks of boots and shoes ready for immediate shipment to the retailers in each section.

These warehouses are located in the following cities:
St. John, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver.

Years of experience has taught us the kind and styles of boots which are required in each locality. No matter in what part of Canada you reside, no matter what particular kind of shoe you require, your retail dealer can procure it for you without loss of time.

And that is the reason why you will find, even in the outlying districts, that dealers selling Ames Holden McCready goods are up-to-date with stocks that are fresh and new, and which reflect the latest shapes and styles.

When you see the A.H.M. trade mark on a shoe, you know that not only is that mark an endorsement by the largest shoe concern in Canada, but that being the product of a highly organized industry, the shoe you are buying represents the utmost in value, style and wearing qualities which can be obtained at the price.

AMES HOLDEN McCREADY LIMITED

"Shoemakers to the Nation"



THE CHILDLIKE-RUSSIAN.

Peasant Soldiers Are Fascinated by Simple Experiments.

The eternal childishness of the Russian peeps out even amid the grim scenes of anarchy and bloodshed of the Bolshevik regime in Petrograd. Dr. G. Robertson, an American instructor in one of the Russian institutes, observed that the Petrograd Bolshevik garrison had entirely too much time on its hands and was prone to use this leisure to get into serious mischief.

So he used his Yankee wit and evolved a cure which was simplicity itself. He announced a series of free lectures on the wonders of nature, to be delivered in one of the palaces taken over by the new regime, the use of which he easily obtained when he explained his object. The lectures dealt with the simpler manifestations of physical phenomena, such as the electric spark produced by friction; producing the spectrum through a prism, making a dead frog jump by applying the wires of a battery, and like experiments familiar to high school students.

But among the peasant soldiers, all these things passed for sorcery, or something closely akin to it, and they sat fascinated for hours on end, for day after day, filling the hall to suffocation.

The French journalist who recorded the incident as one of the grotesque contrasts of the revolution, expressed his regret that the professor's "interesting initiative had not been extended to displaying moving pictures." In that event, he intimates, the revolution might have been forgotten entirely.

YOUR PROBLEMS
BY MRS. HELEN LAW

Mother and daughters of all ages are cordially invited to write to this department. Initials only will be published with each question and its answer as a means of identification, but full name and address must be given in each letter. Write on one side of paper only. Answers will be mailed direct if stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all correspondence for this department to Mrs. Helen Law, 235 Woodbine Ave., Toronto.

Puzzled:—Now long should you wait in a new neighborhood before returning a call? It is best to return the first call within two weeks if you can, as that shows you appreciate the attention. A recipe for a good face cream is as follows:—One-quarter ounce of white wax, two and one-half ounces spermaceti, two and one-half ounces oil of sweet almonds. Melt, remove from the fire and add: one and one-half ounces of rose water. Beat till creamy; not till cold. Be sure that your drugist gives you only one-fourth ounce of white wax. More will make it too hard.

Robert:—Why save fat? you ask. Because fat is indispensable in the preparation and consumption of food. Because fat is absolutely necessary for the sustenance of human life. Because there is a terrible shortage of fat in Europe! We must furnish the people of Europe with fat, and that of the most concentrated nutritive value. Fat is obtained from milk, meat, poultry, and fish products and

in the form of oil, from vegetables. There is usually an abundance of various kinds of fat in the farm house. See, then, that none of it is wasted. Our definite duty is to use no butter for cooking purposes and to use as little pork as possible for, of all materials for the production of animal fat, the hog is the most efficient.

Lorraine:—The following is a table of substitutes such as you ask for:—Every time you have one of these at a meal: A nutritious soup, fish, poultry, eggs, baked beans, pea or lentil croquettes, cereal dishes, combined with eggs, milk or cheese, you do not need to have these at the same meal: Roast beef, roast mutton pork chops, ham or bacon, sausage, round or hamburger steak, porthouse or tenderloin steak.

Floribel:—Here is the recipe you want for Cottage Cheese Salad: Add to one cupful of cottage cheese, that has been mashed, sufficient milk to moisten slightly, one slice of minced green pepper, salt to taste, one tea-

spoonful of chopped chives and one tablespoonful of chopped dill-seeds. Form into balls and lay on lettuce leaves that have been dressed with the following: Mix in a fruit jar one teaspoonful of tomato catsup, a salt-spoonful of red pepper, half a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of dry mustard, five tablespoonfuls of vegetable oil, half a teaspoonful of onion juice and one tablespoonful of vinegar or lemon juice. Shake until slightly thickened.

Dubious:—By all means make potatoes the backbone of your war-time garden. Don't concentrate on them to the exclusion of everything else but in choosing your vegetables have regard to the food situation and plant beans, peas, carrots, onions, and, very especially, potatoes. The latter is the substitute par excellence for bread and the more you grow the better. It is advisable to grow plenty of the lettuce and radish variety, too. And, by the way, prepare early for your canning operations. Everyone will be asked to can to the limit this summer and fall.

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NEWS FROM JOE

As a middle-aged man came out of the barn at the Seabury place, John Starrett's old horse stopped of its own accord.

"Any news from your boy?" asked Mr. Starrett, after the two men had exchanged greetings.

"Just heard from him," replied Mr. Seabury. "Kind of a relief, too. Fact is, my wife and I have been a good deal disturbed about conscription. We had got quite reconciled to Joe's being with his uncle way off in Saskatchewan, because he had such fine prospects and was among relatives. But it was another matter when this war came on. Last night, in particular, my wife and I got to talking it over, and we couldn't see any way out of it but that Joe would have to go. She had a good deal to say about his being a sturdy, hearty, fellow, such as the government would delight to get hold of for a soldier; and as for his having any dependents, she and I couldn't anyways fill that bill.

"By bedtime we were all wrought up over it, and could see Joe conscripted and over across and in the trenches, and suffering all sorts of things. I couldn't seem to get to sleep any way I could fix it, but just kept turning and tossing.

"After a while Judkins, the mail man, came, and sure enough there was a letter from Joe. We hadn't heard from him for a fortnight. Well, Joe said we needn't worry, for it was all fixed so that the government couldn't get hold of him. His Uncle Jim—that's my wife's brother—had got him a good job down in Nicaragua; and he was going to start right away, and there he should stay until the war was over."

"Well, well!" said Mr. Starrett, noncommittally. Then he added thoughtfully, "Seems if that doesn't sound just like your boy Joe. Say, there's something queer about this. You say Judkins brought you that letter in the deal of the night?"

"Queer? Of course it was queer," said Mr. Seabury. "Ain't dreams always queer? Didn't you understand that I dreamed it? Well, I did, then, and when I woke up I was all a-drip of sweat. It took me some time to get clear of the feeling that we were all disgraced.

"But that wasn't all of it. First thing this morning my wife had to tell her experience. She hadn't got any letter, but she had seen Joe himself. He came into the house, looking white and feeble, and says he, 'Well, mother, you needn't fret about my having to go to war, I'm exempt. Doctor says that I'm sick, and won't ever be any better.'"

"My wife was terribly down in the mouth. I told her it was only a dream, but that didn't pacify her, and finally I had to fall back on the old saying that dreams always go by contraries.

"Sure enough, ours did. This forenoon Judkins did leave a letter from Joe. He has enlisted, and he's as sound as a nut. He's cheerful and hopeful, and wants us to be. And we are going to try. Of course there is risk, although they say that it does not figure out to be nearly so great as you would think. For that matter, a chap is in some danger wherever he is, as long as he is alive at all. Anyway, I'd risk having my boy over in France doing his duty sooner than I would having him down in Nicaragua, or any other place, shirking it."

"Well," said Mr. Starrett deliberately, "looking at it from all sides, I don't see as I can do less than kind of congratulate you."

Then the old white horse, feeling perhaps that enough had been said, started on of its own accord.

The Old Farm Lane.

The maples, with their crimson stain, Beguile me down the old farm lane, Where the slow moving cattle go, At dewfall in the afterglow. The pastures, wrapped in amber gloss, When dreamily there drifts across, The milking cry, "Co, boss! Co, boss!"

Here sumachs show their gleaming fibre Above the purple aster spire; And here, like embers in an urn, The bending barberries blush and burn; While from the opened milkweed pod Drift snowy sails, and o'er the sod Life torches of the golden rod.

The air is soft the air is sweet; The bygone lure of truant feet Calls as it did in distant days When all the world was hung with haze, The haze of youth, and dreams were vain, And filled with glories that remain A halo 'round the old farm lane!

War.

"They say that 'war is hell,' the great accused,"

"The sin impossible to be forgiven! Yet I can look beyond it at its worst, And still find blue in Heaven.

"And as I note how nobly. Naturea with eggs, Under the war's red vein, I deem it true,

That He who made the earthquake, and the storm, Perchance makes battles too.

"The life He loves is not the life of span, Abbreviated by each passing breath; It is the true humanity of man, Victorious over death."