

Any Man Can Handle A Big Crop of POTATOES

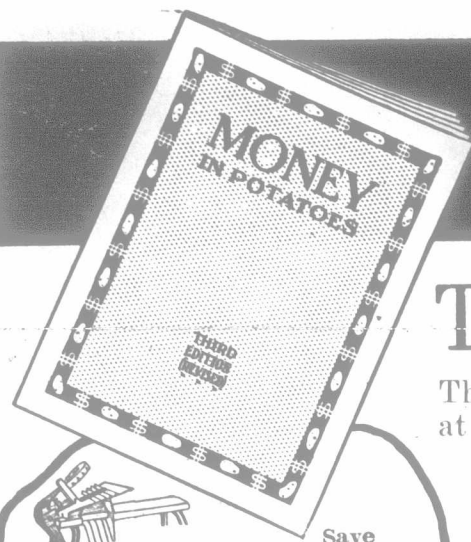
THAT means any man can put in a big acreage of the most profitable of all farm crops, and count on the big per-acre yield. Will it pay to raise potatoes in 1915? The nations who raised the most of the world's supply are at war. Canadian potatoes must go to Europe at big prices.

To the men who realize what this will mean to them in larger income and better cultivation of their fields, we offer to send our complete manual of potato culture.

Other men have found ways to insure the yield.

At every step, selecting and cutting the seed, preparing the soil, fertilizing, cultivating, fighting bugs and blight, harvesting, there are things important to know, and simple to carry out. These ideas

are put down clearly in our book, "Money in Potatoes." Learn how to increase the crop by avoiding loss, and by the right tillage and cultivation. Learn how to increase the profit by saving labor.



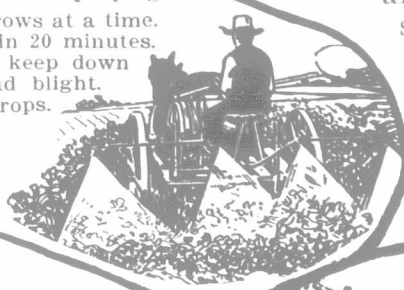
Save

4-5 Time of Cutting.
You can cut 5 to 7 bushels an hour, and do the work better than by hand.



Save

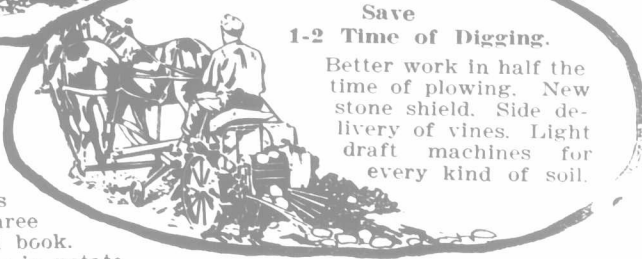
2-3 Time of Spraying
Spray 4 rows at a time. An acre in 20 minutes. Easy to keep down bugs and blight. Sure crops.



Save

1-2 Time of Digging.

Better work in half the time of plowing. New stone shield. Side delivery of vines. Light draft machines for every kind of soil.



Save 3-4 Time of Planting.

Plant the seed on finely worked soil, fertilize and fill in at one trip over the field. Get 100 per cent. stand in even rows, easy to cultivate and harvest.

Do the whole work for quarter the cost of hand planting. Use an O.K. Planter.

Cut out the Coupon and get this big new Book FREE

The third edition of this book is now ready. It is three times the size of the old book. Has complete instruction in potato culture.

Perhaps you are on the fence, with regard to potatoes. This book will help you decide.

Perhaps you have had trouble—haven't had as big a yield as you expected. Consult this new book, "Money in Potatoes."

Potato culture gives you the means of working up grass lands to the best profit. It cleans up weedy fields. It is better than summer-fallowing and pays a big profit into the bargain.

Post yourself on potatoes. Send us the Potato Coupon TO-DAY.

MADE IN CANADA

B COUPON

Canadian Potato Machinery Co., Ltd., Galt.
Send Booklet, "Money in Potatoes."

If you have any potato machines, what are they?

**OK CANADIAN
POTATO MACHINERY
CO. Limited GALT, ONT.**

Ideal Fence

Made in Canada

The Extra-Value Fence

Your scales will tell you that rod for rod, style for style, "Ideal" is the heaviest Fence you can buy. That extra weight means extra strength, extra service and durability and extra value for your money.

"Ideal" has that snappy, springy, hard steel full gauge No. 9 wire that you want in your Fence—that heavy but even coating of galvanizing you insist upon. Every wire and every spacing is as represented in catalogue. "Ideal" is made with even

tension so that when erected it goes up straight and true—no slack wires to bag—no tight wires to break. It's a pleasure to stretch it. It's the same Fence that has enclosed for many years the thousand head of unruly buffalo at Wainwright, Alberta, for the Canadian Government. Isn't that test enough to convince you of "Ideal's" strength and service.

Don't experiment, but buy "Ideal." A postal with your name and address will bring you our catalogue No. 4 telling you more about "Ideal" Fence and Steel Fence Posts.

The McGregor Banwell Fence Co., Limited
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A. G. HULL & SON, St. Catharines, Ontario



Nightingale—We, the birds—

King (Interrupting)—Is there no gem? Is there no endowment, beauty, health?

Nightingale—O, dear King, listen—

King—Yes, yes, we know what you would say. But sacrifice, pain, sorrow, go to the making of this Gold. One must rise above self, and live solely for others. A handful of this Gold will grow and multiply at every good deed done, sacrifice made, every pain endured for the help of another being; and if the possessor fail, one jot or tittle, the gold will, like red-hot coals, burn and scorch, and sere the life with misery. Is there a mortal who can undergo such a test as this? And, heed you—once we bestow this Gold upon a mortal, the giving of it is ours no more.

(A pause. Gnomes more restlessly, King steps down from his throne, picks up the diamond dagger, looks into its light. Gnomes begin to whisper together. Nightingale watches King, then coming close to him, speaks softly).

Nightingale—

Rosemary, we are sure
Will the Test endure.

King—

Grant that it be so.
Yet—for you must know—
'Tis but once we hold
Right to give the Gold
(Nightingale grows a little vexed,

stamps foot lightly, and speaks with more vehemence).

Nightingale—

It is for her we ask,
No self-denial, no task
We deem too great, or high.

King—

Myself—nor yet would I,—
But this—the Meadowgold,
Old as the world is old;
Wrought when the dawn-sun's beam
Flashes into the stream;
Perfect of purest Gold;
Love's power manifold

Nightingale—

All this we know, yet dare
To ask the treasure rare.

King—

But heed you,—yes, 'tis so,
A mortal must perfect grow
Ere of the Gold he know.

(A pause. Nightingale hangs her head sadly. King half turns away, bowing head regretfully. Gnomes look from one to another wistfully, playing absently with implements).

Nightingale (Turning half-way round to Gnome and speaking pleadingly)—
Rosemary, to us is dear,—
'Tis that which brings me here.

(A second pause. King moves restlessly; catches sight of Gnomes, suddenly raises his head and cries in a clear voice)—
King—What say you, my Gnomes, what say you? Shall we grant our friends, the Birds, this boon?

Gnomes (Turning to him joyfully)—
The Acorn's end
She did forfend,
Remember, King:
So let us bring
Into the stream
That Golden Gleam,
A double measure
For double pleasure.
(Clinking their implements they sing)—
Click, clack, click,
Knick, knack, knick,
A double measure
For double pleasure
We'll give Rosemary treasure.

(A pause. King strides over to the forges, gazing into their fires; then looks long upward into the depths of the over-hanging rocks; clasps his hand across his forehead and eyes in deep thought; then turns quickly and joyously, to the Nightingale)—

King—
So be it then, sweet bird of night,
Take once more your swiftest flight;
Tell our friend we thus decree,—
Upon this very morn may she
Find the Gold. When first the beam
Of the dawn-sun floods the stream
Dip her two hands, like a cup,
And what she finds there, gather up.
Nay, thank us not,—for well we know
Whereof you ask; what we bestow.
We are content,—her deeds will show.
(The Gnomes fall to work with great glee).

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