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The Beater Freeing Device insures an easy and safe start, and dispenses with the cumbersome end-board.
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The apron automatically returns to place for reloading while returning for another load.
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it's all over with me. How she ever came to this far land, heaven knows, and none but heaven can explain such waste. Having no kindred soul to talk with, I fancy she enjoys conversation with myself (sic), revels in music, is transported to the fifth heaven by my performance on the violin, but evidently pities me, and regards me as dangerous. But, my dear Maitland, after a somewhat wide and varied experience of fine ladies, I give you my verdict that here, among the Anakim, and in this wild, woody land, is a lady fine and fair and saintly. She will bother me, I know. Her son, Hughie (he of the bear), of whom I told you, the lad with the face of an angel, and the temper of an angel, but of a different color—her son Hughie she must make into a scholar. And no wonder, for already he has attained a remarkable degree of excellence, by the grace, not of the little log school, however, I venture to say. His mother has been at him. But now she feels that something more is needed, and for that she turns to me. You will be able to see the humor of it, but not the pathos. She wants to make a man out of her boy, 'a noble, pure-hearted gentleman,' and this she lays upon me! Did I hear you laugh? Smile not, it is the most tragic of pathos. Upon me, Jack Craven, the despair of the professors, the terror of the watch, the—alas! you know only too well. My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, and before I could cry, 'Heaven forbid that I should have a hand in the making of your boy!' she accepted my pledge to do her desire for her young angel with the other-angelic temper.

"And now, my dear Ned, is it for my sins that I am thus pursued? What is awaiting me I know not. What I shall do with the young cub I have not the ghostliest shadow of an idea. Shall I begin by thrashing him soundly? I have refrained so far; I hate the role of executioner. Or shall I teach him boxing? The gloves are a great educator, and are, at times, what the padre would call means of grace."

"But what will become of me? Shall I become prematurely aged, or shall I become a saint? Expect anything from your most devoted, but most sorely bored and perplexed, J. C."

CHAPTER XII.

The Downfall.

In one point the master was a great disappointment to Hughie; he could not be persuaded to play shinny. The usual challenge had come up from the front, with its more than usual insolence, and Hughie, who now ranked himself among the big boys, felt the shame and humiliation to be intolerable. By the most strenuous exertions he started the game going with the first fall of snow, but it was difficult to work up any enthusiasm for the game in the face of Foxy's very determined and weighty opposition, backed by the master's lazy indifference. For, in spite of Hughie's contempt and open sneers, Foxy had determined to reopen his store with new and glowing attractions. He seemed to have a larger command of capital than ever, and he added several very important departments to his financial undertaking.

The rivalry between Hughie and Foxy had become acute, but besides this, there was in Hughie's heart a pent-up fierceness and longing for revenge that he could with difficulty control. And though he felt pretty certain that in an encounter with Foxy he would come off second best, and though, in consequence, he delayed that encounter as long as possible, he never let Foxy suspect his fear of him, and waited, with some anxiety, for the inevitable crisis.

Upon one thing Hughie was resolved, that the challenge from the front should be accepted, and that they should no longer bear the taint of cowardice, but should make a try, even though it meant certain defeat. His first step had been the organization of the shinny club. His next step was to awaken the interest of

the master. But in vain he enlarged upon the boastfulness and insolence of the Front; in vain he recounted the achievements of their heroes of old, who in those brave days had won victory and fame over all comers for their school and county; the master would not be roused to anything more than a languid interest in the game. And this was hardly to be wondered at, for shinny in the snow upon the roadway in front of the school was none too exciting. But from the day when the game was transferred to the mill-pond, one Saturday afternoon, when the North and South met in battle, the master's indifference vanished, for it turned out that he was an enthusiastic skater, and, as Hughie said, "a whirlwind on the ice."

After that day shinny was played only upon the ice, and the master, assuming the position of coach, instituted a more scientific style of game, and worked out a system of combined play that made even small boys dangerous opponents to boys twice their size and weight. Under his guidance, it was that the challenge to the Front was so worded as to make the contest a game on ice, and to limit the number of the team to eleven. Formerly the number had been somewhat indefinite, varying from fifteen to twenty, and the style of play a general melee. Hughie was made captain of the shinny team, and set himself, under the master's direction, to perfect their combination and team play.

The master's unexpected interest in the shinny game was the first and chief cause of Foxy's downfall as leader of the school, and if Hughie had possessed his soul in patience he might have enjoyed the spectacle of Foxy's overthrow without involving himself in the painful consequences which his thirst for vengeance and his vehement desire to accomplish Foxy's ruin brought upon him.

The story of the culmination of the rivalry between Hughie and Foxy is preserved in John Craven's second letter to his friend Edward Maitland. The letter also gives an account of the master's own undoing—an undoing which bore fruit to the end of his life.

"Dear Ned,—I hasten to correct the false impression my previous letter must have conveyed to you. It occurs to me that I suggested that this school afforded unrivalled opportunities for repose. Further acquaintance reveals to me the fact that it is the seething center of the most nerve-racking excitement. The life of the school is reflected in the life of the community, and the throbs of excitement that vibrate from the school are felt in every home of the section. We are in the thick of preparations for a deadly contest with the insolent, beighted, boastful, but hitherto triumphant Front, in the matter of shinny. You know my antipathy to violent sports, and you will find some difficulty in picturing me an enthusiastic trainer and general director of the Twentieth team, lying about, wildly gesticulating with a club, and shrieking orders, imprecations, cautions, encouragements, in the most frantic manner, at as furious a company of little devils as ever went joyously to battle."

"Then, as if this were not excitement enough, I am made the unwitting spectator of a truly Homeric contest, bloodier by far than any of those fought on the plains of windy Troy, between the rival leaders of the school, to wit, Hughie of the Angelic face and other angelic temper, and an older and much heavier boy, who rejoices in the cognomen of 'Foxy,' as being accurately descriptive at once of the brilliance of his foliage and of his financial tactics."

"It appears that for many months this rivalry has existed, but I am convinced that there is more in the struggle than appears on the surface. There is some dark and deadly mystery behind it all that only adds, of course, to the thrilling interest it holds for me."

(To be continued.)