

and made a prisoner at last. The officers expected he would be shot at once as a spy.

The side door was open and I could bear no more, so I slipped quietly out no one noticing me, so I rapt were they all in the old man's story. Jack had been vindicated—had proven himself a hero—what more could I ask? But oh—the longing to have seen him if only just once, to let him know how proud I was of him!

Father would tell me the rest quietly at home, would tell his parents too, for I noticed they were not present. As I reached home, I could not go indoors I felt, and almost instinctively turned toward the stables. Poor old Mollie! She loved him too! The door was open and as I entered I caught my breath sharply. There with his right arm over her neck, his left in a sling was a khaki-clad figure so like—Then he turned, and with a cry I ran straight into his one strong arm. Jack alive and looking well, but oh, so badly crippled!

I accepted the miracle quite calmly after the first thrilling surprise. He told me how he had escaped from the Germans, how he had been nursed to convalescence, and had finally come home with Dr. Brown who had been like a father to him. Then we talked of other things, interesting only to Jack and me.

Suddenly we ran to the gate. Down the street came the shouts of many throats. The noise and hubbub became louder and nearer. A crowd of men were coming, cheering as they came. At last we caught the words—"What's the matter with Kennedy!" and the answer—"He's all right!" Then again—"Three cheers for our hero Kennedy!"

I turned to flee but Jack held me by the arm. Father's arm-chair was seized from the garden; Jack was unceremoniously but tenderly, placed in it, raised upon the shoulders of his old-time comrades and school-fellows and borne aloft through the town that all might see him, the returned hero!

I believe every citizen excused their "Sunday" behavior, but such an Easter was never before known in our town.

Jack told me all about it later in the day, as he stroked Mollie's silken neck. "Isn't it wonderful Katie, the changes a year has made for me? And best of all I've won the dearest girl in the whole world!"

I hid my face against Mollie, and laughingly said, "Yes Jack, and all because of dear old Mollie."

Out of the Soil.

BY F. MARLETT BELLSMITH.

"I can't stand this much longer," muttered Joe Lewis to himself one spring morning as he hitched the horses to the seeder and drove out of the barn-yard. "The strain of this kind of life is becoming unbearable. Gee there you Meg!" and he gave the bay filly a vicious cut with the whip, which served no better purpose than to make the nervous creature still more restless. "I know what I'll do; I'll see Tom and get him to hurry up his Sis' wedding and look after the farm, and I'll go to the Klondyke." And having made up his mind he went through his morning's work in a stolid fashion.

At dinner time Joe made his wish to leave the farm known to his sister in these words:

"I guess the old place won't see much more of me, Sis."

"Why Joe, what do you mean?" and Mary looked up in surprise from where she was taking a pie out of the oven, and burnt her fingers in consequence.

"Well," drawled her brother in his slow way, "you know what the papers said about Billings making a fortune at the Klondyke. I've been thinking about it, and I don't see why if a fellow like him can do it I can't. And I just tell you," with a slap of the hand on the table for emphasis, "I can and I will."

Mary Lewis was not a girl to get easily excited, even about a matter which she regarded as serious as this. She sucked her burnt fingers in silence for a moment, then put the pie on the table, served her brother to a generous piece and took a smaller piece herself; after which she poured out two cups of strong tea and finally asked in a quiet tone:

"Going to the Klondyke will cost

money for the outfit as well as to get there; how do you propose to raise it?"

"By a second mortgage," promptly answered Joe.

Mary shook her head, and her brother went on in a tone which indicated that he did not like opposition, "I don't know why not; the old farm is worth it."

The sister said nothing, though with sounder judgment than her brother she thought he would find it rather hard to persuade any one to lend him money with the land in its present run down condition, especially as it was already mortgaged for nearly its full value. Therefore the two finished their meal in silence. It was when Mary had begun to clear away the dishes that she ventured another question:

"What will I do while you are away, Joe?" She had a shrewd idea of what the answer would be; and the thought was not at all unpleasant to her. Joe had been the obstacle in the way of her marriage, but she was not selfish enough to welcome her own chance of happiness at his expense.

"That's plain sailing, Sis; you and Tom have been engaged for nearly two years and I don't think he'll object to coming here to live. This is his night for coming over and I will ask him to look after things here while I am gone."

Mary watched her brother through the kitchen window with tear-dimmed eyes as he crossed the yard. Their father had died when they were young and their mother had kept the home together and had managed the farm with good judgment and success until she was taken three years before, since when, Joe, always discontented in disposition and a little inclined to be lazy, had let the land run to seed; so that, in spite of all that Mary could do, they were not only unable to pay off any part of the principal but had great difficulty in meeting the interest. The prospect, therefore, was none of the brightest; and to have Joe propose to raise a second mortgage and go away to the gold-mines at the present juncture filled her with the deepest concern.

Tom Plainman called that evening, as expected, and Joe hurried out at the first sound of rattling wheels; he was anxious to have a word with the visitor alone before he entered the house, as they unhitched Tom's high-stepping black gelding, which made Mary the envy of half the girls in Cranberry and the countryside, Lewis told his plan. Plainman was as quick as Mary to see that it meant happiness to them, and not being as unselfish as she, jumped at the chance. However, when Joe proposed that Tom become manager of the Lewis farm he demurred:

"I am afraid, Joe, that you will not be able to raise the money," he suggested; "but what is the matter with selling the farm to me? I have a little money saved and I'll give you a thousand dollars cash and assume the mortgage; what do you say?"

Joe was not the man to drive a bargain, and then he knew in his heart that his prospective brother-in-law's offer was a very generous one; so he closed with the deal on the spot.

Mary was forestalled. She had been thinking all afternoon of how she would divert Joe from his foolish purpose, but now she could only yield to the inevitable. The wedding was fixed for three weeks ahead, for Joe was determined to leave as soon as seed-ing was done. They were busy weeks for Mary.

At last the day came and Joe drove his pretty sister to the Methodist church in Cranberry with the buggy newly varnished and the team of grays specially groomed for the occasion.

It was the most popular wedding held in the district in a long time; for both of the young people were highly thought of. Mary was liked for her sweet unselfish nature and Tom was respected because of what he had done in a few short years. It seemed to the old-timers like the day before that he had arrived from England, green of the green, to whom to try and teach farming was sheer foolishness. Yet now he was recognised as one of the best farm-hands in the neighborhood, with money enough saved to buy a farm for himself.

At the celebration which followed, the minister said that not since he had come to Cranberry had a wedding given him so much pleasure. At which one of the young ladies turned to her neighbor and said in a whisper:

Are your hens winter layers?

The time to prepare for winter eggs is during October, November and December. Have your hens get over the moulting season early and enter the winter months healthy and vigorous. This you can do by feeding Royal Purple Poultry Specific, put up in four sizes, viz.: 25c, 50c, \$1.50 and \$5.00.

Use Royal Purple Roup Cure in the drinking water to prevent and cure diseases—25c tins only.

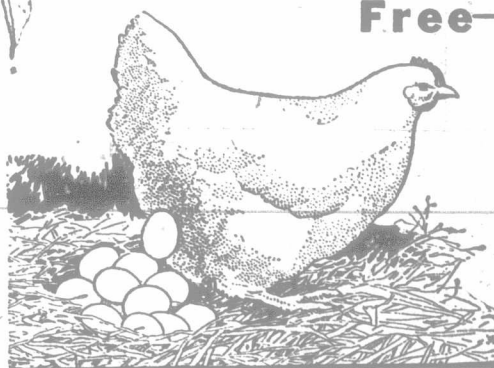
Royal Purple Lice Killer—the hen's best friend and the worst enemy of lice. It smothers them and will permit the hen to sit comfortably on the nest to lay her eggs. It is made from the flowers of an Oriental plant which we grind to the very finest powder. Guaranteed. 25c. and 50c. a tin.

Thoroughly disinfect your hen houses with Royal Purple Disinfectant—put up in three sizes, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. For sale by our dealer in your town.

Free

We will send absolutely free one of our 80-page illustrated booklets on the common diseases of stock and poultry. It tells how to prevent and cure diseases; describes fully our Royal Purple Calf Meal-on which you can raise calves without using milk if necessary. This book is given free, no postage required. Write for your copy to-day. Dept. B

The W. A. Jenkins
Manfg. Co., Ltd.,
London - Ont.



PLEASANT VALLEY SHORTHORNS

Special Offering:—Several young bulls from 7 to 16 months, sired by Loyal Scot (Imp.) and from our best breeding females. You will like these, and we could also spare a few choice females bred to the same sire. GEO. AMOS & SONS, Moffat, Ont. (11 miles east of Guelph, C.P.R.)

POULTRY AND EGGS



Condensed advertisements will be inserted under this heading at three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order for any advertisement under this heading. Parties having good pure-bred poultry and eggs for sale will find plenty of customers by using our advertising columns. No advertisements inserted for less than 50 cents.

RINGLET BARRED ROCKS—IMPROVE THE laying abilities of your flock. Bred-to-lay strain, strong, healthy cockerels, \$2 each. Satisfaction or money returned. Coldham, Kingston, Ont.
S.-C. W. LEGHORN COCKERELS, \$2 EACH, good value. Wm. Adcock, Denfield, Ont.

Chickens 21c. per lb.

The above pays for crate-fatted chickens, bled and picked clean to wing tips. Must be good color.

HORACE WALLER

700 Spadina Ave. Toronto, Ont.

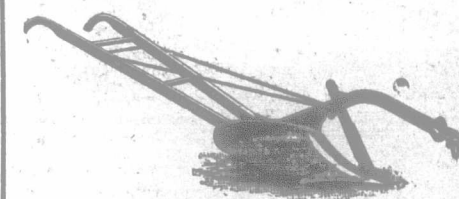
POULTRY

We are open to receive shipments of crate-fatted poultry of all kinds. Highest market prices paid, according to quality. Write for quotations.

Henry Gatehouse & Son

Wholesale and Retail Fish, Game, Poultry, Eggs and Vegetables
348-350 West Dorchester St.
MONTREAL

"The Clipper"



Write us for prices and free illustrated circular.

MISSISSIPPI IRON WORKS
Almonte, Ontario

Cheese Factories and Creameries

Will close about the end of October. You will have MILK or CREAM to dispose of. Write at once for prices and terms, etc.

The People's Dairy Co., Ltd.

402 Parliament Street
TORONTO
Telephone—Main 2055

FARMERS WHO HAVE

HAIRY VETCH

FOR SALE IN SMALL OR LARGE QUANTITIES, KINDLY WRITE TO J. A. ROSS, Box 162, TORONTO

New COAL OIL LIGHT BEATS ELECTRIC OR GASOLINE

10 Days FREE—Send No Money

We don't ask you to pay us a cent until you have used this wonderful modern white light in your own home ten days, then you may return it at our expense if not perfectly satisfied. You can't possibly lose a cent. We want to prove to you that it makes an ordinary oil lamp look like a candle; beats electric, gasoline or acetylene. Lights and is put out like old oil lamp. Tests by Government and 34 leading Universities show that it

Burns 70 Hours on One Gallon

common coal oil (kerosene), no odor, smoke or noise, simple, clean, won't explode. Three million people already enjoying this powerful, white, steady light, nearest to sunlight. Won Gold Medal at Panama Exposition. Greatest invention of the age. Guaranteed.

\$1000 Reward will be given to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to the new Aladdin in every way (details of offer given in our circular). We want one user in each locality to whom we can refer customers. To that person we have a special introductory offer to make, Yours under which one lamp is given free. Write quick for our 10-Day Absolutely Free Trial Proposition and learn how to get one free. FREE MANTLE LAMP COMPANY, 508 Aladdin Building, MONTREAL.

Men With Rigs Make \$100 to \$300 Per Mo. Our trial delivery plan makes it easy. No previous experience necessary. Practically every farm home and small town home will buy after trying. One farmer who had never sold anything in his life before writes: "I sold \$1 the first seven days." Christmas says: "I have never seen an article that sells so easily." Morning says: "25 per cent of homes visited bought." Phillips says: "Every customer becomes a friend and booster." Kemerline says: "No flowery talk necessary. Sell itself." Thousands who are coming money endorse the Aladdin just as strongly. NO MONEY REQUIRED. We furnish stock to reliable men to get started. Ask for our distributor's plan, and learn how to secure an appointment and make big money in unoccupied territory. State occupation, age, whether you have rig or auto; whether can work spare time or steady; when can start; townships most convenient for you to work.



TWICE THE LIGHT
ON HALF THE OIL