

POTASH

POTASH in Canadian agriculture is chiefly used in the forms of Muriate of Potash and Sulphate of Potash. The former is the most generally used, but Sulphate of Potash should invariably be used on potatoes, sugar beets and tobacco, as the chlorine content in the Muriate of Potash is liable to have a detrimental effect on the quality of these crops.

It should be remembered that artificial fertilizers are not used up by the first crop. This does not apply to Nitrate Soda or Sulphate of Ammonia, which are generally taken up wholly by the crop to which they are applied. An application of Potash would be only half used by the first crop, and the two succeeding crops would benefit from the remainder. From this illustration it can be seen that a farmer ought not to charge the full cost of his fertilizers to the first crop, except in the case of the nitrogenous materials mentioned.

Each fertilizer material has its own functions to perform, no one ingredient can replace another. POTASH adds to the quality and promotes the maturity of crops in addition to increasing the quantity. It is necessary for the production and transfer of starch in plants, for the stiffening of straw; it gives color and flavor to fruit and adds to the size of roots and tubers. POTASH should be the dominant ingredient of a fertilizer for potatoes.

FREE educative bulletins and advice on the economic purchase and use of artificial fertilizers may be obtained by applying to

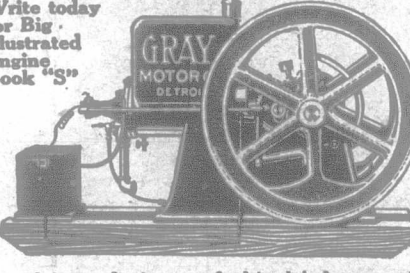
GERMAN POTASH SYNDICATE

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Complete ready to run—fuel tank in base—water cooled—wonderful economy—uses Kerosene or Gasoline—12 sizes, 1 1/2 to 36 H. P. 30 Days Trial

GRAY MOTOR CO., U.S. Motor Bldg., DETROIT, MICH.



ALL kinds of Farms—Fruit Farms a specialty. W. B. Calder, Grimsby.

CREAM WANTED—We guarantee highest prices, correct weights, accurate tests, prompt returns. Write for free cans and try a few shipments. Toronto Creamery Co., Limited, Toronto.

FARM for Sale—100 acres first-class farm land inside corporation of Village of Exeter, Huron Co. Well drained and fenced, 2-storey brick house, full cellar, 8 rooms, heated, ideal coal furnace, one barn on wall, 48x50; one barn adjoining on wall, 36x80; hog-pen, brick, 30x20; drive shed, 30x20; never-failing well, windmill attached; hard and soft water in house and well water all through barns. Ideal location for dairy farm. Good opening for selling milk in the town. Address G. J. Dow, Exeter, or Gladman Stanbury, Exeter.

FARM Wanted—Wanted to rent, 150 to 200 acres for mixed farming, west of Toronto. Farmer, care of Review, Paris, Ont.

SITUATIONS Wanted—Experienced men and married couples require positions. Send full particulars. Farm Employment Agency, 140 Victoria St., Toronto.

VANCOUVER ISLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA, offers sunny, mild climate; good profits for men with small capital in fruit-growing, poultry, mixed farming, timber, manufacturing, fisheries, new towns. Good chances for the boys. Investments safe at 6 per cent. For reliable information, free booklets, write Vancouver Island Development League, Room A, 23 Broughton St., Victoria, British Columbia.

WANTED—Cash paid for Military Land Grants in Northern Ontario. Please state price and location. Box 88, Brantford.

WANTED at once—Married man to work on large dairy farm; \$400 per year, milk, garden and house. Must be good milker and stockman. G. S. Dunkin, Norwich, Ontario.

WANTED—First-class farm hand; single; must be good milker, and good with horses. Good wages and steady work to a good man. Apply, Henry Stead, Wilton Grove, R. R. 2.

WANTED AT ONCE—Competent general servant. Good wages, small family, no children. Apply drawer 80, Woodstock, Ont.

WANTED—CUSTOM TANNING—Send me your cattle and horse hides, and have them tanned and made into robes and coats. Deer skins tanned for buckskin, also made into mitts and gloves. We tan all kinds of hides, skins and furs. Send them to me and have them dressed right. B. F. BELL, DELHI, ONT.

Young Men

FOR ONTARIO FARMS

Arriving February, March, April. Apply:

BOYS' FARMER LEAGUE,

Drawer 126. Winona, Ont.

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 advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

BARRED Plymouth Rocks exclusively. Offering stock from my Toronto winners very reasonable. Leslie Kerns, Freeman, Ont.

Bronze Turkeys for Sale—Won seven prizes at Winter Fair, Guelph, 1912, on ten entries. Young toms weighing 23 to 26 lbs., pullets 15 to 17 lbs. each. Chas. Gould, Glencoe, Ont.

BARRED Rocks and White Wyandottes, single birds, pairs, titos or breeding pens; carefully mated. Prices low; satisfaction guaranteed. Write for particulars. John Pringle, London, Ont.

CHOICE Rhode Island Reds, White Wyandottes, S. C. Brown Leghorns. Wm. Bunn, Birt, Ont.

EMDEN and TOULOUSE geese, Pekin ducks, White and Barred Rocks, S. C. White, Brown, Buff Leghorns, Black Minorcas, White Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds, Blue Andalusians, White and Buff Orpingtons, and Pearl Guineas, Pigeons. Walter Wright, Coburg, Ont.

EXTRA Choice S.-C. Brown Leghorn cockerels (Becker strain), \$2 each. David A. Ashworth, Maple Grove, Ont.

FOR SALE—S. C. Black Minorca cockerels. W. F. Carpenter, Ivy, Simcoe Co., Ont.

INDIAN Runners and White Wyandottes. W. D. Monkman, Newmarket, Ont.

PURE-BRED Bronze turkeys, heavy toms and hens, prices reasonable. C. A. Powell, Arva, Ont.

WE again lead with the best egg-producing strain of Barred Rocks. A grand lot of cockerels for sale. Central Ontario Poultry Yards, Colborne, Ont.

WHITE Orpingtons—Winners at leading shows, greatest layers known. Stock for sale at reasonable prices. Eggs in season. Write me to-day. L. A. Glessman, Conneautville, Penna.

WHITE Rocks, Guelph winners. Booklet free. John Pettit, Fruitland, Ont.

YEARLING Toulouse geese, large-boned; bred right. Trio \$12. L. W. Hoffman, Ridgeway, Ont.

One Shorthorn Bull for sale—Also heifer calf of superior quality and breeding; their dams have been hand milked. Prices right.

STEWART M. GRAHAM, Port Perry, Ont.

More Milk, More Flesh is produced by COTTON SEED MEAL than is possible with any other feed. It's six times as rich as corn. Guaranteed 41 to 48% protein. Try a sample ton. You will buy more. Price, \$33 per ton Windsor, St. Thomas or Woodstock; \$33.50 Berlin or Baden; \$34.50 Barrie; \$34 Toronto, and \$35.10 Peterboro. Send check for trial order. Ask for our free booklet.

The J. E. BARTLETT CO., Detroit, Mich.

RINGING IN EARS

DEAFNESS

INSTANTLY RELIEVED BY THE OLD

DR. MARSHALL'S

CATARH SNUFF

25¢ AT ALL DRUG STORES OR SENT FREE BY MAIL TO CHAS. KEITH, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Girls Wanted

for Biscuit Departments. Wages to start five dollars per week and over. When experienced can make big wages. We can give a large number of girls employment. This is a good opportunity for girls from the country to start work, and by spring will be making from eight to twelve dollars per week. Apply

The McCORMICK MFG. CO., London, Ont.

ask me, I say this piece is as good as that one o' his, 'Tell me not in mournful numbers'; and consid'able clearer."

"I never could fairly make out what 'mournful numbers' was," remarked Mr. Cobb critically.

"Then I guess you never studied fractions!" flashed Rebecca. "See here, uncle Jerry and aunt Sarah, would you write another verse, especially for a last one, as they usually do—one with 'thoughts' in it—to make a better ending?"

"If you can grind 'em out jest by turnin' the crank, why I should say the more the merrier; but I don't hardly see how you could have a better endin'," observed Mr. Cobb.

"It is horrid!" grumbled Rebecca. "I ought not to have put 'me' in. I'm writing the poetry. Nobody ought to know it is me standing by the river; it ought to be 'Rebecca,' or 'the darker maiden;' and 'the rush to Emma Jane' is simply dreadful. Sometimes I think I never will try poetry, it's so hard to make it come right; and other times it just says itself. I wonder if this would be better?"

But O! alas! we may not gain
The good for which we pray.
The quiet life may come to one
Who likes it rather gay.

I don't know whether that is worse or not. Now for a new last verse!"

In a few minutes the poetess looked up, flushed and triumphant. "It was as easy as nothing. Just hear!" And she read slowly, with her pretty, pathetic voice:—

Then if our lot be bright or sad,
Be full of smiles, or tears,
The thought that God had planned it so
Should help us bear the years.

Mr. and Mrs. Cobb exchanged dumb glances of admiration; indeed uncle Jerry was obliged to turn his face to the window and wipe his eyes furtively with the string-bag.

"How in the world did you do it?" Mrs. Cobb exclaimed.

"Oh, it's easy," answered Rebecca; the hymns at meeting are all like that. You see there's a school newspaper printed at Wareham Academy once a month. Dick Carter says the editor is always a boy, of course; but he allows girls to try and write for it, and then chooses the best. Dick thinks I can be in it."

"In it!" exclaimed uncle Jerry. "I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you had to write the whole paper; an' as for any boy editor, you could lick him writin'; I bate ye, with one hand tied behind ye."

"Can we have a copy of the poetry to keep in the family Bible?" inquired Mrs. Cobb respectfully.

"Oh! would you like it?" asked Rebecca. "Yes indeed! I'll do a clean, nice one with violet ink and a fine pen. But I must go and look at my poor dress."

The old couple followed Rebecca into the kitchen. The frock was quite dry, and in truth it had been helped a little by aunt Sarah's misinformations; but the colors had run in the rubbing, the pattern was blurred, and there were muddy streaks here and there. As a last resort, it was carefully smoothed with a warm iron, and Rebecca was urged to attire herself, that they might see if the spots showed as much when it was on.

They did, most uncompromisingly, and to the dullest eye. Rebecca gave one searching look, and then said, as she took her hat from a nail in the entry, "I think I'll be going. Good-night! If I've got to have a scolding, I want it quick, and get it over."

"Poor little unlucky misfortunate thing!" sighed uncle Jerry, as his eyes followed her down the hill. "I wish she could pay some attention to the ground under her feet; but I vow, if she was oun I'd let her slop paint all over the house before I could scold her. Here's her poetry she's left behind. Read it out ag'in, mother. Land!" he continued, chuckling, as he lighted his cob pipe; "I can just see the last flap o' that boy-editor's shirt tail as he legs it for the woods, while Rebecky settles down in his revolv'n' cheer! I'm puzzled as to what kind of a job editin' is, exactly; but she'll find out, Rebecky

will. An' she'll just edit for all she's worth!"

"The thought that God has planned it so

Should help us bear the years."

Land, mother! that takes right holt, kind o' like the gospel. How do you suppose she thought that out?"

"She couldn't have thought it out at her age," said Mrs. Cobb; "she must have just guessed it was that way. We know some things without bein' told, Jeremiah."

Rebecca took her scolding (which she richly deserved) like a soldier. There was considerable of it, and Miss Miranda remarked, among other things, that so absent-minded a child was sure to grow up into a driveling idiot. She was hidden to stay away from Alice Robinson's birthday party, and doomed to wear her dress, stained and streaked as it was, until it was worn out. Aunt Jane six months later mitigated this martyrdom by making her a ruffled dimity pinafore, artfully shaped to conceal all the spots. She was blessedly ready with these mediations between the poor little sinner and the full consequences of her sin.

When Rebecca had heard her sentence and gone to the north chamber she began to think. If there was anything she did not wish to grow into, it was an idiot of any sort, particularly a driveling one; and she resolved to punish herself every time she incurred what she considered to be the righteous displeasure of her virtuous relative. She didn't mind staying away from Alice Robinson's. She had told Emma Jane it would be like a picnic in a graveyard, the Robinson house being as near an approach to a tomb as a house can manage to be. Children were commonly brought in at the back door, and requested to stand on newspapers while making their call, so that Alice was begged by her friends to "reeve" in the shed or barn whenever possible. Mrs. Robinson was not only "turrible neat," but "turrible close," so that the refreshments were likely to be peppermint lozenges and glasses of well-water.

After considering the relative values, as penances, of a piece of haircloth worn next to the skin, and a pebble in the shoe, she dismissed them both. The haircloth could not be found; and the pebble would attract the notice of the Argus-eyed aunt, besides being a foolish bar to the activity of a person who had to do housework and walk a mile and a half to school.

Her first experimental attempt at martyrdom had not been a distinguished success. She had stayed at home from the Sunday-school concert, a function of which, in ignorance of more alluring ones, she was extremely fond. As a result of her desertion, two infants who relied upon her to prompt them (she knew the verses of all the children better than they did themselves) broke down ignominiously. The class to which she belonged had to read a difficult chapter of Scripture in rotation, and the various members spent an arduous Sabbath afternoon counting out verses according to their seats in the pew, and practicing the ones that would inevitably fall to them. They were too ignorant to realize, when they were called upon, that Rebecca's absence would make everything come wrong, and the blow descended with crushing force when the Jebusites and Amorites, the Gergashites, Hivites, and Perizzites had to be pronounced by the persons of all others least capable of grappling with them.

Self-punishment, then, to be adequate and proper, must begin, like charity, at home, and unlike charity should end there too. Rebecca looked about the room vaguely as she sat by the window. She must give up something, and truth to tell she possessed little to give, hardly anything but—yes, that would do, the beloved pink parasol. She could not hide it in the attic, for in some moment of weakness she would be sure to take it out again. She feared she had not the moral energy to break it into bits. Her eyes moved from the parasol to the apple-trees in the side yard, and then fell to the well curb. That would do; she would fling her dearest possession into the depths of the water. Action followed quickly upon decision, as usual. She slipped down in the darkness, stole out the front door, approached the place of sacrifice, lifted the cover of the