

KENTH'S SEEDS FIFTY-ONE YEARS SERVICE

1866 1917

The scarcity of all kinds of good, reliable seed is very marked this season. We therefore must warn you to

HURRY UP YOUR SEED ORDER!

and guard against being disappointed.

We pay railway freight on all orders of \$25 or more in Ontario and Quebec

SEED CORN	Rack Crib	Govt. Standard No. 1	Bushel
Ontario grown, On Cob.	Cured Cured	Red Clover	\$14.00 to \$14.50
	In bags in	No. 2 Red Clover	12.50
	or crates, bags.	No. 1 Alsike	\$14.00 to 15.00
	Per Bushel.	No. 2 or 3 (No. 1 for purity)	\$13.00 to \$14.00
Wisconsin No. 7		Sweet Clover, White Blossom	18c. and 22c per lb.
Golden Glow		No. 1 Timothy	\$5.50
Bailey		No. 2 (Extra No. 1 purity)	\$4.50
White Cap		No. 2 (No. 1 for purity)	4.00
Longfellow		ALFALFA—	
N. Dakota		Montana Grown No. 1	\$15.00
Compton's		Ont. Variegated No. 2 (almost No. 1)	\$23.00 to \$25.00
Quebec No. 28		Lyman's Grimm	80c. lb.
O.A.C. No. 3 Oats	1.25 to 1.35	North-West Grimm	75c. lb.
O.A.C. No. 72 Oats		Orchard Grass	21c. lb.
Banner Oats, unregistered	1.20	O.A.C. 21 Barley	\$1.80 and \$1.85
Yellow Russian Oats	1.20	Rape (Dwarf Essex)	12c. lb.
Potatoes, Irish Cobbler	5.00	Harry Vetch	18c. lb.
Delaware	\$5.00	Amber Sugar Cane	7c. lb.
Gr. Mountain, 5.00 Empire State	5.00	For Clover and Timothy, allow 30c. for each cotton bag required. Grain sacks free.	
Early Ohio	5.00		
White Intermediate Carrot	60c. lb.		
Thousand Headed Kale	25c. lb.		
Dutch Sets	30c. lb.		
Shallots	25c. lb.		

MANGELS:—Keith's Prizetaker, Danish Sludstrup, Yellow Leviathan, Yellow Intermediate, Giant Half Sugar and Mammoth Long Red, in lb. pkts., 25c.; if 5 lbs. or more of one variety, at 23c.

Send for our 1917 Catalogue. It is free.

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124 KING ST. E. TORONTO

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Toronto, Ontario

the time is needed for more important things. Make the soles as smooth as you can, for an army doctor tells me that the sore feet so prevalent among them are usually due to rough socks worn on the long marches. Women to-day are doing many things to help win this war and the providing of such necessities for our men is by no means one of the least of them.

I can't close my letter without again referring to the way in which people have accepted altered conditions. Notwithstanding the fresh sacrifices they are almost daily asked to make, they do so with smiling faces. The ones who grouch, (and they are few and far between), are looked upon as "rotters". With God above us, and the people of the Empire giving fullhearted support to their army and navy, all must be well!

SIBYL.

Noted Women.

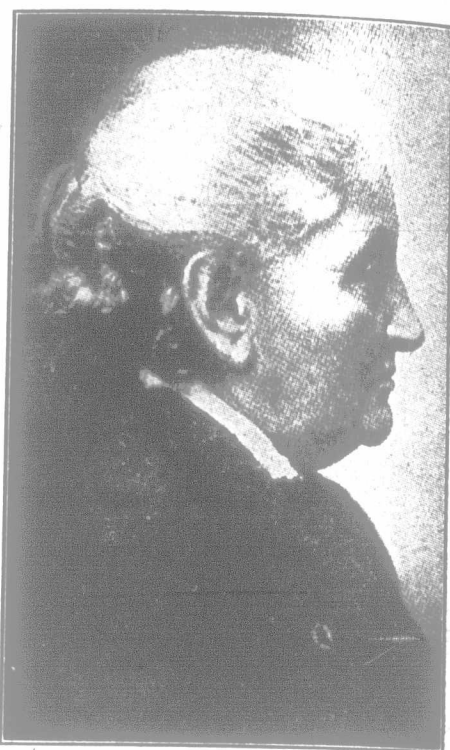
Madame Catherine Breshkovskaya.

Amid all the murk and grime of the war there have been a few bright spots, and the brightest of all, perhaps, in far-off Siberia, where from the farthest and most desolate wastes, political prisoners have been wending their way back to friends and civilization. Most of these so-called "convicts" have been working in the mines and on roads to the mines, poorly fed, without pay, and often brutally treated by the overseers. Many of them, too, before going in fetters to Siberia, were men and women of high education, delicately nurtured, used to every luxury—their only fault as "Criminals" the fatal mistake of having been too outspoken against a Government which to-day lies low, overthrown at last by a gathering of public opinion which drew into it the army itself, the only power by which an autocracy can stand.

Of the history of Siberia as a penal colony, Britannica Encyclopaedia says: "Exile to Siberia began in the first years of its discovery, as early as 1658 we read of the Nonconformist priest Avvakum following in chains the exploring party of Pashkov on the Amur. Nonconformists in the second half of the 17th century, rebels under Peter the Great, courtiers of rank during the reigns of the empresses, Polish confederates under Catherine II, the "Decembrists" under Nicholas I, nearly 50,000 Poles after the insurrection of 1863, and later on whole generations of socialists were sent to Siberia, while the number of common-law convicts and exiles transported thither increased steadily from the end of the 18th century. No exact statistics of Siberian exile were kept before 1823, but it is known that in the first years of the 19th century nearly 2,000 persons were transported every year to Siberia. This figure reached an average of 18,250 in 1873-1877, and from about 1800 until the discontinuance of the system in 1900 an average of 20,000 persons were annually exiled to Siberia. After liberation the hard-labor convicts are settled in villages; but nearly all are in a wretched condition, and more than one-third have disappeared without being accounted for. Nearly 20,000 men (40,000 according to other estimates) are living in Siberia the life of *brodyagi* (runaways or outlaws), trying to make their way through the forests to their native provinces in Russia."

All this was written, of course, before the war. Within the past six weeks the miracle has happened, and for thousands upon thousands of these wretched people the ceaseless slavery, the hard living, the utter loneliness and the bitter climate of Siberia have become a thing of the past.

Among those who have been brought back in triumph to Petrograd is Madame Catherine Breshkovskaya, known throughout the world as "the grandmother of the revolution", who was first exiled for her leadership in an attempted revolution. She is now 73 years old, and has spent 30 years of her life in prison or in exile. Twice she escaped, once in 1904, visiting the United States, where she lectured and collected over \$10,000 for the advancement of freedom in Russia. On her return she was at once arrested, and, notwithstanding the petitions of many prominent Americans, was sent again to Siberia.



"The Little Mother of the Russian Revolution."

Madame Catherine Breshkovskaya, 73 years old, recently liberated from Siberia.

Hope's Quiet Hour

Press Toward the Goal.

I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.—Phil. 3:14, R. V.

Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.—Eph. 4:13.

"Wonderful the whiteness of Thy glory! Can we truly that perfection share? Yes; our lives are pages of Thy story, We Thy shape and superscription bear."

Tarnished forms, torn leaves, but Thou canst mend them; Thou Thine own completeness canst unfold From our imperfections, and wilt end them— Dross consuming, turning dust to gold."

It is often asserted that Christians have no higher ideals than men of the world. We are supposed to be working for rewards after death instead of on this side of death. But what reward do we consider satisfying? Do we think a life spent in the service of God will only win such an unsatisfying reward as a crown of gold in heaven?

We do, indeed, look for a crown of glory; but we are not looking at the things which are seen but at the things which cannot be seen and which will last forever. St. John's great longing is expressed in these confident words: "When He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is". This is the ideal set before every Christian and "every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure."

St. Paul holds up the same hope in our text. He is not satisfied to hope that he may become like Christ himself, but he wants "all" to come "into the measure of the stature" of Christ, that we be no more children, tossed to and fro and easily deceived, but "may grow up into Him in all things, which is the Head, even Christ".

We are apt to jog along in careless fashion, letting the years slip away into eternity, without having any very definite idea of what we are living for. To-day I stood beside the peaceful form of one who had lived out her threescore years and ten. Outside the front door was hung a wreath tied with purple ribbon, in token that a soldier of Christ had fought a good fight and gone forward in joy and hope to meet her King.

Then I went to another house where a young soldier of Christ had lived and suffered for many months. On the door was a white streamer—a token of innocence and bright hope.

Whose turn will come next?