

SEED CORN

Buy Yours on the Cob

Space in "The Advocate" is too expensive to give you our ideas of the different varieties, but we would suggest that you send for our catalogue, which gives some good practical information; also read the corn article on page 581 in March 28th issue of this magazine. Secure your seed early and test it for germination. This is a very simple matter. It will pay you well. Below find our prices, ex warehouse, Toronto.

70 lbs. to the bush. of cob corn

Wisconsin No. 7,	Ontario grown, price on the cob, \$1.50 per bush., bags free
White Cap Yellow Dent,	shelled..... 1.30
Improved Learning,	shelled..... 1.25
Longfellow Flint,	shelled..... 1.25
Compton's,	shelled..... 1.25
King Philip,	shelled..... 1.50
North Dakota White Flint,	shelled..... 1.50

The Eureka Hand Corn Planter \$1.25 each

SEED OATS

Just received, some of the finest Oats we have handled in years. They test 44 lbs. to the bushel and were grown in the great Midlothian district, Scotland. Any Scot would be proud of them. ASK FOR SAMPLE.

Regenerated Abundance Regenerated Banner

We offer them while they last in 5 bush. lots or over at \$1.30 per bush., BAGS FREE. Less than 5 bush. lots at \$1.50, bags free. Below find list of some of our

Ontario Grown Oats

Daubeney, test 35 lbs., at \$1.25; Abundance, test 38 lbs., at 85c.; Siberian, test 37½ lbs., at 85c.; Bumper King, test 37½ lbs., at 90c.; White Hunter, test 37 lbs., at 85c.; Lincoln, test 37 lbs., at 85c. We also offer good, clean Banner Oats that test 36 lbs. to the bushel, but contain a sprinkling of barley, at 75c. per bushel. BAGS FREE.

Barley

O.A.C. No. 21, our best lot, test 49 lbs., at \$1.35; O.A.C. No. 21, good sample, at \$1.20. BAGS FREE.

GEO. KEITH & SONS

Seed Merchants since 1866

124 King Street East,

TORONTO, ONT.

Clovers and Timothy

Herewith find prices good for one week from date of issue of this paper if unsold. If you live in Ontario and order 180 lbs. or more of our clovers and Timothy, we will pay the freight to your nearest station. Otherwise our prices are ex warehouse, Toronto. Cotton Bags for Clover and Timothy at 25c.

Red Clover—	Gov't Stan.	Price
"Sun" brand	No. 1	\$15.50
"Moon" brand	" 2	14.50
"Comet" brand	" 3	13.75
Alfalfa Clover—		
"Gold"	" 1	13.00
"Silver"	" 2	12.00
Alsike—		
"Ocean"	" 1	14.00
"Sea"	" 2	13.50
"Lake"	" 3	13.00
Timothy—		
"Diamond"	" 1	9.50
"Crescent"	" 2	8.50
"Circle"	" 3	8.00

Fertilizers

Order along with your seeds

Muriate of Potash	\$48.00 per ton
Sulphate of Potash	58.00 " "
Acid Phosphate	19.00 " "
Nitrate of Soda	57.00 " "

Our Catalogue tells how to mix for the different crops.

Send for Catalogue

Take A Scoopful Of Each— Side By Side

Take "St. Lawrence" Granulated in one scoop—and any other sugar in the other.

Look at "St. Lawrence" Sugar—its perfect crystals—its pure, white sparkle—its even grain. Test it point by point, and you will see that

Absolutely
Best

St. Lawrence
Sugar

Absolutely
Pure

is one of the choicest sugars ever refined—with a standard of purity that few sugars can boast. Try it in your home.

Analysis shows, "St. Lawrence Granulated" to be 99.9% pure cane sugar with no impurities whatever.

"Most every dealer sells St. Lawrence Sugar."

THE ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL.



their very carelessness was already beginning to wreck.

Marguerite suddenly felt intense sympathy for her husband. The moral crisis she had just gone through made her feel indulgent towards the faults, the delinquencies, of others.

How thoroughly a human being can be buffeted and overmastered by Fate, had been borne in upon her with appalling force. Had anyone told her a week ago that she would stoop to spy upon her friends, that she would betray a brave and unsuspecting man into the hands of a relentless enemy, she would have laughed the idea to scorn.

Yet she had done these things: anon, perhaps the death of that brave man would be at her door, just as two years ago the Marquis de St. Cyr had perished through a thoughtless word of hers; but in that case she was morally innocent—she had meant no serious harm—fate merely had stepped in. But this time she had done a thing that obviously was base, had done it deliberately, for a motive which, perhaps, high moralists would not even appreciate.

And as she felt her husband's strong arm beside her, she also felt how much more he would dislike and despise her, if he knew of this night's work. Thus human beings judge of one another, superficially, casually, throwing contempt on one another, with but little reason, and no charity. She despised her husband for his inanities and vulgar, intellectual occupations; and he, she felt, would despise her still worse, because she had not been strong enough to do right for right's sake, and to sacrifice her brother to the dictates of her conscience.

Buried in her thoughts, Marguerite had found this hour in the breezy summer night all too brief; and it was with a feeling of keen disappointment, that she suddenly realized that the bays had turned into the massive gates of her beautiful English home.

Sir Percy Blakeney's house on the river has become a historic one; palatial in its dimensions, it stands in the midst of exquisitely laid-out gardens, with a picturesque terrace and frontage to the river. Built in Tudor days, the old red brick of the walls look eminently picturesque in the midst of a bower of green, the beautiful lawn, with its old sun-dial, adding the true note of harmony to its foreground. Great secular trees lent cool shadows to the grounds, and now, on this warm early autumn night, the leaves slightly turned to russets and gold, the old garden looked singularly poetic and peaceful in the moonlight.

With unerring precision, Sir Percy had brought the four bays to a standstill immediately in front of the fine Elizabethan entrance hall; in spite of the lateness of the hour, an army of grooms seemed to have emerged from the very ground, as the coach had thundered up, and were standing respectfully round.

Sir Percy jumped down quickly, then helped Marguerite to alight. She lingered outside for a moment, whilst he gave a few orders to one of his men. She skirted the house, and stepped on to the lawn, looking out dreamily into the silvery landscape. Nature seemed exquisitely at peace, in comparison with the tumultuous emotions she had gone through: she could faintly hear the ripple of the river and the occasional soft and ghostlike fall of a dead leaf from a tree.

All else was quiet round her. She had heard the horses prancing as they were being led away to their distant stables, the hurrying of servants' feet as they had all gone within to rest: the house also was quite still. In two separate suites of apartments, just above the magnificent reception-rooms, lights were still burning; they were her rooms, and his, well divided from each other by the whole width of the house, as far apart as their own lives had become. Involuntarily she sighed—at that moment she could really not have told why.

She was suffering from un conquerable heartache. Deeply and achingly she was sorry for herself. Never had she felt so pitifully lonely, so bitterly in want of comfort and of sympathy. With another sigh she turned away from the river towards the house, vaguely wondering, if, after such a night, she could ever feel rest and sleep.

Suddenly, before she reached the terrace she heard a low, sweet voice, calling up

gravel, and the next moment her husband's figure emerged out of the shadow. He, too, had skirted the house, and was wandering along the lawn, towards the river. He still wore his heavy driving coat with the numerous lapels and collars he himself had set in fashion, but he had thrown it well back, burying his hands as was his wont, in the deep pockets of his satin breeches: the gorgeous white costume he had worn at Lord Grenville's ball, with its jabot of priceless lace, looked strangely ghostly against the dark background of the house.

He apparently did not notice her, for, after a few moments' pause, he presently turned back towards the house, and walked straight up to the terrace.

"Sir Percy!"

He already had one foot on the lowest of the terrace steps, but at her voice he started, and paused, then looked searchingly into the shadows whence she had called to him.

She came forward quickly into the moonlight, and, as soon as he saw her, he said, with that air of consummate gallantry he always wore when speaking to her,—

"At your service, Madame!"

But his foot was still on the step, and in his whole attitude there was a remote suggestion, distinctly visible to her, that he wished to go, and had no desire for a midnight interview.

"The air is deliciously cool," she said, "the moonlight peaceful and poetic, and the garden inviting. Will you not stay in it awhile; the hour is not yet late, or is my company so distasteful to you, that you are in a hurry to rid yourself of it?"

"Nay, Madame," he rejoined placidly, "but 'tis on the other foot the shoe happens to be, and I'll warrant you'll find the midnight air more poetic without my company: no doubt the sooner I remove the obstruction the better your ladyship will like it."

He turned once more to go.

"I protest you mistake me, Sir Percy," she said hurriedly, and drawing a little closer to him; "the estrangement, which, alas! has arisen between us, was none of my making, remember."

"Begad! you must pardon me there, Madame!" he protested coldly, "my memory was always of the shortest."

He looked her straight in the eyes, with that lazy nonchalance which had become second nature to him. She returned his gaze for a moment, then her eyes softened, as she came up quite close to him, to the foot of the terrace steps.

"Of the shortest, Sir Percy? Faith! how it must have altered! Was it three years ago or four that you saw me for one hour in Paris, on your way to the East? When you came back two years later you had not forgotten me."

She looked divinely pretty as she stood there in the moonlight, with the fur-cloak sliding off her beautiful shoulders, the gold embroidery on her dress shimmering around her, her childlike blue eyes turned up fully at him.

He stood for a moment, rigid and stiff, but for the clenching of his hand against the stone balustrade of the terrace.

"You desired my presence, Madame," he said frigidly, "I take it that it was not with a view to indulging in tender reminiscences."

His voice certainly was cold and uncompromising; his attitude before her, stiff and unbending. Womanly decorum would have suggested that Marguerite should return coldness for coldness, and should sweep past him without another word, only with a curt nod of the head: but womanly instinct suggested that she should remain—that keen instinct, which makes a beautiful woman conscious of her powers long to bring to her knees, the one man who pays her no homage. She stretched out her hand to him.

"Nay, Sir Percy, why not? The present is not so glorious but that I should not wish to dwell a little in the past."

He bent his tall figure, and taking hold of the extreme tip of the fingers which she still held out to him, he kissed them ceremoniously.

"I faith, Madame," he said, "then you will pardon me, if my dull wits cannot accompany you there."

Once again he attempted to go, once more her voice, sweet, childlike, almost tender, called him back.

"Sir Percy."

"Your servant, Madame."

"Is it possible that love can die?" she said with sudden, unreasoning vehemence.