

Can I afford to use SYDNEY BASIC SLAG

is a question often asked by men who have never used it.

Can I afford to do without SYDNEY BASIC SLAG

is the way they speak after realizing what an improvement it effects.

Every Ontario farmer is, or should be, interested in the quality of his pastures as well as the quantity of grass grown. If we could but get you to make a trial this Fall on your old pastures you would then realize what a profitable investment it is to apply SYDNEY BASIC SLAG to your grass lands. Old pastures can often be made to carry treble the stock, and do it better, after being so treated, and you will find the meat and milk producing value of such pastures far superior to fields where Sydney Basic Slag has not been applied. This has been proved time and again in the Old Countries by official tests and now European farmers use millions of tons every year. Do you think they would continue to use Basic Slag if it did not pay them? Eventually the same conditions will prevail in Ontario but our great concern now is to get you started. Try a ton on four acres of old pasture this Fall and watch results.

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of the mountain emptied into it, beyond the possibility of Orion getting through even if he succeeded in wrecking his way into the vault itself.

Maconachie's aids went about the job scientifically, explaining that it would take several hours to get the powder planted. A series of three or four blasts would obliterate the wonder-working of the Quichuans. They appeared to figure the result, more or less exactly, of each blast. . . . I bade them make haste. There was no rest for me, until they were finished. The thing had become a mania. I had sent repeated excuses to the old Master. I had told Yarkin I must see this through. . . . Between nine and ten that night, one of the experts assigned to the work, found me to report that the powder was planted—three charges which would seal forever the inner end of the passage. I ordered the fuses lit, and paced in the darkness meanwhile. . . . Twice in the next fifteen minutes, we felt the seismic throbs; then a second's fraction of reading adjustment—giants fighting in a frail room—and the crashes came up the gorge like the end of all things. . . . I stood apart in the darkness—waiting for the third. I thought the blood would burst from my eyes, as I waited. And after the explosion—I belonged to them who were watching, but who would not come near—until I fell.

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The mountain peaks across Lost Valley—I thought for many days—belonged to another planet. I could just see the black and glacial tips through the tent-opening; and from where my head lay, no depth of valley was in view—just the ethereal divide and the sky, and that far, alien coast of peaks.

Distantly I remembered the men filing past my cot—holding their hats in their hands; and one voice that put out the day and hurt me with rope and beam and stone and evil night.

There was a renewal of acquaintance with those different planes of being that had puzzled me, on the journey down the Yellow River. Something was left from the faces that filed interminably by—a goodness, a strength, a pity—thrilling from the hard hands that touched mine and from the faces of men who did not try to make words work.

First of the tangible things, a pair of long lank legs. These shut off my other world one morning. I followed them up and up rapidly wearying, until (as one scrambles panting to a crest) I found Maconachie. The face was worth finding. I think the blasting did it. Often those are rare friends that you have to blast for. He carried his arms like flippers, for they were bandaged and in splints. This recalled how we had brought in Huntoon after his last stand, and how Mac had dropped his part of the burden at the Vatican door.

He would not talk to me; but always when I opened my eyes, his smile burst into bloom. Mac's mother may have known that smile. Sometime possibly another woman will get it—but I am the third, having blasted for it.

For a long time no one would talk to me. . . . Often I seemed back with Yuan Kang Su (by the rivers of Babylon, I was to write), sitting in that heavenly dawn-mist on the banks of the Calderon. There was never a dawn so soft, so blue. I thirsted to drink again of that vapory ocean as the day came up over the mountain like the tip of a flamingo feather. But always I would remember China—not the mother, but the mob—the mob that had destroyed him because he was an individual. Always the mob is frenzied by an individual. . . . A God-touched woman—that was Yuan's word—such a woman perceives a shining One in the midst of the myriad that wait upon the Shore. She calls—and eagerly He comes. She gives him to the world—a man. His race watches him rise, follows a little way—then, in sudden earth-madness, breaks his body. But afterward, in the clear light that comes after the martyrdom—the race discovers that in following ever so little, it has come to a better country. . . . And I had come to a better country for knowing the nobleman, Yuan Kang Su.

The days passed with unnatural swiftness. There was a high light upon

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