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Grain, Root and Corn Crops

Many farmers think they cannot grow good crops unless they use a fertilizer containing a large percentage of potash. This is a fallacy. The German Government has spent huge sums of money in endeavoring to persuade the Canadian farmer that he must apply potash liberally, while our leading Canadian agricultural authorities tell us that our heavy clay soils already contain potash in abundance. Now that the importation of German potash has ceased, the Canadian farmer will discover that the advocacy of potash has been grossly overdone, and that he has been wasting his money in buying potash. Let him use SYDNEY BASIC SLAG, which, in addition to supplying phosphoric acid, the element lacking to the greatest extent in cultivated soils, possesses the property of liberating and rendering available for plant growth the crude potash in the soil, and he will grow as good crops as ever and at considerably less cost.

Drop us a note and let our Ontario sales agent call and tell you all about SYDNEY BASIC SLAG.

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The Cross Fertilizer Co. Limited, SYDNEY, Nova Scotia

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"But this young Breen is worth saving, Felicia," he answered at last.

"From what—the penitentiary?" she laughed—this time with a slight note of anger in her voice.

"No, you foolish thing—much worse."

"From what, then?"

"From himself."

Long after his sister had left the room Peter kept his seat by the fire, his eyes gazing into the slumbering coals. His holiday had been a happy one until Jack's entrance: Morris had come to an early breakfast and had then run down and dragged up Cohen so that he could talk with him in comfort and away from the smell of the tailor's goose and the noise of the opening and shutting of the shop door; Miss Felicia had summoned all her good humor and patience (she did not always approve of Peter's acquaintances—the little tailor being one), and had received Cohen as she would have done a savant from another country—one whose personal appearance belied his intellect but who on no account must be made aware of the fact, and Peter himself had spent the hour before and after breakfast—especially the hour after, when the Breen always claimed him—in pulling out and putting back one book after another from the shelves of his small library, reading a page here and a line there, the lights and shadows that crossed his eager, absorbed face, an index of his enjoyment.

All this had been spoiled by a wild, untamed colt of a boy whom he could not help liking in spite of his peculiarities.

And yet, was his sister not right? Why bother himself any more about a man so explosive and so tactless—and he was a man, so far as years and stature went, who, no matter what he might attempt for his advancement, would as surely topple it over as he would a house of cards. That the boy's ideals were high, and his sincerity beyond question, was true, but what use would these qualities be to him if he lacked the common-sense to put them into practice?

"All this he told to the fire—first to one little heap of coals—then another—snuggling together—and then to the big back-log scarred all over in its fight to keep everybody warm and happy."

Suddenly his round, glistening head ceased bobbing back and forth; his lips, which had talked incessantly without a sound falling from them, straightened; his gesticulating fingers tightened into a hard knot and the old fellow rose from his easy-chair. He had made up his mind.

Then began a search through his desk in and out of the pigeon-holes, under a heap of letters—most of them unanswered; beneath a package tied with tape, until his eyes fell upon an envelope sealed with wax, in which was embedded the crest of the ancestors of the young gentleman whose future had so absorbed his thoughts. It was Mrs. Breen's acceptance of Miss Felicia's invitation to Miss MacFarlane's tea.

"Ah, here it is! Now I'll find the number—yes, 864—I thought it was a '4'—but I didn't want to make any mistake."

This done, and the note with the number and street of Jack's uncle's house spread out before him, Peter squared his elbows, took a sheet of paper from a drawer, covered it with half a dozen lines beginning "My dear Breen—" enclosed it in an envelope and addressed it to "Mr. John Breen, care of Arthur Breen, Esq.," etc. This complete, he affixed the stamp in the upper left-hand corner, and with the letter fast in his hand disappeared in his bedroom, from which he emerged ten minutes later in full walking costume, even to his buckskin gloves and shiny high hat, not to mention a brand-new silk scarf held in place by his diamond tear-drop, the two in high relief above the lapels of his tightly buttoned surtout.

"No, Mrs. McGuffey," he said with a cheery smile as he passed out of the door (she had caught sight of the letter and had stretched out her hand)—"No—I am going for a walk, and I'll mail it myself."

(To be continued.)

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