

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 advertisements inserted for less than 50 cents.

TO MAKE ROOM FOR YOUNG STOCK, WE must sell 400 Single-comb White Leghorn hens. They are all heavy winter layers, and only \$1 each. F. R. Oliver, Roseheath Poultry Farm, Richmond Hill, Ont.

Pratts Poultry and Animal Regulators
A remedy for every ailment. Write now for FREE advice and descriptive literature. Address: **PRATT FOOD CO. OF CANADA, LTD.** 686 Claremont St., Toronto

Live Poultry Wanted

We are open for shipments of live poultry of all kinds. Highest market prices paid, according to quality. Write us for quotations. Wholesale and retail.

H. Gatehouse & Son
348 Dorchester Street West
MONTREAL
Fish, Oysters, Game, Poultry, Eggs and Vegetables

Advertisements will be inserted under this heading, such as Farm Properties, Help and Situations Wanted and Pet Stock. **TERMS**—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. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

WANTED—ONTARIO FARM IN EXCHANGE for 480 acres in Weyburn district of Saskatchewan, 375 acres under plow, and fair buildings, 160 acres fenced. Ref. No. 555 when writing. Walch Land Co., Winnipeg, Canada.

PATENTS AND LEGAL FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO., PATENTS
Solicitors—The Old Established Firm, Head Office Royal Bank Building, Toronto, and 5 Elgin St., Ottawa, and other principal cities.

THE VETERINARIAN
A valuable book which tells you about the treatment of diseases of your live stock given FREE with a trial ton order of **LINSEED OIL CAKE**
"Maple Leaf" Brand
Write to-day for lowest prices.
The Canada Linseed Oil Mills, Limited
Toronto and Montreal

Farm For Sale

320 acres of the best land at Forrester, Sask., 250 acres now in crop. Land is very fertile and all field roots grow readily. Wheat crop last year averaged 60 bushels to the acre. Buildings include well-built house, stables, barn and other buildings—all in excellent shape. The stock—horses, cows, hogs, etc., are also in splendid condition. The entire farm is fenced and there is a good road direct to Tisdale.

This is one of the finest half section farms in the West. Price, terms and all information can be had by applying to

Adjutant E. PUGMIRE, Finance and Property Dept., Salvation Army, 203 Confederation Life Bldg., Winnipeg, Man.

Any Boy or Girl

Can make money by obtaining subscriptions to *The Farmer's Advocate* and *Home Magazine*. Let us hear from you at once, and we will explain fully our most attractive offer. Write:

Box 115, *Farmer's Advocate*
London, Ontario

loved the Orient better than I. We smoked late in the buffet, and then back to our sleeper. Yuan was just across the aisle. After his curtain was drawn, I imagined something like the rigor of death behind it. I did not sleep well. I had my thoughts—but there seemed a maelstrom in that intense silence opposite. It drew me out of myself, to China, to the Ambassador's chambers again, the Graham House, and all the places where I had known Yuan Kang Su.

In the morning for an hour, the fields, rivers and sleepy little towns formed a blurred composite in my mind, before the first call to breakfast. Yuan smiled, as he passed on to the wash-room. I could see no trace of the fancied ravages of the night, when he returned. The diner, met at Omaha, was forward. We were passing through the second of a pair of tourist coaches, when Yuan halted and caught my arm, as if to keep from falling. I followed his eyes. Five or six sections ahead to the right, was the sloping shoulder I knew so well. The same contour; the same brown hair in its plain doing. I gazed breathlessly, but not so unreasonably as to hope. Something out of the past warned me not to hope. Just then the figure turned to some invisible being at her side. . . . and to Yuan the coach became a celestial habitation. Speed, sounds, landscape, were lost to my eyes. I had heard her voice, and I knew there was a child beside her—hidden by the caneback of the tourist seat. And so I followed Yuan down the aisle. His face was immobile, his heart raging.

"Jane Forbes," he said, as if with mighty effort.

She started, paled, and cried his name. "Oh, why did—how did you come on this train?"

He had caught up the little one and was sitting beside her. "To catch the Doric," he answered.

She raised her hand over his shoulder to me, and smiled, the color rising faintly to her white cheeks.

"And that's why I hurried," she said. "I couldn't stay there. I wanted to get back to China. Mr. Ryerson told me you were returning—but not so soon. I wanted to return with you, but I thought if we journeyed across the continent together and across the Pacific—it would be all the harder for us to remember our work. I didn't think it possible for you to try for the Doric."

"It must have been managed for us," Yuan said.

I was awed by the same thought. It was some moments before we turned to the child, who had been frightened at first by Yuan, but only for a moment. A bleak little face—pinched and harried soul of a little girl of six.

And now I was remembering the sets of twos, and the frail haunting face—that one bit of loveliness so tragically out of place, the one that had not blundered into the world. Jane Forbes remembered instantly.

"But I could not have taken her—for mine," she said.

"That is exactly what I want to know—why not?" I asked.

"Why, she is radiant—exquisite to the finger nails."

"All the more—why not?"

"Don't you see? A beautiful child like that? There are beautiful homes for her. There are plenty to take the perfect children. . . . Always in China—until that day—" (I knew she meant the day on the Liu chuan cliffs) "—I intended to go back to Philadelphia and take a little girl for my own. When it proved best for Yuan's work, you know—I thought of the little girl again. But, of course, I wouldn't take one that it would be easy to find a home for. This dear little Ellen—would have to take pot-luck, and she is really very sweet—to me."

Those few sentences are the blood and bone and spirit of Jane Forbes. Nothing had ever made me see the youth of my soul as this. Millenniums of

evolution stretched between the Roman hyacinth and this little face. She could have had the other just as well. . . .

Before she would go to breakfast, she said:

"I have not bought my passage. Seven or eight days would make little difference to me. If you think it best, I can change at Granger—go up to Portland and Vancouver. There's an Empress steamer from there in a week, you know—"

"After Providence has intervened against your iron-willed decrees—" I exclaimed, and mentally withdrew with a look of apology to Yuan.

"I beg of you not to think of it. These days—our dispensation. I shall be a very strong man in Peking," he said.

She settled back in the cane-seat and pressed the child close to her. "It seemed—as if I had to say it," she murmured. Then she agreed to transfer to our coach.

I remained apart, as much as they would let me—for were they not beginning upon their Covent—these two?

But many times in the next three days I was third of a committee of arrangements—to found a Mission for Chinese little girls up the river. This was a dream of Yuan Kang Su's, though I love to think it came from the mother, so queer, so incredibly little. Yuan had a private fortune for this work, and I have always been grateful that he permitted me to assist in the easy way of a man with money.

Though it was a sacred thing—there was one night in which I told them of Covent and our Year. It became more and more impressive to the woman as the hours passed, the inner potentialities unfolding. . . . They were marvelously restored, the two, and the little child was always near them—and the dream of the Mission up the river, the work of her heart of hearts to Jane Forbes, her Mission. The happy hours are hard to write about now—when I think.

And so I saw them over the plains and mountains. December joined us en route, and I walked with them on nameless platforms, in the brisk air of the new winter. . . . It was only when the last visitors were ordered ashore in the heart of the night, that I left the ship. . . . In the dawn from Suro Heights, I watched the old Doric slip forth from the Gate (I followed three days afterward, but sheered away to the southward), and white she was, swinging off in the mists toward the Farallones. . . . Less than a week of the Year was gone.

III

LOST VALLEY.

1

If you have a map of the Americas on your wall, drive a pin into New York City, and drop a string from it. Falling naturally the string will cut off a small, extremely western strip of South America that bulges out into the Pacific.

This little strip contains all the properties which made that year wonderful to me: The highest mountains of the hemisphere; mountain-lakes that only the mid-day sun finds, and which live in a sort of dim enchantment mornings and afternoons; rivers that rush and leap and cut deep silent ways to the sea; a rocky serrated coast overlooking the Pacific; torrid, temperate and frigid climate all in a day's climb; one river, the Rio Calderon, which the devil baited with gold to catch men; a ruined city and the radiant valley, Tropicania. To this valley, through which runs the golden Calderon, came war, strategy, a complicated system of espionage, friends, foes, fortunes, beggary, ambition, dissolution, love. . . . For me in every-

thing and everywhere—in the nights and mornings, in the heights and gorges, by river and shore—was present the vision of a woman. And it is true that certain women came to the settlement.

Nicholas Romany had named the valley Tropicania, and the name meant war and mining projects even in Guayaquil, where Romany was also known. There was a certain thrill in the first mention of his name—"the old Master," he was designated by the miners.

The Guayaquil reports on the situation in Tropicania were conflicting. One report detailed how the government of Ecuador had finally whipped Romany, who had fled to the sea, leaving a million dollars worth of mining-machinery in the valley on the banks of the Calderon. Later, word came that this alleged flight was merely a coup of the old Master's. A prospector remarked that he'd rather contract to get the Ark of the Covenant away from the Children of Israel, than this river property away from Nick Romany. Also, I heard that Romany was a fiend and a friend, fire-eater, fool, king and wizard. Out of it all, I discerned that I must find out for myself.

Huntoon had not waited, the pull of action being too strong toward Libertad. I found his note at Guayaquil, dated two weeks before, that all was exactly as it should be (the pressure on this point vaguely troubled me), and that he would be waiting at the rim of things, which was Libertad, a seven days' journey, generally southward by pack-train. Libertad is in from the sea, some twelve miles, and clings high on the slope of Mount Moloch, one of the hugest masses of the Andes, and the northern seal of Tropicania valley. The packers gossiped about Nick Romany—how he had promoted gold-wars around the world, and once had tried to sell a brood of torpedo-destroyers to Japan. There were men from the States among the mule-riders. Libertad was as bad a town, they intimated, as ever our West or Far North knew, but more quiet about it, as befits a place where sin is of age.

We rode the last miles in the dusk and night. The impression of confusion and alarm might have come from a more lawful settlement entered in the darkness; but more than ever before, I was sensitive to subtle under-currents which clothed all action and matter with unreality. There were moments since the Coveht parting in which I seemed to dangle between those matters which can actually be touched and felt and seen, and other ranges of creation quite as tangible to finer estates of consciousness. . . . Libertad sat in the night upon her mountain-side, and Moloch's glacier was white with the early moon. I heard the restless voices of the miners, as I had heard them in the North with terrible gales beating about little shacks, whose every crevice was red with fire-light. And here, from the valley of Tropicania, came a soft warm wind, fragrant as from fruit groves.

It was romance to me, that wind. Emotions crowded in, which made child's play of my hunger and thirst. Mary Romany's father was down in that valley, with an army barking around him for all I knew, or tearing at his flanks. I felt it would be a good thing to serve the old Master—even with my life.

I was a trifle disappointed that Huntoon did not meet the pack-train at the Libertad corral. Following my peon through the narrow streets, the shrill laugh of a woman reached me, with a man's oath before and afterward. It made me think with an ache that all men and women were not so charged with romance as I; also, that if I wished to be reckoned with among these people, I must meet them on their own ground of close-clipped speech, and back up what I said, hard-handedly. . . . I knew that end of it, but Mary Romany seemed to have softened me for the camps.

The gold-fever lay upon everything. I felt it in my veins, as a man who has become a sponge to malaria, knows every stage of the germ's life-cycle in his blood, by the symptoms of his own malaise.