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For Traction Engines, Wagons, Etc.

Mica Axle Grease



makes the wheel as nearly frictionless as possible and reduces the wear on axle and box. It ends axle troubles, saves energy in the horse, and when used on axles of traction engines economizes fuel and power.

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Plows,
Harrows, Drills,

insures better work from the new machine and lengthens the life of the old. Wherever bearings are loose or boxes worn it takes up the play and acts like a cushion. Changes of weather do not affect it.

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and
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Engines

Standard Gas Engine Oil

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Steam Traction
Engines
and
Steam Plants

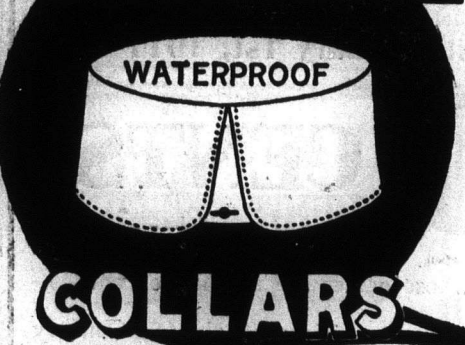
Capitol Cylinder Oil

delivers more power, and makes the engine run better and longer with less wear and tear, because its friction-reducing properties are exactly fitted to the requirements of steam traction engines and steam plants.

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get how far these traits have travelled, and that when the world was younger its live stock was of a very different order.—The Little Chronicle.

Wonders of Bird Migration.

Can any reader tell what becomes of the chimney-swift in the winter months?

Who will solve the mystery of the chimney-swift? It is one of the most familiar and most numerous of our birds; but when it leaves the Gulf Coast on its annual migration it disappears apparently from the face of the earth, and no man knoweth whither it goeth.

Dr. W. W. Cooke, in the forthcoming Year Book of the Department of Agriculture, tells how the chimney-swifts, with their troops of fledglings, drift slowly southward, lodging by night in tall chimneys. They join with other bands until, by the time the Gulf Coast is reached, they have become an innumerable host. Then they disappear—drop absolutely out of sight. If they hibernated in mud, as was popularly believed of old, their obliteration could not be more complete. In the last week of March a joyful twittering far overhead announces their return, but where they spend the intervening five months is still their secret.

The amount of traveling done by some of our birds is astonishing. Doctor Cooke says that the common nighthawk spends the summer in Alaska and the winter in Patagonia. The bobolink, which is the redbird of the Middle States and the ricebird of the South, winters on the waving pampas of southern Brazil. It covers 700 miles, from Cuba to the South American coast, in a single flight, following a track not popular with other birds, which might be called the bobolink route.

Some of our shore birds appear to make traveling their chief occupation. The American gold plover arrives in the first week of June in the bleak, windswept "barren grounds" of Alaska, above the Arctic Circle and far beyond the tree line, and, while the lakes are still ice-bound, hurriedly fashions a shabby little nest in the moss. By August it is in Labrador, where it stuffs itself with such quantities of "crawberries" that its flesh is actually stained by the dark purple juice. From Nova Scotia it strikes out to sea, and takes a direct course for the West Indies, 1800 miles away, finally reaching southern Brazil and the prairies of Argentina. Sixteen thousand miles does it traverse in order to spend ten weeks on the Arctic Coast!

The choice of route and distance covered by a single flight are governed chiefly by food supply.

A House to Let.

By E. M. Guernsey.

The once beautiful house had waited years the coming of the desirable tenants. The architect in the Winn home designed and built the house for a birthday gift for little flaxen-haired Kenneth Winn. And when the pretty house was well set in a great apple tree near to Grandma Winn's window, the two "comrades," grandma and Kenneth, eagerly waited the tenants' arrival.

"I think," grandma said, "Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird will come early. The Martin family are often a little late."

"I hope the Bluewings will come first. Bluebirds are so pretty and Martins are not," Kenneth said.

Kenneth said the boys in the neighborhood were killing the birds. The little boys could kill a song bird easily with a slingshot.

A Mr. and Mrs. Bluewing did arrive first and speedily began living in the house. They accepted the building material, hair, thread and cotton wool, the comrades slyly laid on the broad window ledge.

It was easy to tell the day the little Bluewings opened hungry mouths by watching Mr. Bluewing's movements.

But the comrades could only wonder how many bird babies were nestled in the house. Not until the little Bluewings

began singing lessons and flying exercises could bills be counted.

The summer wore on happily, all the Bluewings were so neighborly with the comrades; but the autumn cold came and the good-byes had to be spoken.

"Come again," Kenneth called after the birds when they moved from the summer home.

In the following spring a Mr. and Mrs. Bluewing came very early. They were evidently at home. The "comrades" were soon convinced their old tenants had arrived.

All went happily, Mr. Bluewing's chirp was so friendly and sociable. The "Comrades" spoiled him by so much help in building material and food.

A family of little Bluewings came to busy Mr. Bluewings, and Kenneth kept the window ledge crumb-sprinkled.

One morning Mr. Bluewing was missing. Mrs. Bluewing was uneasy. So Kenneth began a search. He found Mr. Bluewing lying in a myrtle tangle. Grandma hurried to get a basket on the window ledge, and Mrs. Bluewing fluttered about. Then Grandma Winn, her face telling of pity for the wounded bird, said, "Kenneth, it was a brutal deed. There is no excuse for killing this beautiful song bird. God gave the pretty creature life."

And Kenneth stood straight, and earnest little man, saying, "Grandma, I will never forget poor Mr. Bluewing, and I never will hurt a harmless bird."

Kenneth has grown into a tall young man. His "comrade" no longer lives in the Winn homestead. The bird house is "to let." Bluebirds and Martins no longer spend summer in the Winn orchard, target practice is popular in the neighborhood. Bird enemies are numerous, so numerous that the bird loving Winn family are not able to stay the slaughter—Christian Work.

A Cat Tale.

The little old woman to town would go
To buy her a Sunday gown,
But a storm came up and wind did blow,
And the rain came pouring down;
And the little old woman, O, sad to see!
In a terrible fidget and fret was she—
In a terrible fret was she!

The little old man was cross and cold,
For the chimney smoked that day,
And never a thing would he do but scold

In a most unmannerly way.
When the little old woman said:
"Listen to me!"
He answered her nothing but "fiddle-dee-dee!"
No, nothing but fiddle-dee-dee!"

Then Muffin, the kitten, said "Deary me!

What a state of affairs is this!
I must purr my very best purr, I see,
Since everything goes amiss!"
So Muffin the kitten, she purred and purred,

Till, at last the little old woman she heard—
The little old woman she heard.

And she smiled a smile at the little old man,

And back he smiled again.
And they both agreed on a charming plan

For a walk in the wind and rain.
Then, hand in hand to the market town,
They went to look for the Sunday gown—
For the coveted Sunday gown.

—St. Nicholas.

An Always Ready Pill.—To those of regular habit medicine is of little concern, but the great majority of men are not of regular habit. The worry and cares of business prevent it, and out of the irregularity of life comes dyspepsia, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles as a protest. The run-down system demands a corrective and there is none better than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are simple in their composition and can be taken by the most delicately constituted.