Mercy used to drive her about the de-

it all with about as much interest in

lightful old city and the exquisite scen-ery around it, and Sylvia would look up-

her dreamy eyes as if she were asleep.

Mercy was almost in despair, but as patient as ever, and as tender and gen-

and hard her sigh; one of the choristers

was singing an exquisite solo, and send-

ing, as Mercy was dressing for dinner in the room adjoining Sylvia's she heard a voice singing the solo. She was so start-

led by the beauty and sweetness of the voice that she did not at first realize

"My dear, was that you singing?" she

exclaimed.
Sylvia looked over her shoulder, from

the glass before which she was stand-

ing, with faint surprise.

"Was I singing?" she said. "I was only trying to hum the hymn we heard in the church this afternoon; but I didn't

think you could hear me."

Mercy stared at her with unbounded

"My dear child," she said, putting her

and left her, but a few nights

afterward she persuaded her to sing a simple ballad in the drawing-room, little dreaming of the consequences that

like a diamond buried in the sand! Bah!

You must sing! You have a grand fu-ture before you. Ah, but yes! Such a future as makes me dizzy to think of.

But you must be careful; there is still

dear. If you can only find some amuse-ment and interest in the occupation—"

She went oft while her father was search; he meant going through all the she went our while her lather was in prison; went wrong, I'm afraid. But she was a pretty, lady-like girl."

Some further conversation followed, which it is unnecessary to detail, and then Trale informed Neville that he

then Trale informed Neville that he could very likely secure lodgings at the cottage of Mrs. Parsons, who for years had been a servant at Lynne Court.

"I'll think of your suggestion," answered Neville; "but, first, I would like you to come to the inn at Stoneleigh and have some supper with me, and we can talk over old times."

Neville was anxious to show his old friend that he was not quite the penni-

friend that he was not quite the penni-less tramp he appeared. Trale assented, and presently they were jogging along side by side, on their way to Stone-

#### CHAPTER XVI

Sylvia had fallen into good hands.
Lorrimore and Mercy Fairfax vied with each other in their attention to the sick and bereaved girl, and Mercy's careful nursing and the constant change of air and scene soon brought color back to the pale cheeks and the wonted strength to her lithe, graceful form.

But the improvement ended there.

But the improvement ended there.

She was physically whole, but the spirit had received a wound which seemed to defy even time and change.

She took no interest in anything, and

though Lorrimore and Mercy were unremitting in their efforts to rouse her her to forgetfulness of her loss, they did not succeed.
"She seems to be living in dreamland,

poor girl," said Mercy, and that very nearly described Sylvia's condition. She would sit for hours in one place, she would sit for hours in one place, and in almost the same attitude, her head resting on her hand, her large eyes fixed on vacancy, apparently dead to all that was going on around her.

They passed through the most beauti-

ful scenery, sojourned in great cities, in which they lived, surrounded by luxury, and what was novelty to Sylvia, but it was all disregarded by her. She was liv-ing an inner life, feeding upon the mem-ory of the past, and while her body moved through this weary, wonderful world of ours, her soul was back at Lorn Hope Camp, which Jack's presence had made a paradise for her. And yet she was grateful for the kind-

ness and unwearying devotion of her two

guardians.
"You are too kind to me, you and Lord Lorrimore," she said one day to Mercy, who had been even more than us-ually attentive to the sorrow-stricken "I think if Lord Lorrimore would gril. "I think if Lord Lorrimore would cold me and try and speak roughly, and you would stop treating me as if I were the most precious thing on earth, it would do me good," she said, with a touch of her old naivete, and Mercy had smiled and shaken her head.

"I'll ask Lord Lorrimore to do so," she said, "but I'm afraid he won't." "No," said Sylvia. "I think he is the She stopped. Jack wasn't in the world

She stopped. aJck wasn't in the world

Mercy had grown very fond of Sylvia. and it would seem as if the womanly tenderness so long pent up in her bosom had found a vent, and had lavished itself upon the young girl so strangely com-mitted to her care. Lorrimore, too, grew upon the young girl so strangely committed to her care. Lorrimore, too, grew attached to Sylvia, and under other circumstances his attachment would have developed into a warmer phase; but Lorrimore had only one heart, and it had left him forever. If Sylvia had been ten times more lively and bewitching than

goose chase each day. But notwithstanding the charge he had had undertaken, Lorrimore did not neglect his mission, and all their jourying had the one object, the finding of Neville Lynne. They passed through Australia to New Zealand, Lorrimore Australia pursuing his search with unremitting ar-dor, but without success, and at last they crossed to Europe. It was late in autumn when they landed on the continent, and Sylvia's continued lethargy caused Mercy and him some anxiety.

"I don't think she ought to winter in England," Mercy said, as they talked over their plans. "An English winter is

over their plans. All English winter is very enjoyable for those who can stand it, but Sylvia is just in that state when all sorts of troubles from cold and bad may set in."

Lord Lorrimore nodded. "Very well," he said, "you had better go to Italy, I will see you there safe and settled comfortably; but I must leave you there, at any rate for a time, but I will look you up now and again."

Sylvia raised no objection to the pro-

Sylvia raised no objection to the pro-posal; she would have consented to go to Siberia, the coast of New Guinea—anywith the same indifference, and they made for Florence.

Lorrimore saw them comfortably set-

in one of the best of the boarding- not felt—with all my gratitude for your ses, and left them to continue his love and Lord Lorrimore's great kind-

and healthy body.

Now for Strawberries and

Shredded Wheat

Nature's purest and best food, insuring a clear head

Is Invigorating Without Being Heating.
Try it. Sold by all grocers.

otten I have asked myself what jeften I have asked myself what—what Jack would have said if he could have known hat I was living on other people's alms, and I have felt hot with shame and I have asked myself what—what Jack would have said if he could have known hat I was living on other people's alms, and I have felt hot with shame and misery. It is that as much as anything else which has crushed me, Mercy, and now this old man says that I can earn money. Will I go? Why, I would walk a thousand miles with such a hope before me. Yes, we will go, Mercy, dear, and I will work—well, you shall see.'

The course of lessons commenced, and the professor's enthusiasm, instead of decreasing, increased as his pupil progressed.

He resolved that he would spend just one more month in the search, and then, successful or unsuccessful, would go to Audrey and say, in the latter case:

"I have done my best to restore your rivend to you and have failed. I wiil not hold you to your implied promise—you are free; but I love you still, and if you are return me a thousandth part of that love, be my wife!"

He went next morning to Sylvia's hotel to wish her good-by, and found her and Mercy consulting over an open letter.

Sylvia handed it to him with a smile. big continental cities.

Sylvia parted from him with tears in her eyes and broken sentences of grati-tude, but immediately afterward she sank into the old lethargy and indif-

gressed.

When Lord Lorrimore came on a flying

visit he found that the apathetic girl he had left had become transformed into a keen student, with a hopeful, loving light in the eyes that had, so short time since, been vacant and lifeless. He was delighted, but still more astounded when the professor gravely proposed that Sylvia should make her appearance

reward. Sylvia had complained of the wind—there is an east wind in Florence which is almost as chilly and penetrating as that of England—and Mercy had taken her into one of the churches. that Sylvia should make her appearance at a matinee.

"Not that she will stop there, my lord," he said, earnestly: "She is fitted for higher work, for she will act as well as sing, mark me, and it is the opera and not the concert platform to which she is making."

Lord Lorrimore was at first opposed to the idea but a few words from Sylvia. Service was going on and the two women knelt reverently with the rest of the congregation. Suddenly Mercy felt the girl kneeling beside her tremble,

to the idea, but a few words from Sylvia, and a long look at her changed face, reconciled him to it. was singing an exquisite solo, and send-ing forth a music which seemed to float like a strain from the heavenly choir through the grand old charch. Mercy said nothing, but Sylvia, as they drove home, murmured, "How beau-tiful! oh, how beautiful!" and that even-

"What will your people say if we ever find them, Sylvia?" he said. "You will never find them," she replied, "and if you did they would say I have done right."

I have done right."

The day of the matinee came, and she appeared, not trembling and nervous, as are most debutantes, but calm and serene with the true actist's confidence Lord Lorrimore was spellbound while the sweet, fresh voice rang through the that it was Sylvia's, and when she did so she dropped the brush from her hand and opened the door between the two the sweet, fresh voice rang through the hall, and a storm of applause awarded the singer, and at the close the professor, trembling with agitation and delight, brought forward a stout, elderly gentleman, with a wig, whom he introduced as the manager of the Vienna opera, and who in blend wice and amplifying that who, in bland voice and complimentary language, offered Sylvia an engagement She asked for one day in which to con-

sider the proposal—and accepted it.

"You will stay with me, Mercy? You will always stay with me?" she said, when she told her.

And Mercy had drawn the girl to her heart and kissed her.

"Yes, I will stay with you my dear. heart and kissed her.
"Yes, I will stay with you, my dear; in fact, I'm afraid I couldn't go even if

"My dear child," she said, putting her arms round her neck and kissing her "you sing like an angel. Why have you never sung before. Lord Lorrimore would have been so pleased and delighted."
"Would he?" said Sylvia. "I would have sung to him if I had thought of it, but I haven't sung since—"
She turned her head away.
Mercy prudently said no more at the moment and left her, but a few nights you sent me away."

A month afterwards, while the Vienns Theatre, crammed to its fullest to hear the new singer, Signorina Stella, whose youth and beauty had been the topic of conversation throughout the gay city rang with the enthusiastic plaudits, Sig room, still in her costume, her face covered with her hands, her whole frame

would ensue.

There were some very rich people staying at the house, English and Italian; tween her fingers.
"My dear! my dear!" murmured
Mercy. "Why do you cry? You are
overwrought. Listen to the cheers, Sylvia. and among the latter was an old professor of the Conservatoire. He was a very Think of the success, the great, over-whelming success, and don't cry." But the sobs did not cease, and Mercy, silent old man, who used to sit reading

his Italian newspaper and apparently too much absorbed in it to take any notice of his fellow boarders, but that night when Sylvia began to sing he lowered his paper, then dropped it altogether, and starting to his feet with an exclam-ation of amazement and delight traved ending over her, heard her murmu brokenly: "Jack! Oh, if Jack were only

here! The successful Signorina Stella, whose fame the electric wires were already flashing through Europe, was still as faithful to the man who had paid her ation of amazement and delight, troued across the room to the piano by which Sylvia was standing.

"My dear young lady," he said, in broken English, "where did you get ransom as Sylvia, the orphan of Lorn Hope, had been!

## CHAPTER XVII.

Lord Byron remarked that he woke one morning and found himself famous; and Sylvia might with truth have said Sylvia's was a genuine success. The

broken English, "where did you get that voice?"

To such an unanswerable question Sylvia could only smile, and the old man hastened to explain.

"Soh! I do not mean where did you get the voice itself—that comes from heaven, we know—but who taught you to sing like that."

"My father," said Sylvia, as she had answere Jack. cinating enough—Lorrimore would have been safe.

There was only one woman in the world for him, and that was Audrey Hope, who had sent him on an errand which apparently became more of a wild goose chase each day.

"My father," said Sylvia, as she had answere Jack.

"Soh! Then, my dear, your father was musician, and what is better, a first rate tutor. Let me hear you sing again?"

Sylvia complied, and the old professor stood and listened to the professor stoo

beauty, her younth and her romantic history; and all sorts of absurd rumors went the round of the newspapers. Some hinted that she was the daughter of an and profound and critical attention.

Then he patted her arm approvingly and even enthusiastically.

"My dear young lady," he said, earn-English nobleman; others that she was a Russian princess, who had run away from her home because her parents de-clined to allow her to follow the bent of estly and almost solemnly, "you have a voice which is phenomenal. And you did not know it. No one has told you. It is her genius, and by others it was declar-ed that she was Lord Lorrimore's be-trothed wife, and that she would, notwithstanding her great success recently, wed the English nobleman and retire from the stage forever.

much to learn. See, if you will, I—I my-self will teach you. Come to me to-mor-Meanwhile the theatre on the three nights on which she played was full to row at the Conservatoire, at eleven," and taking for granted that she could not dream of refusing such an offer, he trotoverflowing. Her appearance was greet-ed with cheers, and wreaths and bou-

dream of refusing such an offer, he trotted off to his nightly cigarette and game of dominoes at the cafe.

"You will go, dear?" said Mercy, when they had gone up to their own rooms. Sylvia thought a moment or two.

"Did he mean that I could earn money?" she said in a low voice.

"I suppose so: yes. of course," said Mercy. "But this is of no consequence. It is of your happiness I am thinking, dear If you can only find some amuse, of injecteen girls out of twenty but Sylvia.

of nineteen girls out of twenty but Sylvia took her triumph not only modestly "To earn money," repeated Sylvia, as if but with a sense of solemn responsibilher hands on Mercy's shoulder and looked ity. er hands on Mercy's shoulder and looked to her eyes.

"Do you think all this time that I have of felt—with all my gratitude for your over and Lord Lorrimore's great kind-bye and Lord Lorrimore's great kind-bye and Lord Lorrimore's great kind-bye was spent in studying the music and acting of the parts assigned to her, and she seemed to live entirely for and

Lord Lorrimore looked on at all this in an amazement which he found it impossible to get rid of, and night after night he would stand at the back of his box and gaze at the lovely young creature on the stage as she held the huge audience spellbound, and ask himself whether he wasn't dreaming, and whe-

whether he wasn't dreaming, and whether this brilliant, dazzling creature could be the girl he had seen in the grasp of Lavarick, the ranger!

To that past—divided from the present by so short a space of time—neither he nor Sylvia ever reverted; but that she was constantly thinking of and dwelling upon it both he and Mercy knew, as they sometimes watched Sylvia sitas they sometimes watched Sylvia sit-ting in pensive silence, her beautiful Poor Lorrimore was in rather a peculiar frame of mind. The two years in which he had set himself to find Neville had expired, and he might have gone

been living on charity—yes, charity? At times, Mercy, dear, the thought has nearly driven me mid."

"That's nonsense," Mercy began, her cyes filling, but Sylvin went on:

"Often I have asked myself what—what Jack would have said if he could have known one more effort to find him. He resolved that he would spend just one more month in the search, and then

letter.

Sylvia handed it to him with a smile.

"I am glad you have come," she said.

"Here is an offer from the manager of
the London Opera. Shall I accept it or

Lorrimore emitted a low whistle as he read the terms.
"Certainly. It is a grand offer. At

this rate you will be a millionairess, my dear Sylvia," he said. "I wonder what you will do with your money," and he smiled. smiled.

Sylvia smiled, then she sighed and looked away. If Jack had been alive there would have been no need for that

"Give it to Jack," would have been her answer.
"Sylvia finds a way of getting rid of a great deal of it easily enough," said Mercy. "I sometimes think that all the poor in Paris—"

Sylvia laid her fingers on Mercy's lips.

"No tales out of school!" she exclaimed, laughing. "But, indeed, I often ask myself the same question. And here is some more, and a very large sum. Shall

I go?" she asked, as meekly as a ward addressing her guardian.
"Yes," I suppose so," Lorrimroe replied, with a faint sigh. How he wished plied, with a faint sigh. How he wished he could go to London, and be near Audrey! "I suppose so. It is a very good offer, and you were bound to go to London sooner or later. They will be dilighted with you there, Sylvia."

"Do you think so?" she said, modestly. "Sometimes I'm afraid when I think of it, and yet"—she paused a moment, then went on softly—"I shall be glad to see England again. It is like home, though, I left it when I was such a little girl that I scarcely remember it."

"You and your brother left it together?" said Lorrimore, gently.

He had always avoided mentioning "her brother," and he spoke now very hesitatingly and softly.

Sylvia colored and turned pale.

ome day I will tell you all about it,
I Lorrimore," she said, in a low
e. "I—not now, not now!" and her woice began to tremble, so that Lorri-more quickly changed the subject. He spok of the mission on which he had been engaged for the past two years and more and mentioned his disinclina tion to return to the lady who had in

trusted him with the strange quest. From his manner Sylvia conjectured that he loved this unnamed lady, and her in-timation to that effect brought forth a prompt acknowledgement from Lorri-Sylvia advised him to return to his

namorita, admit his failure, and trust to heaven for his reward for such devotion

For a few moments Lorrimore was sil-

Mercy to hasten to London. In a week or two I will join you there. I have just heard of a last chance; there are several gangs of men. mostly Englishmen, employed on the new Swiss railway. I will run over and search for my man there, and them—well, then I shall be able to go to her and say that I have left no stone unturned." (To be continued.)

# BRIGHT LITTLE ONES

MAKE BRIGHT HOMES Babies that are well sleep well, eat well and play well. A child that is not rosy-cheeked and playful needs immedichildren suffer. The mother who this medicine has the guarantee of a government analyst that it is absolutely safe. Mrs. J. L. Janelle, St. Sylvere, Que., says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets the most satisfactory medicine I have ever used for constipation, teething troubles and breaking up colds. Every mother should keep this medicine in the home." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BIRTH STONES AND FLOWERS. The birth stones are as follows: January, garnet; February, amethyst; March, bloodstone; April, diamond; May, emerald; June, pearl; July, ruby; August, moonstone; September, sap-phire; October, opal; November, topaz; December, tyronois

December, turquoise.

Following are the flowers and their Following are the flowers and their months: January, snowdrop, expressive of fidelity, hope, purity; February, primrose, sincerity, youth; March, violet, faithfulness, love, modesty; April, daisy, innocence, patience, peace; April, daisy, thorn, hope, happy domestic life; June, honeysuckle, fidelity, love, devotion; July, water lily, purity of heart, faith; August, poppy, consolation; September, morning glory, affection, equanimity; October, hops, hope; November, chrysanthemum, fidelity, love; December, holly, domestic happiness, foresight. ly, domestic happiness, foresight,

## Asking Too Much.

At last one of the ushers spoke to her. "Pardon me, madam," he said, "but I must ask you to comply with our rules. Everybody back of you is complaining of your hat. Will you kindly remove it?"
"I'll remove it, sir," she snapped, as she took out the hatpins, lifted the gor-

she took out the hatpins, lifted the gorgeous creation from her head, and laid it in her lap; "but I want you to understand, sir, that I don't do it kindly! Not on your life!"

"Thank you—sir," fervently ejaculated the man in the seat directly back of her, as the curtain went up.

Thistle and dandelion down mixed with slender strips of fine tissue paper make an excellent filling for sofa pil-lows. I have the children gather it in salt bags, allowing them a picnic in reback to Audrey with a clear conscience: compense

## POOR BLOOD **BRINGS MISERY**

Pale Faces and Pinched Cheeks Show That Ur. Williams' Pink Pilis Are Needed.

Anaemia is written on the features of ninety women and girls out of every hundred. Unmistakable are the signs of

"too little blood."

The weaker sex is assailed at all ages
by the evils resulting from bloodlessness, from the girl who is weak and

ness, from the girl who is weak and languid, with dull eyes, pale, pinched cheeks, fitful appetite and palpitating heart, to the woman who feels never well, with gnawing pains in the back, aching limbs and nervous headaches.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are specially valuable to women of all ages, for they possess the power of making in abundance the rich, red blood without which no woman can have perfect health. They fill the starved veins with new blood so that enfeebled bodies are strengthened; weak nervous systems are fortiened; weak. nervous systems are forti-fied and robust health restored. Miss Rose D'Aragon, Waterloo, Que.,

Miss Rose D'Aragon, Waterloo, Que., follows the profession of teaching, which brings more than ordinary strain to all who follow this calling. Miss D'Aragon says: "It seemed as though I was gradually going into a decline. I lost all my strength; my appetite was very poor; I was pale and suffered from frequent headaches; I was often dizzy, and the least exertion would leave me breathless. I doctored for a time, but with little or no benefit. One day I with little or no benefit. One day I read in the Waterloo Journal the particulars of a case similar to mine cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I deby Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I determined to try them. In a few weeks there was a decided improvement in my condition, and by the time I had taken seven or eight boxes I was again in the best of health, and able to enjy myself as well as any of my young friends."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

#### ASSISTANCE IN DRAINAGE.

The Department of Physics at the Ontario Agricultural College desires to announce the continuance of its previous offer of assistance to farmers in matters pertaining to drainage. For the past three years we have been authorized by the Minister of Agriculture to go out and assist any far-mers in taking the levels of his lands for drainage purposes, in planning the sizes of tile for the different drains. sizes of file for the different drains, and in calculating the grades and sizes of tile for the different drains. A finished map bearing all the information is sent to the owner. This serves two purposes: First, it is used a.s a guide in constructing drains; Second, it may be preserved as a record of the exact location of every drain, so that if for any reason it should be necessary in years to come to find any drain it could be done accurately at a moment's notice.

at a moment's notice.

The number of applications for as-The number of applications for assistance has increased very rapidly, so that last year we had many more than we could attend to. To enable us to meet this increased demand the Minister of Agriculture has this

the Minister of Agriculture has this year given us a special appropriation whereby we have been enabled to double our staff for this work.

A new feature is being added. We have found in the past that frequently the neighbors in the vicinity of the farm being surveyed were interested and wished to observe the operation. This suggested the design. erations. This suggested the desira-bility of making these demonstra-tions public, and this will be done wherever possible. Anyone inter-ested will be welcome on all occasions By this means we shall be able to instruct a much larger number in matters pertaining to drainage pro-

Anyone wishing drainage surveying done shall apply to Wm. H. Day, Department of Physics, S. A. C., Guelph. The only outlay connected with the work is the travelling expressed one was including explanation. penses of one man, including meals cartage of instruments and railway Tablets for curing indigestion, constipa-tion, diarrhoea, teething troubles and the other disorders from which young the other disorders from the othe

WM. H. DAY, Lecturer in Physics. THE COST OF LIVING.

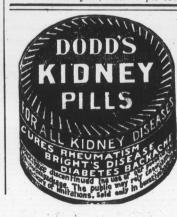
Has It Come Down Since the Panic of 1907, or Not?

London Economist figures a decline in average cost of commodities, during the first four months of 1908, of 7 per cent., and a decline from the high point of last year to May of 151-2 per cent. Bradstreet's index number of New York prices shows a fall here of 12.3-4 per cent. from the high level of 123-4 per cent. from the high level of last year. Both agree that staple prices are now the lowest in three years.

But this conclusion is likely to be distant any householder. His living puted by any householder. His living expenses have not decreased, except through buying less; the average citizen will say it now costs more to five than before the panic. And he is right, if necessaries of life are considered. Bread and meat, which enter first into actual. and meat, which enter first into actual and meat, which enter first into actual daily cost of living, show in the one case an advance of just 25 per cent. over March, 1907, and for the other, a decline of 2 per cent.—this latter being in whole sale prices and probabily not received. whole sale prices and probably not reach-

ing the consumer.

Bradstreet's figures show that prices of packed provisions are down 9 per cent. from last year, fruit 30 per cent.



and leather, textiles, drugs, coal and oil something like 1d per cent. But they do not recken in the price of canned wege-tables, which as with flour, are higher, because of the bad growing weather of 1907, or the numerous preserves into whose composition enters sugar, which has advanced in price. Instead, the whose composition has advanced in price. Instead, the Bradstreets' table includes metals like iron, tin and copper, which have fallen 30 to 50 per cent. from a year ago, but which cut an altogether minor figure in

The best sign of future reduction in The best sign of inthre reduction in cost of living is the promise of good crops in 1908; the worst is the reviving tendency to speculative rise in prices. The most perplexing consideration is, who got or is getting the benefit of the fall in meat and cotton goods at first hand? Not the consumer, apparently.

MIMICRY IN NATURE.

Curious Likeness Between Animal and Vegetable Forms.

The Natural History Museum has fa miliarized most people with the dea of mimicry and adaptive phenomena of many kinds, says The Westminster Gazette. As Professor Dean, of Columbia University, has recently remarked, we have reached the stage at which the public is shown a buttarfly mounted on a twig so as to show the protective resemblance between the insect and the leaves. But the leaves may be those of a beech-tree from the Fatherland, and the butterfly may have been born and brain far Cathay.

There are many cases of plan of coloration which seem to be of no use, and even may appear to be dan-As Professor Dean, of

coloration which seem to be of no use, and even may appear to be dangerous to the animal. And there are resemblances which seem to have no meaning whatever, and of these Professor Dean gives many instances. Japanese tradition relates that after a naval battle it was noticed that the carapace of a certain crab bore the impress of a human face, the face of a Taira warrior, to which "fact" the crustacean now owes its name. Squash seeds, when drying, acquire during the process of unequal contraction certhe process of unequal contraction cer-tain irregular depressions on their surface. These often take the form of Japanese characters. Professor Dean has known a Japanese scholar puzzle over them for several minutes in the endeavor to read them. On the Chrysalis of the butterfly Fenisca tarquinius is a remarkable resem-blance to a human face, Caucasion

quin himself."

The pupa of Spalgis, which hails from West Africa, mimics the face of a chimpanzee. Why should the larva of the crane-fly, which lives in wet, of the crane-fly, which fives in wet, rotten wood or underground, benefit by looking exactly like an octopus? The pupae of bombyoids are like mummy cases, Faces of French poodles are on the wings of the orange-winged Colia, and most boys have been commas and the like on moths' wings. A tree-hopper and its young are executed like a group of they young are exactly like a group of tiny birds, with long necks, swelling breasts and drooping tails. The neck of the cobra is adorned with spectacles. That the sphenoid bone of a rabbit is like a fox's head has long een known, but many may not have recognized in the seed-pods of the snapdragon the skulls on poles, the "medicine" ornaments of savage tribes.

These and numerous other instances lead Professor Dean to warn us against too readily accepting every apparent instance of the protective

Your druggist, grocer, or general storekeeper will supply you with Wilson's Fly Pads, and you cannot afford to be without them. Avoid unsatisfactory sub-

## The Servant Problem.

Hashimura Togo, the inimitable Japanese schoolboy, whose letters appear in Collier's, gives some interesting experiences this week in telling of his struggles with the servant problem

In part he says:
"Have you got some good references
of recommend to show you could hold
situation of Servant Problem elsewhere?" he say it. "Of sure I have!" I degrade, so I

took from my inward vest following re-commend of my intelligence which wrote myself:

1-Mrs. C. W. O'Brien, honorable lady, where I do table wait & terrible orded from fresh American gentleman who say "Jap boy!" with voice so I am very sorry when hot soup drown him at collar & am next irritate to race-riot with Whang So, China boy of dogly face & terminate there by hanging him by the tail of his head to hon. door-knob. good-bye, Mrs. C. W. O'Brien! Time there was 3 week.

2-Hon. Miss Maizie Jones, young lady 2—Hon. Miss Maizie Jones, young lady of considerable antiquity & large average weight, promise pay me 10c hr. teach her bisicle ride. I teach her gently by uphill; but by downhill teaching become deliciously rapid because of nervousness enjoyed by hon. machinery. Japanese boy is earnest to stop it & can not do til Baker Wagen ensue & leave Hon. Maizie broke among machinery. I am Maizie broke among machinery. I am Hospital Corps for help; but Hon. Maizie become loudly thankless. Time there was 46 hr. and no pay.

3—Board House of Mrs. Van Horn.

There I am guaranteed for experienced window-wash. This is a high task of scrubbing and I am serious about it un-til suds-bucket overspill 3 stories to top of Episcopal Clergyman who notice it.

Hashimura Togo depart with fire-alarm. Time there was 2 days, 15 minite. 4—Golden West Garage, where I am manicure for automobiles. "Are you acquainted to do?" say Hon. Boss. "Ogledly!" I bereft. I try, but Hon. Gas oline object by explosion. I do not care for this place. Time there was 6 minite. 5—I am nurse-maiden for delighted home of Duglas Willkins. Sausalito I am request to perambulate Hon. God-frey, which is a baby, out near some fresh air which he enjoy breathing it. There I meet H. Wanda, Japanese socialist, who discourse with me about Private Ownership. While this important talk is doing Hon. Baby get himself detached from buggy-ride by one method or another. I am conversing too much to notice this until Hon. Mrs. Willkins approach to say with hysterick, "Where is them Baby?" I should like to answer. By search for it I discover Hon. Baby slumbering amongst potato-bush by road. She do not thank me at departure. Time there was 3 days.—Colliers,