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Manufacturers of Pianos, Organs and Flayer Pianos
BOWMANVILLE, CANADA

seize upon her. She felt cold and uncomfortable suddenly in this severe and dark room. There were no pictures on the wall, save the fine Boucher portrait, only a couple of maps, both of parts of France, one of the North coast and the other of the environs of Paris. What did Sir Percy want with those, she wondered.

Her head began to ache, she turned away from this strange Blue Beard's chamber, which she had entered, and which she did not understand. She did not wish Frank to find her here, and with a last look round, she once more turned to the door. As she did so, her foot knocked against a small object, which had apparently been lying close to the desk, on the carpet, and which now went rolling, right across the room.

She stooped to pick it up. It was a solid gold ring, with a flat shield, on which was engraved a small device.

Marguerite turned it over in her fingers and then studied the engraving on the shield. It represented a small star-shaped flower, of a shape she had seen so distinctly twice before: once at the opera, and once at Lord Grenville's ball.

(To be continued.)

How Southey Worked.

Southey was a methodical and rapid literary craftsman. "I am a quiet, patient, easy-going hack of the mule breed; regular as clockwork in my pace, surefooted, bearing the burden which is laid on me, and only obstinate in choosing my own path," he wrote to a friend. But his method was by no means simple.

He was a poet, a historian, a critic and a miscellaneous writer; he turned out an enormous quantity of matter, and succeeded in doing so by working fourteen hours a day and diversifying his labors within his daily round. He had six tables in his library. He wrote poetry at one, history at another, criticism at a third, and so on with the other subjects upon which he was engaged;

and when he was tired of spinning his brains into verse, he turned to history and criticism.

There is a story that he once described to Mme. de Stael the division of his time: Two hours before breakfast for history, two hours for reading after, two hours for the composition of poetry, two hours for criticism, and so on through all his working day. "And pray, Mr. Southey," queried the French woman, somewhat unkindly, "when do you think?"—[Cornhill Magazine.

Nobody Knows But Mother.

How many buttons are missing to-day?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many playthings are strewn in her way?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many thimbles and spools has she missed?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many burns on each fat little fist,
How many bumps to be cuddled and kissed?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many hats has she hunted to-day?
Nobody knows but mother.

Carelessly hiding themselves in the hay,
Nobody knows but mother.

How many handkerchiefs wilfully strayed,
How many ribbons for each little maid,
How, for her care, can a mother be paid?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many muddy shoes all in a row?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many stockings to darn, do you know?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many little torn aprons to mend,
How many hours of toil must she spend,
What is the time when her day's work shall end?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many lunches for Tommy and Sam?
Nobody knows but mother.
Cookies and apples and blackberry jam,
Nobody knows but mother.

Nourishing dainties for every "sweet tooth"—
Toddlers Dottie or dignified Ruth,
How much love sweetens the labor, forsooth?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many cares does a mother-heart know?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many joys from her mother-love flow?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many prayers by each little white bed,
How many tears for her babes has she shed,
How many kisses for each curly head?
Nobody knows but mother.

In the Heart of the Woods

Such beautiful things in the heart of the woods!

Flowers and ferns, and the soft green moss!

Such love of the birds, in the solitudes
Where the swift wings glance, and the tree-tops toss;

Spaces of silence, sweet with song,
Which nobody hears but the God above;

Spaces where myriad creatures throng,
Sunning themselves in His guarding love.

Such safety and peace in the heart of the woods,

Far from the city's dust and din,
Where passion nor hate of man intrudes,
Nor fashion nor folly has entered in.

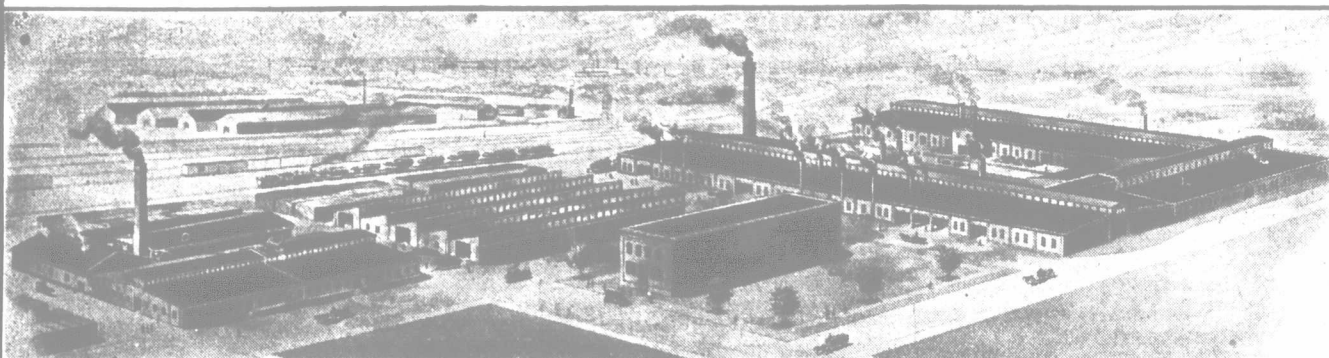
Deeper than hunter's trail hath gone,
Glimmers the tarn where the wild deer drink;

And fearless and free comes the gentle fawn

To look at herself o'er the grassy brink.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

The Roofing Test That Tells



The cut shows the big plant of the George White & Sons Co., Ltd., manufacturers of threshing machinery and engines. It is situated in London, Ontario, right beside the main through line of the Grand Trunk Railway. If you were to examine the roofing of this big plant carefully you would see that even the Boiler House and Foundries were covered with

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Now—before you decide on the roofing for your new building, before you allow your architect to specify any roofing, before you invest a dollar in a new roof for the old building—consider the plain facts.

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Add to this the biting frosts of winter—gale-driven rains, sleet and snow and the almost resistless heart-drawing rays of summer suns and you are bound to conclude that this roofing is practically imperishable. BRANTFORD ROOFING is the only roofing manufactured that can successfully defy this extreme test—a continual assault of roofing's most relentless foes.

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