

**ing Utensils**

**d and d Quickly oroughly**

**Dutch Ovens**

Marjory could not go unless she was accompanied by Lane. Lane was privately of the opinion that the speaker himself should be disappointed if Marjory was not included in the camping party. (To be continued.)

**OF VESSELS VICTIMS OF MINES**

Marjory's Method of Undersea Warfare will be Exemplified at the Exhibition.

Under present perils which must be circumvented by the British fleet, the scouring of the broad bosom of the sea for a glimpse of the Hun sneaking furtively about, hiding himself under water or sowing poisonous, death-dealing mines, will be vividly pictured at the Canadian National Exhibition. Mines, torpedo attacks and the onslaughts by the aerial raiders each afternoon threaten a ship of war, which will eventually succumb to the murderous action of the undersea mine, the magazine with a deafening chash, throws up water and wreckage high into the air. Surrounding mines will be exploded at intervals while the land-based anti-aircraft guns devote their energies to the invading airships which are hovering about endeavoring to drop their explosive cargoes on the vital spot. It will be a picture never excelled at the Canadian Exhibition.

**ACCIDENT SICKNESS INSURANCE**

— THE —

**Union of Canada**

Life and Accident Insurance Co.

TORONTO

**CH BELLS SCHOOL**

For Catalogue and Special Donation No. 70. Estd. 1858. BELLS for Churches are DUTY FREE. The C. S. Company, Hillsboro, Ohio, U.S.A.

**Branksome Hall**

10 Elm Ave. Rosedale, Toronto

**A Residential & Day School for Girls**

Hon. Principal, Miss M. T. Scott.  
Principal, Miss Edith M. Read, M.A.

Preparation for the University and for examinations in music, Art and Domestic Science Departments. Thoroughly efficient staff. Large playground. Outdoor games, tennis, basketball, rink. Healthful locality.

PRIMARY SCHOOL FOR DAY PUPILS.  
Autumn term will begin Sept. 14th.

For Prospectus apply to the Principal.

Pure ICE Exclusively

Highest Grade Coal

**GRENADIER ICE AND COAL CO.**

CHAPMANS, LIMITED

Head Office:  
Confederation Life Bldg.  
17 QUEEN ST. EAST  
B. W. TRENT, Sec'y-Treas.

**Even a dollar earns interest**

When deposited with us. We pay 4% on daily balances.

And when you have \$100 on deposit you can purchase a Standard Reliance Mortgage Debenture that will pay 5%.

A \$1000 Debenture for five years, pays in interest, (if compounded) \$280, or a gain of 28% It is one of the safest, if not the safest, investment, for never a dollar has been lost in Ontario Mortgage Debentures.

Write for copy of our book, Profits from Savings. It tells you how to become a debenture owner. Address Dept. 5

**STANDARD RELIANCE MORTGAGE CORPORATION**  
Head Office: 22 King St. E. Toronto

Branches and Agents in  
Ayr, Brockville, Chatham, Elmira, New Hamburg

**The Old Meneely Foundry MENEELY & CO.**

Watervliet (West Troy), N. Y.

Bells, Chimes, Pools, Church, School and other Bells. Memorials. Unequaled musical quality.

Highest Grade Genuine Bell Metal. 90 Years' Experience

**Boys and Girls QUEER BABIES**

Little cricket in the grass,  
As I pass,  
Loud you chirp your cheerful cry;  
Tell me why?  
Have you babies hiding there,  
Shivering in the autumn air?  
Do you sing to them at night.  
Tell me, cricket, am I right?

Little katydid so green,  
Do you mean  
Winter time will soon be here?  
That frost is near?  
Are your babies cradled high,  
On a leaf beneath the sky,  
Listening to your endless song,  
"Katy-Katy," all night long?

Little frog down in the brook,  
May I look  
At your babies, fat and round?  
Will they drown?  
Yours are water babies true;  
They can swim as well as you.  
Do you sing them all to sleep  
With your croakings loud and deep?  
—Clara M. Goodchild, in Child-Garden.

**MOLLIE'S TERROR BY NIGHT**

CARRIE was coming to stay all night with Sue, and little Mollie was as happy as Sue herself. Carrie and Sue were big girls. They wore long dresses and did their hair high; but, to tell the truth, they were not quite used to their long dresses yet. To five-year-old Mollie, however, they were very old indeed—almost as old as grandma. She looked up at them with admiring eyes, and was happy if they spoke to her.

Mollie slept in the little room next to Sue's. Sue's was a charming room with but one drawback: the walls were so made that every little sound in Sue's room could be heard in the other chambers. Mollie thought that this was the most delightful thing about it. It was only a little while since she had been promoted to a room of her own. She was very proud to think of it in the daytime, but at night time it was a different story. She did not like to own that she was afraid, but she did feel as if she could not have stood it if she had not been able to hear Sue's breathing all the time.

Carrie and Sue had a great deal to say to each other. What girl friends ever failed to have, particularly in the middle of the night? When Mollie went to sleep they were talking, and when she woke up they were still talking. Not that it was morning. Mollie did not sleep well that night. Perhaps she had eaten too much molasses candy and popcorn.

The clock was just striking eleven. It sounded very loud in the quiet of the night. When the strokes ceased, it was altogether quiet except for the big girls' muffled voices. No it was not quiet. What a lot of noises there

were! Could those be mice scampering behind the walls with that dreadful scratching? Was it the frost that made the roof give that awful crack, or was it a gun? Carrie and Sue did not hear it. They were too much absorbed in their conversation. Their voices had unconsciously grown louder. Mollie could hear every word they said. Carrie was telling an interesting story when Sue's voice broke in. "Hush!" she said in that ghastly whisper that carries further than any spoken word. "We mustn't talk so loud. Remember the acoustics in this room."

The voices softened and grew drowsy. Carrie and Sue had talked themselves to sleep.

But they had talked Mollie wide-awake. She lay with eyes staring into the blackness fairly shivering with terror. Acoustics! What strange kind of an animal was this? It sounded like a cow! Mollie was desperately afraid of cows. But it could not be a cow because Sue's voice had sounded as if she were afraid of it too, and Sue was not afraid of cows. It must be something still more dreadful.

Mollie lay and shivered until her trembling fairly shook the bed. She wanted to call mamma, but mamma had been sick and they were all very careful not to make any noise that would disturb her. A sudden shock might hurt her very much, the doctor said. She did call Sue, but it was such a choky little voice and Sue was so sound asleep that she did not hear it.

It seemed to her that she lay there for hours, growing more terrified every minute. Suppose, Oh, suppose an acoustic, that dreadful creature, should be standing over her! Mollie could endure it no longer. She climbed out of bed—softly, so that the acoustics should not hear—and slipped down the stairs. But she was no sooner there than she wished herself back again. The dark and the terror were worse in the unfamiliar hall than in her own room.

How she longed for her bed! But she dared not go back, for acoustics were in the room. Sue had said so, and there was only a door between them. But there was also a door between her room and the hall. The acoustics might at any minute come down the stairs. Crouching on the lowest step in the dark, in her thin little nightdress, cold and terrified, Mollie was probably the most miserable child in the world at that minute.

But some one heard her sob. Some one rose instantly from his warm bed and came out into the cold hall. Some one picked Mollie up like a baby. O the comfort of running into that somebody's arms! If you have never known the refuge they make in childish despair, you cannot properly appreciate the prayer that begins, "Our Father."

He carried her into the warm sitting-room and stirred the smoldering fire. He wrapped her in his own fur coat and the pretty silk quilt that mamma kept downstairs and never gave to anybody but company. He carried her to the couch, where she could see his bed through the open door, and tucked her up. He lit the soft night lamp and sat beside her till she was fast asleep. To the day of her death, Mollie will

remember how the night of terror was turned into a night of uttermost comfort by her father's touch.

He thought she had had a bad dream. It was not till the next day that Mollie's frightened inquiries to Carrie and Sue brought the explanation. How her brothers and sisters laughed at her! But her father did not laugh. In her time of mortification, as in her time of trouble, he was her stand-by.

For a long time Mollie was much mortified at the occurrence, but as the years went by it became the dearest of her memories. For there is one thing that turns the most dreadful childish fears and the most heartbreaking of childish sorrows into a blessing forever; and that is the unspeakable preciousness of a father's comforting. —Bertha E. Bush, in Congregationalist.

**Bringing Safety to Large Interiors**

**YOU'LL find them dotted all up and down the country. Some of the finest Churches, Halls, Theatres and Schoolrooms that stand as lasting testimony that nothing is too pretentious for**

**PEDLAR'S PERFECT METAL CEILINGS AND WALLS**

to transform into a place of safety and permanent beauty. Impossible to catch fire or burn, crack or breakaway. There is such a diversity of form and pattern in the 2,000 styles and Period designs, most any effect of ornamentation can be obtained. Last without repairs as long as the structure. You should certainly know of the many other large interiors that have been beautified by Pedlar's Ceilings and Walls. Write for free literature and Complete Ceiling Catalogue "c.u." to-day!

**THE PEDLAR PEOPLE Limited**  
(Established 1881)  
Executive Offices and Factories  
OSHAWA, ONT.  
Branches:  
MONTREAL, OTTAWA, TORONTO,  
LONDON, WINNIPEG