



I always use  
**WINDSOR**  
Table Salt.

### When Baking

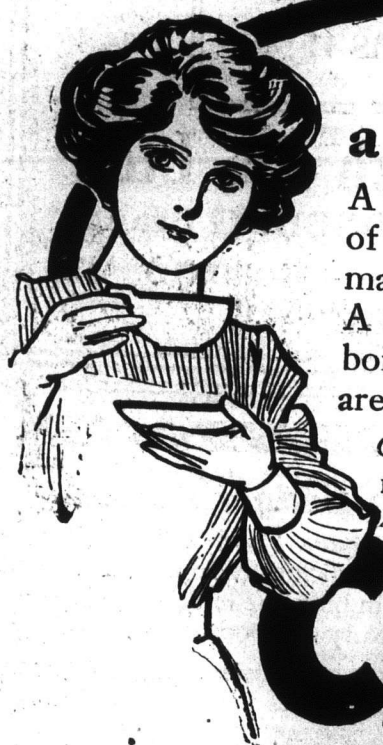
are you as careful about the salt you use, as you are about the flour or baking powder?

Poor salt will ruin a baking, just as surely as poor flour.

In the kitchen and on the table, use the fine, pure

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# WINDSOR TABLE SALT



'Camp' is  
a real refresher

A cup of 'Camp' in the middle of the morning's housework makes a wonderful difference. A minute to make—just 'Camp,' boiling water, sugar, milk—and you are ready, refreshed, to start again.

Get a bottle from your Grocer to-day.

R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd., Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.

# CAMP COFFEE

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On one occasion, however, the loons did not see what was coming. For days past the boy had longed to catch one of the young loons, and examine it. He wanted just to hold it in his hands for a minute or so, then let it go again. So one evening he crept to the water's edge and secreted himself in a thicket. Presently the mother loon came swimming by with her chicks, whereupon the boy dashed knee deep into the water after them. The old loon and one of the chicks dived, but the other chick lost its head, and fell an easy captive.

When the boy had satisfied his curiosity he waded back to the edge of the deep water, and anxious to give the chick a good start towards its mother, who was calling frantically a short distance away, he threw it gently ahead of him over the deep water.

But alas! his good intentions culminated in a tragedy. Somehow the chick met the water upside down, its head under the surface, its little legs sprawling helplessly in the air. And the boy, unable to help, stood by watching, while the baby loon kicked its life away, and the mother swam up and down near by—calling, calling, those long sad "Whoo-hoo's." Not till the tiny creature floated still and lifeless on the bosom of the water did the boy realize that if only he had cut a stick from the wood behind him he might have averted the calamity. In his anxiety of a moment before he had never thought to do so.

That night, as the boy lay in his bunk, he pictured the sad little scene

jewels, which would change in after life, perhaps, like the eyes of a child.

The summer was going south, and at night time the air became so chilly that old Ben was forced to use a blanket, though he complained about it bitterly. For the deer it was the love-making season, and as night came on the boy would sally forth, silent in his cow hide moccasins, to look out for a moose fight along the lake margin. He saw often where the fights had been—where the earth had been plowed up by the great splayed hoofs of the angry rivals, but he was never fortunate enough to see a fight at close quarters.

But though it was the love-making season of the moose, the loons seemed to be losing affection for one another. They swam about singly, sometimes miles apart, and at times positively ignored each other's existence. The young loon was becoming restless, too. Now and then he would rise up in the water to his full height, and flap his wings, letting forth one peel of laughter after another. And when one morning a great flight of wild geese, drawn out in wedge-shaped formation, passed high over Nighthawk Lake, trumpeting and booming their way southwards, the temptation was altogether too much for him, and he rose in the air and followed them. He went alone, and how he found his way along the migrating route I do not know, for all the birds who were travelling southwards at that early date were young birds, who had never made the journey before.

Not till the first snow fell did the



A Dog Sleigh at Fort Alexander

by the lake side over and over again, and now and then the sorrowful cry of the mother loon floated across on the night stillness—a cry that went right down to where he lived, and called him a murderer. And ere he fell asleep he had come to one great decision—a decision that most good naturalists arrive at sooner or later—namely, that the greatest kindness man can do to the wild creatures is to leave them alone.

The loon had now but one chick, and all her love and care and devotion should have made a wise chick of him. For though he had been born with a certain amount of knowledge, he had much to learn from his mother in these days. The boy had few chances of studying the birds now, for the mosquitoes and black flies were such a pest that it was no longer possible to lie in hiding by the lake margin.

One morning, towards the end of summer, when the boy ran down to the edge of the clearing to haul in his night line, he was surprised to see the head of the young loon protruding from the surface near to where the line was placed. And when he began to haul in the head disappeared, and to his surprise he found it was not a fish he had caught, but the young loon. Evidently a fish had taken the bait and the bird had taken the fish, and it was very fortunate for the loon that it fell into the hands of so kindly a young naturalist.

The young loon was now as big and strong as his parents, though he was not so beautiful. He was of a dirty brownish color all over, but his eyes were like jewels,—large, black, priceless

old loons decide to go. The male stood up in the center of the lake, and lashed the water with his wings, calling loudly to his mate. But she was busy catching minnows and did not heed him, so he hit out upon the long trail alone.

Day and night now thousands of birds were passing southwards, and it must have been at night time when the female loon joined in the general stampede, for the boy did not see her go.

"Dad," he said next morning, "the loons is gone."

"Is they?" said old Ben, and with the going of the loons the silence of winter settled once more upon the lonely waters of Nighthawk Lake.

A certain young couple of Chicago, who were married some months ago, have never had a cloud to mar their happiness until very recently.

One morning the young wife, whose name is Marie, came to breakfast in an extremely sullen and unhappy mood. To all her husband's inquiries, she returned short and snappish answers. To make matters worse, she was in no better frame of mind when he came home that evening for dinner. All of which mystified the young husband, entirely ignorant of anything he might have done to offend his spouse.

Finally, late in the evening, in reply to his repeated and insistent demands to know what the matter was, the wife burst into tears and replied:

"Henry, if ever I dream again that you have kissed another woman, I'll never speak to you as long as I live!"