

Stale bread is always useful for bread sticks and croutons to serve with soup. Cut into slices half inch thick. For the croutons cut into cubes, and for the bread sticks cut three-inch lengths. Spread before cutting with butter and toast a golden brown.

To take the scorch of linen or silk, dip the article into quite cold water and hang dripping with water in the air. When dry, if not quite clear, repeat the process.

When dropping dumplings in a kettle, first dip the spoon into the broth, then dip it into the batter, and the soft mass will slip off without sticking to the spoon.

Parasols may be kept from splitting through the winter if stuffed with tissue paper. This paper, kept from creasing in the centre.

Bananas pulped and mixed with lemon juice make a nice filling for brown bread sandwiches. The bread should be buttered.

When next cooking cold corn mush dip each slice in salted, beaten eggs, roll in cracker crumbs and fry in deep fat and it will be delicious.

A bit of camphor in a small iron cup, placed over an alcohol lamp with flame turned low, will put flies and mosquitoes to flight.

To embroider initials easily draw them neatly with a pencil and carefully go over your letters with closely-placed French knots.

You can clean your little brass teakettle with salt and vinegar.

One pint of salt, and three gallons of water will keep eggs for winter use.

A teaspoonful of ammonia and one of turpentine in one pint of warm water is fine for cleaning black silk.

A nice cologne water may be made with sixty drops of oil of lavender, sixty of bergamot, sixty of oil of lemon, sixty of orange, and one pint of alcohol. Cork well and shake well.

To remove the ordinary grease spot, take equal parts of ether, ammonia and alcohol.

Silver that has been stained with egg is quickly cleaned by rubbing with damp salt or with a cloth dampened with ammonia.

A splendid way of washing Chinese crepe is to make a strong lather of boiling water and white soap. When it is nearly cold wash the crepe quickly and rinse in a strong solution of salt and water. Hang to dry in the open air.

To make fly-paper, take equal parts of boiled linseed oil and resin, melt them and add some honey. Soak the paper in a strong solution of alum, then dry before applying the above.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

SOME FARM, THIS.

Toronto Star Man's Dream of the Future.

Every right-feeling city man looks forward to spending his old age on a farm in the country. This is a true statement, but subject to modifications.

In the first place, the farm will be in the country, but not too far in. The idea is to have it near enough to the city to run in for a night at the theatre and get home again by twelve-thirty. It must not be too far away for the five o'clock edition of the paper, and it must be within an hour, but our city farmer, having in his own car, will probably do it in thirty minutes.

The farmhouse will be a little more complicated than farmhouse usual. It will be hot-water heated and vacuum-cleaned. It will have tiled bathrooms, perhaps three, a dining room, a library, billiard room, den, smoking-room, a Louis Quatorze drawing-room, and a bedroom with period furniture. Farmers whose tastes are not so simple will doubtless add a pergola well at which the sun will shed its rays, and a swimming pool.

The house will generally be full of visitors, mostly farmers from the city, who will spend their week-ends drinking milk, playing bridge, and picking Carolina Perfectos from the bushes.

The farm, whether it is ten, fifteen or a hundred acres, must have a cow, chickens, and a dog. The dog will be a pointer, and it will be trained to retrieve the apples, mostly Northern apples. Since the farm is to be used for recreation, it must have its own violets, mushrooms, and American Beauty roses, and will, of course, have a pergola well at which the sun will shed its rays, and a swimming pool.

Outside of being able to read the hired man is going to have an easy time of it. He will be supplied with smoking tobacco and the popular magazines to attach him to home, and will have a bedroom over the kitchen papered in green with red butterflies. It is hoped that the display of kindness will win him, but that he will not presume on good nature to be extent of picking out Old Hundred with one finger on the grand piano.

How to Cut a Glass Bottle.

It is sometimes necessary to cut a heavy glass bottle or cylinder. Four methods are in use. A carbundrum disc having a thin edge, if kept wet and rotated at a high speed, will cut heavy glass, but the cylinder must be fed against the wheel very gently.

A better way is to make a file mark clean, but not very deep—around the cylinder and heat it with a long slender flame while slowly rotating the cylinder all the time. It is very important that the gas flame should not spread over the surface of the glass, for it is only the file mark that should be heated. A mere glancing touch is sufficient. Usually the glass will crack off in a very clean cut.

Sometimes a fine platinum wire is wound around in the file mark and heated by an electric current. Less common is the trick of wrapping a strand of yarn soaked in turpentine around the mark and burning it. The principle is the same in each case. The unequal heating of the glass causes it to break.—New York Press.

It never surprises a woman to be admired, and a man cannot understand why anyone dislikes him.

SANOL

An effective remedy for the removal of Gall, kidney and bladder stones, Gravel and kidney troubles arising from uric acid.

Endorsed by physicians and surgeons. Price \$1.50.

THE SANOL MFG. CO., LTD. Winnipeg, Man. Leading Druggists

Hot Dry Meatless Dishes.

Four eggs, spinach, white sauce, butter cream. Cut in halves four hard-boiled eggs and rub the yolks through a sieve. Season some cooked spinach with a little butter and cream and fill the whites of the eggs with the mixture. Place in a buttered baking dish and pour over the whole a good white sauce. Use the yolks for a garnish over the top and brown in a quick oven.

Two cups of tomatoes, two cups of bread crumbs, one-fourth cup of butter, salt and pepper. Cook the tomatoes with the seasoning until tender. Into the melted butter stir the crumbs, but do not let them brown. Place in a buttered casserole or pudding dish alternate layers of the tomatoes and crumbs until all are used. Let the last layer be crumbs and bake to a light golden brown.

One pound of marrow beans, mushroom or tomato catsup, one tablespoonful of butter, vinegar, pepper and salt, one cup of milk or cream, minced parsley. Boil the beans until tender and drain. Brown the butter in a frying pan and add the beans, stirring until thoroughly seasoned with the butter. Dry and add a little minced parsley, salt and pepper. Stir in the milk or cream and let it stew for a few minutes; then season with mushroom or tomato catsup and a little vinegar.

Two cups of sweet corn, two tablespoonfuls of butter, four cups of milk, one onion, four cups of diced potatoes, eight soda crackers, salt and pepper, two cups of boiling water. Put half of the butter into a saucepan.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Prayer.

When the last sea is sailed, when the last shallow is charted, when the last field is reaped, and the last harvest stored, when the last fire is out and the last guest departed, Grant the last prayer that I shall pray—be good to me, O Lord.

And let me pass in a night at sea, a night of storm and thunder, in the loud crying of the wind through sail and rope and spar; Send me a ninth great peaceful wave to drown and me under. To the cold tunny-fish's home where the drowned galleons are.

And in the dim green quiet place far out to sea, Grant I may hear at times the wash and thrush of the sea foam About the fine bow of the stately clipper steering Toward the lone northern star and the faint light of home.—John Massey, in "The Story of a Round House."

MISSOURI COURT YARD REPARTEE.

Repatee of a high order and respectable quality flips back and forth between our citizens, who sometimes seat themselves on the benches of the maples, in the courthouse yard. It is of such a pungent nature that it might have called for pistols and duels if it had been hurled 75 or 100 years ago. For instance, one fellow the other day was speaking of a hypocrite he had in mind who could unfeelingly shed tears as big as his peaches. "They wouldn't be very big if they were no bigger than those peaches you sold me last summer," the other fellow said. "I sold the peaches to fit the man," was the response. And there was no fight. Everybody just laughed.—De Kalb County Herald.

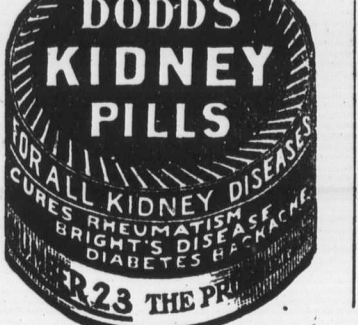
The Mountain to the Pine.

Thou tall, majestic monarch of the wood, That standest where no wild vines dare creep, Men call thee old, and say thou has stood A century upon thy rugged steep; Yet unto me thy life is but a day, When I recall the things that I have seen.—The forest monarchs that have passed away Upon the spot where first I saw thee green; For I am older than the age of man, Or all the living things that crawl or creep; Or birds of air, or creatures of the deep; I was first dim outline of God's plan; Only the waters of the restless sea And the infinite stars in heaven are old to me.—Clarence Hawkes.

TIP FOR OVERLY RICH.

The opulent dames who have been driven by robberies at Narragansett Pier to put their jewels in safe-deposit boxes, are accomplishing most of the purposes for which jewelry is worn without taking the sparklers out of places of safety. The simplest thing would be for them to wear on their corsages certificates of their husband's or their own fortune. But it seems a little gross and somewhat more artistic if they would wear on their hair a certificate from a safe-deposit company that they had deposited one tiara, apparently worth \$25,000, or around their necks a certificate representing a diamond necklace valued at \$150,000, and so on. These certificates would excite almost as much admiration as the jewels they represented.

It has been discovered that the slaves of ancient Pompeii were forced to dance the turkey trot for their masters. How fearful the fate of the conquered in those days!—Washington Post.



NO; CAN YOU? (Guelph Herald)

Many people go to church, but few are those who remember the text. Now, can you remember one your pastor preached from on Sunday?

WORLD FORESTRY

International Congress in Paris Did Good Work.

This congress, to which representatives came from every continent on the globe, and which was probably the largest forestry congress ever held, met for the expressed purpose of studying economic and technical forestry problems, and of promoting legislative and administrative reforms in order to secure the conservation of the forests, the prevention of soil erosion and the reforestation of waste lands.

Such subjects as the right of the state to regulate private forest property, or to expropriate misused and denuded forest lands to insure public safety from floods, were discussed from an international viewpoint. This state has long been recognized in Europe, where lands on watersheds can be expropriated unless managed by the owner according to strict Government regulations and an adequate forest cover maintained. The Federal Government of the United States has also recently given expression to this right by the Weeks bill, passed in 1911, for the acquisition of lands necessary to protect the watersheds and navigability of navigable rivers. By exerting promptness and foresight, the Dominion Government has been able to forestall private occupation of the forest areas now reserved on the east slope of the Rockies and on other important watersheds, but should the necessity arise, its legal right to expropriate private land for the public benefit seems to be borne out by the policy followed by other countries.

A feature of striking significance in this forestry congress at Paris, international representation and international interest in its scope, was that this congress was conceived, organized and brought to a successful fruition by the Touring Club of France, a body having no direct interest in the promotion of forestry. This club, composed of some of the most influential men in France, realized the esthetic value of the forest to the nation—a point which is almost entirely overlooked in Canada at present. If in Canada, as in Europe, our railways and national highways were bordered by beautiful tracts of forest-land, instead of the bare, barren, fire-swept wastes so prevalent at present, the money value of such an influence on the mind of the tourists would not be the least advantage to be derived from such forests.

Too Much Political Graft.

Many say it can't be prevented, neither can warts or corns; but they are cured by Putnam's Corn Extract; it cures corns and warts without pain in twenty-four hours. Use only Putnam's, 25c at all dealers.

LORD BALLYROT IN SLANGLAND.



One evening, while paying a social call, I happened to observe a handsome photograph in a corner of my host's drawing room. Well, old chap, I'm a bit of a music lover, and I requested the young master of the household to start it in operation, you know. Forthwith he bowed to his sister:

"Hey, Sis, our roast-beef friend here with the one-cylinder eye-glass wants to hear the sawing of the harmony mill. Slip a platter of Caruso warbles into the melody trap and give us a couple of canned tenor stuff. Come on, kiddo, start the grand wopra riot!"

ROME IN MAY.

Rome has moments of glory which meet and challenge the most exultant heart. Take her in midspring, when the roses are blooming everywhere, rioting over the walls and gateways, climbing the stems of the tall stone pines, lunging amid the ruins, dancing from window to window down the length of a sober street; when the fountains flash in the open squares and dream among the bird-haunted shadows of the flex groves; when the Forum and Palatine are soft with vines and gay with poppies; when the marbles in the museums glow and the mosaics in the churches sparkle like jewels; when the Campagna grass is so thick with flowers that one can hardly walk, and the larks singing over it are "unbodied joys." Rome is a sheer intoxication then. There is nothing to do but give one's self over to her in her present aspect, not remembering her past or speculating upon her future. But glowing utterly with her in her immediate day. One sits by the hour in the Porphosa or Medici gardens, dreaming with the fountains; one occupies an intense, narrow shadow on the edge of the Colosseum arena, and looks up at the great sweep of the sun-taked walls, with little care for their significance, but with a dazzling appreciation of their mountain-range effect against the vivid sky; one even kneels in the cool churches, and forgets that they were not made yesterday. Color and fragrance, warmth and song—that is Rome in May.—Atlantic.

WOMEN NEED

A SAFE TONIC

And There is Nothing Better Than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Toning up the Blood.

It is said that woman's work is never done, and it is a fact that whether in society or in the home her life is filled with more cares and more worries than falls to the lot of man. For this reason women are compelled regretfully to watch the growing pallor of their cheeks, the coming of wrinkles and the thinness that becomes more distressing every day. Every woman knows that ill-health and worry is a fatal enemy to beauty, and that good health gives the plainest face an enduring attractiveness.

What women fail to realize is the fact that if the blood supply is kept rich and pure, the day of the coming of wrinkles and pallor, dull eyes and sharp headaches is immeasurably postponed. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are literally worth their weight in gold to growing girls and women of mature years. They fill the veins with the rich, red blood that brings brightness to the eye, the glow of health to sallow cheeks, and charms away the headaches and backaches that render the lives of so many women constantly miserable.

Mrs. William Jones, Crow Lake, Ont., says: "I feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life. I was so badly run down that I could hardly drag myself around. I was so bloodless that I was as pale as a sheet, and you could almost see through my hands. In fact the doctor told me my blood had all turned to water. I was taking medicine constantly, but without benefit. My mother or had so much faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that she bought me two boxes and urged me to take them. How thankful I am that I followed her advice. Before these were gone I began to feel better, and I continued using the Pills until I had taken five more boxes, when I was again enjoying the blessing of perfect health, with a good color in my face, a good appetite, and I feel sure a new lease of life. I will always, you may be sure, be a warm friend of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

If you are weak or ailing begin to cure yourself to-day with the rich red blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make. If you do not find the Pills at or 82c per six boxes to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be sent you by mail, post paid.

GIRL'S COMPLETE EDUCATION.

An Australian journal says a girl's education is most incomplete unless she has learned:

- To cook.
- To mend.
- To be gentle.
- To value time.
- To dress neatly.
- To be self-reliant.
- To be industrious.
- To respect old age.
- To make good bread.
- To be light-hearted and free-footed.
- To be above gossiping.
- To make home happy.
- To be light-hearted and free-footed.
- To take care of the sick.
- To take care of the baby.
- To cover down cobwebs.
- To marry a man for his worth.
- To read the very best of books.
- To be a helpmate to her husband.
- To keep clear of trashy literature.
- To be a womanly woman under all circumstances.
- To think so, too.

Minard's Liniment Cures Gargat In Cows.

This is My Friend.

Let me tell you how I made His acquaintance. I had heard much of Him but took no heed. He sent daily gifts and presents, but I never thanked Him. He often seemed to want by friendship, but I remained cold. I was homeless and wretched and starving and in peril every hour, and He offered me shelter and comfort and food and safety; but I was ungrateful still.

At last He crossed my path, and with tears in His eyes He besought me, saying, "Come and abide with me." Let me tell you how He treats me now. He supplies all my wants. He gives me more than I dare ask. He anticipates my every need. He begs me to ask for more. He never reminds me of my past ingratitude. He never rebukes me for my past follies.

Let me tell you further what I think of Him. He is as good as He is great. His love is as ardent as it is true. He is as lavish of His promises as He is faithful in keeping them. He is as jealous of my love as He is deservingly of it. I am in all things His debtor but He bids me call Him friend.—From an old English manuscript.

"POPULAR" SONGS.

(Toronto Telegram)

"I should worry, I should care, 'I should marry a millionaire, 'I should die a splendid cry, 'I should marry another guy."

The above-quoted words are a caricature of the songs that musical and literary genius has placed on the lips of the trans-Atlantic daughters of Anglo-Saxondom.

There is truth in the caricature. The words are not more sordid, ignoble and vulgar than the verbiage as the typical song of to-day. How is Idealism to keep its place in the lives of a nation's men and women if Idealism is to have no place in the Songs of the Nation's Youth.

ITS ANNUAL REPORT

Agriculture Department's Yearly Review Just Out.

The report of the Minister of Agriculture for the year ending March 31, 1913, has been printed. It contains in concise and readable form a review of the work carried on by the Department of Agriculture through its several branches and divisions during the year. It includes also the orders-in-council that were passed affecting agriculture.

The report is presented under five general heads, as follows:

1. General Remarks.
2. Arts and Agriculture.
3. Patents of Invention.
4. Copyrights, Trade Marks, Industrial Designs and Timber Marks.
5. Public Health.

There is also included an appendix having reference to public health, exhibition and the seventh International Congress held at Rome against tuberculosis. Referring to the trade in dairy products, it is pointed out that for the first time in sixty years no butter was exported to the United Kingdom, but on the other hand more than six and one-half million pounds were imported into Canada during the year.

In the seed branch, among other work almost nineteen thousand samples of farm seeds were tested for farmers and seed merchants.

The Live Stock Commissioner by means of public sales distributed upwards of 1,300 breeding sheep, about one-third of which were pure-bred rams. In the record of performance about one thousand cows have been entered for test. These represent stock of about 150 farms.

Through the Experimental farms system, which includes the Central Farm and fifteen branch farms and stations, an enormous amount of work has been done during the coming winter. Many other general knowledge of its extent, but brings to light many accomplishments for agriculture. In Saskatchewan, it is pointed out that the new sowing wheat, "Marquis," yielded at the rate of 81 bushels per acre. The still newer "Prelude" wheat, which ripens much earlier than other good sorts, was sent out for quantity in promised for distribution during the coming winter. Many other useful points are recorded in the Minister's report, copies of which are available to those who apply for it to the Publications Branch of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa.

For Women's Ailments

Dr. Mariel's Female Pills have been the Standard for 20 years and for 40 years prescribed and recommended by Physicians. Accept no other. At all druggists.

Pigeons and Chickens Can See What is Invisible to Man.

It has been slowly brought to our understanding that the world is not the same to all creatures, and probably no experiments have tended more to make this clear than those on the color sense of chickens, pigeons, owls and kestrels.

Hungry chickens and pigeons were first kept in a bright room for them to become accustomed to the light. The floor was then spread with a smooth black cloth, evenly covered with grains of wheat, a strong spectrum was thrown on it from the ceiling and the hungry animals were turned loose. They picked the wheat first from the bright red, then the ultra red, next the yellow and finally the green. They touched nothing in the blue and violet because they saw nothing; but, on the other hand, they saw the grains in the ultra red that were invisible to the men.

This proved that for chickens and pigeons the spectrum is shortened at the violet end of short wave length and extended at the red end of long wave length. This is the effect one might expect from wearing orange colored glasses and demonstrated that fowls see through such spectacles in the form of yellow and orange oil globules embedded in the light sensitive layer.

To kestrels and buzzards the brightest zone was the green instead of the red, the blue being visible. To owls the colors were as men see them.—London Mail.

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for \$30. Cured him with \$100 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT and sold him for \$85.00. Profit on Liniment, \$54.00.

MOISE DEROSE, Hotel Keeper, St. Phillip's, Que.

An Old-school Doctor.

Oh, a wee man is my doctor, And he knows no wise old saws; He has balm for all my troubles, But he never nems and haws.

All uncrinkled is his forehead, And he wears his one hair curled. His eyes are blue and anning, And he smiles on all the world.

His gown is quaint in fashion, Short, to reach a dimpled knee. He has a foot that patters, Patter almost ceaselessly.

When the shadowy dusk is falling, And my home again I see, Through the lowest pane he's peering, And his healing waits for me.

All my wounds he binds up deftly, And he pours in oil and wine; Binds them with his arms so tender, As about my neck they twine.

He gives hope of bright to-morrows, As his cheek on mine he lays, Weariness is all forgotten, Cheery grow the darkest days.

Ah, the magic of his healing, Can't be learned by book or rule! He has taught this by little young doctor Of a very old, old school.

"Time is money," quoted he Wise Guy, "Yes, but the trouble is it is so seldom an even trade," added the Simple Mug.

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HELP WANTED.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED WEAVERS: also apprentices to learn weaving; good wages paid while learning, and experienced weavers make the highest wages. For full particulars, apply to The Slingsby Mfg. Co., Ltd., Brantford, Ontario.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—STANDARD MAKE automobiles; late models; roadsters and touring; 25 and 40 horse power; new tires; first-class running order. Write, Don J. Morton, 236 London street, Windsor, Ont.

JAP CORONATION.

Elaborate Preparations Already Being Made.

After the observance of the first anniversary of the death of Emperor Mutsubito at the end of July, the court will begin active preparations for coronation of the new Emperor, who is now quite well again after his recent attack of pneumonia. The coronation will take place in the fall of 1914 and will be attended by great splendor and magnificence. An Imperial Coronation Commissioner will soon be appointed. It is likely that this office will be bestowed upon H. H. Genera, Prince Fushimi.

The date for coronation will be fixed and published with the signature of the Minister of the Imperial Household and the Ministers of State. At the same time the Emperor will announce the date at the Imperial Sanctuary and will send messengers to the Emperor Shrin at Ise, to the mausoleum of the Emperor Jimmu, and the mausolea of Emperors Mutsubito and Komei, to proclaim the forthcoming coronation.

One of the early preparations for the coronation will be the planting next spring of sacred rice to be used during the ceremonies. Already the rearrangement and repairs of temples and old palaces at Kyoto, where the coronation will take place, have been commenced for the suitable reception of the foreign envoys and special missions.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

A SUMMER IDYLL.

The Friends of an Ottawa "White Wings."

The story is of an Indian white wing, some birds and some bread crumbs, and might be called a summer idyll.

The scene is laid in the heart of Ottawa, in a spot not without interesting local history and sentiment. Within its boundaries was old city-town cemetery in which in later years the school boys of Ottawa's early days played hide and seek among the tombstones during recess.

The Sparks street end of the old street site is now occupied by business houses. The Queen street end is kept by its owners in a grassy lawn, above which an old elm stands shade to workmen of various callings who, unforbidden, enter from the street and enjoy their noon hour in this little private park.

The Italian "white wing" follows the prosaic daily work of his profession in Queen street between Elgin and Metcalfe. At noon each working day he throws down his tools; leaves the glare of the pavement; passes through the open gate; takes his seat beneath the elm, and opens his dinner pail. His coming is eagerly watched for by the birds. Other workmen may come a few minutes before noon, the "white wing" may come a few minutes after noon, but until his white uniform appears in the gateway the birds are silent and invisible.

His appearance is the signal that brings the down in a whirling rush to the lawn, where they surround him and impatiently chatter to each other while he leisurely pries the cover off his dinner pail. And what a remarkable pail it is—so different from the pails of the other men on the other side of the lawn, and, unlike their apparently, always has something in it. What it really contains in its depths only the "white wing" knows, but the birds know that just under its cover, and therefore, the first to come out, is delicious bread, which "the man in white," as they call him when they talk about him to one another privately, breaks off and scatters before them on their table of grass. He does this before he pushes his hand down below the bread to bring up for himself meat and other foolish things which the birds wonder how he can eat.

Although the "white wing's" little feathered guests are served first and bountifully they continue to hop around the grass, less noisy now than when they arrived, while the man in white is having his nap. By much diligence they find a crumb or two after he has gone. Then they fly away and wait for the coming of to-morrow—that is for every to-morrow except Sundays. Sunday is a day they cannot understand, and has senseless customs which they disapprove of. For one thing—on Sundays the gate leading from the street to the little park is closed, and while they can easily fly over the fence, they are sure the man in white cannot, and that he must know the gate is closed, for he never comes on that day. It comes again on Monday, and they have noticed, and have talked about it, that that is the day on which they are just twice as hungry and twice as noisy as they are on any other day.—Ottawa Citizen.

Home Training Counts.

It was down at Coney. A dozen boys were throwing balls at a cheap crockery and not doing an awful lot of damage. An elderly man with half a load blew along and bought a quarter's worth of ammunition. Smash! Smash! Smash! He shattered something with every shot.

"Ah, boys," he said, as he proudly turned to the watching lads, "it's the home training that counts!"

"Much energy is not utilized. There ought to be some way of conserving the rays of the sun." "Yes, and look at all the energy that goes to waste in chewing gum. I we could only harness the gum chewers, eh?"

