

YOUNG FOLKS

PRECIOUS STONES.

"At length the little princess wandered into a beautiful garden. Fountains, shimmering pearls and sapphires into basins of the purest silver, and golden birds, flitting among the trees, brought huge diamonds, rubies and amethysts for her to play with."

Marion frowned and closed the fairy-tale book with a snap.

"O dear," she sighed, "I wish I could be a princess in a fairy tale for once, and have rubies and diamonds to play with, and gather gold by the pailful as the Princess Irene did—and sitting up on the sofa, she gazed disconsolately into the fireplace."

Aunt Grace stopped sewing and looked at her little niece, then smiling, she turned and looked out through the window. The lawn was velvet in the warm sunshine and ablaze with flowers. Out beyond, the yellow cornfields rippled in the wind, and through the violet marsh-lands the river curved and glittered.

"You can gather jewels far greater and more wonderful than those the little princess played with," said Aunt Grace, pushing the window up, "and you can walk on gold if you wish to, Marion."

Marion uncurled and sat up, her dark eyes wide with astonishment. "Then you mean and mean by brown ing into a sooty fireplace," said Aunt Grace. "We must hunt for them; we may find the princess, too—who knows!" And laughing gaily, she began to fold her sewing.

The frown disappeared from Marion's face, and jumping up, she followed her aunt across the piazza and out on the green lawn.

"What jewel shall we look for first, and what color is it, Marion?"

"Rubies," said Marion, growing interested, "and they are red, a deep, beautiful red, and pearls are—"

"Hold on," said Aunt Grace. "One at a time, please. See! I have found rubies, gorgeous ones." And she stooped with her eyes shaded, looking toward the south end of the garden.

"Where! I don't see any," said Marion, in a doubting tone.

"Look hard and you'll see them glowing and nodding in the sun."

"Oh, the roses!" cried Marion. "You mean flowers, don't you, aunt?"

"Yes, dear, I think the beautiful, fragrant, living flowers are the rarest gems of all. We will call them God's jewels. Just see how He has studded our garden with them!"

They had reached the roses by this time, and Marion, with eyes glowing, stooped and broke one off, smoothing its satiny petals with the tips of her fingers. She loved beautiful things, and this thought, that the flowers were God's jewels, was new and wonderful.

"See the blue forget-me-nots, Aunt Grace; they are turquoise; and the white pansies are pearls, and the purple are big amethysts. The astors must be topazes." "Oh, how rich we are! Much richer than the Princess Irene, for our jewels are fragrant and growing, and in each jewel are the seeds of a hundred more jewels. Uncle Ed cut one open once, and showed them to me."

Suddenly, she remembered the gold.

"But, Aunt Grace, where is the gold?" she asked.

Slipping her arms round the little girl, Aunt Grace turned her round until she faced the corn-fields.

"Look, dear, and you'll see it rippling and shifting through every-where."

"Oh, I see it! I see it, aunt!" cried Marion, jumping up and down. "It's the sunshine! God's gold, and it glids everything—the fields, trees, and even the rocks! See! The dandelions on the lawn are junks of gold!"

Aunt Grace was brushing her hair back from her face, and the diamond upon her finger glittered in the sun.

"Aunt," said Marion, soberly, "we can't find any diamonds, and they are prettiest of all."

Aunt Grace turned and pointed down to the river, shimmering and flashing in the sunlight.

"See them, Marion!" she cried. "See them sparkle! Thousands upon thousands, each one set in silver and it looks as though we were going down to them," she added, as Uncle Ed came up from the barn with two long, slim oars on his shoulder.

Marion gazed at the river with a new wonder in her heart.

"I never noticed it was so beautiful before," she murmured. "There's something beautiful everywhere!"

"The fairy-tale has all come true; Aunt Grace!" she cried, throwing her arms round her aunt.

"And you may be the princess," exclaimed Uncle Ed, coming up in time to hear the last remark, "and I will row the princess up to the Eagle's Nest in time to watch the

TORTURED FOR SEVEN YEARS "FRUIT-A-TIVES" HER SALVATION



MADAM JOSEPH LIRETTE

No. 111 George St., Sorel, Que. "For seven years I suffered from womb disease and dreadful torturing pains, and I had constant dyspepsia and chronic constipation—the latter so bad that sometimes I went ten days without action of the bowels. Six different doctors treated me and for a year I was in bed, constantly facing death. Then my husband coaxed me to try 'Fruit-a-tives' and this medicine, and nothing else, cured me and saved my life."

(Signed) MME. JOSEPH LIRETTE, soc. box—6 for \$2.50—or trial box age—at dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

sun set! And then we will crown her queen!"

And handing the basket and oars to Aunt Grace, he swung Marion up to the dizzy height of his broad shoulders, and the three started merrily down the meadow toward the boat-house.—Youth's Companion.

TRUST.

Isaiah 12: 2.

In Thy name, O Lord, most holy I will trust.

In Thy kind protection solely I will trust.

With my heart and spirit wholly I will trust.

When the skies are dark above me I will trust.

When the world has ceased to love me I will trust.

When Thy faithful words reprove me I will trust.

For the help my soul is needing I will trust.

For all grace from Thee proceeding I will trust.

For Thy all-sufficient leading I will trust.

Lest my heart fresh care should borrow I will trust.

When I tread the vale of sorrow I will trust.

For the bright and glad to-morrow I will trust.

For success in my endeavor I will trust.

Lest most sacred ties should sever I will trust.

In Thy glorious name forever I will trust.

T. WATSON.

Granthurst, Ont., 1910.

LITERAL.

"What is your last name, my boy?" asked the teacher of the new pupil, a frightened-looking young star of some half-dozen years.

"Tommy."

"Tommy what?"

"Tommy Tompkins."

"Then Tompkins is your name," turning to his record-book.

"No, sir," came the reply, with the air of one accustomed to render literalness to inquiring elders, "I don't think so, sir. Tompkins was my name already when I was born, and aunt says they didn't give me the other for a whole month afterwards."

The "Sting" of Death.

The sting of death physically is nothing; a man who has lost consciousness in the water, a man who has been under an anæsthetic, a man stunned in an accident—these have been in effect dead, and yet they know nothing of death. In speaking of it the most glaring contradictions pass quite naturally for axioms. It is the "gentle hand," but it is also the "grizzly terror." It is "beautiful" and "wonderful," but it is also "terrible."—London Spectator.

A Cargo Hard to Handle.

Asphalt is said to be the most difficult cargo for a vessel to unload. The asphalt is taken out of the asphalt lakes in Trinidad in a semifluid state and by the time the vessel reaches a northern port has hardened, so that to unload it is necessary for the men to go into the hold and dig it out with pick and shovel. This takes time, and a vessel carrying such cargo always has to arrange for a considerable stay in port.

Hippocratic Face.

The hippocratic face is a condition of the human face produced by death, long illness, excessive hunger and the like. The nose is pinched, the temples hollow, the eyes sunken, the ears cold and retracted, the skin of the forehead dry, the complexion livid and the lips relaxed with cold. This appearance is so named from having been accurately described by Hippocrates, the father of medicine.—New York American.

CLICK OF THE KEY

The Reading of Telegraph Messages by Sound.

STORY OF THE FIRST TRIAL.

A Lack of Tape Caused Alonzo B. Cornell to Attempt Interpreting the Morse Code by Ear—The Discovery That Abolished the Use of the Tape.

Ezra Cornell is known in history as the father of Cornell university, as one of the men who helped to build the first telegraph line and as an ardent organizer of telegraph systems in the early days, being instrumental in the formation of the now famous Western Union Telegraph company. His son, Alonzo B. Cornell, became ultimately vice president of the Western Union and governor of New York state—high commercial and political honors.

Yet he once confessed to me that he felt he should be credited with the additional honor of having made the discovery that telegraph messages could be read by ear, and he seemed to take some pride in his part in bringing this about than he did in any of his other achievements.

"I was trained as a telegraph operator," said Mr. Cornell in telling me the story. "I suppose I took to telegraphy naturally because of my father's deep and large interests in the then new mode of communication. Anyway, I learned the Morse key and in a few months, in fact, very fond of telegraphing from both the practical and the scientific standpoint."

"One afternoon, sometime in the early fifties, when I was stationed at Albany, N. Y., there was an unusual rush of newspaper dispatches—I was in charge of the press key—and in the midst of the task of receiving them I found to my consternation that I was out of tape. Before taking my seat before the key I had neglected to replenish the tape reel."

"There was a bountiful supply of tape in the cellar of the building, but it was a long trip there—there were no elevators in those days—and I knew that to go there I would waste precious time. And there were those anxious newspaper men hanging over my shoulder."

"Suddenly, as I fished about mentally for the quickest way out of my dilemma, this thought popped into my head: 'You don't need any tape. Half the time you don't look at it when the dispatches are coming in before you write them out. You trust to your ears to tell what the instrument says. Why not do so now?' Instantly I determined to see whether or not I could take the dispatches by sound alone."

"I put my fingers on the key and broke in on New York, whence the dispatches were coming. 'Send rather slowly and very distinctly,' I asked the man at the other end of the wire. He at once began to do so—without my hired help. There are many orchards doing much better than this, and solely because they get better care; but this moderate result shows most clearly the possibilities of scientific orchard culture in the Annapolis Valley."

"Thus I continued taking the dispatches to the very end. The New York operator called me. 'What are you doing up there?' he asked. 'Why do you want me to send slowly and distinctly?'"

"I answered that I had said goodbye to the telegraph tape forever and told him of the discovery I had made. He was immediately interested. 'Send me slowly and very distinctly fifteen or twenty words, and I'll see whether or not I can do the same thing,' he requested."

"I did so, full of confidence, and a little later there came to me this message: 'I've done it too. Some of the other boys say they can. I predict that within a month there won't be an inch of tape used in the New York office.'"

"Years later," added Mr. Cornell, "I was told that about the time that I discovered for myself a new and revolutionary method of receiving telegraph messages the same method was also discovered by an operator in the main office in Pittsburg. I have no doubt that this is true. Sooner or later the discovery was bound to be made not only in one, but several offices. But I have always felt that I was the first to make the discovery and should be credited with it in telegraphic history."—Boston Globe.

Watering the Horse.

It is allowable when a horse is hot to let him have three or four swallows of cool water, but no more. The few swallows will help cool him, and another limited drink may be given every few minutes for four or five times, after which he may drink his fill without danger. In careless or inexperienced hands, however, the only safe way is to let the horse stand for half an hour or more with no water until he is fairly cooled off.—Country Life in America.

Descriptive.

"The eye of a little miss was attracted by the sparkle of dew at early morning. 'Mamma,' she exclaimed, 'it's better'n I thought it was.'"

"What do you mean?"

"Look here, the grass is all covered with perspiration."—St. Louis Star.

Failures are with heroic minds the stepping stones to success.—Halliburton.

On the Farm

THE USE OF FERTILIZERS.

That reliable fertilizers will not exhaust, but on the contrary will build up the poorest land into highest productivity, has now been proven beyond cavil or doubt, writes G. C. Miller, Middleton, N. S. The writer has used only chemical fertilizers for over thirty years, and those who adopted his system of fertilization 20 years ago are now corroborating his experience. In apples, the crops have been most satisfactory. There have been no off years, and the fruit has always been of first quality. While the crops have not been surprisingly large, they have been good compared with the quantity of the fertilizer used. A larger quantity would probably have insured heavier crops. This is now being tested. The quantity used has never exceeded \$3.00 or \$3.00 worth per acre, or less than 8 cents for each barrel of apples packed. During the past ten years there have been an average yield of 110 bbls. of packed fruit per acre, which means 1,100 bbls. from every acre under cultivation during that period. On a valuation of \$1,000 per acre the fruit has paid all the expenses incident to its production, and left for the owner a surplus of from 14 to 17 1/2 per cent. Others report heavier crops than any I have grown, but large crops are of little value unless they are of comparative barrenness, it is the long steady pull that counts.

Below is a brief report of the only 4 acres in full bearing in 1908. The balance of 30 acres is still in various stages below full production. The crop of 1909 is equally good, but at this writing has not all been realized on.

Pruning \$ 10 00
Fertilizers for 4 acres at \$9 36 00
Hauling and sowing fertilizers 2 00
Dicing 4 times at \$2 8 00
Yield 2 bushels at \$2.10 4 20
Buckwheat 2 bus. at 75c 1 50
Sowing cover crop 1 50
Spraying 3 times 22 40
Bbls., 451 at 25c 113 00
Picking, packing and trucking at 25c 113 00
Sundries 4 80
Total expenses \$316 40
451 bbls. apples, net proceeds \$701 34
Balance \$384 94

This is about 17 1/2 per cent. for the owner on a valuation of \$1,000.00 per acre, and reckoned as though all the work had been done by hired help. There are many orchards doing much better than this, and solely because they get better care; but this moderate result shows most clearly the possibilities of scientific orchard culture in the Annapolis Valley.

FUNNY.

"Where did you meet your young man, Mary?" queried the mistress on being told her maid was to get married.

"Oh, please, m'm, at Uncle Thomas' funeral. He's so amusing, m'm. He was the life and soul of the party."

MICA

AXLE GREASE

is the turning-point to economy in wear and tear of wagons. Try a box. Every dealer everywhere. The Imperial Oil Co., Ltd. Ontario Agents: The Queen City Oil Co., Ltd.

A Weighty Family.

William Snell, of Nar-Nar Goon, Victoria, sends to us some particulars of his own family which he thinks will be of interest as showing that Victoria holds the world's record for family giants. Mr. Snell's family consists of two girls and a boy, and the total weight of the three is over half a ton. Clara, the eldest of the trio, is 23 years of age, and weighs 514, being the heaviest female known of in the world. Tom, her brother, is 19 years old, and weighs 266; and Anna, the youngest of this remarkable family, is only 16, and already weighs 355. For these particulars, readers can see that Mr. Snell's talk of being able to challenge the world is no idle boast.—World's News.

An Equine Epicure.

A Sydney delivery-van owner has a unique horse, which displays a decidedly carnivorous appetite. The animal is frequently given pieces of cold cooked beefsteak, mutton-chops, stale savoyels, meat-pies, and sausages, together with stale bread and buns—a menu which he digests with marked and manifest gusto. When the above-named flesh food, which comes from a ham-and-beef shop, at the rear of which his stable is situated, is placed before this horse, possessing such an extraordinary equine taste, he immediately turns away from chaff and maize he may be eating at the time to partake of it.—World's News.

One Thing Unbroken.

Standing over the shattered remains of their last Dresden china statuette, the exasperated mistress said to the awkward servant:

"Is there anything you haven't broken since you have been with me?"

"Yes, m'm," replied the servant. "I have yet to break me record for destructiveness."—Baltimore American.

MAPLEINE

A spraying used the pump as a motor or fan, by drawing ground water in water and adding Mapline, a solution of pure lime and a spray better than any other. Mapline is sold by grocers. If not used for 1 on bottle and recipe book. Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle, Wa.

Canadian Appreciation

Langham Hotel, London.

Gentlemen,—I wish to express my appreciation of the 33 h.p. Daimler which you have delivered to me. Before shipping the car to Canada I made a three weeks' trial of it, covering some 1,200 miles. The car ran perfectly, and I never had the slightest trouble of any kind, and I think it quite lives up to the many claims you make for it. The silence, smoothness of running, and power of acceleration on hills is really remarkable.

My petrol consumption was 16 miles to the gallon, including a great deal of driving in traffic. The tyres show no appreciable signs of wear, and I think it will prove light on tyres.

I am really delighted with the car.—Yours sincerely,

(Signed) C. A. BOONE, of Toronto, Canada.

"The Most Successful Car of the Year 1909"



The Daimler Motor Co., (1909) Limited, COVENTRY, ENGLAND.

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