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DRILLING A PRINCE.
Here is the daily routine of Prince Edward of Wales, who last week entered the Royal Naval School for Cadets at Osborne:—
6.30 a.m.—Rise, take a cold bath, dress, drink mug of cocoa.
7 a.m.—Study.
7.45 a.m.—Cease study.
7.50 a.m.—Take breakfast of biscuits and coffee.
8.55 a.m.—Prayers.
9 a.m.—Navigation.
11.15 a.m.—Milk and biscuits in the messroom.
11.30 a.m.—Study.
1 p.m.—Dinner.
2.15 p.m.—Studies.
4.30 p.m.—Tea, milk, buns; two hours' liberty and sports.
a 6.30 p.m.—Recall flag hoisted.
7 p.m.—Tea, bread, butter, jam.
7.45 p.m.—Preparation for the next day.
8.45 p.m.—Turn in.
9.15 p.m.—Lights out.
9.30 p.m.—Commander's rounds; all snug.
He is placed on precisely the same footing as his fellow-cadets. Instead of being saluted by everybody, he must now salute his superiors whenever and wherever he meets them. He is obliged, under penalty of being put through the defaulter's drill, to obey the lightest command of his "skipper," as the boy captain of each class is styled. He sleeps in a dormitory with thirty other lads, the only furniture being a long row of white cots, at the foot of each of which is a sea chest containing the kit. Prince "Eddy's" is the regulation kind in both make and quality.
The wife of a naval officer attached to the academy at Annapolis has in her employ an Irish servant, who recently gave evidence of nostalgia.
"You ought to be contented and not pine for your old home, Bridget," said the lady of the house. "You are earning good wages, your work is light, every one is kind to you, and you have lots of friends here."
"Yis, mum," sadly replied Bridget; "but it's not the place where I be makes me so homesick; it is the place where I don't be."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*
Mrs. Thayer, President of the American Lyceum Club, who has been promoting a scheme to bring American women to English universities on Rhodes Scholarship lines, says:
"English women want sharpening up, and by mixing with American ladies they will get it, while the latter will obtain the toning down they very much need. Under the influence of an American woman an English woman smartens up wonderfully. She becomes quicker, brighter and more vivacious. Once she develops these qualities she retains them. She will also try to beat an American woman at her own game of making an impression.
"By her social intercourse with an English woman an American woman benefits quite as much in another way. Before coming over here she is crude and so restless that her desire for action might almost be described as a nervous disease. After a few weeks in England she loses her rawness and becomes more gentle.
"The average American girl that comes to England now needs improvement badly. She is disrespectful and irreverent. As a combination the two women are perfect. The American girl gets the ideas of the English girl and carries them out. The former is more enthusiastic over anything new, but flags quicker, while the English girl is more tenacious. If the women of the two nations were to see more of each other I think a great change in both would follow."
Charity—Would you please give a poor man a dime?
"My dear sir," replied the philanthropist, "you have not grasped the first principle of charity. A dime would be of small avail, but with \$10 you could do something. Still, I am favorable to your plea. You hustle \$9.99 and the desired dime is yours."
"But supposing that meanwhile I starve to death?"
"In that case," responded the philanthropist, "you would not even need the ten cents."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The "Capital" Is \$40.00 A Year Better Than Other Separators

TESTS made by dairying experts show that the average cream separator leaves 0.054 per cent. of butter fat in the skim milk. That is the average loss you can expect from the average machine.

With butter at 25 cents a pound, that loses you 6.7 cents on every 500 pounds of milk you run through the average machine.

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If that isn't \$40.15 cents a year, what is it? If you don't think that is possible, or if the Average Machine's man says it isn't, write to me and I will prove it to you.

Tell me how many cows you keep, and what their yield is, and I will tell you just how quick a Capital will pay for itself on your farm—and what it will actually earn you, in money.

I will prove every word I say if you will write and ask me what you want to know about the Right Way to get More Money out of Cows.

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The Capital Cream Separator

Jane, the bright new maid, always anxious to please, had been entrusted with the care of a little aquarium in which the goldfish had always thrived very well until Jane came on the scene. The first day she arrived she gave them fresh water, as instructed, and then left them to their own devices. But, alas, one morning the little fishes were found floating lifeless on their backs.
"Jane," cried the anxious mistress, regarding her pets with concern. "have you given the fish any fresh water lately?"
"No, ma'am. Bless their little hearts, they haven't drunk the water I gave them last month yet!"
During the latter part of his life Emerson seemed to live much in the world of souls and came back with difficulty to take cognizance of physical affairs.
One very warm day Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was standing on a street corner in Boston, mopping his brow, holding his hat upside down in one hand. Emerson, coming along and seeing a venerable man with his hat thus outstretched, dropped a quarter in it, and walked on, without recognizing the genial Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.
An old lady and gentleman were taking their first trip on the steam cars. She held her breath while crossing a trestle, and then, turning to her husband, exclaimed in a high voice:
"Thank God, Ezra, we have lit!"
The visiting minister was walking along the shady country road to a church, where he was to preach that day, when he saw a little boy digging vigorously into the bank by the roadside. He stopped and asked the boy why he worked so hard on Sunday.
"I'm digging for a woodchuck, sir," replied the boy.
"Well, my son, don't you know it is wrong to do that on Sunday, and you won't get him?"
"Not get him!" exclaimed the boy; "why, I've got to get him. The minister's coming to our house to dinner to-day and we ain't got any meat."
"We haven't any deviled crabs, sir," said the waiter. "I can offer you some very nice deviled eggs."
"Umph! I presume if you were out of mock-turtle soup you'd suggest some very nice mock oranges?" retorted the diner.
"Yes, sir," answered the waiter, calmly. "At least I would suggest that you give them a mock trial."—*Harper's Weekly.*
O, the little birds sang east,
And the little birds sang west,
And I said in underbreath—
All our life is mixed with death,
And who knoweth which is best?
O, the little birds sang east,
And the little birds sang west,
And I smiled to think God's greatness
Flowed around our incompleteness—
Round our restlessness, His rest
Some years ago at an annual reunion of some professional men in an Eastern city there were gathered together some pretty good story-tellers. Among them was a college professor, who had spent his vacation in a rural town on the coast.
One day he came upon a group of farmers at the corner store, and after some casual remarks had passed between himself and the men one fellow moved nearer to the professor, as if to claim his whole attention.
"Be you one of them f.illers who knows everything as was ever writ?" he asked.
The professor replied that he had studied a good deal along some lines and perhaps knew considerable about some things.
Apparently satisfied that he at last had found where he could be sure as to the correctness of his information the questioner now said: "Well, if you've studied so much mebbe you can tell me what I've long wanted to know—is diggin' clams agriculture or fishin'?"
Mr. John W. Gates was discussing women's ideas about business the other night. He said a woman whom he knew once mailed her banker this note:
"Please buy for my account 1,000 shares of P. D. & Q. at 75. Sell at 100, and be sure to send me the profits by noon to-morrow, as I am going out of town."—*New York Sun.*