

Don't be bothered
ed with a table salt
that cakes.

Windsor SALT

never cakes, be-
cause every grain is
a pure, dry, perfect
crystal.

A Book which is
Creating a Stir in the
Higher Circles of So-
ciety—

MY LADY of THE SNOWS

By MARGARET A. BROWN

Cloth, with Illustrations in colors

\$1.25

The publishing of this book
has been spoken of as a national
event in the history of Canada.

FOR SALE AT ALL
BOOKSELLERS

WILLIAM BRIGGS

PUBLISHER

29-33 Richmond St. West, TORONTO

MADE IN CANADA

GILLETT'S



PERFUMED LYE

READY FOR USE IN ANY QUANTITY
For making SOAP, softening water, re-
moving old paint, disinfecting sinks,
closets and drains and for many other
purposes. A can equals 20 lbs. Sal Soda.
Sold Everywhere.

E. W. GILLET CO., LTD.
Toronto, Ont.

**LONDON GUARANTEE
AND ACCIDENT COMPANY LIMITED**

Guarantee and Fidelity Bonds.
Sickness and Accident Policies.

Phone Main 1842. Confederation Life Building
COR. YONGE and RICHMOND STS.

FOR THE CHILDREN

UNCLE NED'S MAGIC.

By BELLE LAURENCE.

PATTER, patter, drip, drip, sang
the rain on the roof. Tearfully
Teddy glanced from the window.

"O dear!" he sighed.

"O dear!" echoed Frank and Betty.

"Guess daddy couldn't make a fire
on the rocks to-day," said Frankie,
with pictures of the intended corn
roast vividly before him. This was
very evident by the sudden down-
pour which followed his remarks.
Even sight of the lake was shut out
from him.

It isn't such an easy thing to amuse
two eager little boys and a little girl
on a rainy day. Sailing boats in the
bathtub was fast becoming tiresome.
A sudden gust of wind rattled the
windows, and the children did not
know that somebody had opened the
door and was standing right behind
them, and they did not know, either,
that that somebody was Uncle Ned.

The children had not seen Uncle
Ned for a long time, so of course they
were very glad to see him, and just
at the right time, too. Somehow
uncles always happen to come at just
the right time, so it was not any
wonder that he was besieged with
kisses, and coaxed to tell a story.
Thoughtfully Uncle Ned gazed at the
logs in the fireplace.

"I'll tell you, chums," he said,
prompted by a sudden idea, "let's
have another magic trick, and this
shall be called the 'Russian Moun-
tains.' And now I'll get the things
necessary."

While the children were gathering
round the table, uncle returned with
a small kerosene lamp, a strip of
paper about four inches wide and
about three feet long, a glass of wa-
ter, a teaspoon, and a small plate.
These he placed on the table, while
from the long bookcase he selected
four books, decreasing in size from a
very large to a tiny book.

He lighted the lamp and held the
strip of paper over the top near
enough so that it soon became cover-
ed with thick, greasy lampblack.
Then on the backs of the books,
which he stood upright and about
four inches apart, he pinned the pa-
per, the greasy side toward him, al-
lowing the end nearest the tiny book
to rest in the plate.

"Now, then," said Uncle Ned, "we
are ready," and taking a little water
in the teaspoon, he let it fall drop by
drop upon the paper.

"Gracious!" said Frankie. "Just
see how it rolls!" and sure enough,
one after another, the tiny drops roll-
ed down the inclined plane of one
book, gaining speed enough each time
to mount the next, and so on into the
plate.

The children each in turn dropped
some water on the paper, and watch-
ed with delight the tiny drops striv-
ing to see which could gain the plate
in the quickest time. It was near
supper-time when they thought to
look out of the window—and what a
surprise greeted them! The rain had
ceased, the dark, threatening clouds
had gone, and the sun was shining
bright and clear. The next day they
could have their picnic, and a much
better time because they would have
Uncle Ned with them.—*Youth's
Companion.*

A FINE LADY.

By Ethel Hawkes.

Johnnie and Kate and Nan at play,

Out in a field on a summer's day.

"When I'm grown up," said little
Nan,

"I'll be as fine as ever I can.

I'll do my hair just so—like this!

And wear fine clothes, and be called
'Young Miss';

I'll ride in a cart, all over the town,
To show the people my fine new
gown.

I'll be the prettiest that ever I can,
And I won't say 'No,' to a hand-
some man.

But if he's ugly I won't have him.
Or if he sneezes, or his name is
Jim.

But best of all, you know!" cried she,
"Are mudpies, and Kate, and John-
nie and me.

But its getting dark, we must be spry,
Lest ma might spank us, and then
we'd cry.

And pr'aps in corners we'd have to sit,
And that wouldn't be fine ladies a
bit!

So all the kiddies trooped home to tea,
"We were not spanked," said they
to me.

WINTER JEWELS.

A million little diamonds

Twinkled in the trees,

And all the little maidens said

"A jewel, if you please."

But while they held their hands out-
stretched,

To catch the diamonds gay,

A million little sunbeams came

And stole them all away.

FEBRUARY.

The Elves' Calendar.

The Elfand sprites took fleecy clouds
or purple, blue, and pink,

And 'broidered them with sunbeams,
oh! so bright they'd make you
wink;

And next some silver dew they took,
with dainty magic spoons,

And where 't was sprinkled, there it
twinkled like a million moons;

Then over all of this, some hearts
and darts and flowers were laid—

And that's the Elfand secret of how
Valentines are made.

—*St. Nicholas.*

THE SLEEPY SONG.

By JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

As soon as the fire burns red and low
And the house upstairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song
Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and
soft,

Their colours are grey and white;
They follow their leader nose to tail,
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over and one comes
next,

And one runs after behind,
The grey one's nose at the white one's
tail,

The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the
hill

They quietly slip away,
But one runs over and one comes
next;

Their colours are white and grey.

And over they go and over they go,
And over the top of the hill,

The good little sheep run thick and
fast,

And the house upstairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes
next,

The good little, grey little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and
low,

And she says that I fall asleep.

—*McClure's.*

The Facts in the Case

For Constipation, or
tightness of the bowels,
the simplest—safest—
most agreeable remedy
to cure the trouble—no
griping or after effects
—is unquestionably

Abbey's Effer- vescent Salt

25c. and 60c. At all dealers.

SELECTING INVESTMENTS

Every person with surplus
money available for Invest-
ment needs to exercise care
when making selections suit-
able to his individual needs.

We mail monthly a list of
Bonds and Stocks yielding
from 4 to 6 per cent. from
which choice can be made.

A copy will be sent regularly
upon request.

A. E. AMES & CO., LIMITED
TORONTO - CANADA

The Hamilton Steel and Iron Company

LIMITED

PIG IRON

Foundry, Basic, Malleable.

FORGINGS

of Every Description.

High Grade Bar Iron.

Open Hearth Bar Steel.

HAMILTON - - ONTARIO

THE THIEL

Detective Service Co.
of Canada, Limited

E. R. CARRINGTON, Secy. & Asst. Gen. Mgr.

OFFICES IN CANADA:

Montreal - Toronto - Winnipeg

F. G. Robinson, Mgr. J. E. Stein, Mgr. J. J. Brown, Mgr.

OTHER OFFICES:

CHICAGO, ILL., Monadnock Block.
DENVER, COLO., Majestic Building.
KANSAS CITY, MO., New England Bldg.
NEW YORK, N.Y., Hudson Terminal Bldg.
PORTLAND, ORE., Chamber of Commerce.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Mutual Savings Bank Bldg.
SEATTLE, WASH., New York Block.
SPOKANE, WASH., Empire State Building.
ST. LOUIS, MO., Century Bldg.
ST. PAUL, MINN., Germania Life Building.
CITY OF MEXICO, MEX., Equitable Life Ins. Bldg.
LOS ANGELES, 621 Trust Bldg.

SPECIAL EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE

Phoebe Snow Chamois Skin

For delicate skin. Produces a rosy hue. Highly
medicated. Tanned exclusively for the face. Four
Styles—Plain, 25c. Highly Embroidered, 35c.
50c., \$1. Sent to any Address. Stamps or money.
Phoebe Snow Chamois Co., Clinton Buffalo NY