For the Asking

The best table salt costs no more than the poorest -and can be had for the asking.

Vindsor SALT

is sold in practically every grocery store in Canada and is the best. Ask for it.



Does not need to be introduced. It is well known.

From the time it was ORIGINALLY put on the market it easily led, so far as a Malt beverage was concerned, in the estimation of the connoisseurs. This lead it still holds by reason of the fact that the utmost care is exercise in the selection of the several ingredients that enter into its makeup, namely, the CHOICEST BARLEY, the CHOICEST HOPS, and FILTERED WATER—the utmost cleanliness being observed—all departments being under the superintendence of the ONLY Brewmaster in Canada who came from the original "Salvador" Brewery, Munich, Germany Mr. Lothar Reinhardt, and so we say

"Salvador" Forever!

REINHARDT & CO. 2-22 MARK ST. - TORONTO





H H

HERE is some news about common gray marbles, the ten-centa-dozen kind that we all know. They are made in Germany, out of small pieces of stone left over from the marble quarries. We are told that there are factories where little boys are put to work with hammers breaking these into small cubes, and that over 600,000 are turned out each week. There is something to think about next spring when you go in search of the marble-bag stowed away

A SUDDEN UPRISING.

A PICNIC was in progress, and a benevolent and elderly lady took much enjoyment in seeing the delight of the children who were disporting

themselves in her grounds.

She went from one to another, saying a few kind words to each. Presently she seated herself on the grass beside Tommy, a little boy with golden curls and an angelic expression. But as soon as he observed her sitting beside him Tommy set up an ear-piercing howl.
"Have you the stomach ache?" she

in some cubby-hole.

asked, anxiously.

"No, I ain't!" snapped Tommy.

"Perhaps you would like some more

"No!" roared the angelic child. "Wot I want is my frog wot I catched!"
"Frog?"

"Yes, my frog! You're sitting on it!"--Youth's Companion.

Raising Electric Light Plants.



Setting out the bulbs,-Life.

PRINCE PINOOZILUM.

OH, little Prince Pinoozilum was very, very small, In fact, I can't compare his size with

anything at all; The Princess was his sister, and was

smaller far than he,

And the younger prince, his brother, was impossible to see.

Oh, little Prince Pinoozilum was very, very thin,

His body was no bigger than an ordinary pin; And so at first they called him "Pin,"

but when he had become
A little larger, then they thought, and
added "oozilum."

His friends did not expect too much,

considering his size, For even larger princes are not al-

ways good and wise; In fact, I've often heard it said, the

more some princes grow,

It's startling how much worse they get, and how much less they know.

But little Prince Pinoozilum was al-

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ways very good, And, really, he behaved as well as anybody could;
At school in all his classes he was

always at the head,

While other pupils twice his size were at the foot instead.

And when he grew to be a man, Pin-

oozilum could speak Italian, Spanish, German, French, Hungarian, and Greek;

And sums in mathematics he could quickly calculate,
And do them all within his brain, and

never use a slate.

So little Prince Pinoozilum, who was

So little Prince Pinoozilum, who was so very small,
Should be a good example and a pattern for you all;
And remember, though you're little, you can still be good and wise,
For your learning and behaviour don't depend upon your size. depend upon your size.
—Arthur Macy.

OLD MAN RAIN.

OLD Man Rain At the window pane Knocks and fumbles and raps again; His long-nailed fingers

Old Man Rain at the window pane Knocks all night, but knocks in vain— Old Man Rain.

Old Man Rain, With battered train, Reels and shambles along the lane; His old gray whiskers drip and drain; Old Man Rain, with ragged train, Reels and staggers like one insane-Old Man Rain.

Old Man Rain

Is back again, With old Mis' Wind at the window pane,

Dancing there with her tattered train; Her old shawl flaps as she twirls shawl flaps as she twirls again

In the wildman reel and is torn in twain-

Old Mis' Wind and Old Man Rain.
—Madison Cawein, in "The Reader."

DOUBTLESS CORRECT.
Teacher: "Jimmie, correct this sentence, 'Our teacher am in sight.'"

Jimmie: "Our teacher are in sight.'" Jimmie: "Our teacher am a sight."

THE LITTLE DREAMER.

A LITTLE boy was dreaming Upon his nurse's lap,
That the pins fell out of all the stars
And the stars fell into his cap.

So when the dream was over, What did that little boy do? Why, he went and looked inside his cap, And found it wasn't true.

Woman's Home Companion.

TOO MUCH FISHING.

IF the American boy can go fishing three or four times a year he thinks he is having a good time of it, but an American missionary in China says that Chinese boys whose parents live near the water begin fishing when four years old and put in at least 300 days a year at it. They have to do it for a living. When the fish don't bite the boy is apt to come in for a licking.

—Saturday Sunset.



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