

open window. "It's just like we was real fairies in a fairy tale," was his comment. "I wonder if there's any mermaids here, June."

"It seems as if there might be, doesn't it?" June responded.

Hand in hand they stood for several minutes, the light of the sunset and the light of their own innocent happiness mingling in their faces. To June, whose spirit responded to the lightest touch of beauty in any form, and who, with open-hearted welcome, met happiness half-way, this seemed like a beautiful dream, or a chapter from some delightful new story book, or a poem visualized. The last beam of sunshine had faded from the hills, and now the mellow afterglow flooded earth and sky and water with rosy radiance. Instead of the restless roar of city traffic, to which the children's ears had been so long accustomed, here came only the warbled evensong of the birds. As June listened and looked, a sweet seriousness stole into her eyes. "Aunt Hilda," she said to Miss Sutherland, who had just entered the room with a worried look on her face, "Doesn't this seem to you like going to church in Heaven?"

"No, I can't say as it does," her aunt replied shortly, while her features stiffened forbiddingly. "I never went to church in Heaven, so I don't know what it's like."

"I think it's something like this," June went on. "The light comes in so soft and pretty through the big church windows, but God's roof is all windows, and it's ever so much prettier. I wonder what hymn the birds are singing if we could understand the words. Maybe it's 'Now the day is over.' Don't you like that hymn, Aunt Hilda? I believe I like it best."

"I never heard it as I know of." "Haven't you? Oh! Brownie wants me to sing him that nearly every night before he goes to sleep. Aren't you getting sleepy, Brownie?"

"Not yet. I'd like you to tell me a story, June."

"All right, only you must get into your nightie first."

A few minutes later the brown head and the golden nestled side by side in the big arm chair. June's arm was thrown caressingly around her little brother. "What story would you like, little son?" she asked.

"Tell me about the mermaid. I believe there's mermaids in this lake. Do you know if there is, Robin?"

"What's a mermaid?" Robin asked from his seat in the doorway. "Is it a kind of fish? There's perch and sunfish and minnows and a few mud-cats in our lake, but I never heard of them kind."

"O Robin! Don't you really know what mermaids are?" Brownie asked. He had not seen the twinkle of fun in Robin's eyes. "Why, they're only half fish, and the other half—the top half—is just like people. The girls have got awful nice hair. I guess it's something like June's, only longer; and they don't tie it with a blue ribbon like she does. Do they, June?"

"No," June answered. "They leave it loose all the time, and often they come up out of the sea and sit on a rock and comb it. They're awful proud of their hair."

"What nonsense!" interrupted Hilda. "Is that the kind of stuff they teach you in the city?"

June laughed merrily. "Of course we know there aren't really any mermaids, nor fairies either; but it's nice to imagine there are. There's such lovely stories about them."

"I know there's mermaids in this lake, June," declared Brownie. "I'm goin' to watch for 'em every day. But hurry up and begin the story."

"All right, little son. When you see a mermaid, you come right straight and tell me."

(To be Continued.)

### Government Food Control

#### You Can Co-operate with the Food Controller by Demanding the Whole Wheat in All Breadstuffs

In the present crisis of course some kind of government regulation of food supply and food distribution is necessary if we are to get the full benefit of all our resources and be protected from abnormal prices that will be forced upon us by speculators.

Our government will no doubt follow the action of England and France in standardizing wheat flour. In the meantime, however, every housekeeper should demand whole wheat flour for all breadstuffs.

It is claimed that "the present milling percentage reached in producing patent flour does not exceed 75 per cent. of the grain." In other words, millions of bushels of wheat will be wasted in the milling of white flour unless the government intervenes. This means that one-quarter of the crop containing the richest nutritive elements in the whole wheat grain will be sold as "feed" for cattle, hogs and poultry.

Our forefathers ate whole wheat bread for two centuries and a half, and they waxed hale, strong and hearty. While there is some question as to the ability of the housekeeper to get any real whole wheat flour in this country, there is no question about shredded wheat biscuit, which may be obtained at any grocery store and which is 100 per cent. whole wheat grain. It not only contains the entire wheat grain, but it is prepared in a digestible form, being thoroughly steam-cooked, drawn out into filmy, porous shreds and then twice baked in coal ovens. In this process the outer bran coat, which is so useful in keeping the bowels healthy and active, is retained—in fact, shredded wheat biscuit contains every particle of the whole wheat grain. It contains more real, body-building nutriment, pound for pound, than meat, eggs, or potatoes, and costs much less. Two or three of these crisp little loaves of baked whole wheat with milk, sliced bananas, or other fruit make a nourishing, strengthening meal at a cost of six or seven cents.

The whole wheat grain is the one perfect food for human beings. No other cereal compares to it in nutritive value or adaptability to the human stomach. It is man's staff of life. If you eat breakfast cereals or breadstuffs of any kind you should insist upon having the whole wheat grain prepared in a digestible form.

## Boys and Girls

### IN THE MORNING.

Estelle T. Oltrogge.

Little lamb at nightfall sate within the fold,  
Snuggle close to mother from the rain and cold,  
She will keep you resting in your lowly home,  
In the morning on the hillside you with her may roam.

Little tired birdie, fly home to your nest,  
'Neath your mother's feathers you may safely rest,  
Never foe can touch you while beneath her wing,  
Early in the morning you'll begin to sing.

Little tiny baby, close your eyes in sleep,  
See the sun is setting, stars begin to peep,  
"Through the long night watches" angels guard your sleep  
Till sunshine in the morning through the trees shall creep.

Earth's sad, weary pilgrim, let your wand'rings cease,  
Rest shall come at nightfall: fold your hands in peace,  
Though you've fought life's battles, passed beneath the rod,  
The sunlight in the morning shall flood the "hills of God."

—"The Southern Churchman."

Dear Cousins,—I have just a few more days now by my lake—the day you read this letter I shall be in the city again, but only for a day or two while I look over your answers to competitions and do one or two more things like that. Then I really am off to the farm, and I shall not be able to fix up any more competitions till September, though, as I told you before, I shall write to you every week, and I hope you'll write to me.

I don't like hot weather, do you? And it is hot here; so still that for two days there hasn't been enough wind to ruffle the lake except in patches: it looks perfectly lovely, and there is a white line round all the islands in the distance where the water is just like glass. I think the evenings are the best though, because it's cooler, and one never gets tired of watching the sunsets. They are all beautiful, and all different, and the colours stay so long in the sky after the sun has actually disappeared that it is 9 o'clock and later before we need go in. And then there has been a full moon this week, and some people have been going out in canoes and just drifting about in the path of the moonlight, content to stay and take in all the beauty they can.

That is why I like being here. I feel as if I am taking in a whole great store of beautiful sights and sounds that are going to last me all through next year in the city, so that when I feel tired of smoke and street-cars and chimneys and bricks and things, I can shut my eyes and pretend I see the lake shore again, fringed with birches and little low bushes where the chipmunks and squirrels dart in and out, and all kinds of birds are singing. I hope that's what you're going to do, too, this summer. Lay up the biggest stock you can of fun and sunshine and—well, I'll have to call it "open-airiness," I can't find another word—so that through the coming year it will be a help and a rest on your tired days. Besides, the more sunshine there is in you, the more it will come out, and its splendid to think we can



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really live the beauty of the woods and the water so that other people can get a reflection of it from our bright faces and our actions, don't you think so?

Well, again I have to hurry because of this dreadfully early post here. It's awful, isn't it?

Your affectionate Cousin,  
Mike.

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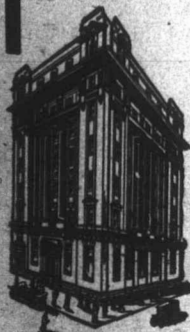
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