

Plants That Go to Sleep

THE MAJORITY ARE INCLINED TO SLEEP BY THE HOUR—REGULATED BY THE SUN

It was Chaucer who first discovered that some flowers nod, go to sleep, and awake again, apparently refreshed. Indeed, as he watched the English daisy (Bellis perennis), one smaller and more pink tipped than that which thrives abundantly in American fields, and observed how at sunset it mod its rays in an erect position, held them closed during the night, and then opened them wide at sunrise, he concluded that it had wisely indulged in a long, refreshing sleep.

At present it is acknowledged that the majority of plants are inclined to sleep by the hour. With some it is only the bloom which closes, to unfold again after refreshment, while with many others it is the leaves which exhibit the most pronounced sleep movements. So complex, moreover, are some of these movements of the leaves when preparing for a night's rest, as do they when waking up, that the flowers or opening fruit and thus protect them from cold dews, that the immortal Swedish botanist, Linnaeus, speaks of their performances as being analogous to the action of the birds, when spreading their wings to shelter the young snugly.

Both Chaucer and Shakespeare had noticed the sleepiness of plants, it remained for Linnaeus to collect the first accurate information on the subject. The story is told that his attention was drawn to the protecting sleep movements of leaves through the gift of a rare exotic, a species of lotus which had come to him during the absence of his gardener. "He at once planted it, then bearing an exceedingly beautiful red flower. It was after nightfall when his gardener returned, and Linnaeus, eager to show his treasure, guided him to the green house. No bloom whatever was to be seen, merely many large, languidly drooping leaves.

THE SCIENTIST WAS DISAPPOINTED.

Thinking that someone had rudely picked the flower, his disappointment was deep; but in the morning, to his surprise and joy, the brilliant bloom again appeared, fresh and vigorous. That night he and the gardener again visited the exotic. Ever the sign of its former glory had vanished. Its aspect was entirely changed. Through fingering the whole plant well over, however, they at length discovered the daytime beauty, sound asleep under drooping over-leaves.

It was after this observation that Linnaeus' interest was awakened in this particular trait of plants, and he collected the number which formed his celebrated floral clock; for with some flowers their periodical opening and closing is so regular as not to vary five minutes throughout a season. Indeed, he observed 46 flowers with a determined habit of waking up at certain times, and for closing is now attributed to the punctuality of their insect friends, visiting them through the offered bait of nectar, which perform faithfully the service of carrying the pollen. As soon then as these conscientious insects have made their rounds, for the day, the flowers close to protect their remaining sweets and golden dust from worthless pilferers.

It is not altogether because of exhaustion that the leaves of some plants sleep; but because light, which acts as a stimulant to them, is withdrawn. Even it is possible sometimes to cajole them into waking by holding near them a lighted candle; as also some flowers are fooled into making sleep preparations whenever there is an eclipse of the sun. Neither can it be only the absence of light which causes them to sleep, since the common goat's beard, from its habit of closing irrevocably at 12 o'clock, is popularly called by the English people, "Go-to-bed-at-noon." The pimpernel of Tennyson (Anagallis arvensis) is another early sleeper, seldom being found awake after midday.

The evening primrose (Onagris biennis) is scheduled to open at six in the evening and to close at dawn, being nocturnal in its habits. The sprig of beauty (Cuscuta Virginica) known to every child that treads the woodlands, is not only a rare sleeper, but so in dread of rainy or cloudy weather that it invariably does through such times. The field convolvulus (Convolvulus arvensis) is another flower especially sensitive at the approach of a rain, and the pimpernel (Cichorium Intybus) opens its white, pink, or blue forets only in the early morning hours throughout midsummer, or else when the atmosphere is hazy.

REGULATED BY THE SUN.

Flowers that sleep when the sun goes down and awaken in the morning are observed to regulate their acts with the length of the day, as it increases or decreases. Apparently they cannot sleep while it is yet too light, nor awake before darkness has sufficiently vanished. The wayside tansy (Tanacetum vulgare) indeed has leaves so sensitive that not only do they close in darkness, but whenever exposed to too powerful a light. Again, the leaved, will at once endeavor to direct their edges toward the light. The common day flower (Commelina Virginica) has a most curious habit of sleeping itself away. Early in the morning its bright blue flowers may be seen lively and awake. About noon, however, after its special insects have made their rounds, it closes its petals slightly, which melt away before sundown into a mucilaginous substance resembling jelly.

Hardly one more interesting to watch, or more accessible to all, could be named than the pretty little wood sorrel (Oxalis Acetosella), abundantly grown in pots as a house plant through the winter. At nightfall its peculiarly sensitive leaves sleep by drooping their three leaflets until touching back to back, in which position they are far from likely to be chilled during the night. At sunrise, however, these leaflets again regain their horizontal position. During the

day as well the seedling leaves of this plant exhibit restless, interesting movements. In fact, it has been observed that the flowers and leaves of young plants close much more thoroughly than those of older ones. As children, perhaps, they need abundant rest. Generally it is said of the wild lupine (Lupinus perennis) or sun dial, that its leaves from morning till night leaves sleep. All clover leaves sleep. Often in the morning some one lazy about awaking will be found with its inner surfaces appearing as though gummed together.

This element of sleepiness is indeed most difficult to eradicate from the flowers and leaves of wild stock. Gardeners and propagators have fondly thought to have it conquered, when unexpectedly it returned, often at most inopportune times. A wondrously fine collection of carnations which were sent west, with high hope for the prizes they might secure, fell soundly asleep en route, and neither coaxing nor coaxing would tempt them to open their petals until the exhibition where they were displayed was well over.

The large sensitive plant (Cassia Chamaecrista) and the wild senna (Cassia Marilandica) have most curious ways of hanging down their leaflets, rotating on their axes, and folding their leaflets together whenever they are touched or rudely knocked against. This is owing to their extreme sensitivity. They then appear much as they do when asleep. Although it is not generally appreciated, the sensitive brier (Morongia uncinata) may be grown with facility in many more Northern States than those to which it is a native, and the delight of watching it grow is keen indeed. The many pairs of small leaflets which it bears, are even more sensitive than those of the cassias. To tread over much of the dry soil it inhabits in the south, and then to look backward, is enough to foster the notion that witches had been at work in the plant world; since the path of the traveler is then as distinct as the wake of a ship. Placid and drooped, the innumerable little leaflets appear to have lost all interest in living.

A SUPERNATURAL ROSE.

In parts of Arabia where the rose of Jericho is native, the people carefully regard its movements as being divinely regulated for their special instruction concerning future events. These shrubs produce blossoms flaming red in the bud, and turning gradually to white as they expand. The stems, moreover, are not upright, but spread over the ground in large, flat, fan-like shapes. At such times they draw up the stems closely together and assume a globe-like form, while with the sun's return they again spread open. The simple-minded native, thinking of marriage or of taking any other important step in life, goes first to inspect these shrubs. If on his first sight of them the stems are against him, and more likely than not he will cast off the undertaking. On the contrary, should the stems be spread open, all his happiness is before him, and cheerfully he pursues his way.—Alice Lounsberry, in Chicago Tribune.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH LEFT HANDS?

HABIT OF USING THEM IS EASILY ACQUIRED IN YOUTH.

Curious how little most women can do with their left hands! Men, too, of course, are usually right-handed, and most men can use the left hand also fairly well. Many surgeons and some draughtsmen use one hand about as well as the other; while few men, whatever be their trade or profession, are so hopelessly awkward with the left hand as most women are. The reason for this is that so many masculine operations require heavy effort, where both hands have to be used together, so that both get the same training. While on the other hand, feminine occupations, like sewing, are apt to be lighter single-handed tasks which might, to be sure, be done with either hand; but are practically always done with one only.

At any rate, whatever the reason, the fact remains that most women might just as well not have two hands, for all the use they ever make of the less skillful. They get into the habit of using one hand for writing, sewing and the like, as they should. Then they use the same hand for carrying bundles, manipulating skirts, opening doors, all the thousand and one common tasks that require no special skill and might just as well be done with the hand that does most of the resting.

If one should go to work deliberately to learn the habit of using the left hand for everything that it is able to do, there would be two very distinct advantages over the common practice. In the first place, there would be less one-sidedness. As it is, one-half the body does three-fourths of the work, growing strong accordingly and larger than its companion. In the second place, as we have two hands, there are many household tasks, mixing cake, for example, that are very fatiguing. What a relief, when one hand is weary, to change to the other! Yet how few persons can do it. So many household tasks, mixing cake, for example, that are very fatiguing. What a relief, when one hand is weary, to change to the other! Yet how few persons can do it. So many household tasks, mixing cake, for example, that are very fatiguing. What a relief, when one hand is weary, to change to the other! Yet how few persons can do it.

Curiously enough, too, it is pretty easy even after years of neglect to train the useless hand to the common tasks. When one has learned to do anything, no matter what, with one hand, the other has somehow been learning it at the same time. The first time one tries to write with the left hand he usually succeeds better with it than if he had never written at all and were trying for the first time with the right. So it is with other things. One does not learn any movement with one hand without at the same time partially learning it with the other. Why not? The learning is in part the learning of the brain. The nerves for either hand. The hand is

after all, only a tool. One does not learn to eat with a spoon, and then begin all over again to learn to eat with a fork.

So, I say, everyone ought to learn to use both hands equally. This does not mean that anyone ought to use both hands alike. The difference between the right hand and the left is most fundamental. With it go differences between the two eyes and the two ears. There is besides the remarkable fact that our thinking and remembering is normally done on the side of the brain connected with the more skillful hand. All men are ambidextrous. The animals are naturally either right or left handed, and it is the height of folly to attempt to alter this universal arrangement.

One can, however, easily and profitably learn to use both hands equally, in the sense that neither one does more work in the course of the day than the other. Writing, drawing, sewing, all occupations that demand special dexterity, must fall to the better hand. Very well, then; let us arrange it so that such acts do not require special skill shall be done with the left hand. We made it a point always to carry bundle or umbrella with the left hand, always, when equally convenient, to open doors with that hand, to move straps, to lift weights, to hang on to things in the cars, and all the rest of the countless daily acts that demand neither skill nor thought, the effect would be that when night came, neither arm would, on the whole, have done more work than the other. The result would be that both would be equally tired, both equally strong, both equally developed, instead of lopsided. The right hand would still be the one for all delicate tasks. Indeed its delicacy and skill would be rather increased than diminished if it were set free from part of its heavy work. The mind would have two strong and willing servants, instead of, as is too apt to be the case, only one. The habit of using the left hand wherever it is as good as the right is easily acquired, especially in youth. The results amply repay the effort.

TITLED BRITISH LADIES IN TRADE

LADY AUCKLAND THE LATEST TO OPEN A SHOP TO SUPPORT HER FAMILY.

Another British peeress has "gone into trade." Lady Auckland, wife of the fifth Baron Auckland, has just opened a furniture and decorator's business in the west end of London. She is a widow, and her husband's family, who have been ruined by unlucky speculation.

The sign over the shop says "Morton & Edwards," but the sole proprietress is Lady Auckland, who chooses to trade under these special circumstances. Lady Auckland has excellent taste and understands the planning, decorating and furnishing of artistic houses. She frankly confesses that she has been obliged to start this business in order to support herself.

"I have made up my mind," said Lady Auckland to an interviewer, "of the planning and decorating of new houses. I simply love furnishing and decorating; it calls for so much of the artistic side of a cultured woman's temperament. I feel sure that the great field for me is in the decoration of houses. I may say that I have received offers from London firms to undertake this sort of work, and even from American firms. But I thought I could do so much better for myself."

Lady Auckland is by no means the first English aristocrat to enter business life. The list of titled traders includes the following:

The Duchess of Abercorn, who has a creamery at Baronscourt.

Lady Essex and Mrs. Hwfa Williams, who own a laundry.

The Hon. J. W. Mansfield (brother and heir of Lord Sandhurst), and the Hon. F. A. C. Thellousson, son and heir of Lord Redlesham, who are wine merchants.

Lady Alleen Wyndham-Quin (daughter of Lord Dunraven), who owns a violet farm at Adare Manor.

The Hon. Frances Wolesey (daughter of Lord Wolesey), who presides over a school for gardening.

Mrs. Bertie Dormer (niece to Lord Dormer), who is a milliner.

Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, who has commenced business in the fruit bottling industry.

Lord Roslyn, who was at one time associated with a perfumery business in the north of London.

The Earl of Hardwicke, who was engaged in the cigar trade.

The Hon. J. W. Mansfield (brother and heir of Lord Sandhurst), and the Hon. F. A. C. Thellousson, son and heir of Lord Redlesham, who are wine merchants.

Lord Harrington, who for some years carried on a fruit shop at Charing Cross.

Dinard, the Monte Carlo of the Britany coast, will boast an English paper this season, owned and edited by the wife of a baronet.

Lady Duntze, who is making this venture in journalism, is well known to the American and English visitors who throng Dinard for the three months—July, August and September.

THE CARE OF THE VOICE.

Culture and character are indicated more clearly in the human voice than in the features or the bearing. The ideas expressed naturally affect our impression, but the pitch intonation and strength of every utterance convey in a subtle way the innate spiritual tone and depth of the speaker. Many children destroy the sweeter tones of their voices by screaming and shouting too much. It is perfectly natural for a child to wish to make itself heard, and to have its own voice heard. But the vocal cords are delicately adjusted, and any straining injures them seriously. Nothing improves a child's voice so much as singing easily, quietly and sweetly. An imperfect ear can be trained by persistent effort, and even if the child's voice is not perfect, the benefit of its trying to vocalize pleasantly will be felt in the speaking voice. Neither children nor adults should sing higher or lower than nature intended them to. When a boy's or girl's voice is changing in pitch they should be advised not to sing. The voice should be used sparingly when one is suffering from a cold in the head, sore throat or weakness after illness. Such cases muscular action has to make up for lack of lung power and energy. The result is a thickening of the vocal cords and an added business and harshness which may not pass away.—Home Magazine.

Italy's King At Close Range

A FRENCHMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF VICTOR EMMANUEL.

Of Surprisingly Youthful Appearance and Military Demeanor—His Hopes for Italy—Does Not Like Autocrats, but is Fond of Hunting—Broad in His Views.

French writer who recently had a long interview with King Victor Emmanuel at the Quirinal in Rome found nothing so remarkable about his appearance as its extreme youthfulness. The visitor was received at the palace by a general in the Italian army, on duty as aide-de-camp. He was ushered into a bare, empty little parlor in the royal apartments.

As if by magic the general vanished through one door and a slight young officer in fatigue uniform stepped in through another. This was the King, but he put out his hand in the most democratic way, shook his caller's hand briskly, exclaiming: "Are you going to stay long in Rome?" and then started in to ask a long string of questions about France, the visitor himself and various matters literary and journalistic.

Incidentally he spoke of the poet Carducci, who died a few months ago, with great feeling and admiration, comparing him with Victor Hugo. As they talked the Frenchman stored up impressions of the King.

Next, after his youthful look, although irreconcilable with his age, which is 37, his most striking characteristic is his military bearing. His forehead is wide and is made more striking by his short, bristling hair. His moustache is cut square across the edge of his upper lip—brush style, the French call it.

His figure is supple, his step and gestures are rapid. He is the very type in precision and grace of carriage of the young lieutenant of Bersaglieri.

Presently the visitor, manual study, gave the King a turn. He said he had heard the King was an enthusiastic automobilist and an excellent chauffeur.

"I a chauffeur?" the King rapped out sharply; "why, I detest the whole business. Of course, I use an auto—use it a good deal; but that's only because it is convenient and goes fast. But I never drive—or at least only when I have to."

The visitor looked so surprised—Victor Emmanuel has been written up all over Europe as a crack chauffeur—that the King laughed.

"Oh, well," said he, "I can hold the steering wheel, as all the world can nowadays, or I can mend a puncture, but nothing much. My great exploit was meeting a motor 'bus in trouble on the Coni road."

"I looked it over and got it started. Yes, quite a triumph, wasn't it? I suppose I'll never hear the last of it."

"But the fact is I had no pleasure in driving. I am a sportsman, and I am fixed on the next turn in the road and the other watching for pebbles in your track. When I travel my great pleasure is to observe the country."

"I love to ride or drive at moderate speed and drink in the pictures of sea or mountain or forest or town with which our Italy is so blessed. No, I am not a chauffeur. A true chauffeur watches only his road and I want to watch everything else."

Incidentally, the Frenchman says that in the many journeys which the King and Queen Helena make in all parts of Italy riding, driving and autoing they leave behind a trail of pleasure and contentment which render them the idols of the people. A characteristic instance was in one of the valleys of upper Piedmont where a little girl of 4 was sent to hand the Queen a bunch of Alpine flowers.

Stopping to kiss the child the Queen noticed that she was blind. The child was at once taken into the carriage, and the Queen drove to her mother's cottage. A doctor had said that the child's sight could be restored by an operation, but the mother was full of ignorant fears and would not consent.

Of course she yielded to the Queen's persuasions and Helena sent the little one to Turin where an oculist performed the operation with complete success. The child was sent back to her native valley not only seeing as well as any one but laden with presents.

Pursuing the subject of speed the King commented on his reputation as a sportsman.

"I don't deserve it," said he; "real sports are not for kings. They haven't been advised not to sing."

"It is true that I have made many voyages by sea, but I have never made one on a sailing craft, and that is the only thing that you can properly call yachting. When I have traveled by sea I have always used steam because I had to get somewhere on time and not because I preferred it."

The King fell into meditative silence for a minute or two. The visitor conjectured that he was thinking of some

memorable occurrences that marked his yachting trips.

It was on his yacht Galata that as Prince of Naples he started on a mysterious cruise in August, 1896, landing at Anivari, whence he hurried to Cettinje to propose for the hand of the Princess of Montenegro, now Queen of Italy. Again he was on a yacht, the Yela (Montenegrin for Helena), on July 29, 1900, when his father was murdered at Monza by the Anarchist Bresci.

The first news reached him by semaphore signal off Cape Spartivento in the message "King very ill." Soon afterward a torpedo boat picked up his yacht with the full tragic story. It is said, too, that he was cruising when his second daughter was born and in his haste to reach the Queen he jumped into a stormy sea and swam to a boat which had trouble in getting alongside his yacht.

"The only sport I enjoy is hunting," the King resumed.

"There are many sorts of hunting," was suggested.

"Yes, many sorts, but only one way—the loyal way, the way you would fight a man—not by crushing your adversary in advance. I have no use for planned battles."

"What I like is to follow the game through forest and over mountain, overtake it if you can and kill it singlehanded. My ideal is hunting the wild goat, the ibex, over the Alpine precipices, where he has as good a chance to save his life as you have to kill him, and if you succeed it must be by hard effort and skill."

"By the way, do you know that thirty years ago the flock of ibexes was run down to from forty to fifty head, but through careful preserving they have multiplied again to at least two thousand? So there will be no hunting, you see, for the next three months."

"Even for a King?"

"Naturally. Since the chase is closed to Italians it is closed to me. The King must be the first to respect the law."

The sun came out from behind a cloud as the talk went on and Victor Emmanuel stepped to the window and looked out. He spoke of the beauty of Rome and dwelt with pride on its growth and prosperity.

"Do you know," said he, "that if you wanted to settle here you'd find it hard to secure a dwelling? The city has grown crowded."

"Now I hope soon to see Piedmont. Lombardy—all Italy the same way. Industry has spread its wings for a full flight. Italy is in sound health morally and materially, and will grow."

Then the King talked of the discoveries of ancient art that are being made daily. He said they would be constantly on the increase.

"Agricultural development is going on all over the country," he remarked, "and every new field that is ploughed may prove to be a mine of antiquities."

"One of my own best finds was an antique head built ages ago by some thrifty farmer in a rubble boundary wall. Since I dug it out from among the cobblestones I have had a long way to tear down every old wall in Italy."

The King said he had not had a photograph taken, except snapshots, since his coronation seven years ago.

"I'm unimpressed with the photographers," said he, "but I haven't time."

When told that the old one still resembled him closely, he replied: "Thanks, but the uniform has been completely changed. We have got rid of the plumes that the foreign illustrated papers still clap on my head. Our Italian uniforms are now smart and military."

A day or two after his long talk, the Frenchman read in the Roman papers the statement that Anarchists had gone from America to Italy to kill the King. That same afternoon he met the King and Queen driving through the streets of Rome in an open barouche without military or police escort, bowing and smiling to the crowds who saluted them as they passed.

TELEPHONE GIRLS OF MANILA

POSITION SOUGHT BY MEMBERS OF ARISTOCRATIC FAMILIES.

Manila telephone subscribers feel that though living in what the average American believes to be a semi-barbarous land, the rest of the world has no "edec" on them in being served by comely maidens as "hello girls." The Filipino telephone operator comes from the best families of the island, and takes her work more seriously than her fair-skinned sister of the Occident. She has her servant, who is also her chaperon, to accompany her to the office, carrying her lunch, and who calls to chaperon her back to the security of her home when the going rinks on her day's work.

The Spanish custom of never permitting an unmarried woman above the age of 22 to leave the portals of her home unaccompanied still prevails with both Spaniards and Filipinos of the better class, and their employment as telephone operators permits no relaxation of the watchful care.

The fact that the field of labor, aside from domestic service, for the Filipino girl is so limited makes employment in this line especially desirable and much sought after by the daughters of the well-to-do Filipinos. Hence to be a "hello girl" in the Philippines is an honor carrying with it prestige and entry into the best society.

To serve as "central" in Manila a girl must speak and understand English, Spanish and Tagalog, and some of them possess a working knowledge of Chinese, Japanese and other Oriental tongues.

"The chief operator—an American woman—of the recently-established Manila line states that the Filipino girls employed as operators are very apt and intelligent, and are rapidly developing a most satisfactory service. They receive, as beginners, a salary of 20 pesos (\$10) per month, which is increased to twice that amount on their becoming proficient."

As the word "hurry" is unknown in the far east, so likewise it is often necessary for an impatient subscriber to curb his temper when telephoning. But the tones of the dulcet-voiced operator. "Dhe lyne es becuse, senor," soothes him to patience.

—Kansas City Star.

Calling a water "pure"

does not certify it safe for you to drink. Water can be pure and yet be harmful. Boiled water is pure, in one sense, because heat destroyed the bacteria it contained, but heat does not remove harmful salts from water, nor the organic matter.

Distilled water, used so much on shipboard, is chemically pure; but seafaring men will warn you against drinking too much "condenser" (distilled) water. It brings on bowel trouble, because the salts it should contain have been distilled out of it.

Some spring water is fairly pure; but even the purest spring water contains dissolved mineral matter—sulphate of lime, carbonate of lime, magnesia, common salt, potash, iron.

Even pure water, if it contains too much of some of these salts, does you harm. So what are you to do? You shouldn't drink boiled water because the salts are not boiled out of it. You mustn't drink distilled water because the salts are boiled out of it. Most spring waters have too much of the wrong kind of salts. What are you to drink?

Why not drink a water that is not only ideally pure, but in which are naturally present exactly the salts that are good for anybody, in exactly the proportion that is right for everybody?

Why not drink a water that is zestful, sparkling, limpid, with no excess of mineral, no trace of harmful salts? That is

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SHE ONCE TALKED WITH BONAPARTE

LITTLE BELGIAN GIRL WHOM THE GREAT NAPOLEON TOLD TO CARE FOR HER MOTHER.

There is still living in the village of Ligny, Belgium, a woman who spoke with the great Napoleon on the day of the battle—June 16, 1815—at that place.

Her name is Mme. Anne-Joseph Rubay, says the London Daily Graphic, and she will reach her 102nd birthday on July 29.

Her memory is still perfectly clear as to the incident. Napoleon had established his quarters close to the little farm where she and her mother were about to be married. He then turned to the little Anne-Joseph, and patting her on her cheeks, told her to be "a good little girl and take care of her mother."

Encouraged by her kindness, the farmer's wife then told the Emperor that her brother had served in one of his dragon regiments, but had not been heard of for several years. On ascertaining the name of the regiment, Napoleon replied that it was one of those that had suffered most during the retreat from Russia, but he would have inquiries made. He then told them to hurry off into the forest of Somme, where the fighting was over. Mme. Rubay has a perfect recollection of the Emperor's appearance, and describes him as "a little man with a big nose."

She also remembers the scene of destruction and slaughter presented by the village when they returned the next day. She describes the French soldiers as "fine fellows," but her recollection of the Prussians is not so favorable, for "they are up all or chickens and our two calves without paying for them."

TO THE SIXTH GENERATION.

It is given to few men, as to M. T. Wulfschleger, of the Canton of Vaud, to celebrate the birth of a great-granddaughter; but even more remarkable experiences than this are on record. Dr. Plot, in his "Natural History of Staffordshire," quotes the case of "Old Mary Cooper," of King's Bromley, who lived to see the sixth generation of her descendants, and was in the position to see, "Rise up, daughter, and go to thy daughter, for thy daughter's granddaughter hath a daughter," while Horace Walpole lived to see seven descendants in one family, progeny of Mrs. Godfrey, mistress of James II. It is not long since the Dowager Duchess of Abenorn died, leaving over 200 direct descendants, at least four of whom were great-great-

WHEN OVERPOWERED WITH HEADACHE.

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These diseases are too serious, too rapidly fatal, for you to experiment with dangerous imitations of the genuine Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, a remedy that has been used in thousands of homes during the past sixty-two years.

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Mrs. G. Helmer, Newington, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for diarrhoea and never found any other to equal it."

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