ECONOMICS

buy an inferior tea because it is cheap-might as well buy a cheap tea because it is inferior. The same thing, but NOT ECONOMY either way. With

TEA you have STRENGTH, FLAVOR, QUALITY, VALUE -that's ECONOMY.

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LOVE AND A TITLE

"This is what I call true enjoyment," goes on Hal, flinging himself full length on the bow, and resting his round chin on his hands, and staring straight up at the sky. "If I had my choice of a profession, I 'd be a pirate or a smuggler. We only want a couple of kegs of French brandy in the boat to be complete." "At least, we seem to have some spirits

on board," says Vernon Vane, turning The skipper never a word says she, But steers straight out for the open

Straight out goes the Nancy Bell, her sail spread out like a swan's back, the water rushing back her keel and the crimon pennon fluttering in the gentle

Still Jeanne is grave and preoccupied, and it is not until the line of frowning cliffs is left behind that she looks down at the stalwart figure at her feet, as it lies half sitting, half at length, clad in its fisherman's garb.
"You seem accustomed to sailing, Mr.

Vane," she says at last. He looks around and up at her with

"Yes," he says, "it is no novelty to me I have sailed the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic and I are old friends." Hal stares.
"In a yacht, Mr. Vane?"

Wernon Vane nods.
"Yes, a yac..., Hal."
Hal stares at Jeanne.
"Fancy, Jeanne!" he exclaims wistully. "And where is she now?" he

asks.
"What remains of her is stuck on

coral reef in the South Seas."
"Wrecked!" ejaculated Hal; "and were
you on board, Mr. Vane?" Vernon Vane nods.

"My!" sigs Hal, enviously.

"Don's envy me," says Vernon Vane, with his short laugh; "a wreck is a very interesting thing to read about, but it is e most uncomfortable nuisance imag inable in reality, Hal. There's no rom ance in sailing in a cockle-shell of a boat half full of water, without sails or compass, and with three loaves of bread, a uart of fresh water and a box of sardines between nine men. I used to be-lieve in wrecks until I had one on my own account, and I've lost faith in their

As he spoke he looked at Hal, but Jeanne leaned forward, listening intently, and although her eyes were lowered mind was hard at work, and as full

Who and what was this mysterious experience, and to be possessed of such varied talents? Artist, musician, sailor; what else would he prove himself to be "You did not tell us anything of this last night," she said, dreamingly.

"Did I not?" he said, turning on his elbow and looking up at her; "I did not think it would interest you, or I would have done so. Besides, running a yac on a coral reef does not redound to n credit, and you might have refused to permit the presence of such an unlucky sailor on board the Nancy Bell."

"I did not think you'd come," she said. "And I knew that I should," he said, coming a little nearer to her, but still keeping a wary eye on the sail. "I could not have refused, though perhaps it would have been wiser, he added, almost absently. think I shall be run on a

"Do you think I shall be run on a reef, then?" said Jeanne, naively. "You may," he said, looking at her intently; "but not on a reef of this coast there are other recis than Newton egis owns, Miss Jeanne."

He spoke half-jestingly, but the smile

that slightly curved his lip was a grave Jeanne looked at him musingly, in-

you had better come and take the helm," she said. He shook his head.

"No. I am a bad pile", he said. "I am too fend of drifting; I have been drifting all my life, until I drifted into New-

ton Regis harbor. "There is no harbor at Newton Regis, Jeanne, still innocently, but a little pured by the hidden meaning in his

"I have almost become convinced of

derstood him, or have divined his mean ing, and would have blushed and turned away; but Jeanne, child-woman only as yet, neither blushed nor turned away, but sat leaning forward and looking at his handsome and rather sad eyes, with a gleam of wonder in her clear, musing He looked at her for a moment, then

"Is this permitted, Commander Jean-

Jeanne nodded.

Jeanne nodded.

"Ah, now you're a complete fisherman. Mr. Vane!" exchaimed Hal, kicking up his legs. "Jeanne, I wonder what
the Honorable Mr. Fitzjames would say if he could see us now!"

Vernon Vane looked at Jeanne for her

answer. "What should he say?" she asked. quietly, without a trace of embarrass-ment, and Vernon Vale looked back at

THE REPORT OF TH about as you have, Mr. Vane. I'd like

about as you have, Mr. Vane. I'd like to see the honorable in a jersey and high boots. Jeanne, it would be awful fun to get Maud and Georgina on board one day when the wind is blowing a bit fresh, they'd turn queer."

But Jeanne merely smiles at this truly comic picture of the Misses Lambton's discomfiture, and Hal returns to the pastime of kicking his heels and staring at the sky.

at the sky.
"Tell us some more about the South Seas and the wreck, Mr. Vane," he says, presently, and Vernon Vane good-naturedly complies.

It does not amount to much-his re cital—but somehow he manages to bring before them, as readily as if he were painting a picture, the incidents of a long voyage, the strange birds and fly-ing fish, the low-lying islands and their inhabitants, and the terrible storm that sent their vacht scudding on to the reef and destruction; it is not much; he does not mention himself more than once or twice, but the boy lies motionless, wrap-ned in a delightful away to and to are ped in a delightful awe; and Jeanne-well, Jeanne silently watches the hand-some face, and drinks in the low, deep music of the voice with the thirsty greed-

iness of her young heart.

Everything about this stranger, lying so cozily and naturally at her feet, with his head resting on his arm, and his dark eyes, now glancing into hers, is strange and wonderful. The feeling that came over her last night when he played that sweet music, takes pos sion of her now, when suddenly he stops, and says:
"But I am tiring you?"

She starts with an unwonted dash of color in her beautiful face, and says, shyly: "No-no! I was listening. Please

But apparently he has grown tired of

his own voice, for he says:
"Well, that's all, I think."
"Then let us make for the cove," says Hal, with a long breath of enjoyment. "We're not going back, Mr. Vane. The cove lies around to the west.

"We have brought some luncheon," ex-lains Jeanne, "Hal always gets so plains Jeanne,. "Oh," remarks Hal, "only me, of

on, remarks Hal, "only me, of course!" and we generally run into that little cove there."
"All right," says Vane, turning to his sail, and presently, with a masterful sweep, Jeanne brings the Nancy Bell around, and they pass swiftly into the sheltered nook. Sheltered nook. Vernon Vale lowers the sail, seizes the

hawser, and jumping into the shallow water, draws the boat onto the sand. Hal hands out a suggestive-looking basket, and then Jeanne, standing on tip toe, prepares to leap, but a strong hand is laid on her own laid on her own.
"You will get your feet wet," says

Vernon Vane; "and this is not the sum-

Then Hal extracts from the square basket, first a packet of sandwiches then more slowly, and with some import anee, a tempting pie.
"Which," he says, with a grin, "I found

straying about the pantry. There's a bottle of claret for you, Mr. Vane—Uncle John put it in with his compliments—and there's a lump of cake for me, which I shouldn't have got if aunt had guessed the pie was in the bottom of the hamper."

Jeanne laughs as she spreads a small

cloth on the pebbles.
"Hal apears to be trying his hand at "Hal apears to be trying his hand at the pirate and smuggling business in real earnest," said Vernon Vane. "Yes, I'll take some pic, though the re-ceiver is as bad as the thief."

Jeanne also vouchsafes to share Hal's spoils, and presently the seagulls look down wonderingly at these three young people who can sit and eat their lunch eon in the open air, as if it were really Hal is not the only one who is hungry

nd a fashionable belle would have look ed at Jeanne's hearty lunch with won-der and envy. But there is no London belle here. Hal is too much occupied to pay any attention to anyone but him-self, and Vernon Vane is the only one to criticise Jeanne's appetite. He, lying eriticise Jeanne's appetite. He, lying against a rock, does watch her covertly vatches her with enjoyment and admira tion which are something more than ar-tistic. Upon him falls the spell of which he was conscious last night. Is it her beauty, that moves him so, or her inno were to go back to that world which e has foresworn, forget her? As he asks himself the question, Hal lays down the knife and fork, and looks

the says, "and it begins to feel cold."
"We must be going," says Jeanne, looking up at the sky, which has been radually growing overcast by little gradually

Empty dishes do not take long to pack, nd in a few minutes the hamper is of oard; but while they have been lunch ing, the sea has been creeping upon them, and the Nancy Bell lies in deeper water. "Jump on my back, Hal," says Vernon Vane, and he deposits the boy on the bow and comes back for Jeanne. Jeanne looks at him and then at the water.

"I will carry you," he says.
She hesitates a moment, then he lifts her as easily as if she were a child, and

lightly down.

Then he pushes the boat into the deep water, and climbs into her as she glides; and they set off for home.

It has been easy work running, but

It has been easy work running, but they have to tack now, and the sail flaps backwards and forwards as the wind catches her. Jeanne's hands grasp the helm more firmly, and her eyes are gravely set upon the cliff. She does not once look toward Vernor Vane, until a sudden gust blows the sail straight against the mast, and nearly sweeps the boat to the water's edge; then she says,

quietly:
"There's going to be a storm."

"There's going to be a storm."
Vernon Vane looks up at the suddenly darkening sky and onds.

"You know the coast?" he says.

"Yes," says Jeanne, pushing back her hat and grasping the helm; "once we round the point we run before the wind."

There is no hesitation in her voice, and certainly no fear, though even while she has been speaking the sea has grown has been speaking, the sea has grown lumpier and shows its foam-teeth, and the Nancy Bell heels over to the water's

edge.
"Now we shall see her go!" exclaims Hal, excitedly. "Jeanne will show Mr. Vanc what the Nancy Bell can do!" "Sit quiet," says Jeanne, "Mr. Vane does not want to swim back to the cliffs."

The warning is not altogether unnecessary, for every moment the wind grows more fierce and the sky more threaten-

Now, indeed, the Nancy Belle cleaves through the water, riding over the crest ed waves and splitting the foam into two hissing, angry currents. Suddenly a big drop of rain falls into Vane's pipe; it is the commencement of the shower. the rain comes darkness, and then both are swept away by a sudden gust of wind, which reveals the cliffs frowning before them. "Take care!" says Jeanne, "shorter

the sail.' "Aye—aye," says Vane, quietly, and then he rests his head on his arm and looks at her. He knows that they are now driving at a fearful pace straight for the most dangerous coast in England

and there is a strange throbbing at her heart which troubles and bewilders her, even in this intense moment, and she

grows pale.

"Jeanne—Jeanne!" she hears him whisper; "you are not afraid?"

"Afraid? no," she replies, half turning words and I feel very grateful."

Now, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build where the property of the property o

mer time."

And he lifts her by the elbows onto startled expression of a wild animal when it first hears the cry of its hunts, and feels that it will soon be at bay.
"I do not know," she says, tremulous"I cannot hold the helm."

"Leave it to me, Jeanne," he says, and as he grasps the tiller with one strong hand, he draws her downward and

"Make for the point," she murmurs, in his ear, then sits with lowered head

Straight on her course rushes the Nancy Bell, watched by anxious eyes from the shore, which strive to get a glimpse at Jeanne, and marvel at missing her from her place. It is the first time Jeanne had flinched from her post. What ails her? Is it fear that caused her hands to slip from the helm—that forces her to sit so meekly where he

bade her? Is it fear? Jeanne cannot tell. Before her the cliffs loom as if in a dream; all she feels is the warm, firm, yet tender grasp of the strong arm-all she hears above the wind is the musical

Jeanne-Jeanne!" So she sits, drooping like a rose, bent by the storm, until the Nancy Bell, with one impetuous leap, rushes her keel upon the shore. Then, as he lifts her in his arms, she hears his voice softly in her

"Jeanne, we are ashore." And she—awakes.

"Mr. Vane, they've nearly drowned you!" cries Aunt Dostrell, above the wind. I'm terrified out of my life—" "You've no call to be, ma'am," grunts old Griffin, nodding approvingly at the stalwart figure in the rough fisher garb. There was two on 'em as knew how to manage the Nancy Bell. It ain't the first time this gen lman have brought a boat in under a heavy wind. Get on home, Miss Jeanne—you be wet through."

"Come home, all of you—you, Mr. Vane, too," says Aunt Dostrell, looking And Vernon Vane hesitates-and fol-

CHAPTER VIII.

It is three weeks since the Nancy Bell ran into the cliffs with the wind howling after her, and the spring—the the real spring-has come with soft steps

upon the land.

It is 8 o'clock in the evening, and the drawing-room of Mr. Lambton's huge brand new mansion is ablaze with light,

pauses. Jeanne's arm is around his shoulder, and her sweet young face is close, very close, to his. He has not looked at that face since he took her up, but suddenly he glances down ond their eyes meet.

It is only for a moment, but Jeanne's eyes droop and her lips quiver with the same thrill that ran through her on the preceding evening, and he fancies that her face has grown paler as he sets her lightly down.

looking very thin and very showy; Jeanne wears a plain frock of some soft material, covered by a simple muslin, through which her white neck and rounded arms gleam sortly. Mand and Georgina's hair are arranged in the latest Parisian fashion and frizzled and puffed; Jeanne's soft, silken bands are tightly coiled, and as smooth as the natzral ripple will permit. It ed; Jeanne's soft, silken bands are tightly coiled, and as smooth as
the natrral ripple will permit. It
is the same Jeanne, and yet
not the same Jeanne, who crouched in
the bow of the Nancy Bell, and quivered beneath the touch and the whispered
words of the fisher-clad man who now
leans so stailwart and distinguished-looking, listening to the last new balled as

ing, listening to the last new ballad as weakly sung by Miss Maud. Three weeks is not a lengthy period in one's life, and yet Jeanne is changed. She is nore silent even than of old, and more dreamy, and the wistful, questioning eyes, which visited her face for the firs time when Vernon Vane played that song without words, is upon it now.

(To be continued.)

WEAK LUNGS

Made Sound and Strong by Dr. Williams Pink Pills.

If your blood is weak, if it is and watery, a touch of cold and influenza will settle in your lungs and the apparently harmless cough of to-day

one false turn of the helm, one falter of the little hands that grasp it so firmly, and over they go on to one of the jagged rocks over which the sea breaks unceasingly. But Jeanne's eye does not quail, nor her hands falker. With her soft, red lips set firmly, and her eyes all aglow with excitement, she sticks to her post.

"The channel must be narrow here," says Vane, crawling nearer to her. Jeanne nods.

"I know it. I am steering for that point there," and she nods toward the cliff opening.

But the next instant he calls to Hal: "Look to the sail!" and lays his strong hand over hers. "We are drawing the fall that is the strengthen and fall the racking consumptive's cough of to-day will become the racking consumptive's cough of to-day will become the racking consumptive's to cough of to-morrow. Weak blood is an supper invitation for consumption to lay in upon you the hand of death. The only that the strengthen and brace the whôle system is by enriching your blood and a strengthening your blood and strengthening your blood. They have saved scores to the lungs. They have saved scores to the lungs. They have saved scores to the lungs are hopeled to do not not one of the individual to a supper layer that the racking consumptive's to cough of to-day will become the racking consumptive's to cough of to-morrow. Weak blood is an supper layer that the racking consumptive's to cough of to-morrow. Weak blood is an supper layer that the popen invitation for consumption to lay in upon you the hand of death. The only that the popen invitation for consumption to lay in upon you the hand of death. The only that the popen invitation for consumption to lay in upon you the hand of death. The only that the popen invitation for consumption to lay in upon you the hand of death. The only that the popen invitation for consumption to lay in upon you the hand of death. The only that the popen invitation for consumption to lay in upon you the hand of death. The only that the popen invitation for consumption to lay in upon you the hand o

strong hand over hers. "We are drawing too near on," he says, "if that is the point. Let me help you."

Jeanen does not refuse, and shifts her hands, but his are still touching them, and his face is close to her heart. Once, as she stoops down, her hair, blown loosely by the wind, sweeps lightly against his check, and she feels his hand press more tightly on hers. She knows, too, that his eyes are fixed on hers, although she does not look toward him, that they were helping me. I began to ough she does not look toward him, that they were helping me. I began to recover my appettie, and in other ways felt better. I took six boxes more, and was as well as ever, and had gained in weight. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink

"Jeanne—Jeanne!" she hears him whisper; "you are not afraid?"
"Afraid? no," she replies, half turning her face to him, with a wistful look. "No, not afraid."
"What then?" he asks.

Jeanne looks around with dreamy eyes in which there is something of the startled expression of a wild animal when it first hears the cry of its hunt.

When it first hears the cry of its hunt. aemia, indigestion, biliousness, head-aches, sideaches, backaches, kidney trouble, lumbago, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, nervousness, general weakness and as he grass the ther with one strong hand, he draws her downward and the special secret ailments that with the other. "Leave it to me, Jeanne." and the special secret ailments that growing girls and women do not like to talk about even to their doctors. But you must get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt, send the price-50 cents a or \$2.50 for six boxes, to the Dr. hox or \$2.50 for six doxes, to the Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get the pills by mail postpaid.

Automobiles as Cures,

open air, the additional advantage being the exhilaration which goes with it.

According to English physicians, persons suffering from tuberculosis would benefit greatly by sitting on the front seat of an automobile and riding at least a hundred miles daily. High speed is not so essential, fifteen miles an hour being ample. In such a journey the mouthfuls of fresh air inhaled by the sufferer would be very beneficial.

Of coure, where the patient is weak such a long journey should not be under-taken, but the distance travelled could be gradually increased as the patient grows stronger. Sufferers from consumption are taking

hese motor trips are soon apparent.
Localities that suit the patient best should, of course, be chosen, and beautiful scenery should also be taken into consideration, as it will help to take the patient's mind from brooding over his ilment, and this alone, according physicians, is itself half a cure.

Washington's Rules of Conduct. (Philadelphia Record.)

1. Think before you speak.
2. Always speak the truth.
3. It is a maxim with me not to ask what, under similar circumstances I would not grant.
4. I never wish to promise more than 1

THE CODLING WORM: OF THE APPLE.

By Prof. Lochhead.)

rather trying to the eyes.

In this magnificent apartment are collected the Lambton family and their guests, to wit, the Honorable Mr. Fitzjames, Mr. Bell, Jeanne and Hal, and lastly, none other than Vernon Vane.

How it has come to pass that he is here, leaning against a carved mantel piece and listening to Maud Lambton's falsetto, he himself would have been puzzeled to explain.

The codling worm is the cause of greater loss of the apple industry than any other insect. The extent of the loss to Ontario alone runs up every year into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, and into the millions in the United States, all because the remedies which have discovered by the entomologists, have not been applied by the apple-growers.

While there is but no brood of the covered by the entomologists, have not been applied by the apple-growers. While there is but one brood of the

codling moth east and north of Toronto, there are two broods west and south of the same place. The different stages of the same place. The different stages of this insect pest should be familiar to the apple grower, for only with this knowledge can he apply his remedies intelligently. The life story may be stat-ed concisely as follows: The insect win-ters over as a caterpillar in a cocoon in some pracected place, and in early June some protected place, and in early June when the blossoms are falling from the apple the adult winged moths appear. The females deposit their eggs on the leaves and you'll formed fruit. In about laves and newly formed fruit. In about ten days the caterpillars escape from the eggs and a few days later enter the apples, usually at the calyx end. The worm remains inside the apple about 20 days, after which it comes out to spin a cocon within which it lives until spring if there is but one brood, but only about two weeks if there are two broods in a season. The second brood of moths appear about the end of July or the beginning of August; then eggs are again mother that have taken their place is the vocabulary of everyday life. In the insect world the most striking confirmation to the Darwinian theory is to be found, because the hunter and the hunted have uncostously contrived incredibly subtle articles for outwitting each other." Mr. Kaempffert demonstrates the motives for which these tactics are employed. One method whereby the weak may escape the strong is in protective simulation of their surroundings. "So exact is the protective resemblance that even the protective resemblance that even the catocala discovery that the vocabulary of everyday life. In the insect world the most striking confirmation to the Darwinian theory is to be found, because the hunter and the hunted have unconsciously contrived incredibly subtle articles for outwitting each other." Mr. Kaempffert demonstrates the motives for which these tactics are employed. One method whereby the weak may escape the surroundings. "So exact is the protective resemblance that even the truncation of their surroundings." So exact is the protective resemblance that even the truncation of their surroundings. "So exact is the protective resemblance that even the truncation of the most of the place leaves and newly formed fruit. In about

pear about the end of July or the beginning of August; then eggs are again deposited, and the worms which hatch from these eggs enter the developed apples about the middle of August, leaving them again in September to make cocoons within which to spend the winter.

With our knowledge of these facts, we are able to state quite definitely, the best times to apply remedies. The plan is to poison the worms with Paris Green or some other arsenic mixture before they enter the fruit. The trees should be sprayed (1) a few days after the blossoms fall; and (2) about the middle of August, for the second brood of larvae. An additional spraying ten days or two weeks after the first will, in most cases be productive of much in most cases be productive of much good. It is advisable, of course, to use the arsenic mixture along with Bordeaux to control the apple , scab fungus at the same time that the codling moth is being threatened. For the scab two additional sprayings are necessary—one betional sprayings are necessary-one be-

fore blossoming and one in July.

The Bordeaux-Paris green mixture is prepared according to the following formula

20 gallons of water in a barrel, and in another barrel the lime is slacked care-fully and 10 to 15 gallons of water are added to make a milk of lime. Then the contents of the two barrels are poured into the spray barrel through a strainer. Finally the Paris green is made into

and spray the trees carefully at the times mentioned above.

The practice of banding trees is commendable, but everything taken into account is more expensive than spraying, and is moreover, actually harmful unless the bands are examined and the larvae destroyed every ten days or two weeks during the latter half of June and all of July.

Every fruit grower should acknowledge the value of such birds as the Chick-adee, Downy Woodpecker, Nuthatch, Bluebird, Swallows, Wren and Song Sparrows in checking the increase of the codling moth and other injurious insects, for without them fruit could scarcely be grown. Encourage the birds, there fore, to come about the orchards by keeping the gun at a distance, and by punishing the robber of birds' nests.

SPRING POEM.

In the spring the whiskered farme drinks hard cider from a can, throw ndolent hired man. In the spring indolent hired man. In the spring the grand old granger plants his succotash and corn, and the cinchbugs come and eat it, while he sleepeth in the morn. In the spring the old sow wanders to some quiet fen or brake and returns wis seven piglets toddling cutely in her wake In the In England medical men are beginning to look upon the automobiles as an excellent aid in the cure of consumption. This is due mainly to the fact that persons riding in motors must do so in the open air, the additional advantage beer, sits on him and eats his ears. In spring the youth and maidens to picnics in the woods, packing the them in their baskets sand with wiches and other goods; and they fal into the river and the chiggers ear them up, and they come back from the picnic swollen like a poisoned pup I have hot pains in my la my liver's out of whack, rumblings in my stomach, there are creakings in my back. When I go to bed at evening I can only roll and groan, for my mouth tastes hen's nest, and my head feels like stone. And I read the daily pap where they tell of Snooper's pills, a sovereign specific for 's Sufferers from consumption are taking a sovereign specific for these kind to this treatment with much alacrity and it is said that the benefits derived from eat them, and I feel a whole be teat them, and I feel a whole lot worse; there are times when I am longing for a sleighride in a hearse. And the ancient dames come to me, and they brew their magic tea, and they say if I will take it, I'll feel as happy as a flea. But their dismal, dark, decoctions only make me shriek and wail, and I wish that all herb decrease gould be carried off to init. and wall, and I wish that all herb doctors could be carted off to jail. In the spring the wily stranger comes to sell a patent oat, and he gets the names of victims to a thousond dollar note. In the spring you make a gerden full of things you wake a gerden full of things you like to eat, and the chickens and scratch it all to thunder and repeat. In the spring your lawn is pretty, and you point to it with pride, till some cattle come and spoil it in the silent eventide.

"Well, father, I thought at first I ought to put in the quarter," said Bobperide, till some cattle come and spoil it in the silent eventide.

"The Lord Joveth a cheerful giver," and I knew I could give the

old cleaning's over, then the wife is tak-en ill, and it keeps her husband busted buying dope and drug and pill; and the mansion is no cleaner then it was when she began, but she'd slay him if he said so—and he is a prudent man.—Nebrasso—and he is a l ka State Journal. INSECT SENSE. Protective Mimicry Aids Them Against Race Foes. es of the naturalist the world is a vast arena, an devery creature a gladi-ator engaged in a fierce combat with a myriad of enemies," says Waldemar B Kaempffert in the May number of the Booklovers Magazine, discussing the marvelous adaptation of insects to their environment

full of earpets and the trees are full

Oh, a woman's in her glory, when she tears things all apart, piling beds and chairs and pillows in a way to break your heart. And at night the groaning

husband has to sleep upon the porch, and he feels so plum disgusted that he can't enjoy his torch. When the plamed

of sheets, and he has to live on kraut, cistern water and sliced

'natural selection,' or 'the struggle for ex-

Many a defenceless insect resorts to the

Many a defenceless insect resorts to the expediens of terrifying its enemies by its likeness to a dangerous animal or by suddenly assuming a horrible aspect.

The most successful terror-inspiring masker is probably the "hickory-horned devil," a perfectly harmles caterpillar of the Royal Persimmon moth of our Southern States, but so fiercely threatening in appearance that it enjoys an envisible reputation for deadliness. Its green body, often half a foot in length, is capped by a vivid orange crown, which on the approach of an enemy is ominously shaken in a way that makes a rattle-snake seem lambilke in comprison. These wonderful species of insects, it has been stated, are all of them products of the struggle for existence. Mr. Kaempflert concludes: "If all insects were permitted to live the world would be devastated by them. It happens, however, that their enemies likewise multiply in geometrical ratio, so that a proper balance is maintained. So numerous are these enemies, and so powerful, that sometimes the quest of food is anything but successful. The food of one beetle is consumed by another, rain and wind, cold and heat, kill many butterflies; in a word, premature death falls upon a creature in a thousand and one ways. Although the offspring always outnumber their parents, yet the number of living insects, thanks to birds and beasts of prey, remains fairly constant."

SAFETY FOR CHILDREN.

Mothers should never give their litle ones a medicine that they do not ow to be absolutely safe and harms. All so-called soothing medicines contain poisonous opiates that stupefy the helpless little one without curing its silments. Babv's Own Tablets is the ilments. Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine for infants and young hildren that gives the mother a posi children that gives the mother a posi-tive guarantee that it contains no opiate or harmful drug. Milton L. Hersey, M. Sc., McGill University, has analyzed these tablets and says: "I hereby cer-tify that I have made a careful analysis of Baby's Own Tablets, which I per Montreal, and the said analysis has failed to detect the presence of any opiate or narcotic in them." This means that mothers can give their little ones these Tablets with an assurance that they will do good—that they cannot possibly do harm. The Tablets cure indigestion colc, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fever, eething troubles and all minor ailments. Sold by druggists everywhere os sent by mail at 25 cents a box, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville,

AMONG THE CHILDREN.

"Please God, make Mamie Ross a good girl. Please make her a awful good little girl. An' if it ain't too much trouble, please make her so good that I can take her new doll, an' she'll think it's noble and self-sacrificin' never to ask for it back again. Amen."-Cleveland

Little Adrian was sent into the room for his first view of the new little triplets which the stork had brought to his family. He looked at the lot for a while; then he turned to his mother. "Say, ma," said he, "which of 'em are going to keep?"—N. Y. Globe.

This is the way little three-year-old Gladys asked her aunt to thread a needle for her:

"Auntie, please hitch up a sew-pin for me and put a tangle in it."

Teacher-Define gentleman. Pupil—A gentleman is a grown up-boy who used to mind his mother.— Ram's Horn.

I Little Girl-Your papa has only got one leg, hasn't he? Veteran's Little Girl- Yes. Little Girl-Where's his other end. Veteran's Little Girl-It's in heaven.

Boby's father had given him a 10cent pleas and a quarter of a dollar, etcling him he might plat one of the other on the contribution place.

"Which did you give, Bobby?" his father asked him when the boy came

from church.
"Well, father, I thought at first I ment, and Vernon Vale looked back at Hal with a gleam of relief in his eyes.

He'd be horified," said the boy. "I'll be bound he's no sailor. He'd be ill, Strides toward the boat.

Mr. Vane, for a pound. Those awful walls, from wax candles on the gypsy swells always are; they haven't knocked by down in her phase at the helm, he says.

The war and vernon Vale looked back at "I will carry you," he says.

She hesitates a moment, then he lifts, flung down from a monster crystal chanter, and you point to put it the spring.

She hesitates a moment, then he lifts, flung down from a monster crystal chanter, and let those be well tried before you esteem your confidence.

She courteous to all, but intimate with few, and let those be well tried before you esteem your confidence.

She courteous to all, but intimate you, "he says.

She hesitates a moment, then, just in time I remember-few, and you point to but with by, "but, then, just in time I remember-few, and let those be well tried before you esteem your confidence.

She courteous to all, but intimate you, "he says.

She hesitates a moment, then, just in time I remember-few, and gound to put in the quarter. Said Booglet to put the fill given, and you point to it with by, "but, then, just in time I remember-few and let those be well tried before you esteem your confidence.

She courteous to all, but intimate you, "he says.

She hesitates a moment, then he lifts, flung down from a monster crystal chanter.

She courteous to all, but intimate yith few, and you point to it with by, "but, then, just in the spring of pretty, and you point to it with by, but, then, just in the spring of the war and you point to it with by, but, then, just in the spring of pretty, and you point to it with by, but, then, just in the spring of the with few, and proved a common of the proved and the boar, and you point to sit with by, but, then, just in the spring of the war and you point to sit with by, but, then, just in the spring of the war and you point to sit with by, but, then, just in the