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"YOU AND I."

They say Romance is dead, yet you and I
Smile at each other whilst the scoffers jeer;
They say that no love lives, yet you and I
Step through the darkness without doubt or fear!

They say (dear Love, what matters what they say,
Since you and I are wiser than them all);
They say, oh, let them say, so long as I
Your lingering touch, your loving look recall.

For the Family

IN MEMORY OF PRIVATE BUTTERCUP.

By CHRIS MASSIE.

We lost him in one of those silly spectacular raids designed to frighten the Germans. When he didn't come back many of us scoured about on our stomachs in No Man's Land in the possible hope that he might be lying out wounded somewhere. This came to nothing. Weeks passed and we got no news of him as a prisoner. We concluded he was dead.

I am writing about him because the England he loved is now one rare and radiant display of those golden chalices which bear the name we gave to him in harmless fun. The green world has translated him into a million memories. It is a sort of memorial he would like—this Buttercup Year. Private Buttercup is on parade in every meadow.

It has passed into commonplace to-day that you "get characters in the army." Private Buttercup was a character, and something more than that—he had character. In those early days, when some of us risked our lives in looking for nose-caps and bits of shrapnel, Private Buttercup was looking for wild flowers. He wore them in his cap, in his teeth, in the button-holes of his tunic. He once rescued a crimson Rambler out of the debris of Messines and nursed it like an orphan child in the firing line. He brought it back to Neuve Eglise and obtained permission to plant it against one of our cottages.

"The war goes on forever," he said. "When I come back this way perhaps it will be blooming." But some time after, when the German hordes had gained the whole Ploegstreet sector, he said to me in confidence, because I was interested and understood him: "Brother, do you think they are bad enough to touch my rose tree?"

Sometimes when Jerry was making things not at all comfortable, he often filled awkward pauses with joyful talk about flowers and bees and the habits of insects. He even knew a good deal about worms, and the subject was not less interesting at such times because we were living that kind of life ourselves.

It seemed strange to hear him saying, with very great composure, after the bursting of a shell, "The study of Natural History is very much neglected," and then plunge into his subject like an enthusiastic professor. He dealt with particular tenderness on the wild flowers and their uses. He had poetry in him of a vague and elementary kind. His talk was dashed with crude colours, like a child using variegated chalks on a slate.

It is a wonderful summer, loaded with the treasures that he hoarded to himself like a miser.

Whenever I look on the golden fields I think of him. Sacred to the memory of Private Buttercup.—The Christian Commonwealth.

A CHEAP WAY OUT.

"You've got indigestion; that's what's the matter with you," said the doctor.

"Oh, that's what it is, then?" inquired the patient.

"That's it. You've been eating a lot of meat, I suppose?"

"I have; yes."

"Well, now you're paying for it." "Would you mind telling my butcher that, doctor?"—Yonkers Statesman.

A BLACK SQUIRREL.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have ever written to your paper, but I enjoy reading this page. I want to tell you and the boys and girls who read this page about what I saw the other day on Madison Avenue, Toronto. I was walking along slowly, looking about. You see, I was not able to go to camp this year, so I like to walk about and see some things, and this day an automobile which had passed me turned in close to the sidewalk a short distance ahead. A man got out, looked across the street, and then, walking around the car, sat down on the running-board. Soon I saw a little, black thing come across the street, and come up in short jumps quite close to the man, and after a while it jumped up on the running-board and then on to his knee. The man gave it something, and it ran across the street with it and up the tree. The man said it was a black squirrel. It had such black, glossy fur and such a long, bushy tail, and I do wish I could have touched the pretty little thing. The man said he thought I would be able to touch it some day, but he said so many boys frightened them with sticks and stones that they were afraid of boys. I had never seen one so near before, and I hope the boys won't frighten them, because it would be such jolly fun to feed them. I thought I would write to you about it, and maybe you would ask the boys and girls to be kind to them.

GEORGE DEAN.

A TRUE FACT.

Persistent Caller—So her ladyship is not at home again?"

New Footman—No, madam. And what's more, she really is out this time.

GRITTY GIRL.

Jenkins and his best girl were motoring a considerable distance to see one of the last round Cup-ties, and the margin of time was very short.

With about twelve miles to go, he bade defiance to all police traps, and, turning to the girl of his heart, exclaimed: "We're going at fifty miles an hour. Are you brave, dear?"

The girl, as she swallowed a quantity of dust, replied with emotion: "Yes, dear; I'm full of grit!"—London Tit-Bits.

A GREAT LOVE.

A San Francisco despatch last December told of an Airedale mother whose four pups lying in a basket were overturned by a swell which struck the scow that was home to them. The mother jumped overboard and, one by one, brought her offspring to safety, but before she could reach the last pup it had drowned. She was found on deck, holding her dead puppy, while the living ones scrambled around her. Medical aid was summoned, but it was too late to resuscitate the heroic mother. The three orphans were adopted by an Irish setter on the scow, who was already nursing six pups of her own.

Complaining, when it is the symptom of melancholic disease, while being discouraged, ought to be borne with tenderly; but complaining, as an exhibit of superiority, should be shown the door and given the boot.