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Riddles.

What is the difference between fish alive and live fish? Ans.—There "a" difference.

What is the difference between winter and summer? Ans.—There's no (snow) difference.

What is the first thing you do when you get into bed? Ans.—Make an impression.

What is the longest word in the English language? Ans.—"Smiles," because there is a mile between the first and last letters.

When is a door not a door? Ans.—When it is ajar.

Funnies.

Freddie—I must have changed a lot, Grandmother, since I was here last summer. The chickens don't seem to know me.

The story is told in Harper's of a little girl, aged four, who accompanied her mother to the butcher shop. As she saw the sawdust-covered floor, she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, how many dolls this butcher has broken!"

Miss Wilkins, the primary teacher, was instructing her small charges. "Name one thing of importance that did not exist a hundred years ago," said the teacher. Ralph Franklin, an only child, who was seated in the front row, promptly arose and answered—"Me."

Robert—"Mamma, my stomach says it is dinner-time."
Mamma—"You'd better go and see what time it is."

Robert (after an inspection of the clock)—"Well, mamma, my stomach's three minutes fast."

News just received from London, England, reveals a secret which will delight every child in the world, and a great many grown-ups as well. The author of the famous nursery rhyme, "Old Mother Hubbard," is made known.

"Her name was Sarah Catherine Martin. She was the housekeeper of the Vicar of Yealmpton, in South Devon, and she wrote her 'poem' in the year 1805. Now, it happens that the church at Yealmpton requires repairs for both its body and its tower; the rector of the parish makes an appeal to the children of the world to send their pennies to him to assist in the rebuilding of the church, in which lie the remains of the author of the immortal story of how the old woman went to the cupboard to get a bone for her dog and found it bare.

"The original of the 'ditty' is now in the library of the Squire of Yealmpton, and every person who sends a contribution to the fund will get an authorized copy of it."—Canadian Churchman.

Mons. Bachelet, a Frenchman who has lived for the past twenty years in America, has invented a train, operated by electricity, which travels through space without wheels. It is pulled along by magnetism from hoops or coils of charged electric wire placed at intervals along the route. Demonstrations have been given proving the feasibility of his invention, and it is among the possibilities of the future that men may travel with safety at the rate of three hundred miles an hour.

"SOMETHING NEW FOR OUR READERS."

Don't throw away your old carpets. They are valuable. Send them to The London Art Carpet Works and have them woven into beautiful fluff rugs, equal in appearance and durability to the most expensive, imported rugs. See advertisement on page 1214.

The Roundabout Club

Huckleberries in Winter.

Whew! what a night! Hubby takes off his rubbers, puts insoles and socks to dry, then leans back in the rocking-chair with the children gathered around him. "I'm glad no one here is sick. The roads would be heavy for a horse if I had to go for a doctor." You, too, are glad, but too busy to say much. The Big Boy takes down his violin, and as he tunes it, remarks, "There's a hockey match in the village I meant to take in, but I'll not go to any old hockey match this night."

The Lesser Boy says, "There'll be some tall wading going to school in the morning."

The Small Boy chuckles, "Mother, theresth a great big sthnowbank down by the milksthand, and I'm going to build housthe there in the morning. It'sth justh like a housthe now only it'sth prettier. It'sth like that," pointing to the curved petal of a rose in bloom on the sitting-room table.

Whoop! the wind shrieks around the house, the eavetroughs rattle, and Hubby asks if the furnace fire is all right. You answer "Yes," but add that as you are not going to bed just yet, you will go down and fire up before you do so. So it happens that after the others are in the land of Nod, you go down cellar with a lamp in your hand, and its light gleams on your gems of fruit. Something impels you to look them over, and presently you lift a gem of huckleberries.

Instantly you recall the day you picked those berries, and, as you fire the furnace, you can almost hear the songs you sang that night.

You find that the furnace draft should be open for awhile, and as you watch the fire you live over again that day which you marked as a red-letter day of your life.

You are up early, for you want to get a good start. Everything necessary for the basket has been cooked the day before. Picking huckleberries is a picnic which sharpens the appetite, and you make provision for at least three ordinary meals. You and Hubby are actually going to pick huckleberries,—the first time for ten years. Only twice since your marriage have you done so, and you want to make the most of your day with him.

You put on a gray-linen frock, for scrambling over rocks is hard on gowns, and you look anxiously at the sky. The weatherman is very undecided. Sometimes there is a spatter of rain, and then, just when you decide to stay at home, there is a gleam of sunshine. The neighbors who are going with you call over to see what you are going to do, and you don't know that yourself.

About eight o'clock you decide to go, and the basket with its load of provisions, empty pails, rugs and oilcloths, are put into the democrat and you are off.

You are to call in the village for more passengers, but Hubby does not hurry the horses, for he thinks you will want to turn back when you reach the village. Not you! You're going on, though your passengers have given you up and have to be hunted up. Remarks are passed concerning people crazy enough to drive miles to pick huckleberries in the rain, but you laugh, and go on with your increased load.

Rain, rain, rain. It pours just after you leave the village. There is a trickle from your umbrella that will persist in running down your gown, and another from the umbrella behind that will go down your neck, but you are off for a day with Hubby, and you don't care.

Hubby has to call at a house three miles from the village, and while he is making his call a man passes who says it is going to rain all day. You begin to think he is right, but you won't give in.

Rain, rain. Pools are standing here and there; the horses are splashed with mud; the umbrellas drip steadily. You peer out from beneath yours to note any changes along the road. You look at the school where your niece taught, but no brown eyes with their crown of