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Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies. WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.



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If you suffer from any disease of the organs that make of you a woman, write me at once for ten days' treatment of ORANGE LILLY, which I will send to every lady enclosing 3 cent stamps. This wonderful Applied remedy cures tumors, leucorrhoea, lacerations, painful periods, pains in the back, sides and abdomen, falling, irregularities, etc., like magic. You can use it and cure yourself in the privacy of your own home for a trifle, no physician being necessary. Don't fail to write to day for the FREE TRIAL TREATMENT. This will convince you that you will get well if you continue the treatment a reasonable time. Address MRS. F. V. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

CONSUMPTION Book Free!

If you know of anyone suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 132 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich. Don't wait—do it now.

WINTER FAIR

Guelph, Ontario
Dec. 9th to 13th, 1907
FOR PRIZE LIST, ETC., APPLY TO
A. P. WESTERVELT, Sec'y, Toronto.

LEARN TO BE A BARBER

Let us teach you how to become an expert barber. You can earn good wages after two months in our school. Write me personally. R. WILSON, MANAGER TORONTO BARBER COLLEGE, 8-10 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO.

\$12 Woman's Fall Suits \$6.50

Tailored to order. Also suits to \$15. Send today for free cloth samples and style book. Southcott Suit Co., London, Ontario

all favors. I am one of your country cousins. MARGARET MERRITT. Beamsville, Ont.

The conclusion seems to be that those who like school and lessons vote for homework, and the rest are against it. I think I must decide for those who vote for homework, as their letters are the best written and spelt.

Next debate: "Would you rather have a cat or a dog for a pet?" C. D.

A Request.

Will Daphne Brewster, or anyone who knows her address in Australia, kindly send it to Cousin Dorothy, as it has been mislaid, and is being asked for?

Current Events.

Peace has been declared in Morocco.

Count Zeppelin's airship made a successful three-hour tour over Lake Constance, Switzerland, recently.

It is stated that the G. T. P. line, between Saskatoon and Winnipeg, will be opened before the close of the year.

An Imperial edict has been issued in China authorizing the establishment of a Council of Deliberation to aid the Government, so that the foundation may be laid for a Parliament.

An eight-foot trail from the Peace River, through the Rockies to the Yukon, and giving a route from Edmonton to Dawson entirely over Canadian territory, has been completed. It was constructed by the Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

It is stated that a Commissioner from the Canadian Government may go to Japan to study the problem of Asiatic immigration into Canada, and urge at Tokio that not more than 600 passports be issued to Japanese bound for this country.

INCREASE IN COST OF LIVING.

The following figures showing the rise in prices of commodities are taken from a list submitted by the customs officers in presenting their case for an increase in salaries before the Civil Service Commission:

	Percentage of Increase.
Pork, 43c. to 50c. a pound.....	70
Beef, hind quarters, 43c. a pound.....	68
Lamb, 50c. to 70c. a pound.....	66
Butter, 20c. a pound.....	50
Eggs, 14c. to 16c. a dozen.....	103
Potatoes, 40c. a bag.....	143
Chickens, 9c. a pound.....	44
Turkeys, 9c. to 12c. a pound.....	62
Average increase, 70 per cent.	

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE.

How plainly I see through the vista extended,
From Manhood's clear heights to the mystical rill,
Whence the River of Childhood its channel descended—
The little red schoolhouse that stood on the hill.

Within, the rude desks and the benches still ruder—
The platform on which stood the throne of our queen;
No view were complete that did not include her—
That gentlest of tyrants the world has e'er seen.

How she loved us, and how, when she pleased, she would scold us;
With our blunders and follies how patiently bore;
In our griefs to her heart how she'd fondly enfold us,
And, again, use the rod till we (silently) swore!

She taught us arithmetic, reading and writing,
And, hardest of all, tried to teach us to spell;
Promotions and merits she made all-involving,
And spurred our ambition in deeds to excel.

But the little red schoolhouse we went to in childhood
Had attractions surpassing all those the books gave;
We remember our playmates, the walks through the wildwood
With the girl that we loved, who made us her slave!

What "fun" we all had on the cold winter mornings,
When, booted and muffled, we started for school;
And hitched our small sleds, unmindful of warnings,
To the swift-gliding sleigh—disobeying the rule.

And how joyous we were when the springtide, returning,
Brought the songs of the birds with the blossoms of May,
And the out-of-door sports which, all weariness spurning,
We played after school till the Night caught the Day!

O visions of joy unshadowed by sorrow—
Of Love, that knew nothing save Love's fair young dream—
Of Hope, that saw only the glad some tomorrow—
And Faith, which believed that things are what they seem;

Ye gladden our hearts, the old trust renewing,
As again with the raptures of boyhood they thrill,
E'en as when, in Life's morning, our tasks still pursuing,
We were happy and free, at the school on the hill!

—Henry G. Spaulding.

THE POET WHITTIER.

HOW HE MET HIS ONLY LOVE AND HOW THEY DRIFTED APART.

John Greenleaf Whittier was one of the sweetest poets that this country or any other has ever produced, and this in spite of the fact that he was doomed to live and die a bachelor.

In the spring of 1828, when the poet was about twenty years old, he did his first and last courting.

In the quaint old town of Marblehead, in the home of a well-to-do shipmaster, dwelt Evelina Bray, the shipmaster's daughter. Evelina was "sweet sixteen," as pretty as a peach, and as pure as the wood violets with which she loved to decorate her hair, and with the winsome, modest maiden Whittier fell desperately in love.

During the aforementioned springtime as the flowers were creeping up from under the snow and the landscape was taking on its first delicate touches of the summer to come, young Whittier went

down to Marblehead, found Evelina, and told her of the sentiment that he could no longer conceal. To his joy he learned that the sentiment was reciprocated.

But the "course of true love did not yet run smooth," and it was already decreed that Whittier's was to be a "lost love."

The shipmaster of Marblehead was a worldly man, and one of his chief delights when on shore was to hear his daughter play on the piano and sing, while Whittier's parents as well as Whittier himself were of the strictest sect of the Quakers, in whose eyes a piano was an emblem of sin, and music the sure and certain mark of wickedness.

Between these opposite, antagonistic and uncompromising views of things there was no concord possible. Whittier knew it, Evelina knew it, and, like the philosophers that they were, they concluded to say no more to each other upon the tender subject—and they never did.

Five years later, in 1833, the couple met again, but no word was spoken of the affection that each knew was in the other's heart. It was the meeting of friends, that was all.

It was not until 1855, at a class reunion at the Haverhill academy, that the poet and his sweetheart again stood face to face. Since he had last beheld her fifty-two years had rolled away. The two were now old. The rose had faded from Evelina's cheek, and into her lover's face wrinkles had stolen, and upon his head old Time had left his rime.

But the heart never grows old; love is immortal—immortality young and fresh—and, parting from his old love forever, the poet went home to write the touching lines—

Look forth once more through space and time
And let thy sweet shade fall
In tenderest grace of soul and form
On memory's frescoed wall—
A shadow and yet all.

—Rev. T. S. Gregory, in New York American.

THE GOODLY COUNTRY.

I've never seen a hill but looked at me with content,
Good-naturedly and cheerfully, whichever way I went;

Though it were bleak and bare and brown, it shouldered to the sky
And looked at me in quiet peace when I went slowly by;

But any building, be it house, or templed place, or mart,
Will face a man with chilling brows that set him far apart.

I've never seen a country road that did not have the time
To loaf beside the forests where the blossomed vines would climb,
To coax me softly, lazily, to rest with it awhile
And see the comfort it could find in creeping mile on mile;
But city streets—they glare at you and will not let you stay;
They hustle you unceasingly and drive your dreams away.

I've never seen the sky that shields the country-side at night—
An ebon velvet drapery looped up with gems of light—

That did not seem to bend to me all friendlywise, and bless
And pour a balm of comfort on my heart in its distress;
But when the city has its night the glare beats in your eye
And look whatever way you will you cannot see the sky.

I've never seen a country road, or brook, or hill, or tree,
That did not have a kindly word to speak or sing to me;
They never crowd us to one side, they never sneer nor frown,
Nor view us strangewise as do the streets and walls of town.

And so sometimes I think that this may be the hidden plan
To show us how much better God could make the world than man.

—Wilbur Nesbit, Chicago Evening Post.