


EASY TO SEAL



RUBBER SEALER

Fruit is not perfectly preserved unless sealed in Schram Automatic Sealer

The "Schram" is the next best thing to an imperishable fruit jar. It's as clear as crystal and as durable as plate glass because all green glass is rejected when it comes to manufacturing Schram Automatic Fruit Jars. The "Schram" has a wide, smooth, polished mouth. It admits whole fruit easily. You could not cut your hand on it if you tried. The "Schram" is easily sealed. Simply place your jars on a level surface, press the automatic sealer gently down—thus forcing the air through two small vent holes. When the cap is pressed home these holes are automatically sealed—your fruit is hermetically sealed. This exclusive feature prevents decomposition—your fruit or vegetables cannot spoil. You can put "Schram" jars away for months or years, and be quite certain that they will not sour or ferment because no air can enter a sealed Schram jar.

Schram

50,000,000 in Use

The "Schram" is as easily opened as sealed. Insert the back of an ordinary table knife under the edge of the sealer—pass all around and the cap is off. No wrist-spraining, waiting-for-hubby, old-style, stick-fast, screw top, but a simple scientific arrangement that every housewife will appreciate.

The "Schram" Fruit Jar is the best and cheapest on the market—the best because the most durable—the cheapest because there are no extra rubbers to buy as with other jars.

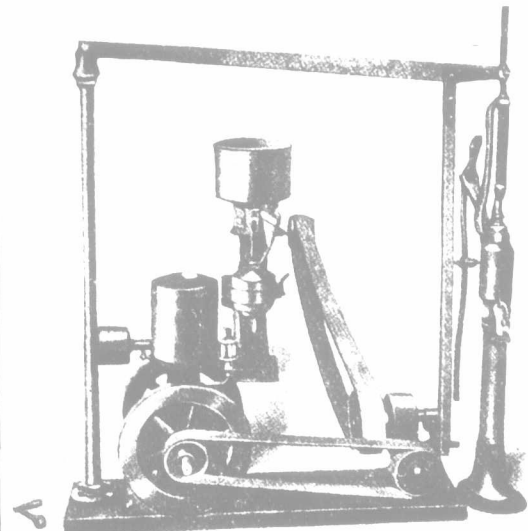
You'll buy "Schram" Automatic Fruit Jars ultimately. Why not now? **A Dainty Receipt Book Free.** Ask your grocer to show you the "Schram." Send us his name if he doesn't carry them and we'll mail you a pretty little book of seasonable preserving receipts absolutely free.

The Schram Automatic Sealer Co.
Makers of the Only Perfect Automatic Fruit Jar
Waterloo - - Canada

EASY TO OPEN

IDEAL GASOLINE ENGINES

1½ TO 40 HORSE-POWER.



Windmills,
Grain Grinders,
Pumps,
Tanks,
Water Boxes,
Concrete Mixers,
Etc., Etc.

Send for catalogue.

**GOOLD, SHAPLEY &
MUIR CO.,**

LIMITED.

Brantford, Canada.

The Light of Stars.

The night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
Oh no! from that blue tent above
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light
But the cold light of stars;
I gave the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whoso'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Old Meg.

Old Meg she was a gipsy,
And lived upon the moors;
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.

Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants pods o' broom;
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a church-yard tomb.

Her brothers were the craggy hills,
Her sisters larchen trees;
Alone with her great family
She lived as she did please.

No breakfast had she many a morn,
No dinner many a noon,
And, 'stead of supper, she would stare
Full hard against the moon.

But every morn, of woodbine fresh
She made her garlanding,
And, every night, the dark glen yew
She wove, and she would sing

And with her fingers, old and brown,
She plaited mats of rushes,
And gave them to the cottagers
She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,
And tall as Amazon;
An old red blanket cloak she wore,
A chip hat had she on
God rest her aged bones somewhere!
She died full long ago!
—Keats.

Theology in the Highlands.

The minister's class at the kirk of Tobermory had been reading the story of Joseph and his brethren, and it came to the turn of the minister to examine the boys.

The replies to all his questions had been quick, intelligent, and correct. Such as: "What great crime did these sons of Jacob commit?"

"They sold their brother Joseph."

"Quite correct. And for how much?"

"Twenty pieces of silver."

"And what added to the cruelty and wickedness of these bad brothers?"

A pause.

"What made their treachery even more detestable and heinous?"

Then a bright little Highlander stretched out an eager hand.

"Well, my man?"

"Please, sir, they sold him awa' cheap."

A Slow Worker.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was talking to his Sunday-school class about industry.

"Our industry," he said, with a faint smile, "should not be of such a nature that the remark once applied to a certain Scot could ever be applied to us. 'I'll tell you what the remark I allude to was.'"

"Two old farmers were walking down a road near Dunfermline when one of them pointed to a distant field and said, shading his eyes from the sun:

"That figure over there—I wonder if it's a scarecrow."

"He stopped and regarded the figure very attentively for a space. Then he concluded, in a satisfied tone:

"Yes, it's not moving. It must be a scarecrow."

"But the other farmer had sharper eyes and a better understanding, maybe, of certain types of human nature.

"No," he said, dryly; "no, not a scarecrow. It's a man working by the day."

The Golden Dog

(Le Chien D'Or.)

A Canadian Historical Romance.

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CHAPTER XXX.—Continued.

And it came to that! In this walk with Bigot round the glorious garden, with God's flowers shedding fragrance around them; with God's stars shining overhead above all the glitter and illusion of the thousand lamps, Angelique repeated to herself the terrific words, "Bigot loves that pale, sad face too well ever to marry me while its possessor lives at Beaumanoir—or while she lives at all!"

The thought haunted her! It would not leave her! She leaned heavily upon his arm as she swept like a queen of Cyprus through the flower-bordered walks, brushing the roses and lilies with her proud train, and treading, with as dainty a foot as ever bewitched human eye, the white paths that led back to the grand terrace of the Palace.

Her fevered imagination played tricks in keeping with her fear; more than once she fancied she saw the shadowy form of a beautiful woman walking on the other side of Bigot, next his heart! It was the form of Caroline bearing a child in one arm, and claiming by that supreme appeal to a man's heart, the first place in his affections.

The figure sometimes vanished, sometimes reappeared in the same place, and once and the last time assumed the figure and look of Our Lady of Ste. Foye, triumphant after a thousand sufferings, and still ever bearing the face and look of the lady of Beaumanoir.

Emerging at last from the dim avenue into the full light, where a fountain sent up showers of sparkling crystals, the figure vanished, and Angelique sat down on a quaintly-carved seat under a mountain-ash, very tired, and profoundly vexed at all things, and with everybody.

A servant in gorgeous livery brought a message from the ball-room to the Intendant.

He was summoned for a dance, but he would not leave Angelique, he said. But Angelique begged for a short rest; it was so pleasant in the garden. She would remain by the fountain. She liked its sparkling and gushing, it refreshed her; the Intendant could come for her in half an hour; she wanted to be alone; she felt in a hard, unamiable mood, she said, and he only made her worse by stopping with her when others wanted him, and he wanted others!