

## Young People

Invented by Accident

An alchemist, experimenting in earthenware for the making of crucibles, found that he had invented porcelain. A watchmaker's apprentice, holding a spectacle-glass between his thumb and forefinger, noticed that through it the neighboring buildings appeared larger, and thus he discovered the adaptability of the lens to the telescope.

A Nuremberg glass-cutter by accident one day dropped a little aqua fortis upon his spectacles. He found that it corroded and softened the glass, and he conceived the idea of etching. He drew figures upon the glass with varnish, applied the fluid, and cut away the glass about the drawing. When he removed the varnish the figures appeared, raised on a dark ground.

The process of whitening sugar was never known until a hen walked through a clay-puddle, and then strayed into a sugar-house. Her tracks were left in the piles of sugar, and when it was noticed that the spots where she had stepped were whiter than the rest, the first step in the process of bleaching sugar with clay was taken.

The wife of an English paper-maker one day dropped a blue bag into a vat of pulp. When the workmen saw the colored paper, they were astonished, and their employer was so angry at the mischance that his wife did not dare to confess her part in bringing it about. The paper was stored for years as a damaged lot, and finally the manufacturer sent it to his agent in London, and told him to get rid of it at any price. Fashion at once marked it for her own. It was rapidly sold at a high price, and the manufacturers found it difficult to supply the great demand for colored paper.

Thus Dame Fortune looks out for her children, and when they are slow in learning useful secrets and possibilities, drops a word of advice in their way so plain that they cannot choose but read it.

## The Bobolink

The bobolink, rice bird or reed bird, is a common summer resident of the United States, north of about latitude 40°, and from New England westward to the Great Plains, wintering beyond our southern border. In New England there are few birds about which so much romance clusters as this rollicking songster, naturally associated with sunny June meadows; but in the south there are none on whose head so many male-dictions have been heaped on account of its fondness for rice. During its sojourn in the northern states it feeds mainly upon insects and seeds of useless plants; but while rearing its young, insects constitute its chief food, and almost the exclusive diet of its brood. After the young are able to fly, the whole family gathers into a small flock and begins to live entirely upon vegetable food.

This vegetable food consists for the most part of weed seeds, since in the north these birds do not appear to attack grain to any great extent. They eat a few oats, but their stomachs do not reveal a great quantity of this or any other grain. As the season advances, they gather into larger flocks and move southward, until by the end of August nearly all have left their breeding grounds. On their way they frequent the reedy marshes about the

mouths of rivers and on the inland waters of the coast region, and subsist largely upon wild rice. In the middle states, during their southward migration, they are commonly known as reed birds, and becoming very fat are treated as game.

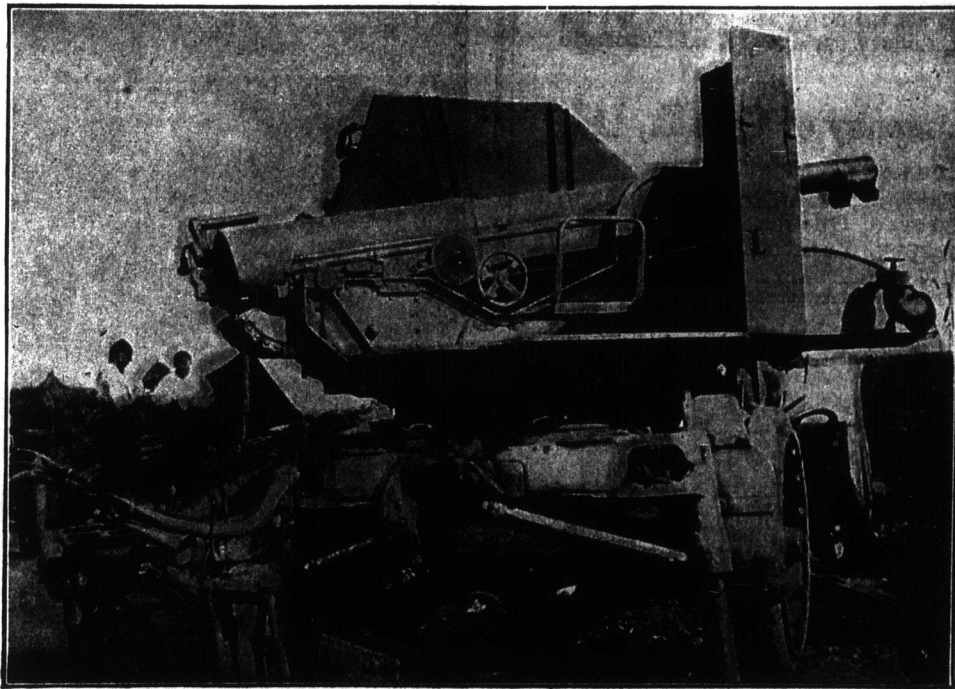
Formerly, when the low marshy shores of the Carolinas and some of the more southern states were devoted to rice culture, the bobolinks made great havoc both upon the sprouting rice in the spring and upon the ripening grain on their return migration in the fall. With a change in the rice-raising districts, however, this damage is no longer done.

## Prince and Painter

Audacity irresistibly attracts us, and the man of strong, original character is an object of universal interest.

In the economy of his household, James Northcote, the English portrait painter, was sordid, yet lords and ladies not a few assembled in his ill-furnished, ill-arranged and ill-swept studio when an exceedingly popular young actor sat to him. The favorite was conveyed by the Duke of Clarence (afterward William IV) to Argyll Place in his own carriage, and his Royal Highness lingered to see the progress of the work—and probably to study the painter.

"The loose gown in which he painted," says one of Northcote's biographers, "was principally composed of shreds and patches, and might perchance be half a century old; his white hair was sparingly bestowed on each side, and his cranium was entirely bald."



The necessity for destroying aeroplanes which fly over the lines on spying tours has produced this monster French anti-aircraft gun. The gun is a mechanical perfection and rests in a movable turret which is mounted on a heavy motor truck.

"The royal visitor, standing behind him while he painted, first gently lifted, or rather twitched, the collar of the gown, which Northcote resented by suddenly turning and expressing his displeasure by a frown; on which his Royal Highness, touching the professor's gray locks, said:

"You don't devote much time to the toilet, I perceive."

"Sir," the painter instantly replied, "I never allow anyone to take personal liberties with me; you are the first that ever presumed to do so; and I beg your Royal Highness to recollect that I am in my own house."

"The artist resumed his painting; the prince stood silent for a minute or so, then opened the door and went away. The royal carriage, however, had not arrived, and rain was falling; the prince returned, borrowed an umbrella, and departed."

"Dear Mr. Northcote," said one of the ladies, "I fear you have offended his Royal Highness."

"Madam," said the painter, "I am the offended party."

"The next day, about noon, Mr. Northcote was alone, when a gentle tap was heard, the studio door opened, and in walked the prince."

"Mr. Northcote," he said, "I am come to return your sister's umbrella; I brought it myself, that I might have an opportunity of saying that yesterday I thoughtlessly took an unbecoming liberty with you, which you properly resent-

ed. I really am angry with myself, and hope you will forgive me, and think no more of it."

"And what did you say?" inquired a friend to whom the painter told the story.

"Say!" repeated Northcote. "What could I say? I only bowed; he might see what I felt. I could at that moment have sacrificed my life for him. Such a prince is worthy to be a king."

The prince afterward, in his bluff manner, said, "He's an honest, independent little old fellow."

## Admiral Jellicoe's Medal

Sir John Jellicoe, who leaped into fame when at the beginning of the war he was given supreme command of the English fleets in the North Sea, entered the navy in 1872, when he was thirteen years of age. Ten years later, he carried off the £80 prize for gunnery at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich. Shortly after that feat, which is the more noteworthy because he has been instrumental in improving the marksmanship of the fleet by nearly thirty per cent, he was appointed a junior staff officer of a vessel under command of captain—now Lord—Fisher; and in 1886, when serving in the Monarch, he was awarded the Board of Trade silver medal for gallantry in saving life at sea. The story is told in Tit-Bits.

The incident occurred near Gibraltar. The crew of a steamer had been stranded on a sand bank, and the seas were running so furiously that it looked as if the shipwrecked mariners might be washed

## Heart Palpitated

Would Have to Sit Up in Bed.  
FELT AS IF SMOTHERING.

Mrs. Francis Madore, Alma, P.E.I., writes: "My heart was in such a bad condition I could not stand any excitement, and at times when I would be talking my heart would palpitate so that I would feel like falling. At night, when I would go to bed and be lying down for a while, I would have to sit up for ten or fifteen minutes, as I would feel as though I was smothering. I read in the daily paper of a lady who had been in the same condition as I was, and was cured by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, so I bought a box, and they did me so much good, my husband got another, and before I had used half of the second box I was completely cured. I feel as though I can never say enough in favor of your Heart and Nerve Pills."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are composed of the very best heart and nerve tonics and stimulants known to medical science, and are for sale at all dealers, or will be mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Price, 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25

## A Safe Food for Baby

Mothers anxious about baby's food are strongly recommended to use Porter's Food. Porter's Food is a valuable preparation, composed entirely of wheat-flour and oatmeal, and manufactured by a special process which makes it easily digested by the youngest and most delicate infants. It is highly nutritious and proves to be of immense benefit where the baby does not thrive on a milk diet. Many mothers testify to the value of

## Porter's Food

and speak of it as a wonderful food for babies, imparting strength and vigor, and causing frail and delicate babies to become strong and healthy and a joy and delight. Porter's Food is specially recommended for babies suffering with diarrhoea or summer complaint.

A free sample with booklet explaining how to use Porter's Food for summer complaint, indigestion and constipation will be sent on request to any mother from the manufacturer, George Porter, 305 Victor St., Winnipeg. Sold in tins—15c, 35c and \$1.00, at all Drug Stores—or direct from the manufacturer.

heel over, and all three were pitched into the sea. One of the two was killed by the propeller, but the other, although injured in his fall, was picked up with Commander Jellicoe.

Twenty-one officers and nearly 350 men in all were drowned in that collision.

When the Victoria went down, "J. J.'s" Board of Trade silver medal went down with it; and, unlike its recipient, it did not come up again. As soon as possible he notified the Board of Trade of his loss, and asked them if he could have another medal to replace the one that he had lost; to which request the Board politely replied that he could certainly have another—if he cared to pay for it!

Billy's hats have had many adventures. Sometimes they are tossed into the tops of trees, and sometimes they are dropped into the bottom of the well; but once Billy's new hat was nowhere to be found. Kind little sister Prue looked under the sofa, into the kindling box, under the piazza, and in all the other places where she had ever found it, but it was not to be seen.

Several months later, when Patrick threw down some hay for the horses, old Dobbin, who was eating with his eyes shut, was much disgusted to find, instead of sweet clover, a hard piece of straw in his mouth. It was Billy's hat! It had been buried under several tons of hay.

When Patrick took it from Dobbin's manger and carried it into the house even careless Billy was ashamed.