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ANCE COMPANY  
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at their picnic dinner  
stream. Then, like a  
y music, without one  
the meal progressed.  
ung appetites accorded  
an unfeigned apprecia-  
as at last persuaded to  
was compelled to own  
better than it looked.  
l the cake, too, were  
ished, quite to the satis-  
hostess.

the dishes had been  
ut away, preparations  
r the main business of  
Ruth, with one of  
gingham aprons tied  
e dress, set to work  
fixing, explaining each  
e went along. It was  
y operation, though full  
them all; and when  
ip of film was hung up  
evening was well ad-

tives are all nice and  
affirmed, "but, of  
an't do any more to-

muss" had been cleared  
, at June's suggestion,  
wraps and brought out  
to the veranda. There  
hile they sat in silence,  
r spirit in its own way  
be peace and beauty of

the full moon danced  
les of the lake, and re-  
ir outline the soft undu-  
e forest-clad hills. A  
ress was in the breeze  
up delicious whiffs of  
m the gold-green balm-  
nging the farther shore.  
or-wills called to each  
stant parts of the wood,  
lingly sweet note of a  
rang through the white

Then suddenly, not  
dreamy calm, but blend-  
like a bird among the  
flute-like voice burst

ve little birds.  
glad, brief life is gone!  
glories of the Spring  
e and fullness sing,  
your song should last

ear, by night and day,  
sing enough to tell  
y in God's earth doth

ed as easy as speech to  
ist as natural and spon-  
r voice was not particu-  
, but had a penetrating  
id purity of tone that  
he sang over her simple,  
to reach the remotest  
ristie Castle. "Let us all  
uggested when she had  
end of her little song—  
at school in the faraway  
er so appropriate as amid  
etting.

ed, though she would  
listened to June's voice  
or half an hour the three  
sang together the songs  
losing with the children's  
hymn. Hilda, immersed  
of music that ebbed and  
nd her, wondered what  
had for so many years  
ence and solitude.



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But the hour was growing late, and Ruth, declining an invitation to stay all night, departed under Robin's escort by the way that she had come. The echo of June's voice seemed to ring in her thoughts all the way back, and she went to sleep that night trying, unsuccessfully, to work out a scheme by which this little, human woodthrush might be given a chance to develop her undoubted musical ability.

The next morning Robin awoke in the first flush of the dawn. He arose at once, and, by a prearranged agreement, knocked at June's door before going downstairs. Together they examined the negatives, and placed the one of Aunt Hilda in the printing-frame ready to greet the first sunbeam. The picture was not, strictly

speaking, a beautiful one, but in their young enthusiasm they declared it to be just like her. Hilda herself was disgusted, and could never again be induced to sit for her portrait. The other five pictures were really good for an amateur's first attempt, and afforded the young photographers much delight.

"Robin," June suggested, as they bent together over the proofs, "wouldn't it be lovely if we could take pictures of all the flowers and put them together in a book?"

"It would be interesting," Robin agreed. "We can try it, anyway."

This proved to be the precursor of very many delightful hours spent with the kodak in the woods and fields.

(To be Continued.)

## Boys and Girls

Dear Children,—This begins to feel like old times, for I have already had a few letters from old friends this week, and I am feeling very impatient for a few more. I expect and hope they will be coming along soon. Do tell me, when you send your answers, what you have been doing this summer. I'm most anxious to know. I was talking to the Editor a day or two ago. I felt I'd better explain why there was no letter last week. It was the fault of Thanksgiving Day; and we were comparing notes about our holidays. We compared and compared, and decided we had both enjoyed farming more than anything else. Indeed, we were so interested in it all that I almost believe we'd have been talking about it yet if his telephone hadn't rung, and I'd had to go away.

I had been thinking of running away yesterday and going off to see how the grapes looked, but it rained so dreadfully the day before that we decided the ground would be too muddy for our town shoes. You see, you have to look respectable when you come into a city, and we couldn't have come back plastered up to the knees in mud, as we were once or twice in wet weather on the farm. So I suppose I shan't see the grapes growing this year. It's very sad.

How are you getting on with the Boy Scout idea—you people who don't yet belong? I told you I was going to do something besides my ordinary work this winter, didn't I? Well, I've begun, and it really is most interesting, though there isn't very much time for it. I wish I could tell you what it is, but it's a dead secret. (As a matter of fact, it's very much alive sometimes, but you know what I mean.) Now, I expect I've started you guessing about it, and I didn't mean to.

With best wishes,

Your Affectionate Cousin,  
Mike.

## THE FOOLISH ROSE.

While I was walking in the garden one bright morning a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves a-flutter. Now that is the way flowers talk, so I pricked up my ears and listened.

Presently an elder tree said: "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen all together, for they were like some children who always say "Why?" when they are told to do anything.

The elder said: "If you don't they'll gobble you up."

So the flowers set themselves a-shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose who shook off all but one, and she said to herself: "Oh, that's a beauty. I will keep that one."

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The elder overheard her and called: "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."

"But," said the rose, "look at his brown and crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings afterwards I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her. Her beauty was gone; she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dew-drops on the tattered leaves.

"Alas! I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me."

One sin indulged has ruined many a boy and girl. This is an old story, but a true lesson.—Morning Star.

## Always Had Headaches

Liver Was Torpid and Bilious  
Spells Brought Sick Headaches  
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Now Completely Cured.

Newtown, N.B., October 18.—Here is convincing evidence that however much you may suffer from liver trouble and consequent biliousness there is cure in the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

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Mr. Charles R. Tait, Newtown, N.B., writes: "I was nearly always troubled with headaches, and would often have to stop work for a day or two. I lost many a night's sleep every month with bilious sick headaches, and although I tried doctors' medicines and also many other patent medicines, it was without success. When I had these headaches I would vomit, and could keep nothing on my stomach."

"I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills from G. M. Fairweather, Druggist, of Sussex, N.B., and after taking one box I was so much relieved that I continued to take them until I am now completely cured. My advice to anyone suffering from sick headaches is to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and be completely cured."

Mr. A. S. Mace, J.P., endorses the above statement, and says: "This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with Charles R. Tait, and believe his statement in every way to be true and correct."

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