



To Woo Sweet Dreams

enjoy a bedtime cup of beef tea made from Armour's Extract of Beef. It's grateful to the stomach, is quickly digested, soothes the nerves, stimulates circulation, and brings sound, refreshing sleep.

Armour's Extract of Beef

is liquid roast beef. It has the strength—the rich flavor—of prime roast beef, without the indigestible fibre. Just ¼ teaspoonful to a cup of hot water makes delicious beef tea. It's economical.

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Armour's Tomato Bouillon, a tempting relish. Makes delicious bouillon.

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AMONG THE TREES

Continued from Page 9.

Have you never noticed that the leaves of a Poplar are placed with one edge to the sky, the other to the earth? In this way they are more susceptible to the wind and move about more readily, hitting against one another and making the noise of which you speak. It is claimed that is how the Poplar got its name, because it kept saying pop-pop. In India they have a tree which the natives call a pee-pul tree for the same reason.

"We have a beautiful Aspen growing on our lawn and its leaves, too, are continually moving."

"The Aspen, or Tremulous Poplar is another member of our family. There is a strange tradition about the quivering leaves of the Aspen."

"Oh, do tell it to me," said Mabel, starting up so quickly that the canoe made an alarming move which set all the pretty minnows darting about as if in flight.

"Be careful," said the Willow in a warning tone, "the water is shallow or you might have had a wetting. Well," and the voice seemed awed and solemn, "it is said that the wood of the cross on which the gentle Saviour agonized and died, was taken from an Aspen Tree, and ever since it trembles and shivers at the remembrance. As one of your poets so aptly puts it in the 'Spirit of the Woods':

Far off in highland wilds, 'tis said,
But Truth now laughs at Fancy's lore,
That of this tree the cross was made
Which erst the Lord of Glory bore;
And of that deed its leaves confess
Ever since a troubled consciousness.

"Others again, say that it was the only tree which did not bend its head when Jesus passed, acknowledging His sovereignty. There is another verse of poetry which includes both of these traditions.

For fear the aspen, pallid and weak,
Which sighs by the moorland side,
And gave the wood for that hallowed cross
On which the Saviour died;
Which stood erect while its fellow-trees stooped,
Till its merited punishment came,
And since the doom of that terrible day
Has quivered and bent with shame.

"The ancients place a deep meaning on the quivering of the leaves, saying that it is to remind us how time flies."

"I will think of these things and look at our beautiful tree with a greater interest," she said. "If now we know there were such pretty legends about trees as I have learned within the last few weeks."

"You have carried with you in your rambles, the 'ears of imagination' and that is why. Birds, too, have legends, and flowers, some of them being very beautiful; but my subject is trees and only those of our family. The aspen is a useful tree as well as pretty. On the mountains of Arizona they often grow to the height of one hundred feet. Their seeds are provided with hairs and thus are wafted great distances by the wind. Often they fall on ground rendered infertile by fire or on steep mountainous slopes where the heavy rains wash away the soil. Here they

quickly germinate, the seedling plants grow very rapidly even in exposed situations, and soon the barren, sandy places are a mass of waving, tender green. The land is thus often reclaimed through their agency. I will give you an instance of this in connection with Napoleon, of whom you no doubt have read in your history."

"To be sure I have: he was sometimes called the 'Little Corporal.'"

"You are right. Well, it is said that the greatest monument to his name was brought about through the agency of some of my relatives," and the Willow Tree waved its plummy branches proudly.

Mabel was listening intently, as the wind played lightly in the green roof overhead.

"For fully one hundred miles along the Bay of Biscay," continued the Willow, "There stretched a threatening array of sand dunes, which year by year pursued their irresistible march inland, some to the extent of nearly two hundred feet. The restless winds which swept across the broad Atlantic, would catch this sand and carry it in great waves over the smiling plains of sunny France, burying fields, meadows, vineyards, houses, churches and even villages in their onward march—leaving behind them only gray billows, to which clung branches of bracken, a few starved bunches of scrub oak, and thickets of white and purple gorse, fighting stubbornly for a foothold upon the shifting sands. In some places would be seen a straggling group of pines, the protesting remains of a great forest. Napoleon caused a great number of willows to be planted there and steadily the land was reclaimed, and to-day that stands out as the greatest of Napoleon's victories."

"You might also add—and one that did the most good for his people."

Mabel lay back on her cushions pondering silently over all the wonderful things she had heard. A new world had opened out to her and she wandered through it with ever-increasing admiration. The twirling of leaves, the twittering of birds, the breaking of the tiny waves against the side of her canoe, the ever-changing clouds—all had a new and a deeper meaning to her. Thoughtfully she fingered the Willow leaves so near her face, deep in reverie. The Willow Tree was silent too; presently it stirred its many leaves and a musical murmur floated to her ears as it seemed to say:

"We not only beautify the banks of the streams along which we grow, gladdening the eye, and affording shelter to many birds, but our roots interlace and prevent the washing away of the banks by the continual action of the water; our roots often are larger than our stems. Some of our family grow so low that they trail along the ground like vines, others again rise to the height of sixty, seventy and even one hundred feet, waving their great masses of foliage and presenting a beautiful sight."

The Tree ceased and Mabel roused from her reverie, when she noticed the soft, mellow light had given place to a dim twilight with shadows lurking in some places. Mechanically she sat erect, arranged her cushion and paddle and pushed out of the opening into clear water. She looked at the beautiful mass of foliage as if loth to leave it.

"Goodnight, dear Willow," she said. "I certainly have enjoyed your graceful branches and the musical murmur of your voice. I shall come to you again and bring with me the 'ears of imagination.' In fact, I shall always carry them."

EVELYN SINGER.

SOME RED TAPE HUMORS

SCHOOLMAM EXPERIENCE WITH LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

How Her Simple Request for a Towel-Roller Set the Wheels of the Cumbrous Municipal Machine in Motion—Before It Was Secured an Official Visit and Vigorous Correspondence Were Required—An Astonished Official.

During the summer of 1904 the London County Council forwarded some new round towels for the use of the infants' department of a National School in a remote suburb of London. The schoolmistress rejoiced in the acquisition, but, unfortunately, the school possessed no roller on which to hang them—the towels hitherto in use being of a shape that enabled them to be suspended from a nail in the wall. She therefore requested her school managers to provide her with a towel-roller.

This simple request set the wheels of the cumbrous municipal machine in motion. The managers discussed the question, and an opinion was expressed that a towel-roller was not a part of the fabric, but came under the head of furniture, for which the Council were responsible. So the secretary was asked to inform the Council of the need of the towel-roller, and to supply of the fabric, but came under the head of furniture, for which the Council were responsible. So the secretary was asked to inform the Council of the need of the towel-roller, and to supply of the fabric, but came under the head of furniture, for which the Council were responsible.

It was ascertained that a new towel-roller could be obtained for 35d.

After a few weeks had passed an inspector from the Embankment journeyed out to this remote infant school—return fare, first-class, 2s 8d—apparently to satisfy the Council that the towel-roller was really wanted. More weeks elapsed, and nothing was heard of the matter. So the secretary wrote again to the Council to ascertain how the question was progressing. In reply he was informed that the Council's decision with regard to the supply of a towel-roller was that "the stores department had been requested to expedite the delivery of the article."

This was encouraging, and the patient teacher awaited its arrival with pleasant anticipation. A few weeks later she received the gratifying news that the roller had actually been forwarded. But by accident the long-expectant school manager was delivered at another school, and the roller was left in the hands of a teacher in charge, who laid it upon a shelf, thinking that the Council in its wisdom, had some special purpose in view in sending her a towel-roller that she had not asked for.

Meantime a vigorous correspondence was proceeding between the infants' mistress and the Council, and eventually the roller that had strayed was returned to the school. The roller was ultimately reached its destination. It turned out to be only an old one—a towel-roller that had been used before and discarded by someone.

Nevertheless, the roller was better than no roller, and the happy teacher, rejoicing in the pleasures of possession, promptly called in a man with a hammer and four stout nails. The roller was fixed firmly to the wall, and the young unwearied revelled in the joys of a round-towel.

In course of time another official appeared upon the scene. He was an executive officer who had come down to "look about" the school, and to find out what had been supplied by the Education Committee of the London County Council.

His astonishment was great when he found the article already in position. He duly forestalled the work done.

But the question arose, who was to pay for the fixing? This was a knotty point, and evidently occasioned considerable anxiety, for yet another official was made some days later to inspect the mistress to pay the bill for the fixing, amounting to sixpence, send up the receipt, and the amount would be refunded. This has been done, and doubtless the Council will return the sixpence some day.

Burns Got the Silver.

Bobby Burns' associations with Carleton were of an active personal character, and there are interesting anecdotes to prove it. It was at Carleton that he fell into the company of three farmers and in the course of their conviviality the farmers agreed with Burns to try their hand at versenaking, and all four were made some days later to inspect the mistress to pay the bill for the fixing, amounting to sixpence, send up the receipt, and the amount would be refunded. This has been done, and doubtless the Council will return the sixpence some day.

Johnny Peep, saw three fat sheep, And these three sheep saw me; Half a crown apiece, Will pay for their fleeces, And so Johnny Peep goes free.

Sir C. G. Knollys, K. C. M. G. Sir Clement Knollys, K. C. M. G., at present Colonial Secretary of Trinidad and Tobago, who has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Leeward Islands, in succession to Sir Gerald Strickland, appointed to be Governor of Tasmania, was born in 1849, the fourth son of the late Rev. W. F. Erskine Knollys, honorary Canon of Canterbury, says The London Star. From Magdalen College, Oxford, he went into the Colonial Civil Service in 1874, and has at various times administered the Governments of Barbados, St. Lucia and Grenada, in addition to his present appointment at Trinidad and Tobago. In his university days he was a notable oarsman, and rowed in the Oxford and Cambridge races of 1872 and 1873. He won the Diamond Sculls at Henley in 1872, and the Goblets in 1873, and was champion amateur sculler in 1872.

Antiquity of the Cotswold. The Cotswold must be one of the oldest breeds of sheep, for tradition has it that King Richard I. (1189-1199) sent animals of the breed to Spain, and that it was from these, always famous for the excellence of their wool, the Merino breed was raised, which breed was introduced in England at the latter end of the eighteenth century.

FRENZIED

FREIGHTING

Continued from Page 9.

time. We were anxious to get an early start, and so I fell asleep thinking of getting up early. After a time I awakened, and I waited to see if Bill was awake, and then called, "Bill, get up; it's time." Bill grunted, turned over, looked up at the dome of our tent and sighted the moon, about three hours up, as he said. Now, Bill is an astrologist, so he said:

"The devil, with you, Toby; that moon is not three hours high and it was up when we went to bed. You don't get this Bill out at no twelve o'clock."

Shortly afterwards two rigs passed from town, and thereafter I had respect for Bill as a time reckoner. The next time I awoke it was about 4 a. m. by the moon, according to Bill's calculation, so we got up, at least I did. I started the crackle, as Bill called it, and when he felt the warm waves of air he crawled out and dressed in peace and comfort. We had no stove, you know. We built our bonfires near the slit, or door of the tent. As soon as Bill was dressed he sighted the moon.

"King around the moon and one star inside of ring. That means a snowstorm to-day or to-morrow."

Sure enough, at nine a. m. the snow came in chunks. O. M. C. stock dropped five points; B. S. went up. However, we put up the necessary where-with to hold our O. M. C. stock and continued on our way rejoicing. We reached Hamilton's shortly afterwards, and there watered our stock. The snow never daunted us, for, as Bill said, it would just be a light shower and the wind would take it all off the trail. We soon came to a perfect network of trails, and so enquired as to which one would take us to the Carleton trail. We were told to take the right hand one until we crossed another trail and that would be the Carleton. This we did, only to discover that we should have passed over that until we came to the second trail. We were on a hay trail. A thin, consumptive-looking Englishman directed us right. We cut across country, and soon struck the right trail. We travelled on for a few miles farther, when I went in to ask the time, etc.

"No no speak English, me Doukhor."

"Got no clock, tick, tick, tick?"

I said this and made the motion of the pendulum of a clock, but she couldn't understand, so we went on our way. Again we camped; this time under more disagreeable conditions, since the snow was flying. However, there was plenty of wood and grub, and little else we cared for. "Now, I don't wish to fill your paper with one letter, so I'll not write more, but hope to continue the account of the trip better than I did the trip on the train I started and just went to Winnipeg."

Hope all my friends and enemies are well and that my friend Peter Satellite has recovered from the shock of Clancy's defeat. I'm still alive, working hard and growing fat. I've gained seven pounds this winter. Alvin Moore never weighed more than 175 before. He now weighs 197 lbs. How's that, for Jack Fish? Jack Fish will grow everything successfully but pumpkins, and the reason it won't grow pumpkins successfully is this: The vines grow so fast that they spoil the pumpkins dragging them around the farm. Good-bye.

Your Scrawler, F. W. T.

P. S.—An ideal fall and winter, never equalled in Ontario before.

F. W. T.

P. P. S.—Honestly, if I described the fall and winter weather here this year and did it justice, your readers would put me down for a stranger to the truth. It has been lovely.

F. W. T.

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NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

THREATENED WITH PARALYSIS.

Peter B. Summers, of Kalamazoo, Mich., relates his experience: "I was troubled with Nervous Debility for many years. I lay it to indigestion and excess in early youth. I became very dependent and didn't care whether I worked or not. I imagined everybody who looked at me guessed my secret. Inevitably I became at night weakened—my back ached, had pains in the back of my head, hands and feet were cold, tired in the morning, poor appetite, fingers were shaky, eyes blurred, hair loose, memory poor, etc. Numbers in the fingers set in and the doctor told me I feared paralysis. I took all kinds of medicines and tried many first-class physicians, were an electric belt for three months, went to Mt. Clemens for baths, but received little benefit. While AFTER TREATMENT at Mt. Clemens I was induced to consult Drs. Kennedy & Kergan, though I had lost all faith in doctors. Like a drowning man I commenced the New Method Treatment and it saved my life. The improvement was like magic—I could feel the vigor going through my nerves. I was cured mentally, physically and sexually. I have sent them many patients and will continue to do so. CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY.

It's sweet and pure. VARIOUSLY STRICTLY NERVOUS DEBILITY, BLOOD DISEASES, URINARY COMPLAINTS, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES.

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148 SHELBY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

FEEDING WILD ANIMALS

Of the animals that we can coax about our houses the grey squirrels become most friendly. Put nuts in convenient places and they will make frequent trips for supplies, but only on comparatively mild days will they remain long outside their comfortable winter quarters, where they usually have plenty of food stored. Red squirrels can be coaxed by means of food, but they are very questionable fellows; in fact, the general opinion is decidedly against them, owing to their partiality for eggs and young birds. Chipmunks hibernate in their underground homes, so we cannot count on them for winter visitors. The cottontail will condescend to accept dainties in the form of green vegetables—though one seldom has such luxuries in the winter—but, as he comes almost entirely at night, he is not a very interesting guest. County Life in America.

Always taking out of the meal tub and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom.

Drive thy business, let not that drive thee. Sloth makes all things difficult, industry all easy.

All those suffering with Boils, Scrofula, Eczema will find

Weaver's Syrup and Cerate

invaluable to cleanse the blood

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