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the second year of the senior course to a class of boys of nine years of age.

For the above reasons, I am strongly opposed to the changes you have suggested in our lesson schemes. But I am not, therefore, persuaded that the schemes which are in use are perfect. I would like to have the old lessons improved, and not set aside in favour of a scheme which may be theoretically sound, but which undoubtedly will not work in ninety per cent. of our parishes.

One concluding word. May I humbly suggest that you need to remember that even the teacher who has earned the Commission's certificate, unless she happens to be in addition a teacher in the secular schools, is still only an amateur, and that only a small percentage of our teachers have taken the Commission's Teacher Training Course.

I am, gentlemen,  
Your obedient servant,  
G. F. B. Doherty.

St. Luke's Rectory,  
Toronto, June 22nd, 1917.

I have had many things in my hands and I have lost them all; but whatever I have been able to place in God's hands I still possess.—Martin Luther.

**PHILIP DYKES**  
Special Agent  
**Mutual Life of Canada**

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**Taking Time to Think it Over**

A Mutual Life insurance agent urged a certain man to apply for \$5000 insurance protection. The man replied—"Give me Sunday to think it over." Instead of thinking it over on Sunday, the young man met with an accident and lost his life.

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**Obituary.**

After an illness of only three hours, Miss Mary Ritchie, daughter of the late Hon. J. W. Ritchie, Halifax, N.S., passed away on the morning of June 22nd, at her home, "Winwick," Northwest Arm. She is survived by two sisters, Miss Ella and Dr. Eliza Ritchie, and one brother, George Ritchie, barrister. Miss Ritchie had been associated with all of the progressive work done by the women of Halifax for the past 20 years. The supervised playgrounds, in particular, owe a great deal to her unflinching interest and unremitting work in their behalf, and the classes in clay modelling a few years since were another free contribution by this lady to the betterment of public conditions. Her valuable services were given free, and the children attending profited greatly. Miss Ritchie was also a warm supporter of the cause of woman suffrage. About a year ago she felt it necessary to drop her public work and try to conserve her health. It was hoped that she had made permanent improvement, so that the suddenness of her demise will be a sad blow to her many friends.

**Government Food Control!****You Can Co-operate With the Food Controller By Demanding the Whole Wheat in All Breadstuffs**

In the present crisis of course some kind of government regulation of food supply and food distribution is necessary if we are to get the full benefit of all our resources and be protected from abnormal prices that will be forced upon us by speculators.

Our government will no doubt follow the action of England and France in standardizing wheat flour. In the meantime, however, every housekeeper should demand whole wheat flour for all breadstuffs.

It is claimed that "the present milling percentage reached in producing patent flour does not exceed 75 per cent. of the grain." In other words, millions of bushels of wheat will be wasted in the milling of white flour unless the government intervenes. This means that one-quarter of the crop containing the richest nutritive elements in the whole wheat grain will be sold as "feed" for cattle, hogs and poultry.

Our forefathers ate whole wheat bread for two centuries and a half, and they waxed hale, strong and hearty. While there is some question as to the ability of the housekeeper to get any real whole wheat flour in this country, there is no question about shredded wheat biscuit, which may be obtained at any grocery store and which is 100 per cent. whole wheat grain. It not only contains the entire wheat grain, but it is prepared in a digestible form, being thoroughly steam-cooked, drawn out into filmy, porous shreds, and then twice-baked in coal ovens. In this process the outer bran coat, which is so useful in keeping the bowels healthy and active, is retained—in fact, shredded wheat biscuit contains every particle of the whole wheat grain. It contains more real, body-building nutriment, pound for pound, than meat, eggs, or potatoes, and costs much less.

Two or three of these crisp little loaves of baked whole wheat with milk, sliced bananas, or other fruit make a nourishing, strengthening meal at a cost of six or seven cents. The whole wheat grain is the one perfect food for human beings. No other cereal compares to it in nutritive value or adaptability to the human stomach. It is man's staff of life. If you eat breakfast cereals or breadstuffs of any kind you should insist upon having the whole wheat grain prepared in a digestible form.

**ROSE ISLAND**

By Lilian Leveridge

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

Robin saw the pansy eyes for a moment drenched in tears, and his own sought a far mountain beyond the hill gap when June said in a hushed tone, "We mustn't be selfish, must we, little son? It's a hundred times lovelier where she is, and we'll try to be glad for her."

Robin, though he could not have expressed the thought in words, felt that here was something too sacred for his eyes, something undreamed of in his and Aunt Hilda's philosophy.

Then, again, the dread of Aunt Hilda's reception filled Robin with uneasy foreboding. In their hearts this simple pair had idealized Aunt Hilda, just as they were idealizing everything else. What kind of a rude awakening might be awaiting them? Robin had a sudden, strong desire to bear the whole brunt of his aunt's inevitable displeasure to interpose himself between the sharp arrows of her words and looks and these tender younglings of another sphere. He shrank from the coming ordeal, but they could not stay here forever. As well face it out now and be done with it.

Here a new difficulty arose. Could he trust so precious a cargo to the little bark canoe? Or would it be better for him to cross alone and bring over the boat? The latter plan seemed the safest.

"I guess, I'll have to leave you here," he said, "while I go over and get the boat. This canoe upsets awful easy, and it will only hold two at a time, anyway."

"Oh, I'd like to go in that lovely little canoe," cried Brownie.

"So would I," said June. "Couldn't you take us over one at a time, Robin? We'd be as still as anything."

"Please do, Cousin Robin" coaxed Brownie. "We'll be awful good and still."

So, half-reluctantly, Robin consented. Brownie, in a sudden fit of self-renunciation, insisted that June should go first, while he remained to keep guard over the trunk and things. For a few minutes after the others had pushed from the shore he sat quite still upon a rock, then suddenly and swiftly darted after a big, fat toad his inquisitive eyes had spied hopping across the road.

Triumphantly he seized it in his chubby hands, and with delighted eyes examined his little captive. Then holding it tightly in one hand, he opened June's little hand-bag, which at the beginning of their journey had contained a lunch, and popped it in.

Meanwhile June was enjoying the brief voyage to the full. With both hands filled with flowers, she sat perfectly still—all but her tongue, which never rested an instant. "This is just perfectly lovely!" she exclaimed. "What's the name of your canoe, Cousin Robin?"



**Old Dutch For Floors All Spick and Span**



"Nothin'," he replied. "It ain't got no name."

"Oh, it ought to have. Let me name it for you. Wouldn't 'Cheemaun' be nice? That was what Hiawatha named his birch canoe. Don't you just love 'Hiawatha'?"

"I don't know him," returned Robin. "Never met him that I know of. I s'pose he is some swell that lives in the city?"

June's laugh rippled out over the water, and its merriment was so contagious that Robin, in spite of the weight upon his mind, laughed, too. "You are too funny for anything," she gasped at last. "Don't you really know about Hiawatha, Cousin Robin?"

"Never heard tell of him. And I guess you needn't bother callin' me 'Cousin' every time. Just 'Robin' is enough."

"All right, Robin. It's a lot easier, and it will save a lot of time in a few years, won't it? But about Hiawatha—he was an Indian; only he wasn't really and truly anybody, you know—just the hero of a lovely poem that Longfellow wrote."

"Oh!" said Robin, with a contemptuous little shrug. "I never read poems."

"Don't you? I just love them like everything, and Brownie does, too; only he'd rather have them told than read to him. Some day I'll tell you all I can remember about Hiawatha, and then you'll be just dying to read it yourself. You'd give anything to have a canoe like Hiawatha's. I would. This one is as nice as a really, truly canoe can be, though. You'll let me call it 'Cheemaun,' won't you?"

"All right. Here we are at the island. Sit still till I pull 'Cheemaun' up on shore a bit."

At the foot of the little, rocky stairway June sat and waited while Robin returned for Brownie. Still in a dream, she watched the paddles dip and flash in the sunny water, as the graceful and fairy-like 'Cheemaun' sped forth and back with her little brother.

Brownie clutched her bag tightly in his hand, and just as they neared the

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