

Every 10c Packet of  
**WILSON'S FLY PADS**  
WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN  
\$8.00 WORTH OF ANY  
STICKY FLY CATCHER

Clean to handle. Sold by all Drug-gists, Grocers and General Stores.

### Boys and Girls A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW

There's a picture in the window  
Of a little shop I know,  
With boys and girls dressed as they  
were  
A hundred years ago.  
And since I saw it, I have thought,  
And keep on thinking how  
The children, maybe, will be dressed  
A hundred years from now.  
Will girls wear caps or farthingales,  
Or hoops in grand array?  
Will they wear bows like butterflies,  
Just as they do to-day?  
Will boys wear jackets short, or tie  
Their hair in queues? Just how  
They'll really look, I'd like to know—  
A hundred years from now.

STAINED GLASS  
**MEMORIAL  
WINDOWS.**  
designs & estimates on request  
specialists for sixty years  
ROBI McCausland Limited  
113 SPADINA AVE. TORONTO

**Church  
Brass Work**  
MEMORIAL  
BRASSES  
RAILS, VASES  
PRITCHARD ANDREWS  
CO. OF OTTAWA, LIMITED  
264 SPARKS ST. OTTAWA.

TELEPHONE MAIN 7404  
We are equipped to produce  
**Printing Matter**  
THAT WILL ATTRACT  
ATTENTION ANYWHERE  
Our prices are inducing, and should  
attract the shrewd business man—try us.  
The Monetary Times Printing  
Co. of Canada, Limited  
62 CHURCH ST., TORONTO  
N.W. CORNER OF COURT ST.

What do you think the girls and boys  
Will eat in those far days?  
Will they be fed with breakfast foods  
In many sorts of ways?  
Will all the good and tasty things  
Be worse for them than rice?  
Will ice-cream soda make them sick,  
And everything that's nice?

Will children's books have pictures  
then,  
Or just all reading be?  
Perhaps they'll be hand-painted and  
Most beautiful to see,  
But when I think of those I have,  
I truly don't see how  
They can be any prettier  
A hundred years from now.

### A WORD TO GIRLS

**G**IRLS in the country sometimes  
grow tired of the quiet routine  
of farm work and long for the  
excitements and attractions of city  
life. But life in the city is not the  
public holiday it seems to the girls  
on their occasional visits to town.  
Believe me when I tell you that work-  
ing girls in the city have an infinitely  
more monotonous existence than the  
country girls ever dreamed of. You  
get up early and work hard, it is  
true, but the picnics you attend in  
summer and the sleigh-rides and  
parties that enliven your winter give  
you social recreation and change,  
while there is always the keenest en-  
joyment for those who know how to  
read mother nature's book.

Think of spending every day work-  
ing in a dingy office, writing and  
figuring constantly, with but half a  
day's vacation in three years, as one  
girl I know of has done! Think of  
spending all the hot, dusty summer  
days at a sewing machine in a factory  
with the ceaseless clatter of hundreds  
of other machines all about you!  
Think of walking two miles to work,  
standing behind a counter all day,  
forced to smile and smile, though  
you feel as a villain ought to feel,  
and again walking home at night!  
All these things thousands of girls  
in big cities do.

One girl I know stands and irons  
ready-made shirtwaists all day, week  
in and week out. What is the variety  
of her life? How would you like to  
exchange your duties with her? Do  
you not think it would be a welcome  
relief to them to milk in the cool of  
the morning, churn, bake, and sweep  
before the hottest part of the day,  
peel the potatoes for dinner out under  
the shade of a tree, and after dinner  
is over to sit out in the cool and  
shady yard, or rest in the hammock,  
or take a canter on a pony; or in  
the fall go to the woods in search  
of nuts, and at night lie down and  
breathe in the sweet-scented air of  
the country instead of amid sewer  
smells and effluvia or dirty alleys?

How would you like to pay out of  
your scant earnings for every specked  
apple or withered peach you ate?  
Why, if you live in the city, you  
would pay for fruit that you will not

pick up from the ground now. How  
would you like the ever-present pos-  
sibility of losing your "job" and  
having your income cut off for a  
time, with no money to pay the ex-  
penses that always accumulate so  
fast? Think of these things before  
you give up the quiet and peaceful  
life of the country with the certainty  
of a comfortable home, even if you  
do not have ice cream and oysters  
every day. To make the best of what  
you have is better than to rush into  
evils that you know not of.—Metro-  
politan and Rural Home.

### THE COAL-MAN'S DUCKLING

**B**EFORE the black cave of a coal  
dealer's shop a crowd of people,  
all eager to see, were jostling one an-  
other,—little boys and girls, telegraph  
messengers, baker boys with their  
baskets balanced on their heads and  
with every second the crowd grew  
denser. It was already too numerous  
for the sidewalk, and had overrun into  
the street, where the carriages were be-  
ginning to stop, and the coachmen to  
vociferate.

What had happened? A crime? A  
suicide? That is what the last arrivals  
were asking, but as no one knew any-  
thing, the only answer they got was a  
shrug of the shoulders. Only the first  
six rows or so of the spectators were  
in the secret. From time to time a  
shout of laughter broke from them,  
which gave the policeman, who had  
hurried to the scene to restore order,  
a suspicion that the affair could not  
be of the gravest. I am in a position  
to affirm that it was not, for I was in  
one of the stage-boxes, enjoying my-  
self royally. The occasion of that as-  
semblage of people, stopping the  
traffic of a whole street was a simple  
duckling. No jest—just a duck of  
flesh and bones. I do not add feath-  
ers, because though he was big and  
plump, he was as yet only clothed in  
the fuzzy down which covers young  
fowls.

And this duckling was taking a  
bath! He needed one, I assure you, for  
he was a true coalman's duck. His  
feet and bill, formerly yellow, were  
inky black, and his whole body re-  
sembled a shoe-brush. He was taking  
his bath in an earthenware wash-basin,  
not with the languid proceeding of a  
schoolboy afraid of water, but with  
admirable fervour and animation. His  
whole body quivered, jerked itself up  
and down, his rudiments of wings  
fluttered frantically, he drew back his  
head and used it on his back like a  
frictioning glove. He would have  
liked to swim, to immerse himself, to  
disappear altogether under the water.  
Alas! the basin was so small that the  
efforts of the young duck had no re-  
sult but to maké his tiny bath-tub  
overrun and topple, and every time he  
lost his balance. Homeric laughter  
shook the assembly. The floor of the  
shop was inundated. As for the coal-  
man, happier than any Barnum at  
sight of a packed house in ecstasy be-  
fore his performers, he stood there

**Cutlery**  
Kept Clean  
and Keen by—  
**Old Dutch  
cleanser**

with folded arms, his face expanding  
in a broad grin, which exposed the  
white teeth of a native of Auvergne.

Suddenly, in the dark-brown water,  
the duckling made one last awkward  
movement which completely overtur-  
ned his tub, and with an indescribable  
flop he tumbled head over heels out of  
his bath.

Poor beastie! I watched him run  
away and hide under a pile of wood.  
He seemed dirtier than before his bath.

As I went my way the thought of  
that unhappy duckling haunted me. I  
could not but say to myself: "There  
is the counterpart of what most men  
are doing. Alongside of the great life  
made for them by God, they create an  
existence of their own choice and con-  
triving—petty, miserable, mean. They  
forsake the broad, deep currents, the  
springs, the lakes, the rivers, where  
strength and joy flow abundant, and  
substitute for them a little impure  
water, which stains instead of cleans-  
ing. The narrow systems of phil-  
osophers, the restricted formulas of  
theologians, the regulations of ped-  
ants, the labourious and superfine pre-  
scriptions of a morbid estheticism, the  
double-distilled pleasures of the world-  
ly and the epicures,—all these things  
are, after all, compared with real life,  
like the coal-man's wash-basin; the  
more you bathe in it, the less clean  
you become!—S. S. Times.

Note Your Increase  
In Weight

By making the  
blood rich and red  
Dr. Chase's Nerve  
Food forms new  
cells and tissues and  
nourishes the starved  
nerves back to health  
and vigor.  
By noting your in-  
crease in weight while  
using it you can prove  
positively the benefit  
being derived from  
this great food cure.  
50 cents a box, all dealers, or  
Edmansson, Bates & Co., Limited,  
Toronto.

**Dr. Chase's  
Nerve Food**