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Current Events.

A commercial treaty between Russia and Japan is on the verge of completion.

Hundreds of acres of crops have been destroyed by hail in the Lyleton district, Manitoba.

Canadians at the Bisley (England) rifle matches have this year won over £300 in prizes.

A permanent biological station for Eastern Canada is to be established at St. Andrew's, N. B.

The rails are now laid on the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway to a point 208 miles above North Bay.

Nearly 150 people were drowned recently in a collision between the steamer Elder and schooner San Pedro off the coast of California.

The sixty-five Japanese recently arrested on the charge of illegal sealing in Behring Sea, are to be tried in the United States Court at Valdez, Alaska.

Nearly \$400,000 damage has been the result of a fire in the New Edinburgh district of Ottawa. The W. C. Edwards Lumber Co. suffered the greatest loss.

Sir Edward Blake has resigned his seat in the British House of Commons because of ill-health, and may return to Canada. He is now 74 years of age.

It is said that Mr. J. J. Hill's latest decision is to build a low-grade, low-cost, modern freight railroad, with especial equipment for fighting the Western winter, from Winnipeg to the coast.

In order to experiment with new guns and projectiles, the Austrian Government has bought the Bohemian village of Mlada. All the inhabitants have left, in preparation for the bombardment.

Besides establishing courses of agriculture in the High Schools at Galt, Collingwood, Morrisburg, Perth, Essex and Lindsay, the Ontario Government has also decided to open offices at each of these places in charge of the agricultural teachers, at which the farmers of the district may at certain hours meet to confer with the representatives of the Department in regard to agricultural questions. At these offices agricultural reports and bulletins will be kept for distribution.

Collisions have occurred between Japanese and Korean troops in Corea, which has become a hotbed of intrigue and ferment, by no means stayed by the recent abdication, at the request of the Cabinet, of the Emperor. It is stated by Americans recently returned from Corea that the Japanese are rapidly despoiling the Koreans of their lands and industries, and debauching them by selling to them extensive quantities of morphine. [Note.—A later despatch says that, by a new agreement with Japan, signed on July 25th by the Premier of Corea, the Japanese Resident-General has been given almost absolute power; hence it would seem that the Peninsula is now practically in the hands of Japan.]

TWEETER: THE STORY OF AN ORIOLE.

By Ida Kenniston.

Tweeter first opened his eyes in a cozy, snug little home that his father and mother had built about two or three weeks before. It was in a beautiful place, high up among the swaying branches of an elm tree. Tweeter was one of four baby orioles, cuddled up in a warm, soft nest by Mama Oriole. His father, Sir Baltimore Oriole, was a handsome fellow, in a rich suit of orange and black. His mother was dressed in more sober colors—a dull, brownish yellow and a rusty black.

At first the babies did little but eat and sleep. Father and Mother Oriole were bringing them choice things to eat all day—little fat caterpillars and tiny bugs and other insects that were very good. By and bye Tweeter and his brothers grew so big that they began to crowd one another in the nest. They scrambled and climbed over one another, a funny little bunch of sprawling legs and downy bodies with big heads. When Father Oriole came to them with some tasty bug, there were four open beaks waving about, each anxious to get his share.

One day Tweeter, more venturesome than his brothers, climbed up on the edge of the nest. All about him were swaying green leaves, with here and there glimpses of the blue sky, flecked with fleecy clouds. Now and then flickering rays of sunlight danced over him. It was very pleasant, indeed, but a little bewildering, especially when he looked down, away down to the ground below. He was glad to tumble back again into the nest and cuddle up to his brothers and go to sleep there in the swaying nest.

Every morning, at earliest dawn, Tweeter awoke to hear the sweetest of woodland concerts from the feathered folk in neighboring trees. It was a happy chorus, with many and varied bird voices. Tweeter liked best to listen to the clear notes of Sir Baltimore and the other orioles, which called and whistled to one another and sang in friendly rivalry.

Once or twice there was a sudden heavy shower of rain. It was fun at first to hear the rain drops pattering on the green-leaved canopy above the nest. But as it grew darker and darker, and the branches bent and rocked more fiercely in the wind while the rain came lashing down, Tweeter curled himself up more closely, and was very glad his mother was there, sheltering them all with her soft wings and gathering them all close to her breast.

One bright afternoon Tweeter scrambled up again to the edge of the nest and stood there, now and then fluttering his wings a bit. Suddenly a gust of wind shook the little bird-home rudely, and Tweeter, with a frightened little "peep," lost his hold and fell fluttering and frightened to the ground below. He was not hurt, although his little heart beat fast and his breath came and went quickly. Presently he began to move his wings a bit and to hop a step or two, looking about him at this strange new world of grass and warm earth. It was pleasant here, and it was such a big world! There were tiny voices of insects, the rustling of grass-blades as some big cricket or fat grasshopper made his way through.

Then came a man and a child. The child was a little girl, with hair yellow as sunshine. She spied the baby oriole, which hopped away from her as well as his unsteady legs would permit. The man and the child knew the bird must have fallen from the nest, and that he was too young to get back alone. So, as they were kind people and loved all feathered singers, they tried to help Tweeter regain his home. The man brought a ladder and placed it against the tree. The child picked up Tweeter and held him in her warm little hand, caressing him gently, and then gave him to the man, who climbed the ladder and placed the baby bird on a branch near his home.

Madame Oriole, his mother, came flying to Tweeter at once in great excitement, and tried to coax him to fly and scramble along the branches toward his home. He was afraid to venture much, however, and when sunset came he just curled down at the fork of the branch and soon was almost asleep. His mother

went back to the little ones in the nest, and later, when it was nearly dark, his father came and stayed close beside him, keeping him warm and safe all night.

The next day Tweeter had his first lesson in learning to use his wings. Both Father and Mother Oriole spent much time coaxing the little ones to fly. Sir Baltimore would come with a nice, juicy caterpillar in his bill, and, alighting just a little way from the baby bird, show him the tempting morsel. Then Tweeter would hop as near as he could and flutter his wings, and try, oh, so hard, to get up courage to trust himself to them, and then would come the short journey through the air, with that strange, new sense of power as he felt himself borne up and carried along. After a few trials he had more confidence, and soon it became a keen, exciting pleasure to launch himself forth and flutter from one branch to another close by. In a few days he and his brothers were taking longer flights; their wings were growing stronger each day, and each day they found the new exercise becoming easier and more familiar.

The little birds learned, too, to catch bugs and other insects; to look for them sharply in the grass or on the bark of trees, and to snap them up quickly. Sir Baltimore and Madame Oriole paid less and less attention to the children. They did not often feed their offspring now, for the youngsters were quite capable of getting their own living. Indeed, it was not long before Madame Oriole was hard at work on a new house, and her heart was filled with happy thoughts of some pretty eggs that were to be in it, and of another little brood of nestlings that she hoped to care for.

There was a certain monster—oh, a terrible creature, ever so much bigger than Tweeter—which sometimes came and looked at him with great green eyes! The monster would sometimes get up in the tree and climb along a big branch slowly and stealthily. Tweeter was not very much afraid of the monster. He knew the monster (it was called a cat) watched him with greedy eyes, and would pounce on him if he could and snap him up as quickly as Tweeter ever snapt at a tiny ant. But Tweeter could fly; the monster couldn't, so Tweeter always gave a flirt of his tail, and was off long before anything so slow as a cat could get him.

It was very pleasant through the long summer days flying about the treetops, swaying on the very end of a slender twig, hunting grubs in the trees or in the big garden near by. Sometimes Tweeter felt so happy that he tried to sing like the grown-up orioles. He could not get a clear, mellow, ringing whistle like theirs, or sing so many wonderful, changing, joyous melodies, but he piped away in his own sweet fashion, imitating the others as well as he could and enjoying his own little song.

So the summer passed, and the colder days of early autumn were with them. There was a restless feeling among the denizens of orchard, grove, and woodland. They took longer flights by day, growing stronger by the exercise, but returning each night to the familiar tree places. Tweeter heard much chattering among the bird neighbors; the nights were certainly growing colder; there were fewer insects to be found; it would soon be time to go—that was what they were saying. He wondered what it all meant. Why should they go? Where were they to go? "Southward! Southward! To the warm, tropic country! Southward—away from the fog and the frosty nights and the cold winter! Southward!" Such was the answer to his wondering question. He had waked sometimes at night and heard the soft whirr of wings above the tree-tops as some early travellers flitted by on their journey "southward."

And the restless longing grew and swelled in Tweeter's own breast. "Southward" he, too, would go—a long, long flight on his strong young wings, following the course led by the older birds, which had been before, and which knew the way to that fair land of sunshine.

But, alas, Tweeter was not yet to join the vast throng of feathered travellers in their swift winging to the sunny tropics! Fate, in the form of a small boy, interfered. A stone was thrown with cruel aim at the bright golden body of Tweeter as he was flying swiftly, exultingly, in the September sunshine. One wing dropped to his side, and he fluttered