A Favorite Singer

In Westmore no two pople could talk esether five minutes without in some errectly knew Bettina and nearly every-bedy loved her. Bettina's finger was in every pie, sociable or charitable. Bet-tina's smile sweetened every company. Amis Bettina herself could brighten the dullest day by merely carrying her red could down Meade street.

west down Meade street.

**Xet Bettina was twenty-seven and not wretty. She was plump and she did not always look just right in her clothes, fee she loved colors she ought not wear. But no one criticised her taste, for Bettina was a privileged person and all Westmore would have turned its back sespectfully had she chosen to walk from one end of the town to the other barefeet.

westerfully had she chosen to walk from one end of the town to the other barefaut. Beltina taught the Westmore high school and most of her wages went to support her home and her parents. She could ship—not operatic airs with strange wacouth words attached, but sweet hymns and old fashioned songs such as combelled the heart and moistened the eyes. She always felt that she sang better if John Waith was there to hear her. Bettina had been in love with John for years, She had indeed transferred her are good deal of money. He was, indeed, so busy that he had no time for women, though everybody thought in time he would probably ask Bettina to sherry him. He had never paid her any particular attention; but then he had mever paid any other woman any attention at all. He sang in the choir with Bettina and usually saw her home. Sometimes he called on her. But he had mever aid a word that would make her think that he meant to be more than friegally. John was as near to being a lover as Bettina had ever had and so far nothing had spoiled the romance. When Mrs. Lull asked Bettina to sing at her musicale Bettina at once consented. Musicales were new in Westmore and so was Mrs. Lull. She lived in the old Powers house, which had in his day been almost a manision, and she were a maniscale structure and so was Mrs. Lull. She lived in the old Powers inous, which had in his day been almost a manision, and she were a maniscale that she would wear heat catawba gown, because John hed eace observed that it was pretty, and sing the "Last Rose of Summer," because that was John's favortte song. After she had decided these two important questions she had nothing to do but wait for the musicale.

When the night came she put on her catawba gown and fastened aboat her reat her musicale. When the night came she put on her catawba gown her she had nothing to do but wait for the musicale.

When the night came she put on her catawba gown her she and mother how was your ma did the day we were mar-

as show her father and mother how sha looked.

"You look beautiful, Bet!—just the way your ma did the day we were marnest," said genite Mr. Light.

"Come here, darling, and let me fix you so bit," said her mother, as she always did. With ptender touch she atrakintened Bettina's skirt and pulled down her collar and tucked in a straying lock of hair, and then she kissed her.

"I hepe my gir! will have a good time and sing like an angel," she added.

When Bettina arrived at Mrs. Lull's she found a crowd of folk already assembled. They gave her a joyous welcome. By the time she had gone the round she felt as if the finusicale had been given in her honor. When presently John Waite came he sat down beside Bettine and then she felt as if the whole worth was conspiring to give her happimess.

The musicale was been by Mrs. Moss.

Setting and then she felt as if the whole worsh was conspiring to give her happiness.

The musicale was begun by Mrs. Moss and little Teddy Warne, giving a piano duet. This was encored. Then Prof. Heyt stood up to give his famous solo. He had just opened his mount on the first note when a door opened at the back of the second parlor and a girl entered. She was tall, slender and very blonde. She wore a robe of later dripshoc with crystall beats. A filet of crystal beats crossed for natr. Her arms and neck were bare.

"Who s that?" Betting whispered to Mrs. Fellowas.

arms and neck were bare.

"Who s that?" Bettina wisispered to
Mes. Prilows.

"She's Miss Gloria Gardner, from New
York, a cousin of Mrs. Lull's. She's
geins, o sing." whispered back Mrs.
Bettina felt that Mrs. Lull had not
blayed fair. Every eye in the room was
turned on the stranger. Even John—
"Oh, me," mosned Bettina inwardly.
She felt the earth going out from under her. John had never looked at her
like that. She clinched her smail brown
hands and looked down into her lap.
She could not bear to see John's awakseed look on that trailing, shimmering
hims youder that had brought it about.
Presently Bettina woke up as from a
bad dream to find Mrs. Lull at the
solans and Miss Gardner standing heside
her ready to sing. There was a ripple
of prelude and then such a voice as
country bred Bettina had never heard,
soaring, vibrant, thrilling. The aria was
itsian and the words mere sounds to
everybody who heard, but it was only
blue voice that counted. When it was
over Bettina tried to clap like the rest.
Her hands trembled. Site was miserabher and for the first time in her life
she was afraid and asplaned to sing.
"I can't sing." she thought as she
walked up to her place. She tried to
hold her head up as Anna Moss pounded
through the prelude, but her mind was
traveling at a fearful rate of speed. The
sone was too old and she had never
bearied to sing it anyway. It was as
absurd in that company as chignon or
hoopskirts would have been. And her
dress fitted abominably. And all the
blood is her body was in her hands.
And—and—
"Twas the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone."

And—and—
"Twas the last rose of summer
"Twas the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone." "Twas the last rose of summer Left blooming alone."
She was actually singing, but she had so conception of what it was or how it sounded. She sang mechanically. But out there was Miss Gloria Gardner, regarding her with amused eyes, she thought, and nobody else seemed to be listering very attentively. Even John was thinking of something else. He didn't care for her. He never had. He never would. And so with her heart like lead in her side and the "Last Rose" better dust in her mouth, Bettina end-

butter dust in her mouth, Bettina ended her sons.

She fell into her chair and refused
to respond to a half-hearted encore.
Everybody was clamoring to hear Miss
Gardener again, and as that vision languidh trailed to the piano Bettina fled.
Nobody saw her go. Out of doors she
draw a long breath and then sobs came.
Poor, wretched little Bettina!

Bhe was hurrying toward home as fast
as she could go, with no thought save
to get there and to hide herself for
ever and die, maybe, when she heard
following footsteps and a voice. "Bettina!
Bettina! What are you running away
bor."

for?"
Then she ran all the faster, but John caught up with her. "Bettina," he be-And then Bettina burst out: Oh, go away! I don't want you. Don't speak to me. I know all about it. I can't sing—and I never will again—

and I never will again—
"My dear girl!" The cool voice fell like
tee on the heat of her passionate misery
"My Bettina!" And then his arm went round her. "Come, brace up, child, can't have you dolor this. I can't have



FIVE POINTS IN BOND **INVESTMENTS**

A desirable investment has in it these essentialsthe safety of the principal the certainty of income -a fair and fixed rate of income probable appreciation in value and saleability.

¶ Bonds, carefully selected, ensure to the investor all these desirable elements and are invariably secured - principal and interest-by the total assets of the company that issues them.

Write us to day for our litera-ture on Bond Investments and a list of those we recommend.

ROYAL SECURITIES CORPORATION

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING YONGE AND QUEEN STS.

you saying you, won't sing, for I want you to sing for me always after thisfor me, do you understand, Bettina?"
Bettina was silent, perceiving happiners, and trying to understand.
"As for that girl back there." John went on, delightfailly, "I didn't care much for that thing she sung-have to be educated up to it. I guess. And I'm not. Give me "The Last Rose of Summer" every time, the way you sing it, dear—the way you're going to sing it in our own home—"
His drew her close and Bettina snigning to him, forgot defeat and everything save just the abiding wonderful fact that John loved her as much as she loved him.

THE PATHS OF GOD.

What streams of fleecy films floating over the silent ocean. What gradations in the early buildings of God. How far, how deep, how wide the reaches. What promonitory can 1 stand upon to take my first survey, and from which I may take my departure as I sail over this wondrous sea? The flying fish, the dol-

phin, the story petril are not yet.

I prostrate myself at the gate of covenant, lift an eager eye, bend an earnest ear. How long, O Lord! and yet beneficent stime is responsive. I want, alone, alert, aloft, wings are mine,

float without fatigue.

I come nearer; His kiss is in the light His gladness is in the wind; His Joi: is in the storm. He bends the rainbow, blanches the foam, the sea reflects His glory; He moulds the stars, forms th curves, blends the colors; He makes no discoveries, is never surprised, is never at a lose; the hour and the man the place, the wind and weather, are set with wonderful precision.

I come nearer still, for ile is not far away. The mountain, the fire, the voice, make me tremble, and yet I stend and stand a conscious man. I am comforted with enormous responsibilities. I am

commanded to obey, there must be self surrender, and self discipline.

The problem and the prayer is: That I may know Him." As I come nearer I am enlarged; the heavens are larger, the sea, the coast lin. What bays, land locked burkers what search of all. sea, the coast in. What bays, land locsed harbors, what ports of call; what salutations and welcomes of joy! He is the treasury of thought: Is He an ocean? I sail, I explore, I watch, I know, horizons widen as I go along. Is He a library? I read. I study, I ponder I take note, I take in, I give out. Is He a person? Am I a person? Then I am from God; I navigate God; my final anchorage is God!

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

Didn't Know Themselves Apart.

Edward Collins rushed from his home, soo Cauldwell avenue, to the Morrison-la police station, and said to Lieut. Graham:
"My twin daughters, Birdie and Mary, are lost. They are 3 years old, and they have been gone since 3 o'clock this after noon. I'm afraid they've been kidnapped."

Just then a póliceman came in with a

noon. I'm afraid they've been kidnapped.

Just then a policeman came in with a
crying child under his arm.

"Found her at lists street and Morris
a enue," he said.

"She's one of mine," burst out Collina. "She's Birdie. No, she ain't; she's
Mary. Say, you ask the mother. I
never could tell 'em apart."

"What's your name?" the lieutenant
asked the child.

"Birdie-Mary," she replied.

Two boys came with a second child,
found at lists street and Brook avenue.

"That's the other liftelle-Mary," Collinsh said, loyfully.

"What's your hame?" she was asked.

"Birdie-Mary," was the quick reply.

"He wean I know those kids apart if
they don't know which is which themselves." Collins said as he started
home, a girl on each arm. "Till get
their mother to straighten out this
tangle."

THE UNNAMED LAKE.

It sleeps among the thousand hills Where no man ever trod, And only Nature's music fills The silences of God.

Great mountains towers above its shore, Green rushes fringe its brim, And o'er the breast for evermore The wanton breezes skim. Dark clouds that intercept the sun,

Go there in spring to weep, And there, when autumn days are done, White mists he down to sleep.

Sunris and sunset crest with gold. The peaks of ageless stone, Where winds have childered from of old. And storms have set their throne,

No echoes of the world afar Disturb it night or day, Bun sun and shadow, moon and star, Pass and repass for aye.

'Twas in the day of early dawn, When first the lake we spied, And fragments of a cloud were drawn Half down the mountain side.

Through tangled brush and dewy brake, Returning whence we came, We nassed in silence, and the lake We left without a name. Prederick George Scott. Quebec, P. Q., 1911.

eRginald—Darling. I see by the papers that a food expert says that it is possible for a family to live on \$4 a week. Do you think it possible? Rosallind—No, dearest, but I'll be a sister to you.—Cleveland Leader.

WENT INSANE.

An Echo of the Assassination of Lincoln.

(Ottawa Citizen.)

The news has been received that Major Rathbone has died in an asylum for the criminally insane in Germany. This concludes one of the most sombre tragedies in history. Major Rathbone and his fiancee, Miss Harris. were guests of President and Mrs. Lincoln in the box of Ford's theatre on the night that the President was assassinated by Wilkes Booth. These two young people had been invited to take the places in the box that were to have been occupied by General and Mrs. Grant, who had been hurriedly called away from Washington on that fateful day. It will be recalled that the assassin after shooting President Lincoln, we want of Mrs. President Lincoln, wounded Major Rathbone with a bowie knife as the latter tried to stop him. As Booth leaped on the front of the box to spring onto the stage his spur caught in the folds of the flag with which the front of the box was festened. was festooned, and he fell upon the stage, breaking his leg, and incident that assured his detection some weeks later. After the death of Lincoln, Mrs. Linnever fully recovered her reason coln never rully recovered her reason and died a few years afterwards. Major Rathbone married Miss Harris and was appointed to a consulate in Germany. Not long afterwards he went mad and murdered his wife, and for nearly forty years had been an inmate of an asylum for the criminally insense. of an asylum for the criminally insane or an asylume for the criminally insane, wilkes Booth was pursued and ultimately surrounded by a troop of cavalry, while concealed in a hard. Strick orders were issued that he was to be taken alive. Notwithstanding this a corporal alive. Notwirstanding and a corpora-put, his carbine through an opening and shot the assassin dead. The corporal later on became insure and also died in lunatic asylum.

POSITIVE PURITY

It is well-known-and proved by Government Analyst—tha Sugar of Superior purity is Government Analyst-that the



other Sugars. ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR KEFINING CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL

POOR MARY ANN.

This is an ice-cream Sundae that Jimmie bought for Mac-her real name, though, is Mary Anni-that's what the old folks say. The young things to a drug store went to buy some cooling cream. Jim wore his Sabbath sine with the decided like a goose, and in her freakish bonnet she looked just like the deuce. Jim asked her what she liked the best-his love she would impress. She said she really didn't care just so it matched her dress. And then asked for a dozen things, in fact named every kind, till the perplexed dispense radinost look his mind in Secury then he dished it up-a secure of kinds he counted and with a chocolate mouse there as the work of the security for th

mounted. The day was hot, the mouse slid of the swiftly melting (Fean just as it met Mae's startled give, and forthwith she gave a "ream. Shid mot jumn upon a chair—the hobble hold her back. She only steed and claim to the same the startle grant of the startle grant gra

THE CONTENTED ARTIST.

"Stock takings and yearly state-ments should be conservative. In taking an account of stock it is a grave error to be, like the Cape May sculptor, oversanguine. Senator Boie The speaker Penrose, of Philadelphia.

This sculptor, calculating like certain financiers I've known, said to a friend on the Cape May beach: You know that terra cotta statu ette of nine, The Bathers; Well, I got more for it than I expected."
"But, said his friend, 'I thought your landlady just took it for board,"
"Yes, very true,' said the sculptor it is not some services."

tor, but you must remember that the price of board has gone up."— Washington Star.

Ty EXCELSIOR.

Have you thought of it?
Have you asked whence it comes?
It goes into the fire, as we all know.
Article after article is delivered in
piles of excelsior.
It is also used in upholstery and for
filling mattresses.
The encyclopaedic It is also used in upholstery and for filling mattresses.

The encyclopaedia says that excelsion is an American invention.

The first step in its manufacture is dividing logs of wood into 18-inch blocks. These luge blocks are then shredded into the different degrees of fineness.

Then the various grades of the product are packed into bales weighing 250 pounds each. each.
The annual output amounts to about 45,000 tons, and large quantities are exd. name of the stuff is but a trade, and has nothing to do with Long-

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria. GOOD IDEA.

Jones was at the theatre, says the New York American, and behind him sat lady with a child on her lap, which as crying unceasingly. Unable to stand it any longer, Jone

turned smilingly to the lady and asked: "Has that infant of yours been christened yet, ma'am?"

"No, sir," replied the lady.
"If I were you I would call it 'Good Idea,' said Jones. "And why 'Good Idea'?" said the lady

indignantly.
"Because," said Jones, "it should be sarried out." It was Jones who had to be carried

FARMER TELLS INTERESTING STORY

Whether Sick or Well, in Good ther or in Stormy, rie Is Obliged to Work Always.

Market people complain about prices they have to pay for farm produce. They forget that rain or shine, warm or cold, the latmer must keep at it or else the narrow profit, his bare living, will be

A well-known Haldimand farmer, Mr. J. P. Pelletier, writes: For nearly caree years I was in poor health. A drenching storm caught me in the fields and wet me to the skin. I got home only to find I was threatened with in-flammation of the bowels. I never got over it and felt weak and heavy and my system never worked quite right. But a farmer has to work—and I found my self going down hill with stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Failure seemed to follow everything. I remained wretched and sick until advised to use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. It is not easy to describe the sort of feeling a sick man gets when he strikes a medicine that he can see is doing him a lot of good. I was over-joyed—Hamilton's Pills put new life into me and everything worked right. Since cured with Dr. Hamilton's Pills 1 haven't had a single symptom of stom-ach, liver or kidney trouble. I am free om headaches, languor and weakness, strong, robust as a man could be.'
better medicine per general family
se than Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They are

BAILROAD FIREWORKS.

in yellow 25c boxes, all dealers, or The Caterrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

mild, healthful and certain to cure

Torpedoes and Pusees as Signals to the Ear and Eye,

The Ear and Eye,

"Pop, pop," or perhaps a single 'pop,
sharp and distinct, that that of a grant
fireracker, heard not only on the Fourth of July, but every day in the year,
Sundays' included—what did it mean?"
writes a correspondent of St. Nicholas.
"And on almost any night as I look out
of my window I see the edge of the
wood or the fields lighted up by red of
yellow fireworks. Why this strange illumination?

yellow fireworks. Why this strange illumination?

"As all these queer happenings took place on the railroad a few rods from my house I made inquiries of the railway officials, and here are some interesting facts about the use of these curlous 'fireworks,' General Superintendent R. B. Pollock, of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, explained as follows:

"Our rules provide for the use of destonators (commonly known as torpedoes) as audible signals and of fusees as visible signals. These torpedoes are attached to the top of the rail on the engineer's side of the track by two small flexible metal straps, which are easily ben around the ball of the rail and hold the torpedoes securely in placs until exploded by the first train passing over this track.

"The explosion of one tornedo is a signal."

deen around the ball of the rail and hold the storpedoes securely in place until exploded by the first train passing over this track.

"The explosion of one torpedo is a signal to stop: the explosion of two not more than 200 feet apart is a signal to reduce speed and look out for a stop signal. The fusees are of similar construction to the well known Roman candle used for fireworks celebration. except that they burn a steady flaume without explosions. A sharp iron spike at the bottom end will usually stick in the ground or in the crossic when thrown from the rear of a train and holds the fusee in an upright position, where it is more plainly visible.

A fusee must be lighted and left by the flagman whenever a train is running on the time of another train or behind its own time, and under the circumstances which call for such protection. A fusee on or near the track may proceed with caution when the way is seen and known to be clear. Standard fusees burn red for three minutes and yellow for seven minutes and can be seen for quite a distance.

"You will gather from the above explanations that the red glare of a flaming fusee on or near the track warms the approaching engineer that a preceding train has passed over his track less than three minutes and seven or near the track warms the approaching engineer that a preceding train has passed over his track less than three minutes and when the flagman three minutes must be pass a fused with the is burning red. When the flagman known to be clear, keeping in fining and known to be clear with cauton, only as the way is seen and known to be clear, keeping in faind that when the puse changed from red to yellow he was exactly three minutes oehind a preceding train which may have stopped within a short distance, or may be proceeding at a nunusually slow rate of speed.

Woodward, of the Shore Line gives the additional detail redivision, gives the additional detail regarding torpedoes;
"When a train stops upon the main line and requires protection against a following train, the flagman goes back a specified distance and places one torpedo. He then confinues a further distance back, placing two torpedoes. As soon as the train he is protecting is ready to start, the engineer blows a specified whistle signal, which is a notice to the flagman to return to his train. On the way back he picks up the one torpedo, leaving two on the rail to warn the engineer of an approaching train that another train is a short distance ahead, and to give the flagman time to run back and get aboard of his own train."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc THE DIFFERENCE.

There was an aged Scotchman who by native shrewdness made a fortune and he did it without the slightest bit of education. One day he and an ac-quaintance were "alking, when the latter said to old Duncan:

"Say, Duncan, you don't know enough to go in when it rains. Why

enough to go in when it rains. Why, you can't even spell bird."

"B-u-r-d," said Duncan.

"I tell you, you don't know anything. Why, if you had to spell to make a living you'd have been dead years ago. I'll bet you a hundred you can't spell bird."

"I'll tak' ye," quickly replied Duncar't spell.

After the money was put up Duncan said, "B-i-r-d."

"That sin't the way you spelled it the first time I wasna bettin' then."-Argonaut.

BEST OF THE LOT.

Mr. Newlywed—This paper says there re 50,000,000 babies born every year. Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, darlingt Doesn't that make you proud! Mr. N .- Why should it?

Mrs. N .- Why, just to think that our baby is the smartest and prettiest of fifty million.-Cleveland Leader

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

"Henry, tell me the old, old story."
"Well, it was this way. Our team was doing fine until the seventh inning pitcher blew up."-Louis ville Courier-Journal.

Every woman imagines she would have a stylish figure if she could only afford to dress as she would like to. The sea of matrimony seems to offer great inducements to the fool who rocks the boat.

FOUR RECIPES FOR TOMATOES

TOMATO MARMALADE.

One quart of ripe tomatoes skinned and sliced. Put on stove with half a cupful of cider vinegar, one third of a cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of mixed spices; cook slowly and stir often with a wooden spooh When reduced to one-half it is done but in tumblers and cover with brandied paper.

TOMATO SALAD.

Wash and cut in small pieces, but do not chop, one large, ripe tomato, one small onion, and one green pepper. When ready to serve, pour over salad one-half cup of good vinegar, one teaspoonful sugar, one-quarter spoonful salt, and dash of pepper.

ESCALLOPED TOMATOES

Use a small baking dish. Skin and slice two ripe tomatoes, lay them in the dish with alternate layers of fine cracker crumbs, pepper, salt, and bits of butter. Sprinkle with cracker crumbs and bake half hour in a not oven. Serve in the baking dish.

SPICED TOMATO SAUCE.

Melt a lump of butter size of a nutmeg, and pour in one cupful of tomaloes. Add sait to a pinch of cayenne, slice of onion, a dust of flour, and a pinch of ground cloves and cinnamon. Stew slowly one hour, then strain and add; a teaspoorful of vinegar. This is delicious on meats

HOW TO REMOVE WARTS BY A PAINLESS REMEDY.

Don't allow these unsightly excres-Don't allow these unsightly excrescenses to spoil the beauty of your hands or arms. Remove them painlessly and for all time by applying Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Failure impossible, results always sure with Putnam's Corn and Wart Extractor. Refuse any substitute for Putnam's, it does the trick in one night. Price 25c at druggists.

WHAT OF THAT?

Well, what of that? fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by
Come, rouse thee! Work while it is to-Come, rouse thee! Work while it is to-day! Coward, arise! Go forth upon thy way!

Lonely! And what of that? Some must be lonely, 'tis not given to all To feel a heart responsive, rise and fail, To blend another life unto its own, Work may be done in loneliness. Work Dark! Well, what of that? Did'st fondly dream the sun

Did'st fear to lose thy way? Take courare yet!

Learn then to walk by faith, and not by

sight.

Thy steps will guided be, and guided

right.

Hard! Well, what of that? Didst fancy life one summer heliday. With lessons none to learn, and naught Abut wlay? Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die! It must be learned. Learn it, then, pa-tiently wait.

This is to certify that I have used MINARD'S Liniment in my family for years, and consider it the best liniment on the market. I have found it excellent for horseflesh.

(Signed) W. S. PINEO. "Woodlands," Middleton, N. S.

Dean of London Bar 100 Years Old A Gordon Hake, the dean of the London bar celebrated his one hundredth birthday recently at his home at Brighton. Mr. Hake is a master of five lan-guages—treek, Latin, French, Italian and Spanish-and reads Horace, Virgil

nd Montaigne. He attributes his long and healthy life to plenty of riding-he had for years a favorite horse named Daisy—and to walking and to absternious living. He has never cared much for modern vari-

eties of dress.
The Rev. T. G. Hake tells a good story of his father's rough and ready toilet. Dr. Charles Hanson once called on him at his chambers and asked permission to out on his barrister's wig and gown.
"Now," he said, "lend me a looking-glass." He was handed a razor—the nearest approach to a mirror pe

BEES AS MESSENGERS.

It is being urged as a practical plan that bees be used to carry messages in time of war in place of carrier pigeons. By the aid of photography it is now pos sible to reduce a message occupying a pinehead. Such tiny measures could be glued to the back of a bee and as these insects have the homing instinct a carrier service might be established which the bullets of the enemy could not reach. After being received, the tiny messages would be enlarged by photo-graphy so as to be easily read?

ISSUE NO. 35, 1911

WOMEN WANTED. WRITE TO US TO-DAY FOR OUR choice line of Agents' supplies. No outlay necessary. They are money-makers. Apply B. C. I. Co., Limited, 328 Albert street. Ottawa, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED - SMART YOUTHS AS agents for our specialties in every locality. Write for particulars. Huron Novelty Co. Be. 2351, Toronto.





BIRDS POLICE EARTH AND AIR. Birds work more in conjunction with man to help him than does any other form of outdoor life, seconding to a recent article in Success Magazine. They police the earth and air, and without their services the farmer would be helpless. Larks, wrens and hrushes search the ground for grubs and insearch the ground for grubs and in-sects. The tood of the meadow lark consists of 75 per cent, or injurious in-sects and 12 per cent, of weed seed, showing it to be a bird of great eco-romic value. Sparrows, finches and quail eat a large amount of weed seed. Practically all the food of the tree sparrow consists of seed. Examinations by Professor F. E. L. Beal, of the Bioby Professor F. E. L. Beal, of the Bio-legical Survey of the Department of Ag-riculture, show that a single tree spar-row will eat a quarter of an ounce of weed seed daily. In a State the size of lowa tree sparrows alone will consume more than 800 tons of weed seed annu-ally. This, with the work of other seedeating birds, saves the farmer an im-mense amount of work. Nuthatches and chickadees scan every part of the trunks and limbs of trees for insect eggs. In a days' time a chickadee has been known to eat hundreds of insect, eggs and worms that are very harmful to our trees and regetables. Warblets and vireos hunt the leaves and buds for moths and millers. Fly-catchers, swallows and night hawks are busy day and night catching flies that bother man and beast.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in

SOME FLY DON'TS.

Don't allow flies in your house. Don't permit them near your food, es-Don't buy food where flies are toler-

Don't have feeding places where flies can load themselves with the dejections Don't allow your fruits and confections to be exposed to swarms of flies.

Don't allow flies to crawl over the baby's mouth and swarm upon the nipple of its nursing bottle.

Clean up your own premises. If you still have flies it is because your neighbors are harhoring filth. If they won't clean up ask the Board of Health to force them to do so.

Don't forget you are not safe from

Don't forget you are not safe from diseases carried by flies unless your grocer, your butcher, your baker—everyone from whom you buy foodstuffs—is as careful as you are. See that your town here food averaging. town has a food-screening ordinance and

that it is enforced. It's so useful!
It's good every way.
Internally it satisfies.
Externally it beautifies.
It makes prodigiously for health. It makes prodigiously for health. Lemonade is good and every time of

ear.
The juice of a lemon renders a glass of suspicious water innocuous.

Lemon juice whitens the skin in the most astonishing manner.

After bathing the face, shoulders, the

arms and hands it is well to apply a mixture composed of the juice of a lenon, one ounce of pure glycerine and two ounces of rosewater. Soil and many stains may be removed from the finger; with the end of a le-mon. First rub it over the flesh, then dig and twist each of the fingers in it.

UTAH'S SHRUNKEN REMNANT."

Reports continue that the waters of the Great Salt Lake in Utah are grad-ually sinking. This seems to bear out the theory of many scientists that the lake is but a "shrunken remnant" of a vastly larger body of acrid water that at one time reached out out to the northern and western borders of Utah and beyond, forming a veritable inland

"What is the hardest thing to learn about farming?" inquired the summer boarder. Gettin' up at 5 o'clock in the mornin'." replied Farmer Corntossel.

EDDY'S KITCHEN-WARE

Ideal in Every Way For the Various Needs of the Busy Housewives

These utensils are light and durable, have no hoops to fall off or rust, will not taint

water, milk or other liquids and are impervious to the same. They will stand any climate and any fair usage. Made in Pails, Tubs. Keelers, Milk Pans, Wash Basins, Etc.

"Try Them. They'll Please You."



The E. B. EDDY Co., Hull, Canada