

Don't be bothered
with a table salt
that cakes.

Windsor SALT

never cakes, be-
cause every grain is
a pure, dry, perfect
crystal.

A Mother's Testimony



About a month ago I received one of your **LITTLE BEAUTY HAMMOCK COTS** and find it perfectly satisfactory in every respect and would not like to part with it, for it is the best thing I ever saw.

Write for a copy of "BABY'S SLEEP" telling all about it.

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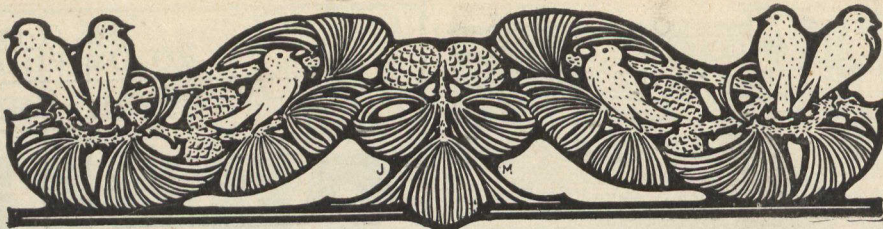
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FOR THE CHILDREN

MAKING FRIENDS.

BY ALICE TURNER CURTIS.

DORIS MAYHEW lives in the real country. There are no street cars within miles of her home, and she can just see the roof of the house of their nearest neighbour.

There are fields and pastures all about, and at some little distance back of the house is a thickly wooded hill-side, where many gray squirrels make their home and where foxes have been seen.

There are no children, but Doris does not lack playmates, for when she was a very small girl, not quite four years old, she began to make friends with the birds who built their nests happily and safely near the Mayhew farm.

The first bird that Doris made friends with was, she thought, the most wonderful bird of all. It built its tiny nest among the jesamine vines on the latticework close to Doris's chamber window. It was a humming-bird, as beautiful as a flower, the little girl thought, as she watched its delicate wings, its swift flight, and its hovering, swaying motion over some honey-bearing blossom. By sitting very quietly at the window, Doris could see Mr. and Mrs. Humming-Bird going and coming, and gradually the timid birds became used to the little girl by the window, and knew that she was their friend. Sometimes Doris would put out a dish on the window-sill with honey in it, and when the birds came and daintily dipped their bills in it, Doris thought it one of the greatest things that could happen.

Doris liked to play down under the big maple-tree near the brook. Here she had a broad wooden bench which her father had made for her, and just above the bench on one of the lower branches of the tree Mr. and Mrs. Robin had built their nest. They were rather a noisy couple, but it was easier to make friends with them than with the humming-birds. They would light on the very bench where Doris sat, and pick up the bits of bread, or tiny pieces of fruit.

By standing on the bench Doris could see the nest, and as she was careful never to disturb it, Mr. and Mrs. Robin made no objections, but when the young robins began to flutter out of the nest they were as willing to take food from Doris as from their parents. They would hop along after her when she started toward the house, chirping loudly. As they grew larger they fluttered about her, and seemed to be on the outlook for her visits, and would take a berry or a bit of soft cake from her hand.

Then, down in the pasture, Doris found the nest of a tiny ground-sparrow, and she made friends with the sparrow family, but very softly and gently. It took a long time before the little shy brown birds would venture near the strange visitor; and they never became so friendly as the robins.

Doris is now nearly eight years old, and she is quite sure that the birds who come back to these nests every year belong to the same family as those with whom she first made friends; because she says they remember her and are not timid. —
Youth's Companion.

HOLIDAYS.

THE little folks of China Land Have holidays so strange and grand.

When comes the Feast of Lanterns, all The people walk about and call With gorgeous lanterns, shining bright—

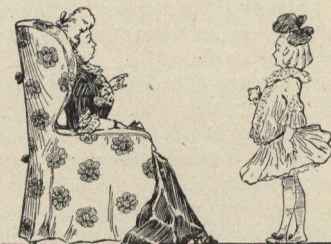
It must be such a pretty sight! The Feast of Dragon Boats they hold Beside the water; young and old Come out to see the dragon boats— Such odd and curious-looking floats— Race for a prize. Another date For celebrating is the fete Called Feast-Day of the Moon, on which

Folks everywhere, both poor and rich, Eat little round cakes, coloured red. How queer! I'm glad we have, instead,

Our good old days of Christmas cheer, Thanksgiving, Easter, and New-Year, The Fourth, and all the fun they bring.

I wouldn't change for anything!
—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *



HIGH LIFE

"Mother, may I go out to fly?"
"Yes, my darling daughter.
Don't go more than two miles high
And don't go over the water."—*Life.*

* * *

KATRINA.

KATRINA came to our school—
Her seat is next to mine,—
She used to live in Germany,
Beside the river Rhine.

Her cheeks are pink as cherry blooms,
Her lips ten times as red;
But none of us could understand
A word Katrina said.

Her eyes are like my best big doll's,
Her hair is just the same;
I'm sure I never could pronounce
Her father's funny name.

She's such a different kind of girl
And from so far away
You'd think she would feel sad and
strange
And lonely all the day.

But no! Katrina always smiles;
She's made us all her friends—
When anybody's pencil breaks
Her own she always lends.

She fixes our hair ribbons straight,
She pins us when we tear.
I never saw a little girl
So useful everywhere.

She always comes to school on time;
Her desk is just as neat!
I'm sure I'm twice as careful
Since Katrina shares my seat.

It makes me have some new, new
thoughts—
Some kindlier thoughts!—to know
That, though I cannot speak to her,
I love Katrina so.

—*St. Nicholas.*

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

"A SAFE HIT"

When Mennen's was first introduced it made a hit immediately, and was then and is now specially recommended by physicians everywhere as perfectly pure and safe. It has proven a summer necessity, a boon for comfort of old and young.

Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

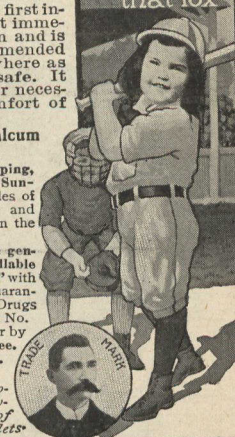
prevents and relieves Chapping, Chafing, Prickly Heat, Sunburn, and all skin troubles of summer. After bathing and shaving it is delightful; in the nursery, indispensable.

For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. Sample free. GERHARD MENNEN CO.

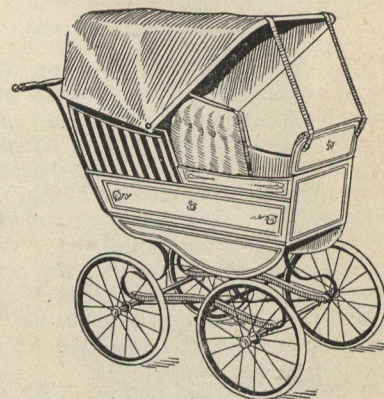
Newark, N. J.

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The Box that Lox



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Ask your dealer or write Dept. "C"

The Gendron Mfg. Co., Limited, Toronto

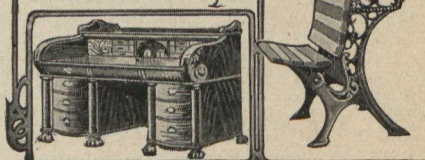


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