A Favorite Singer

In Westmore no two people could talk together five minutes without in some way mentioning Bettina Light, for everybody knew Bettina and nearly everybody loved her. Bettina's finger was in every pie, sociable or charitable. Bettina's smile sweetened every company. And Bettina herself could brighten the dullest day by merely carrying her red coat down Meade street.

Yet Bettina was twenty-seven and not pretty. She was plump and she did not always look just right in her clothes, for 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 respectfully had she chosen to walk from one end of the town to the other barefoot.

Bettina taught the Westmore high school and most of her wages went to support her home and her parents. She could sing—not operatic airs with strange uncouth words attached, but sweet hymns and old fashioned songs such as compelled the heart, and moistened the eyes. She always felt that she sang better if John Waite was there to hear her. Bettina had been in love with John for years. She had indeed transferred her affections from her doll to him. John was tall and thin, with the nicest eyes in the world. He worked hard and earned a 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 marry him. He had never paid her any particular attention, but then he had never 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 never said a word that would make her think that he meant to be more than friendly. 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 its day been almost a mansion, and she wore a mink coat of constantly ascending value.

Bettina decided that she would wear her catawba gown, because John had once observed that it was pretty, and sing the "Last Rose of Summer," because that was John's favorite 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 about her neck her Irish crochet collar and put rice on her nose. Then she went down to show her father and mother how she looked.

"You look beautiful, Bett—just the way your ma did the day we were married," said gentle Mr. Light.

"Come here, darling, and let me fix you a bit," said her mother, as she always did. With tender touch she straightened Bettina's skirt and pulled down her collar and tucked in a straying lock of hair, and then she kissed her. "I hope my girl 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 musicale had been given in her honor. When presently John Waite came he sat down beside Bettina and then she felt as if the whole world 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. Hoyt stood up to give his famous solo. He had just opened his mouth 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 lace dripping with crystal beads. A fillet of crystal beads crossed her hair. Her arms and neck were bare.

"Who's that?" Bettina whispered to Mrs. Fellowes.

"She's Miss Gloria Gardner, from New York, a cousin of Mrs. Lull's. She's going to sing," whispered back Mrs. Fellowes. "It's a kind of surprise."

Bettina felt that Mrs. Lull had not played fair. Every eye in the room was turned on the stranger. Even John—

"Oh, me," moaned Bettina inwardly. She felt the earth going out from under her. John had never looked at her like that. She clinched her small brown hands and looked down into her lap. She could not bear to see John's awakened look on that trailing, shimmering thing yonder that had brought it about.

Presently Bettina woke up as from a bad dream to find Mrs. Lull at the piano and Miss Gardner standing beside 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 song was Italian and the words mere sounds to everybody who heard, but it was only the voice that counted. When it was over Bettina tried to clap like the rest. Her hands trembled. She was miserably conscious that the next number was hers and for the first time in her life she was afraid and ashamed 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 song was too old and she had never learned 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 in her body was in her hands. And—and—

"'Twas the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone."

She was actually singing, but she had no 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 listening 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" butter dust in her mouth, Bettina ended her song.

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 languidly trailed to the piano Bettina fled. Nobody saw her go. Out of doors she drew a long breath and then sobs came. Poor, wretched little Bettina!

She 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 for?"

Then she ran all the faster, but John caught up with her. "Bettina," he began, more gently.

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—

"My dear girl!" The cool voice fell like ice on the heat of her passionate misery. "My Bettina!" And then his arm went round her. "Come, brace up, child. I can't have you doing this. I can't have you saying you won't sing, for I want you to sing for me always after this—for me, do you understand, Bettina?"

Bettina was silent, perceiving happiness, and trying to understand.

"As for that girl back there," John went on, delightfully, "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——"

He drew her close and Bettina snuggling to him, forgot defeat and everything save just the abiding wonderful fact that John loved her as much as she loved him.

FIVE POINTS IN BOND INVESTMENTS

¶ A desirable investment has in it these essentials—the 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 literature on Bond Investments and a list of those we recommend.

ROYAL SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED
BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING
YONGE AND QUEEN STS.
TORONTO

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 promontory can I 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 dolphin, 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 time is responsive. I wait, alone, alert, aloft, wings are mine, I float without fatigue.

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

I come nearer still, for He is not far away. The mountain, the fire, the voice, make me tremble, and yet I stand 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 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, 800 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 afternoon. I'm afraid they've been kidnapped."

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

"Found her at 161st street and Morris avenue," he said.

"She's one of mine," burst out Collins. "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 158th street and Brook avenue.

"That's the other Birdie—Mary," Collins said, joyfully.

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

"Birdie—Mary," was the quick reply.

"How 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. "I'll 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 lie down to sleep.

Sunrise and sunset crest with gold
The peaks of ageless stone,
When winds have thundered from of old
And storms have set their throne.

No echoes of the world afar
Disturb it night or day,
Sun 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,
Retracing whence we came,
We passed in silence, and the lake
We left without a name.

—Frederick George Scott.

Quebec, P. Q., 1911.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
23

"Splendid Darling. I see by the paper that a food expert says that it is possible for a family to live on $6 a week. Can you think it possible? Rather, my 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, 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 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. Lincoln never fully 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 insane. Wilkes Booth was pursued and ultimately surrounded by a troop of cavalry, while concealed in a barn. Strick orders were issued that he was to be taken alive. Notwithstanding this a corporal put his carbine through an opening and shot the assassin dead. The corporal later on became insane and also died in a lunatic asylum.

POSITIVE PURITY

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

St. Lawrence Sugar

And at the same time has double the sweetening strength of other Sugars.

ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

FOOR MARY ANN.

This
is an
ice-cream
Sundae that
Jimmie bought
for Mae—her real
name,though, is Mary
Ann-that's what the old
folks say. The young things
to a drug store went to buy some
cooling cream. Jim wore his Sabbath
raiment. Mae was a (nightmare) dream.
She wore one of those hobble things and
waddled 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 ralmost
lost his mind in
frenzy then he dished
it up—a score of
kinds he counted
and with a choc-
olate mouse
there on the
whole lay-
out, "sur-
mounted.The day was
hot, the mouse slid off the
swiftly melting cream just as
it met Mae's startled gaze, and
forthwith she gave a scream. She
could not jump upon a chair—the hobble
ble held her back. She only stood and
raved and yelled until her face was
black. In a taxicab they took her home
—was cured at last, they say, but hobble
skirts and fees, too, she hates until this
day.—St. Joseph Gazette.

THE CONTENTED ARTIST.

"Stock takings and yearly statements should be conservative. In taking an account of stock it is a grave error to be, like the Cape May sculptor, oversanguine."

The speaker was Senator Boies Penrose, of Philadelphia. He resumed;

"This sculptor, calculating like certain financiers I've known, said to a friend on the Cape May beach:

"'You know that terra cotta statuette of mine, 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,' but you must remember that the price of board has gone up.'"—Washington Star.

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
miles of excelsior.
It is also used in upholstery and for
filling mattresses.
The encyclopaedia says that excelsior
is an American invention.
The first step in its manufacture is
dividing logs of wood into 18-inch blocks.
These huge 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.
The annual output amounts to about
45,000 tons, and large quantities are exported.
The name of the stuff is but a trade
name, and has nothing to do with Longfellow's hero.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

GOOD IDEA.

Jones was at the theatre, says the New York American, and behind him sat a lady with a child on her lap, which was crying unceasingly.

Unable to stand it any longer, Jones 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 stifled out."

It was Jones who had to be carried out.

FARMER TELLS INTERESTING STORY

Whether Sick or Well, in Good Weather or in Stormy, He 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 farmer must keep at it or else the narrow profit, his bare living, will be lost to him.

A well-known Haldimand farmer, Mr. J. P. Pelletier, writes: "For nearly three 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 inflammation 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 myself 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 overjoyed—Hamilton's Pills put new life into me and everything worked right. Since cured with Dr. Hamilton's Pills I haven't had a single symptom of stomach, liver or kidney trouble. I am free from headaches, languor and weakness, as strong, robust as a man could be." No better medicine for general family use than Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They are mild, healthful and certain to cure. Sold in yellow 25c boxes, all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

RAILROAD FIREWORKS.

Torpedoes and Fusees as Signals to the Ear and Eye.

"'Pop, pop,' or perhaps a single 'pop,' sharp and distinct, like that of a giant firecracker, 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 or 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 curious 'fireworks.' General Superintendent R. B. Pollock, of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, explained as follows:

"Our rules provide for the use of detonators (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 bent around the ball of the rail and hold the torpedoes 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 flame without explosions. A sharp iron spike at the bottom end will usually stick in the ground or in the crosstie 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 warns the approaching engineer that a preceding train has passed over his track less than three minutes ahead of him, and under no circumstances must he pass a fusee while it is burning red. When the flame sturns to yellow he may proceed with caution, only as the way is seen and known to be clear, keeping in mind that when the fusee changed from red to yellow he was exactly three minutes behind a preceding train which may have stopped within a short distance, or may be proceeding at a nunusually slow rate of speed.'

"Supt. Woodward, of the Shore Line division, 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 continues 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 acquaintance were talking, when the latter said to old Duncan:

"Say, Duncan, you don't know 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 Duncan.

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

"That ain't the way you spelled it the first time."

"I waena bettin' then."—Argonaut.

BEST OF THE LOT.

Mr. Newlywed—This paper says there are 50,000,000 babies born every year.

Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, darling! 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, and then our pitcher blew up."—Louisville 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 rushes in.

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 spoon. When reduced to one-half it is done. Put 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 hot oven. Serve in the baking dish.

SPICED TOMATO SAUCE.

Melt a lump of butter size of a nutmeg, and pour in one cupful of tomatoes. Add salt 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 teaspoonful of vinegar. This is delicious on meats.

HOW TO REMOVE WARTS BY A PAINLESS REMEDY.

Don't allow these unsightly excrescences 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?

Tired! Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by
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 fall,
To blend another life unto its own,
Work may be done in loneliness. Work on!

Dark! Well, what of that?
Did'st fondly dream the sun would never set?
Did'st fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet!
Learn then to walk by faith, and not by sight:
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard! Well, what of that?
Did'st fancy life one summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and naught but play?
Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die!
It must be learned. Learn it, then, patiently wait.

—Anonymous.

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 102 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 languages—greek, Latin, French, Italian and Spanish—and reads Horace, Virgil and 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 abstemious living. He has never cared much for modern varieties 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 put 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 possessed by his friend.—From Law Notes.

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 possible to reduce a message occupying a full sheet of paper down to the size of a pinehead. Such tiny messages 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 photography so as to be easily read.

ISSUE No. 35, 1911

WOMEN WANTED.

WRITE TO US TODAY FOR OUR choice line of Agents supplies. No selling necessary. Wear and sell. Apply B. C. I. Co., Limited, 10 Albert street, Quebec, Que.

AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED — SMART YOUTHS AS agents for our specialties in every locality. Write for particulars. Huron Novelty Co. Box 231, Toronto.

BIRDS POLICE EARTH AND AIR.

Birds work more in conjunction with man to help him than does any other form of outdoor life, according 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 thrushes search the ground for grubs and insects. The food of the meadow lark consists of 75 per cent. of injurious insects and 12 per cent. of weed seed, showing it to be a bird of great economic 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 Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture, show that a single tree sparrow will eat a quarter of an ounce of weed seed daily. In a State the size of Iowa tree sparrows alone will consume more than 800 tons of weed seed annually. This, with the work of other seed-eating birds, saves the farmer an immense 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 vegetables. Warblers 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 Cows.

SOME FLY DON'TS.

Don't allow flies in your house.

Don't permit them near your food, especially milk.

Don't buy food where flies are tolerated.

Don't have feeding places where they can load themselves with the disease germs.

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 harboring 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 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 has a food-screening ordinance and that it is enforced.

THE LEMON.

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

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 lemon, 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 lemon. 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 gradually 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 sea.

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

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, Kettles, Milk Pans, Wash Boilers, Etc.

"Say Them, They'll Please You."