

Timothy and the Moppitts

By DOROTHY A. NOVELL

If you have ever stayed away in someone else's home where everything is wonderful and new and exciting you will know how Timothy felt when Mrs. Moppitt said she had thought of a splendid plan.

It happened this way. Mr. Moppitt and Michael, his son, were fishermen. They had a boat called the Daisy Bell and every night they sailed out into the big darkness beyond the bay, where the wind chased the waves, and set them running like horses with white muzzles. Michael had said that some night Timothy should come fishing with them instead of going to sleep in his little bed. And in the morning Timothy thought how lovely it would be to sail off in the Daisy Bell with the moon and stars in the sky instead of the sun. But when evening time came it was easier to sit in a little chair close to Mrs. Moppitt's big chair by the fire and hear her talk about the holes that sailormen make in their jerseys and socks, as she dived her hand into her mending basket for the right colored darning wool.

And then Mrs. Moppitt thought of her splendid plan. They were still sitting round the table having breakfast and Timothy was thinking that Michael's eyes were the very same color as the blue china, and his hands just as brown as the porridge pot. And then Michael said, "Well, Timothy, when are you coming out with us in the Daisy Bell?"

And because it was morning, and everything was sunny and shining, Timothy said, "I will come to-night!" Mr. Moppitt and Michael laughed. "And suppose we caught a whale," said Mr. Moppitt, "would you know what to do with him?"

"I would tell him to keep very still because the net had only just been mended," said Timothy. Mr. Moppitt laughed so loudly that the cups rattled in the saucers. But Mrs. Moppitt poured out some more milk into Timothy's mug, and said, "To-morrow, if it's fine, Timothy, and I are going to get up very early and come down to see the boats come in."

"How early?" asked Timothy excitedly. "Do you mean before the sun gets up?" Mr. Moppitt nodded, in that nice, mysterious way. And that evening, as soon as supper was over, she popped him into bed and told him to sleep like a top.

Timothy always slept like a top. He just snuggled his little nose into the soft, sweet-scented pillow, and cuddled his shoulders into the bed clothes, and off he went. Usually it was the sun that wakened him, but on this special morning it was Mrs. Moppitt.

"It is going to be a lovely morning," she was saying, "and we shall have to be quick or the boats will sail away!" She gave Timothy a slice of the cake she had made herself and kept in the corner cupboard, and a drink of milk, so that he should not feel hungry; and then she wrapped him up warmly and out they went.

It was most exciting. The little road was quite empty, and all shiny and strange. One or two stars were twinkling sleepily in the dark gray sky, as if they wished someone would put them to bed; and a tabby cat ran beside them down the path in a friend-

ly way, all right they did not know her. All the windows in the houses had their curtains drawn across them, and there was no smoke coming out of the chimneys.

As they walked it sounded as if two other people were coming along behind, but it was only the echo of their own footsteps—Mrs. Moppitt's firm tread, and Timothy's little, trotting one. But as they neared the quay they heard the clatter of big boots on the cobbles, and the sound of voices, and the clatter of sea-gulls; and there, among the ropes and lobster pots, were quite a number of people waiting for the fish to arrive.

There was a scent of all manner of salty things on the quay, and down below, where the tide swished the heavy dark seaweed up and down against the old stone wall, there was a delicious, fresh, jolly sort of smell that made you feel very big, and strong, and brave. On the farther side of the bay was the lighthouse, but now that the night had gone it had stopped shining, and stood white and tall on its rock.

Timothy held Mrs. Moppitt's hand tightly, and looked out over the "breakwater" to the sea beyond. Already the light of day was sweeping across the water, and far off, on the horizon, a speck of gold leapt out of the sky and flashed through the air to his feet.

"Look! Look!" cried Timothy, "the morning has opened its eyes."

And then, with the great sun behind them, the fishing fleet blew home, like birds with copper-colored wings. "Here comes the Daisy Bell!" said Mrs. Moppitt, waving her hand. "See, there's Michael hauling in the seal! Wave to them, Timothy, they're looking for us."

And Timothy waved a woolly glove and called out "Hooray!" And Mr. Moppitt and Michael waved their caps and shouted "Hooray!" from their boat as she glided up alongside the quay. And the gulls circled round and round in the lovely sunshine and called "Hooray, hooray!" and flapped their great wings with excitement.

As soon as the fish was landed, Mrs. Moppitt said she must hurry home to get breakfast ready. And then Michael helped Timothy down the slippery-sidy stone steps, half-covered with seaweed and mussels, to where the Daisy Bell bobbed about on the water, and Mr. Moppitt lifted him on board and showed him the tiny cabin, all snug and cozy.

It had two little round windows, one on each side, with lace curtains, so small that they might easily have come out of a doll's house. The windows did not really open because they were always under water, but they gave a lovely green light to the cabin. Mr. Moppitt said that you could see very often—a real fish would swim up wonderful things through them when the water was clear, jelly fish, and sea ferns; and sometimes—but not and look in!

And then they went on deck again, and made everything clean and tidy, and when it was all in order and the Daisy Bell fastened securely to a big iron ring on the quay side, they were ready to go home.

"Climb up!" sang out Mr. Moppitt, holding out his big arms. And Timothy climbed up, and leaned against Mr. Moppitt's blue jersey as they made their way up the wiggly scraggly street. "Did you catch a whale, Mr. Moppitt?"

"No," said Mr. Moppitt, holding him very fast, and twinkling his blue eyes, "but I caught a little boy instead!" "Christian Science Monitor."

It May Be Urgent



When your Children Cry for It

Castoria is a comfort when Baby is fretful. No sooner taken than the little one is at ease. If restless, a few drops soon bring contentment. No harm done, for Castoria is a baby remedy, meant for babies. Perfectly safe to give the youngest infant; you have the doctors' word for that! It is a vegetable product and you could use it every day. But it's in an emergency that Castoria means most. Some night when constipation must be relieved—or colic pains—or other suffering. Never be without it; some mothers keep an extra bottle, unopened, to make sure there will always be Castoria in the house. It is effective for older children, too; read the book that comes with it.



New Use For Old Chimneys—Re-training Modern



CHIMNEY A LIGHTHOUSE
Air riders of the night will be guided by the highest chimney in Chicago, which will be illuminated by flood lights.

How Much To Tip

Not by one of high importance to the travelling public is the matter of "tips" which has been receiving some attention. Not once but again and again has the effort been made to abolish tipping, but the custom flourishes as strongly as it ever did, and it bids fair to continue as long as people are the recipients of personal service.

The Toronto Globe publishes a tariff of tips which it describes as "the things to do," on shipboard. Here it is:

Room steward, \$5; stewardess, \$5; waiter, \$5; deck steward, \$2.50; bath steward, \$2.50. These are the usual tips in "first-cabin" travel. It also states that during the last few years there has developed an extensive summer travel, of college touring teachers' trips, etc., going "third-cabin" and that on these the regular rate of tips is about half of that in the "first-cabin."

We have done a little ocean travelling in our time and as question if the rule in tipping is as the Globe describes. In any case tipping is one of the tyrannies of travel, and is productive of no small amount of embarrassment to people of moderate means. The steamship line, bold enough to abolish the custom would be doing a public service. Its rates might require to be increased in order to make good to stewards by advanced wages some measure of the loss they would be bound to sustain; but the comfort of the passengers would be increased a hundred fold.

I fancy more than one would like to possess the sang froid of the traveller on an ocean liner who, when his steward held out his hand as a reminder of the customary gratuity, grasped it and shook it warmly, but left nothing behind.

SUMMER COMPLAINTS KILL LITTLE ONES

At the first sign of illness during the hot weather give the little one Baby's Own Tablets or in a few hours he may be beyond aid. These Tablets will prevent summer complaint if given occasionally to the well child, and will promptly relieve these troubles if they come on suddenly. Baby's Own Tablets should always be kept in every home where there are young children. There is no other medicine as good and the mother has the guarantee that they are absolutely safe. They are sold by all druggists or will be mailed on receipt of price, 25 cents per box, by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. A little booklet, "Care of the Baby in Health and Sickness," will be sent free to any mother on request.



"A man who has the wrong key generally sings off pitch."

It has been estimated that visitors to Canada from the United States and other countries spent about \$275,000,000 in the Dominion last year. This year the number of tourists coming to Canada promises to break all previous records.

Plans to Build First Railroad on the Island

Hamilton, Bermuda.—The Insular government of Bermuda, caught in the rush of progress, has authorized the construction of a twenty-mile railroad, the first on the island.

The cost will exceed \$1,000,000 and all of the capital is British. The director of the British Traction Company are the Marquis of Winchester, Lord Daryington, Arthur F. Hadley, Ernest T. Thornton Smith, Sir George Leveson Gower and G. C. Huns Hamilton.

All are officials of British railroad companies. Ten miles will be completed this year and the system will be electrified from the start.

ST. VITUS DANCE

A Trouble That Usually Attacks Young Children

St. Vitus dance is the name generally given to a disease described by medical men as chorea. This trouble usually attacks young children, though older people may be afflicted with it. The most common symptoms are a twitching of the face and limbs. As the disease progresses the twitching takes the form of spasms, in which the jerking motion may be confined to the face or all the limbs may be affected. Frequently the patient is unable to hold anything in the hands or walk steadily. In severe cases the speech is often affected. The disease is due to debility of the nerves and relief comes through an enriched blood supply. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been most successful in reaching this trouble through their specific action on the blood, which it enriches and purifies. The following instance proves the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in this trouble. Mrs. Thomas Bowen, Bath, Ont., says:—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been in use in my family for years and always with good results. I believe they saved the life of my only son. At ten years of age he grew very nervous and the trouble developed into St. Vitus dance. His legs and arms would jerk and twitch, then his speech was affected, and his condition was pitiable. Just then there came to me a little book telling of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to give them to him. By the time two boxes were used there was an improvement in his condition, and by the time six boxes were taken all traces of the trouble had disappeared, and he was well and strong. I have also given the pills to my growing girls, and I know of no better strengthening medicine. I may add that the same applies to grown-ups as well."

You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Radio Rescue

The Work in Seaplane's Rescue Wins Praise From Naval Officers

Washington.—Exceptional radio work "done under trying conditions" by the crews of the flying boat PN-12 and the U. S. S. Flusser has won the commendation of communications headquarters of the navy. When the flying boat was forced down recently fifty miles south of Montauk Point, L.I., the crew immediately rigged its emergency engine and radio kite, calibrated the transmitter for 545 kilocycles and established communication with the vessels Wright and Flusser, the latter acting as guard ship.

It was necessary to take in the heavy kite when rain started, and a fixed antenna was rigged between the wings and the tail of the plane. Communication was again established by recalibrating the transmitter, and the Wright, which was ninety miles away, was able to easily copy the plane's signals.

With the fixed antenna the plane's signals were of insufficient strength for the Flusser to use its radio compass in an attempt to locate the plane in the fog. Consequently the plane requested the Flusser to transmit the letters "MO" and took bearings of the Flusser and transmitted them to the vessel. From the plotted position, it was ascertained that the Flusser the first time passed the plane about three-quarters of a mile, but due to the lack of visibility was unable to sight the aircraft.

Navy radio men here say the incident demonstrated the usefulness and efficiency of the Bellini-Tosi type aircraft radio compass and emergency gasoline engine-driven radio power supply.

Laugh, Clown, Laugh

When I declare my heart is broke My friends all take it as a joke. They fail to realize that I may Have tragedies as well 's they. They fail to see that my affairs Are just as serious as theirs, And think because I'm always gay That sorrow never comes my way. I'll show them that my heart can ache. Some day they'll see it really break. —Myra M. Waterman.

A man caught stealing excused himself on the ground that he did it in a fit of abstraction.

Let Minard's Liniment Relieve Pain.

The National Railways

Saskatoon Star (Lib.): At present the C. N. R. bears a capital burden which ought not to be saddled upon it. The result is that while large operating profits are realized they are insufficient to meet all fixed charges and it remains possible to describe the National Railways as an insolvent company. Recapitalization is essential in the interest of all concerned, especially the Canadian people who are owners of the system.

Go! Go at the price of my life. You will save all.—Dr. Fluz Mahn.

Byemoor, Alberta.—"The Change of Life was the trouble with me and I was run-down, thin, and weak and could not sleep, had a poor appetite and could not do much work. I am taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound now and I feel like a well woman. I saw it advertised in the papers and tried it and Lydia E. Pinkham's Sensitive Wash. I have recommended it to a lot of women friends." Mrs. Wm. GOODKIN, Byemoor, Alberta.

Minard's Liniment—Universal remedy.

RED ROSE TEA

"is good tea"
The Orange Pebe is something extra—a special tea. In clear, bright Aluminium

British Writer Asks Real Arms Pact With U. S.

"Scrutator" of "Sunday Times" Fears Submarine Blockade in French Naval Deal

Foreign Office Attached Wants North Atlantic Declared Free for 2 Nations

London.—To the voices of Liberal and Labor critics of the Government demanding immediate publication of the details of the naval understanding with France, there will be added that of the well-informed political commentator who writes under the pseudonym "Scrutator" in the Conservative "Sunday Times."

This writer betrays some nervousness lest the government, in conceding to France the right to build an unlimited number of small submarines, had sown the seeds of a future naval blockade of Great Britain and proceeds to arraign the Admiralty and the Foreign Office for concentrating on a naval agreement with France instead of the United States.

"If our Admiralty were so minded," he will say, "and if the Foreign Office devoted one-half of the ability and ambition now expended in Paris to understanding the mind of America and reconciling it with ours, we might have a real naval treaty disarming with America, to which every nation must needs subscribe, for nothing could resist an Anglo-American combination at sea."

"This agreement should take the form of a treaty declaring the whole North Atlantic a free sea for the commerce of the two countries and announcing that any interference, whether by submarines or surface craft, would be treated as an act of war."

"This thesis is one which has been frequently advocated in several influential newspapers in Great Britain. If this were not the year of a Presidential election in the United States there is little doubt that it would have been tentatively put forth in diplomatic soundings. However, under the present regime neither the Foreign Office nor the Admiralty is conspicuous for originality, and it is doubtful that any approaches will be made this year."

If proof of the above statement were needed it might be found in a declaration to-day by William Clive Bridgeman, the First Lord of the Admiralty, in the report that work on the Singapore naval base was being held up pending the signing of the Kellogg multilateral treaty for the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy. Such comment as has been cabled back here from New York seems to indicate that this report, which is now branded as false, would, had it been true, have been one of the most popular moves made by the British Government in a long time.

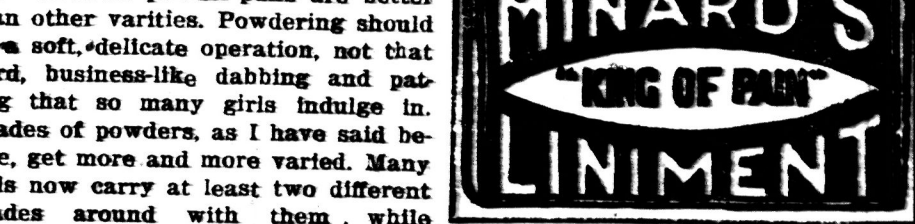
Who is Smith and who is Hoover? Which is dry and which is wet.—Benito Mussolini.

FOR FIFTY YEARS Cuticura Soap and Ointment

has effected the prompt, permanent and painless cures of itching, burning, and sore skin and hair.

Blistered Feet

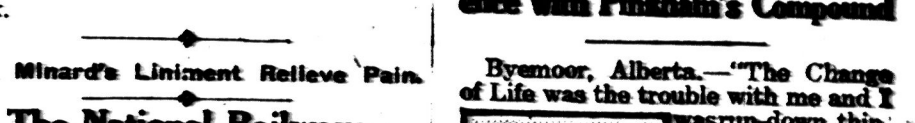
If walking has blistered your feet, bathe them with Minard's. Sure relief.



ATTENTION, WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE!

Mrs. Goodley Tells Her Experience with Pinkham's Compound

Byemoor, Alberta.—"The Change of Life was the trouble with me and I was run-down, thin, and weak and could not sleep, had a poor appetite and could not do much work. I am taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound now and I feel like a well woman. I saw it advertised in the papers and tried it and Lydia E. Pinkham's Sensitive Wash. I have recommended it to a lot of women friends." Mrs. Wm. GOODKIN, Byemoor, Alberta.



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Advertisement for a product, possibly a shoe or a hat, with a small illustration.

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Various small advertisements and notices on the right edge of the page, including mentions of 'Toronto', 'CKIE', and 'Limited'.