

WILL NOT HAVE THEM SPOILED.

Queen Mary a Spartan When It Comes to Keeping Children's Tastes Simple.

When it comes to imbuing her children with simple tastes, Queen Mary, of England, surely has all other royal mothers "stopped." A certain young woman, who is a great favorite with the royal children, whom she knows through their French governess, received an evidence of the length to which the Queen goes in this respect. The young woman in question, when the little Prince John, a special pet of hers, was ill a short time ago, begged to be allowed to send him a Teddy bear, to replace a worn-out one he had been in the habit of taking to bed with him, after the fashion of many children, royal and otherwise.

The Queen consented that the prince should accept the gift and the friend straightway purchased the largest, fatest and most elaborate Teddy bear possible, which she despatched to the palace. Her surprise was great when the bear came back again to her with a little note from the Queen saying that she always liked the children to have only the most unpretentious toys, and that as Prince John's last Teddy bear was but a quarter of the size of the present one she considered it would be better to have the same kind. The astonished young woman hurriedly exchanged the large, robust and costly Teddy for a most modest specimen of the breed.

The same treatment is accorded Princess Mary. Her dolls have always been of a simple kind, and she is required to make their clothes herself, in the intervals of stitching flannel petticoats for the poor, with which task she occupies much of her time.

"THE DEAD HAS COME TO LIFE"

A "FRUIT-A-TIVES" MIRACLE



MRS. JAMES FENWICK
Enterprise, Ont., October 1st, 1908.
"I suffered tortures for seven long years from a Water Tumor. I was forced to take morphia constantly to relieve the awful pains, and I wanted to die to get relief. The doctors gave me up and my friends hourly expected my death. Then I was induced to take 'Fruit-a-tives' and this wonderful fruit medicine has completely cured me. When I appeared on the street again my friends exclaimed 'The dead has come to life.' The cure was a positive miracle." MRS. JAMES FENWICK.
50c a box—6 for \$2.50—or trial box, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

THE COTTON GIN.

Whitney Got the Idea From the Work of an Old Negro.

Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, got the germ of his great idea from seeing through the interstices of a but an old negro work a hand saw among the freshly picked cotton stored within.

The teeth of the saw tore the lint from the seed easily and quickly, and young Whitney (he was barely thirteen at the time) realized at once that a machine working a number of similar saws simultaneously would revolutionize the cotton growing industry.

He said nothing to anybody, but set to work building models and experimenting. His difficulties were enormous, for he not only had to make his own wheels, cogs, etc., but he had also first to forge his own tools and even to manufacture the paint wherewith to color his many plans and drawings.

But he succeeded in the end, and, though the outbreak of war and other hindrances prevented the invention from being actually placed upon the market until many years afterward, the first complete cotton gin ever constructed was built from those very models and plans and with scarcely a single alteration.

The Springbok.

A peculiarity of that most beautiful of South African antelopes the springbok is that it always leaps over human tracks. It is at once exceedingly shy and marvelously active, and the reason for this strange antic is its intense suspicion of any possible enemies, among whom it has come to recognize man as the most dangerous. It is not only with human tracks that the springbok goes through this performance, for it does the same with the tracks of lions or even when it gets wind of a lion. The leap is exceedingly graceful, and the animal covers from twelve to fifteen feet at each bound. It drops on all four feet at once and immediately rises again, making a clear spring without any run. Its usual gait when not pursued is a light springy trot. The springbok usually travels with its nose to the ground, as if constantly on the lookout for the scent of enemies.

FUN IN THE HOME.

Make Life There Joyous and Bar Out Business Worries.

Whatever your lot in life, keep joy with you, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine. It is a great healer. Sorrow, worry, jealousy, envy, bad temper, create friction and grind away the delicate human machinery so that the brain loses its cunning. Half the misery in the world would be avoided if the people would make a business of having plenty of fun at home instead of running everywhere else in search of it.

"Now For Rest and Fun." "No Business Troubles Allowed Here." These are good home building mottoes.

When you have had a perplexing day, when things have gone wrong with you and you go home at night exhausted, discouraged, blue, instead of making your home miserable by going over your troubles and trials just bury them. Instead of dragging them home and making yourself and your family unhappy with them and spoiling the whole evening, just lock everything that is disagreeable in your office.

Just resolve that your home shall be a place for bright pictures and pleasant memories, kindly feelings toward everybody and "a corking good time" generally. If you do this you will be surprised to see how your vacation or business wrinkles will be ironed out in the morning and how the crooked things will be straightened.

ORIGIN OF LLOYD'S.

Humble Beginning of Europe's Great Maritime Agency.

Two centuries ago a man who had a cargo to send to the Mediterranean contrived to get rid of some of the risk by inducing a friend to take an interest with him. It was necessary to write out a statement of contract to which the guarantors subscribed. This was the first underwriting. These two men happened to be frequenters of Lloyd's coffee house in London, which was a favorite place for the merchants of the town to gather to discuss business or to gossip.

Others immediately saw the advantage of the scheme which their colleagues had devised, and on the next voyage the risk was parceled out among a larger number of the patrons of the coffee house.

Out of this small beginning has grown the great European maritime agency, still bearing the name of the humble coffee house proprietor, and which not only writes risks on vessels, but rates them and publishes their arrivals at every port the world over, no matter how small or how remote, situated.—Annals of the American Academy.

Where Abraham Fished.

Mrs. Victoria de Buusen in "The Soul of a Turk" relates a legend concerning Abraham which will be new to many readers. She learned of it while at Edessa, the traditional Ur of the Chaldees. She was shown there a large oblong tank of water so filled with fishes resting just below the surface of the water that their fins and backs seemed almost wedged together so as to form "an almost solid layer of silvery life."

"The guardian of the mosque throws some meal into the water, and the fish jump high to catch it, a great living pyramid, of which those which jump the highest form the pinnacle. The tradition is that Abraham as a child fished in the tank; hence the fish were considered sacred. No single one has been caught or killed to this day. Indeed, death would overtake the man who transgressed this law."

BUT A SHORT JUMP BACKWARD.

Do Indications Point to a Reversion to Primeval Conditions?

Society is going in for roasted peanuts, cabbage, fruits, and other ancient food staples, canapes, caviar and other rich, modern delicacies are being tabooed, it seems, as the "spenders" have become distrustful of them. Perhaps we are swerving, preparing to turn back.

Women are breaking into the pursuits of men. In Paris there are many cabwomen and in some of our cities in the west policewomen. There are women lawyers, women barbers, bartenders, farmers, physicians and journalists. Women are smoking cigarettes, and the men, some of them, are trying to break themselves of the habit.

On the other hand men are breaking into the pursuits of women. They are becoming cooks and bottlewashers. In London some of the men do the ironing, the washing, the darning, and the cooking. Many men are marrying for money and living idle lives. Up in the air men are trying to imitate the birds. Down below, in automobiles, they are trying to imitate the wind.

One wonders if we are going back to original conditions. From the working women and the idling men of to-day it is but a short jump backward to the Indians who loitered in the woods while the squaws did all the work. From the women who smoke cigarettes to-day it is but a short step backward to the women who used to smoke clay pipes. Perhaps it won't be long before we are again swinging airily among the trees, from limb to limb, knocking down cocoanuts.

A MOTHER'S ADVICE TO OTHER MOTHERS

Mrs. Nicholas Breau, Rogersville, N. B., writes:—"I can highly recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all mothers whose little ones are constipated. I gave my little girl the Tablets and they regulated her bowels and now she sleeps well, eats well, is fat and good all the time. I am really delighted with the Tablets and I always keep them in the house and as soon as my little girl becomes troubled or feverish I give her the Tablets and she is soon well again. Please send me another box for they are the very best medicine I know of for little ones." The Tablets are sold under a guarantee to contain nothing injurious to even the youngest child. Sold at 25 cents a box by all medicine dealers or from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Fate of a Speeder.

Gunner—Bigwood, the millionaire, started off for a banquet and was arrested for speeding. Guyor—Then he wasn't wined and toasted? Gunner—No; instead he was fined and roasted.—Chicago News.

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LLOYD

THIS IS SURELY THE LIMIT.

Hobble Skirt Voluminous Compared With Latest Freak of Fashion.

Take a look at the peach in the lingerie gown who has sauntered in range of a quick-firing camera and is pretending she doesn't know there is a dressmaker's scout within a league. Now that you've looked what do you say she is wearing? A hobble skirt? Jamais! Nothing of the kind! The lady is done up in Turkish pantaloons, the very latest product of that emotional insanity which periodically attacks the gown designers.

With half an eye you can see that the young persons needs only a veil to sheathe the lower part of her face and she might have stepped from the harem of a pasha for a stroll in the streets of modern Stamboul.

The advent of the fashion has stirred the world like trouble in the Balkans. In the news it has crowded for place the rumpus in Spain of the exploits of the bird men. From the Nevsky Prospect to Main street in Canadaigua it has stirred rancor and argument in salons and sewing circles. The head of a great church has cautioned the bishops concerning it; they were expected to warn their women parishioners that Turkish pantaloons are going a bit too far.

Aldermen have been asked to introduce ordinances against it, only to find on returning to their homes that Mrs. Alderman has just received one from Paris. Editors have shot ridicule and sarcasm at it. Paragraphers have filed jests at it. Foreign correspondents in their letter have traced its progress like a comet over the face of Europe. You can't beat it. Until the next sarcasm of sartorial insanity comes it will have a place among the models.

The skirt is voluminous and its fullness clings to the figure as Turkish trousers cling. The skirt is caught in at the shoptops to a very narrow hem. This hem is trimmed in some way up the centre, back and front, or it is deliberately tacked just below the knees so that it gives the appearance of trousers.

Usually the skirt is made of satin and chiffon for afternoon affairs, and of white net and tulle garnished with seed pearls and crystals for evening wear; and that's as close as imperfect man can come to describing the freak.

Not So Much of a Joke.

The late Linley Sambourne, the famous Punch cartoonist, began life in an engineering works. When a young man he was always fond of playing practical jokes, and a French draftsman employed at the engineering works often became the butt of his humor. One day Sambourne hit upon the bright idea of nailing the Frenchman's hat down to his desk. He awaited the consequences in high glee. But when lunch time came instead of attempting to tug the hat from the desk, as expected, the French youth calmly took another hat from the peg and went out. Then the future cartoonist looked closely and saw that it was his own hat he had nailed to the desk.

The Unicorn.

Chinese annals of great antiquity contain numerous detailed accounts of the supposedly fabulous unicorn, in which the descriptions are identical with those handed down from the earliest times in the mythology or occidental countries. From this it is inferred that at some time in the remote past there actually did exist a single horned equine or cervine animal of some sort.

She Knew Him.

She—You know, Harry, so far as I am concerned, I am only too happy to become your wife, but my father, you know—

He—But what has your father got to do with it? Your father hasn't got to live with me.

She—No, Harry, but you may have to live with father, you know.

Genuine Genius.

"Jones is a genius."
"I never thought much of his poems."

"They are not the reason. He succeeds in selling them."—Buffalo Express.

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Save Money and Dress Well
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JUST THINK OF IT!
Dyes Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods Perfectly with the SAME Dye—No chance of mistakes. Fast and Beautiful Colors in cents from your Druggist or Dealer. Send for Color Card and STORY Booklet, 7c. The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

Naming the Baby.

Down in Princeton there is a baby four months old who has not yet been christened. It has worried the friends of the parents, for they are anxious to know what the child is to be called. The other day a friend of the father stopped him on the street and said:

"Named the baby yet?"
"No, not yet," was the answer.
"Well, why don't you name him?"
"What's the use? He's red-headed, isn't he?"

"But what difference does that make?"
"All the difference in the world. It wouldn't do us any good to name him! The kids wouldn't call him by it any how."

The Birth of Reform Schools.

The first reform school for juvenile delinquents was probably the one organized at Metray, near Louvre, France, about the year 1839 by M. de Tetz, a noted councillor of Paris. M. de Tetz found in some wealthy noblemen the financial assistance he needed to materialize his idea, and the school was started with the most beneficent results. The idea was taken hold of in other quarters not only of France, but of other continental countries, and the enthusiasm created by the work resulted in the grand "conference of the reformatory union," the real beginning of our present day work in behalf of juvenile delinquents.

Amended It.

When King George was Prince of Wales one of his body servants was once trying to explain to Sir Arthur Bigge some incident that had taken place.

"Me and the prince"—he began, when Sir Arthur pulled him up.
"You should say 'the prince and I,'" he observed. The man looked at him for a moment and then said:
"I beg pardon, sir, but I did not know you were there at all. However, you and me and the prince."

Sir Arthur was compelled to laugh at this and, after another attempt to explain to the man how the story should be told, was content to let him tell it in his own fashion.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Thieving Arabs.

"Their whole lives are given up to the breeding of their flocks and herds and to systematic robbery," writes Douglas Caruthers of his experiences in northwestern Arabia. "The Bedouin lives in his tent for a week at a time or until the fit comes over him, and he calls his companions, and off they go on a foray to steal camels in order to increase their own herds. The Arab's great idea is to possess a rifle, for that means power. In order to do this he must steal camels. So, having stolen camels, he purchases a rifle. Then come more raids to take more camels, this time in order to buy a wife. Camels are their sole means of exchange."

A Fair Proposition.

A popular comedian and playwright was praising the humorous value of suggestions. "It is funnier to suggest a thing," he said, "than to say it out. Playwrights should remember this. Suggestion—pregnant suggestion—is what makes really funny the little boy's remark to his father, 'Pa, if you help me with my arithmetic lesson to-night I'll tell you where ma hid your trousers.'"

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CAUSE AND CURE OF RHEUMATISM

Due to Impurities in the Blood—Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The most noticeable and immediate result of rheumatism is a marked thinning of the blood, and in no disease does it develop more rapidly. Not only does the blood become weak but it is soon filled with impurities, which the different organs of the body have been unable to throw off. One of the most harmful of these impurities is uric acid, which is formed from the waste products of the body. In health it is readily passed off by the kidneys with the help of oxygen from the red corpuscles of the blood. Without oxygen the kidneys are unable to rid the system of this acid and it is retained in the blood and distributed to all parts of the body. The weak back, pains across the kidneys and thin scanty, highly colored secretions, which follow, show that the acid is already in the blood and often leads the sufferer to think he has kidney trouble. If the disease is not driven out of the blood, rheumatism can never be cured, and the sufferer will always be subject to attacks, whenever exposed to damp or cold. With each returning attack the pain becomes more severe and complications often arise, making necessary the use of habit forming drugs to relieve pain.

It is readily seen that the only way to cure rheumatism is through the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills afford such treatment as they contain all the elements necessary to build up and purify the blood. They increase its oxygen carrying capacity enabling the kidneys to pass the uric acid from the body and the other organs to do their work. This rheumatism is reached at its root and permanently cured. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are absolutely free from all habit-forming drugs, and are not an experiment as the following case will show:—Mr. W. Studley Lewis, Pilot Mound, Man., says:—"I am a firm believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and always keep some by me in case of need. A few years ago while teaching school I suffered so much with rheumatism in my arms and shoulders that I had the greatest difficulty in writing on the blackboard, and after trying a number of remedies without benefit, I was almost in despair, and felt inclined to abandon teaching. But one day I happened to pick up one of Dr. Williams' almanacs, and read of the cure of a number of severe cases of rheumatism through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This decided me to give the Pills a trial, and I had only taken them a few weeks when I felt much better. In the course of a few weeks more the pains and stiffness had all left me, and I had no more difficulty in doing my work. I cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for they and they alone cured me of my rheumatism."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.