

**The Laughter of a Child.**  
The laughter of a little child!  
What tinkling waterfall or stream,  
Or little silver bells ajeam,  
Or moonlight softly rustling down  
On Lady Evening's silken gown,  
Or even angels meek and mild  
Singing their gentle hymns of praise  
Can charm us in so many ways.

In childish laughter there is no more  
Delight and rapture for mankind  
Than all things else the world can  
find.  
'Tis sunlight for the tragic blind,  
And to the troubled, peace of mind;  
The waves which ripple into shore  
Have no such charm our lives to  
bless  
As does a small child's happiness.

In childish laughter one can hear  
The strains of music sweeter far  
Than harp or lute or guitar,  
A chord beyond the power of man  
To catch within the pipes of Pan,  
A sound so musical and clear  
That sometimes tears of joy will  
start  
So softly does it touch the heart.

Oh, those who've watched by night  
And prayed  
Beside a baby's bed of pain,  
Waiting to see her smile again;  
Watching for signs that fever's tide  
Had run its course and would sub-  
side,  
Will tell you there's no music made,  
By which the heart is reconciled,  
So sweet as laughter of a child.  
—Edgar A. Guest.

**Mending a Mountain.**  
Some alarm has been caused recently  
by the announcement that the Mat-  
terhorn is in a distinctly shaky con-  
dition, and may topple over into the  
Italian valley above which it towers.  
Similar fears were entertained some  
twenty years ago regarding the Rocher  
de la Chusette, in the Jura, which then  
threatened to fall into the valley of the  
Aar. Had this happened, the valley  
would have been blocked, and the flow  
of water, on which the district depend-  
ed for its supply of electricity, would  
have been stopped.

Immediate action had to be taken to  
avert this calamity, which would have  
blighted the countryside in darkness,  
and disorganized its transport. En-  
gineers rushed to the spot, the moun-  
tain was shored up with concrete, and  
all was well once more.

The Matterhorn, by the way, was in  
1865 the scene of a famous Alpine  
climbing tragedy, when three Alpine  
pioneers and a guide lost their lives  
owing to the snapping of a rope.

**Gifts.**  
To cheer the world when things went  
wrong,  
And nothing seemed worth while,  
To help to lighten Life's hard load  
God made—a pleasant smile.  
To still the pain of aching hearts,  
Too hurt and sore to weep,  
To dull the throng of memories  
God made—a dreamless sleep.

To share Life's joy or sorrow,  
Whichever Fate might send,  
To help him in an hour of need  
God made for man—a friend.  
—P. N. Hart Scott.

**The Smallest Republic.**  
In these days of great republics the  
smallest is not without interest.  
This is Tavorara, a little island situated  
seven and a half miles from Sar-  
dinia, in the Mediterranean. It is lit-  
tle more than a mile in length, and has  
a population of fifty-one.  
The sovereignty of the island was  
given in 1836 to the Bartolomeo family,  
and up to 1882 Paul I. reigned peace-  
fully over his island kingdom. On his  
death the islanders proclaimed a re-  
public.  
By the constitution the President is  
elected for ten years, and both men  
and women exercise the vote.

**Into the Interior.**  
After a week's stay in Buenos Ayres,  
the capital of the Argentine, the Prince  
of Wales will see something of the in-  
terior of the country—especially of the  
huge cattle ranches, called "estancias."  
These estates, some of them em-  
bracing hundreds of square miles, are  
so large that many a landowner can-  
not traverse his "farm" in a day on  
horseback. Some of the biggest es-  
tancia owners have overcome this by  
using airplanes to carry them from one  
point to another.  
Some sixty million acres of land are  
under cultivation, leaving over 300-  
000,000 acres of agricultural land still  
available.  
The exports consist mainly of cattle  
and their products—meat, wool, and  
hides; of cereals mainly wheat and  
maize.

**Shave and Shorn.**  
A tax on shingles is proposed. This  
reversing the quotation about temper-  
ing the wind to the shorn lamb.

**Australian Seaweed.**  
No less than 1,132 different species  
of seaweeds are found on the Austra-  
lian coasts.

Ninety-seven per cent. of Arctic  
explorers have returned alive.

There was no such thing as nervous  
breakdown thirty years ago.

Women have just come into their  
own, and they stand for peace, order,  
and justice.—Mrs. Stanley Baldwin.

**TONIC TREATMENT FOR INDIGESTION**

**The Surest Way to Relieve Stomach Trouble is Through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.**

When the stomach is feeble and food lies in it undigested, the poisonous gases distend the walls of the stomach and cause serious interference with the other organs, especially with the action of the heart and lungs. These poisonous gases have other ill effects. They are absorbed by the blood and so weaken and corrupt it as to cause aches in remote parts of the body and the formation of unhealthy tissue everywhere. Experience shows that the stomach is made strong enough to digest the food. In other words, it needs a tonic that will enable it to do the work of changing the food into nourishment. The tonic used ought to be one that will agree with the most delicate stomach and this is exactly what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do.

Here is a bit of convincing proof given by Mrs. Chas. Ladner, Ellerslie, P.E.I., who says:—"For some years I was a sufferer from stomach trouble. Everything I ate caused distress, sour stomach, and belching. I could not eat meat or potatoes, and I grew weak and very nervous. No medicine seemed to help me until I was persuaded to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and these pills worked wonders. I took the pills faithfully for a couple of months, by which time every symptom of the trouble had disappeared, and there has not since been the slightest symptom of stomach trouble. No wonder I praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

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

Crossing the Atlantic seventy-six times is the record held by a retired American doctor, aged eighty-three. His first trip was in 1864, in the last wooden paddle steamer.

**WE WANT CHURNING CREAM**

We supply cans and pay express charges. We pay daily by express money orders, which can be cashed anywhere without any charge.  
To obtain the top price, Cream must be free from bad flavors and contain not less than 30 per cent. Butter Fat.  
**Bowes Company Limited, Toronto**  
For references—Head Office, Toronto, Bank of Montreal, or your local banker. Established for over thirty years.

**FISH CULTURE IN THE DOMINION**

Fisheries operations in Canada yield an annual revenue of approximately \$50,000,000 and provide employment to about 100,000 people, and while the importance of this industry has been somewhat overshadowed by other activities, it has always been looked upon as one of the basic industries of the Dominion. Even before settlement began in Canada, commercial fishing was carried on by the English and French, and from the middle of the sixteenth century to the present day, a period of nearly four hundred years, continuous operations have been carried on in the inland and coastal waters of the Dominion.

Although Canada's fishing waters are the most extensive and most bountiful of any nation in the world, it has always been realized that they are not inexhaustible, and to perpetuate the fishing industry certain protective measures were essential. To this end the Federal Government has in force a policy of conservative and controlled exploitation. This has been of immense benefit in replenishing stocks, but not wholly satisfied, the Dominion authorities have been active for many years in restocking the streams, lakes and coastal waters by artificial means.

**First Artificial Propagation.**  
The first record of artificial propagation of fish in Canada dates back over seventy years, when Richard Nettie in 1854 interested himself in the restoration of the salmon fisheries of Quebec. Three years later he was appointed Superintendent of Fisheries for Lower Canada, now the Province of Quebec. His first experiment was with trout eggs secured in the Jacques River, and these were the first artificially fertilized eggs successfully hatched in North or South America. No new development along these lines took place until 1867—the year of Confederation—when fish cultural operations became a recognized part of the work of the Federal Department of Marine and Fisheries.

**Patient Penmen.**

"World's champion miniature calligraphist" is the title claimed by an Englishman living at Vancouver. He recently sent a postcard to London on which he had written 12,000 words, the equivalent of sixteen columns of newspaper matter.  
Some years ago a Derby man managed to write 9,000 words on a postcard. Then an Italian appeared on the scene with one on which he had written 11,000 words.  
This roused to activity a University student, who wrote 600 words on the back of an ordinary postage stamp.  
One of the stiffest tests in miniature penmanship was the engraving in perfect calligraphy of the complete history of the discovery of America on the surface of a hen's egg. The Lord's Prayer has been in turn written on a grain of wheat split lengthwise and a

three-penny-piece. There is also a signet ring on the inside of which the same feat was accomplished.  
A man spent nearly ten years drawing 124 different heads on the surface of a single cherry stone. Most people would need a microscope to make out the details of the faces. The man refused \$2,500 for the stone.  
**Making Friends on Road.**  
Sharing the road with others makes friends. Blocking the road makes an unnecessary enemy. You can't afford to make enemies—they may prove expensive.  
**Sleep.**  
"Napoleon could sleep peacefully on the battlefield."  
"It can't be done in our apartment house."

**"Father of the Fleet."**

Possibly the best of all books for casual reading, Peppy's Diary, was given to the world one hundred years ago, 122 years after the death of its author. The first edition was entered at Stationers' Hall, on August 9th, 1825, and that date may, therefore, be taken as the centenary of the Diary.

The Diary was discovered in the Peppy Library at Magdalen College, Cambridge. It was written in shorthand, and extended to six volumes. The members of the Braybrooke family, who were hereditary visitors of Magdalen, became interested in these mysterious volumes, and showed them to their relation, Lord Granville. On examining them, this peer, who had made a hobby of shorthand, was able to prepare a key. The key and the six volumes were then placed in the hands of John Smith, an undergraduate.

Smith took three years to transcribe the Diary, and then placed the complete manuscript in the hands of Lord Braybrooke, who made the selection which formed the first edition. The quality of the Diary was recognized immediately on its publication, and it has been a source of unending delight to succeeding generations. Peppy gives himself away so completely. He was a man of very considerable abilities, who was Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. and James III., and who did such valuable work in that capacity that he has claims to be regarded as the father of the British Navy. But he constantly exhibits himself in the most ludicrous positions.  
Even in a diary intended for no eyes but their own, few men would make the admissions that he makes. He receives a present of venison, which proves to be tainted, and at once sends it to his mother. He accepts a bribe without looking at it "that I might say that I did not know what there was in the bag."

**KEEP CHILDREN WELL DURING HOT WEATHER**

Every mother knows how fatal the hot summer months are to small children. Cholera infantum, diarrhoea, dysentery, colic and stomach troubles are rife at this time and often a precious little life is lost after only a few hours' illness. The mother who keeps Baby's Own Tablets in the house feels safe. The occasional use of the Tablets prevent stomach and bowel troubles, or if trouble comes suddenly—as it generally does—the Tablets will bring the baby safely through. 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 Question.**  
Friend—"Well, I guess you're glad the children have their vacations now?"  
Mother—"That's a question—when they begin, mine ends."

**Making Monkeys Work.**

In Pattani, a southern province of Siam, and in Kelantan, one of the unfederated Malay States, monkeys are trained by the natives to pick coconuts and edible seed pods for their masters.  
The romantic notion, says a writer in "Science," that monkeys naturally climb coconut palms and throw down the nuts out of mischief or from a desire to oblige is pure fiction. The monkeys must be caught young and carefully trained to their jobs by attaching them to a long pole, on the top of which is fastened a bunch of fruit. The animals quickly learn to run up to the fruit and throw it down for their own food. Having once mastered the main idea, as it were, they can then be perfected in their profession in the palm trees.  
Only the larger monkeys are successful with the coconuts. The smaller monkeys can manage the pods which grow in small clusters on the ends of the branches of the satow tree, and which provide the natives with an important food item. The seeds resemble a broad bean and are eaten as a vegetable, both raw and cooked. It is said that a well-trained monkey can pick as many pods in a day as a man, thus enabling his fortunate owner to earn a full day's wages with a minimum amount of effort.

**Procrastinating Man.**  
It is curious that during the half-million or more years that man has inhabited the earth, he has learned to cultivate only about 300 species of plants out of more than 100,000 that are known to exist.

A vast new forest is being laid out in East Anglia. When completed it will stretch for sixteen miles in an unbroken line through Norfolk and Suffolk over what was formerly derelict land.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Order from your grocer his best tea and he'll usually send "Red Rose."

**RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"**

The same good tea for 30 years. Try it!

**With the Flying Mail.**

In a recent article in McCure's Magazine Mr. Howard Mingo has related some of the deeds and dangers of the flying mail service from coast to coast of the United States. Something of the variety of perilous adventure these men are likely to encounter after they have crashed or made a forced landing and escaped with life and limb from immediate disaster is indicated by the odd addition to their flying equipment that experience has prompted. Flying over the snow country, they now carry snowshoes lashed to the side of the plane; army canteens are carried in crossing the waterless Nevada desert, six-shooters and rifles to protect them where wolf packs range. In the air their worst enemy is fog or blinding snow, especially in the neighborhood of mountains.

One flyer, Clair Vance, came down in a snowstorm in the Sierra Nevada a few weeks ago, and though his brother pilots aided by men from the army sought him for days, they had given him up for lost by the time he made his way back to civilization, half-starved and with his clothes in rags and his shoes worn through.

Another, Jack Knight, started one day in bad weather for Rock Springs, and on reaching the first mountain range found the peaks covered with mist and snow. At that moment his engine began coughing. With most of his power lost Knight looked over the side for a possible landing. He was unable to see the earth through the murk. Glancing ahead at that instant, he was startled to find a cliff looming up in front of him. His plane was almost on the rocks.

Knight worked swiftly at the controls; but he was helpless, for a terrific downdraft swirling over the mountain peak beat upon the wings of his machine. It kept on out of control. The next moment it had crashed against the ledge high up on the side of Telephone Canon. The impact tore off the nose of the plane and knocked Knight unconscious. The engine and the propeller lay there in the ice and snow. The rest of the machine, with Knight in it, was whirled out into space again, where it fluttered about like a falling leaf, still in the grip of that downward blast.  
Hours later Knight recovered consciousness and dug himself out of the snow and splinters at the bottom of the canon. His nose was broken, and he was almost frozen. From his path in the sky he had observed a ranch house some ten miles back, and with that as his objective he staggered painfully and by slow degrees through the drifts.  
He reached the house. The people there carried him into Laramie, where he was put to bed. Three days in the hospital and Knight was flying again.  
Bob Ellis, caught in a downdraft, crashed against the side of a precipice, where the plane clung to the snow like a fly on the wall. Ellis could do nothing but sit there and wait for help. Another pilot found him a few hours later and spread the alarm. A rescue party worked its way to the top of the mountain and lowered ropes. Ellis tied one of them round his waist, and they hoisted him a hundred feet or more up and over the top. It was many weeks before the plane could be salvaged.

**Minard's Liniment for Distemper.**

He Was "Moon Struck."  
After he slept under the full moon one night, the face of a miner in Kalgoorlie, Australia, was twisted curiously, and it was several days before he recovered. Persons who have been sun-struck often will shiver in the hottest sun, doctors here say.



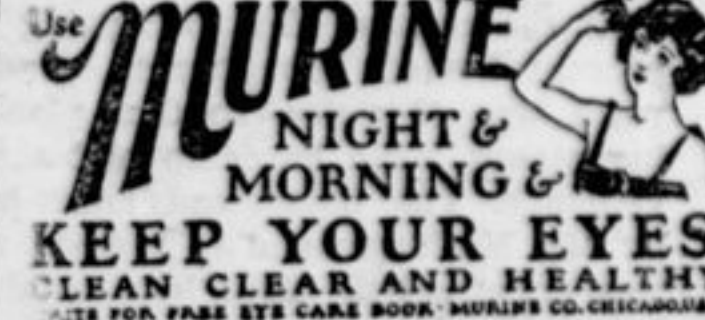
Genuine **ASPIRIN**  
Say "Bayer" - Insist!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 25 years.  
**Safe** Accept only a Bayer package  
which contains proven directions  
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets  
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists  
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roestelochter of Salzig, Germany.

**Wavelets of Wisdom.**

Never trust the man who won't trust others.  
Every man has his price, but they are not all worth it.  
Good-bye is quite the longest word in any language.  
It doesn't need a large compliment to swell a small head.  
A little kissing's lots of fun if you kiss the proper one.  
Anyone can talk, but it takes a really clever person to understand.  
Some people are so mean that grudges are the only things they ever pay.  
The hardest things in the world to keep are your money and your temper.  
Some men are so absent-minded that they are constantly forgetting themselves.

Weighing only three pounds, a baby in a Bath hospital was used at once in an incubator and fed each hour with a teaspoonful of whey.



**HUNTERS!**

Take a bottle of Minard's to the woods with you. Splendid for sprains, cuts, bruises.



**COULD NOT SLEEP NIGHTS**

Pains and Headaches Relieved by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Dublin, Ontario.—"I was weak and regular, with pains and headaches, and could not sleep nights. I learned about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound by reading the letters in the newspapers, and tried it because I wanted to get better. I have got good results from it as I feel a lot stronger and am not troubled with such bad headaches as I used to be and am more regular. I am gaining in weight all the time and I tell my friends what kind of medicine I am taking. You may use my letter as a help to others."  
—Mrs. JAMES RACHO, Box 12, Dublin, Ontario.

**Halifax Nurse Recommends**

Halifax, N. S.—"I am a maternity nurse and have recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to many women who were childless, also to women who need a good tonic. I am English and my husband is American, and he told me of Lydia E. Pinkham, while in England. I would appreciate a copy or two of your little books on women's ailments. I have one which I keep to hand. I will willingly answer letters from any woman asking about the Vegetable Compound."  
—Mrs. S. M. COLEMAN, 24 Uniacke Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia.