

A GRATEFUL LETTER

From a Lady Made Well by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"I wish from my heart I could persuade every person who is run down in health to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial." Thus writes Mrs. Louise Mitchell, Oak Point, Man., who further says: "About a year ago I was a weak woman, suffering from a run down system and impoverished blood. Any little exertion would cause my legs to tremble and my heart to throb violently. I could not sweep a room or walk fifty feet without being exhausted. Then I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after taking only six boxes I am as well and strong as ever. I can walk and run without stopping every few seconds gasping for breath as previously. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will be my stand-by in the future if ever my blood needs building up again, and I shall always find pleasure in recommending them to anyone needing a tonic."

"There are many troubles due to weak, watery blood which can easily be overcome by a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The sole mission of this medicine is to enrich and purify the blood, and when that is done all the varied symptoms of anaemia disappear, and good health returns. You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

Sugar From Sunlight.

How sugar forms in the beetroot sugar cane or maple tree has long been a mystery. It is known that sunlight is necessary to enable plants to convert the gases of the atmosphere into starch and sugar, and recent successful experiments by Professor Baly, of Liverpool, who has produced sugar artificially, are likely to open the way to important developments.

Some time ago he noticed that if the strong light from an electric lamp, such as is used in cinema studios, was allowed to fall upon a stream of carbonic acid gas a certain amount of a well-known disinfectant gas was produced which turned into sugar when dissolved in water.

The quantity of sugar formed in this way was very small, and it was found that the violet rays given off by the lamp contained light of differing wavelengths, some of which assisted while others interfered with the formation of the sugar. Addition of ordinary powdered chalk to the water, however, neutralized this action and produced more sugar.

Experiments were now conducted on a larger scale in a rectangular glass tank fifteen inches square and eight inches deep, with small holes in each side. Having found that the imitation sunlight gave the disinfectant gas, Professor Baly omitted this step and filled the tank with a solution of the gas in water. In the middle of the tank an electrically driven fan was fitted so that the powdered chalk, which was then added, was stirred vigorously. Lamps were inserted into each of the holes in the tank and light allowed to play on the solution.

After fourteen days' continuous exposure to the artificial sunlight a yield of 8 per cent. of sugar was obtained, and after the liquid had been purified and concentrated, a very sweet syrup was left.

Although the process is expensive, it is expected that it will be cheapened in the near future, so that the production of artificial sugar in this way will become a valuable commercial proposition.

Why the Ocean is Blue.

That the sea should be colored blue on maps seems obvious. It is claimed, however, that the convention is not a hundred years old.

Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston, the Edinburgh mapmakers, are celebrating their centenary, and one of the original partners, Keith Johnston, is said to be the man who first made water blue in our atlases.

This grand old firm was founded on Christmas Day, 1825, by William Johnston, a lad of twenty-three. He started business as an ordinary printer, but in 1830, in the course of a walking tour in the West Highlands, the inaccuracies in the maps then available suggested the idea of producing better maps himself, and map production, therefore, became the main concern of the firm.

This William Johnston became Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and, as holder of that high office, was knighted by Queen Victoria in Holyrood Palace about the middle of last century.

A Poem You Ought to Know.

"There is But One May in the Year." Christina Georgina Rossetti was the accomplished sister of the famous poet and painter, Gabriel Rossetti, and perhaps her best-known poem is "Goblin Market." Her poems are deeply religious as a rule, and she has much of her brother's rare imagination and beauty of expression.

There is but one May in the year,
And sometimes May is wet and cold;
There's but one May in the year,
Before the year grows old.

Yet, though it be the chilliest May,
With least of sun and most of showers,
Its wind and dew, its night and day,
Bring up the flowers.



HEFTY RECRUIT FOR DOMINION POLICE

Mr. Cris Mitchell, late of the Liverpool, England, police, came to Canada recently to join the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, but when he went to his cabin on board the Canadian Pacific S.S. Montrose it was found that he was too lengthy to be able to assume a horizontal position in any of the berths. Consequently an extension had to be made to one of the regular berths which, when completed, measured six feet eight inches.

Poplar.

The blinding sky's unkink.
The day has dust and glare,
The poplar keeps the wind,
In her cage of light and air;

Mates of her leaves a snare
To keep the wind confined;

All-in the breathless glare
The poplar holds the wind.

O cool and beautiful
Her leaves of silver gray
Hang in the wind so cool
In the blind and breathless day,

Turn in the wind play,
Fresh as a little pool;

That in the forest gray
Holds silver fins and cool.

All other trees are still,
The oak, the elm, and the beech,
But the poplar hath her fill
Of soft and gracious speech.

The winds are out of reach;

Beyond the sea and the hill

For the oak, and elm, and beech,

But the poplar hath her fill.

Katherine Tynan.



Used Few Books.

"Does your son use many books at College?"

"Well, not counting my pocket-book and my bankbook, I think not."

In most people the hearing of the left ear is more acute than that of the right. This is the reason that most of us almost unconsciously use the left ear when telephoning.

The world's heaviest liner is the "Majestic." Fully laden she turns the scale at 64,000 tons.

HEALTH EDUCATION

BY DR. J. J. MIDDLETON

Provincial Board of Health, Ontario.

Dr. Middleton will be glad to answer questions on Public Health matters through this column. Address him at Spadina House, Spadina Crescent, Toronto.

MARY BROWN.

When Mary Brown was weighed in school
And measured as to height
The teacher found that for her age
She was exactly right.

And here's the reason why—it seems
She slept long hours each night,
The windows always open wide
Until the morning light.

When in the morning she arose
She dressed herself with care,
But first she took a nice cool bath
And always brushed her hair.

At breakfast she had fruit and milk
And well-cooked oatmeal too,
With a piece of buttered graham
toast.

Does that sound good to you?

She brushed her teeth most carefully
Before she went to school,
For she knew 'twas most important
To remember this health rule.

At lunch time she had milk to drink,
And went outdoors to play,
She tried to stand up straight and tall
To be cheerful, bright and gay.

For dinner she had spinach,
Potato, and some meat,
Some figs or raisins for dessert
They were a special treat.

A rest hour every afternoon
And plenty of water to drink,
If you will play the health game too,
You'll surely gain, I think.

The Winnipeg Convention.

On June 24, 25 and 26 the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association will hold its annual convention in the City of Winnipeg. The C.W.N.A. has within its membership over 500 weekly newspapers as far apart as the Yukon and Newfoundland, so that every section will be represented at the meeting in Winnipeg.

No one asks the why of conventions. The Press Association, organized in 1859 by weekly newspaper men, has



Lorne E. Eddy
President Canadian Weekly News
papers Association, 1924-25, proprietor
of Walkerton (Ont.) Telescope.

been meeting every year (usually in the Month of June) for 65 years, and the C.W.N.A. is keeping up the splendid traditions which brought so many outstanding newspaper editors together year in and year out.

The practice of the Association in holding conventions in different parts of the country has proved of immense value. In the past four years conventions have been held in Vancouver, Halifax, Ottawa and Toronto, while last year's further trip was made through Belgium, France and the United Kingdom. The editors and their ladies who

were meeting every year (usually in the Month of June) for 65 years, and the C.W.N.A. is keeping up the splendid traditions which brought so many outstanding newspaper editors together year in and year out.

The path of success is the path of common sense. Notwithstanding all that is said about "lucky hits," the best kind of success in every man's life is not that which comes by accident. The only "good time coming" we are justified in hoping for is that which we are capable of making for ourselves.

Happy is the man who believes in his fellow, for it is more blessed to be deceived in some things than to be suspicious in all things.

A cheery disposition is like air in a tire. There doesn't seem to be much of it, but it makes the going easier and happier for everybody. The rougher the road the more you need it.

Try becoming dissatisfied with yourself instead of with your job.

The worst brakes on your progress are self-applied.

Few men travel over the road of success without an occasional puncture.

The wolf at the door has started many a man climbing.

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.

Possessions are all right if you don't let them possess you.

To escape criticism, do nothing, say nothing, be nothing.

You have been intending to try "Red Rose." Why not now before you forget.

RED ROSE

TEA "is good tea"

The ORANGE PEKOE is extra good. Try it!

Cheering.

You cheer the man who's gained the

height!

But can't you spare a word for him
Who upward struggles through the
night.

When light of stars is dim?

You praise the hero of good deeds—
The one who's played a noble part!
That other man, half-vanquished, needs
Encouragement of heart.

Go, clash the bells and wave the flags—
For victors—yes, 'tis meet you do!
But each brave fighter, though in rage,
Should have ovation too.

—Ian Drag.

Resourceful.

"Now, O'Brien," said the commis-
sioner to the fireman recruit, "suppose
you have discovered a woman at the
third-story window of a dwelling on
fire. What steps would you take?"

"Sure, the steps would be no good.
son. Ol'd git a ladder."



Death on Warts.

Apply Minard's daily. Also relieves
up and disappear. Also relieves
bunions.



Candles as Clocks.

The first time recorder was the sun-
dial. The Chaldeans and Egyptians
had a water clock called a clepsydra.

A stream of water dripped into a jar

and on reaching a certain level moved

what to-day would be called a ball-

clock. This worked a roil along.

Plato introduced the clepsydra, or
water clock, into Greece, and it is sup-
posed that this method of time mea-
surement was used in the Middle East
even before that time (400-500 B.C.).
A specimen of the clepsydra can be seen

at the British Museum.

Sand-glasses, known to the present
generation as egg-timers, were invent-
ed about A.D. 330 by monk of Chart-
res named Luitprand, and according
to a French prescription the sand was
black marble dust, ground fine and
boiled in wine, the processes of grind-
ing and boiling being repeated nine
times. Alfred the Great (871-901) util-
ized wax candles for recording time.

Marks were placed one inch apart,
each section burning for twenty min-
utes.

Butter From Fish.

The Indians of British Columbia and
Alaska obtain their butter supply from a
fat little fish called the ollichan.

Every summer this fish comes up
the rivers from the ocean to spawn;
and millions are caught in nets daily.

They are then thrown into rough tubs,
made from tree-logs, in which they lie

exposed to the sun.

When thoroughly softened they are
taken from the tubs and thrown into
great wooden vats of water, which has
been heated by dropping red-hot
stones into it.

As the oil from the fish rises to the
top, it is skimmed off. It hardens
quickly, looks like lard, and tastes like
butter. The Indians usually make
enough of this butter during the sum-
mer to last throughout the winter.

A Grave Injustice.

"I don't see why jokes about our
race being so close are continually be-
ing published," remarked a young
Scotchman. "We are not close, just
friendly."

"I think it's a shame, myself," agreed
the Irishman with whom he was walk-
ing.

They proceeded in silence until they
drew near a tobacco shop. "Come in
and have a cigar," invited the Irish-
man.

They stepped inside. The Irishman
put his hand in his pocket, then with-
drew it with an exclamation. "By gory," said he, "I left my money at
home."

"Well, the day is young," commented
the Scot. "I don't mind walking
back to get it."

Not His Fault If There Was.

A tramp had been admitted to the
casual ward of an English workhouse
late one evening, and the following
morning he duly appeared before the
master.

"Have you taken a bath this morn-
ing?" was the first question he was
asked.

"No, sir," answered the man in as-
tonishment. "Is there one missing?"

The "High-Sign."

A Chinese grocer in the old Mexican
quarter of Tucson, Arizona, had this
mystifying card or some fruit:

"No Sell for 5-Cents Too High."

If you give up, it means this: Owing
to the high price, the Chinaman re-
fused to sell as small a lot as 5¢ worth.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.



New and slightly used \$12.00.