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"MY STOMACH IS FINE Since Taking Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets"

Mrs. J. Merkhuger, Waterloo, Ont., enthusiastically recommends Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets. Her experience with them, as she outlines it, explains why.

"I was greatly troubled with my stomach," she writes. "I had taken so much medicine that I might say to take any more would only be making it worse. My stomach just felt raw. I read of Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets, and a lady friend told me they were very easy to take, so I thought I would give them a trial and really they worked wonders. Anyone having anything wrong with his stomach should give Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets a trial, they will do the rest. My stomach is fine now and I can eat any food."

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GARDENING AT SCHOOL

IT PROMISES TO REVOLUTIONIZE EDUCATIONAL WORK.

Advocates of Horticultural Training For Children Are Making Great Headway Throughout Canada—Sir William Macdonald Is One of the Pioneers of the Newer Education For Boys and Girls.

In Ontario during the last four or five years a remarkable development along educational lines has taken place that has been little heard of outside the centres affected. It has consisted in a broadening of the public school curriculum to a wider utilization of that greatest education—Nature. The new influence has done more than expand the curriculum; it has burst open the walls of the schoolhouse to permit of an outer classroom; and, accomplishing its purpose, it has widened the outlook of the pupils and broadened the vision of the entire community. In converting the school grounds into a laboratory for scientific but simple experiments, the utility of the average schools as an educational means has been doubled, the usefulness of the teacher made twofold, and the final product sent into the world "twice learned." With the blackboard and slate as factors to unfold, and the garden and hoe as implements for development, the school teacher in Ontario may now accomplish more than was formerly done for a class of fifty in school gardens as old as civilization, but its development as a force in education has been within the last half decade in Ontario.

About nine years ago a department of nature study was established at the Ontario Agricultural College, with a view to improving the aesthetic side of rural life in Ontario. Shortly afterwards Mr. S. B. McCready, professor of nature study, was appointed to take charge of the department, and later he was made director of elementary agricultural education. The Provincial Department of Agriculture and Education had awakened to the possibilities of introducing practical nature study into the schools for a fuller education of the rising generation and the exertion of a healthy influence on the surrounding farming community. Prof. McCready is a man of untiring energy, and since he was placed in charge of this new work much progress has been made. He stirred up interest among educationists in the province and the teachers and pupils in the schools and gradually they have taken hold of the work.

For a period reaching back scarcely five years the movement for school gardens and the adoption of practical nature study in the schools has progressed by leaps and bounds. In the last three years upwards of three hundred teachers have taken a course in elementary agricultural education during the summer vacation, and as a direct result as many schools have gardens and include a reasonable number of hours per week for outside work on the time-table of studies. In 1909 the schools' division of the Agricultural and Experimental Station commenced sending seeds and material for experimental plots. This move was appreciated by the teachers, and after two summers more than 8,000 children had received seed packets, 88 schools had received collections of forest tree seedlings, 10 schools had written for collections of fall wheat, 45 were sent collections of agricultural seeds, 17 received collections of tree seeds, 11 sent orders for tulip bulbs, 28 purchased weed seed collections, and 37 secured collections of hardy climbers.

Besides this impetus, the movement has the advantage of having such enthusiasts as Prof. James W. Robertson and Prof. H. L. Hutt of Guelph enrolled in the cause. In 1904 a small number of school gardens went into operation in each of the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island as part of Sir William C. Macdonald's plan for the improvement of Canadian schools. Prof. Robertson, who was chosen director of the Macdonald educational movement, selected Carleton county for the initiation of the work in Ontario, and five school gardens were established there that year. These still exist in a flourishing state, and have had a local influence far exceeding even the expectations of the instigators. Meanwhile Prof. Hutt has gone out from the Ontario Agricultural College to hundreds of schools, volunteering assistance in the way of expert advice, in drawing plans for more extensive operations, and recommending designs for flower-beds, etc.

Apart from the gardens, the children of our rural schools have now, in a number of countries, other enterprises calculated to promote elementary agricultural education. To the credit of Mr. C. F. Bailey, the new Assistant Deputy Minister of Agriculture, it is to be said that he was in his present position less than a week when he proposed an important step along the line of stimulating interest in plant life among the children of our farmers. Acting on his suggestion, announced in the form of a circular letter, a number of district representatives of the department located in the counties have instituted rural school fairs to be held this autumn. The plan is to furnish the school children with seeds of the best approved varieties of cereals and vegetables, to be planted by them individually in their home gardens, and the results exhibited at a fall fair to be held in the schoolhouse in September or October. The scheme aims at inculcating habits of discipline and accuracy in the children, as well as stimulating interest in farm life, and demonstrating to the parents and the farmers of the neighborhood that better varieties, with better care, produce better results. If the enterprise proves successful this summer Mr. Bailey looks to a general adoption of the idea within a few years.—Newton Wylie in The Saturday Globe.

A proper amount of exertion may tend to keep us from defeat. Men of the hour are those who strictly regard minute time. Home should be Baptist like in the matter of close confinement.

THE NEW ARM

The Aeroplane Is Quickly Proving Itself in Britain's Navy.

To the resourcefulness of the British naval officer there is no end. The band of four unassuming, fearless, and keen officers who recently showed how the British Navy is studying the science of aerial flight all went out to locate the King's yacht as has been told in recent press despatches and all of them found it after thrusting their craft through dark masses of fog. Each machine was in the air for an hour or more; not one of them had a mishap. This, in summary form, is the story of the work of the airmen, but the performances were so exceptional, and the merit of them so high, that no bald summary should be sufficient reading for patriotic people.

Commander Samson was first on the move. He piloted the Short hydro-aeroplane, and very few people in the crowd on the Nothe and on Weymouth front knew that he had started on his business. They might well be excused for believing that even an intrepid naval officer would have hesitated before launching his craft into the misty atmosphere, when a wind which at times had a velocity of from twenty-five to thirty-five miles an hour might carry him out of his course; and there were no landmarks to guide him. But the naval aviator is made of stern stuff, and long experience of battling with fogs afloat makes him willing to accept risks which would alarm airmen without sea service.

Commander Samson gave the order to "Let go" to his assistants on the quay at the edge of Portland Roads. The hydro-aeroplane slid down the slipway into some broken water, which tested the stability of the floats as well as the skill of the navigator. Over the ruffled surface the craft ran for a couple of hundred yards, the float on the tail deeper in the water than the buoyant skimmers beneath the biplane; and then, at the will of the commander, the strange machine was lifted into space. The aviator did not take a direct course for the sea, but rather skinned the royal yacht to be. He went to the seaward side of the fleet, passing through thick patches of fog on the way. For some eight or nine miles only momentary glimpses of the land were secured, and while the upper reaches of the air were clear, the Commander Samson rose from 1,000 feet in Portland Roads to 1,500 feet in Weymouth Bay—the sea was frequently shut out from view.

From the moment of rising from the water till the royal yacht was sighted through a break in the fog, the hydro-aeroplane had attained a pace of fifty-five miles an hour, the wind, strong and unreliable at times, being of assistance. The fleet knew that Commander Samson intended to get aloft, and, as there are many things to learn in the new science of flying, the fleet was detailed to follow the amphibious craft, to keep her in sight if possible, and to put the navigator to the test of proving his powers of eusiveness. It was a hopeless task for the destroyer. Although commander and crew did their best they were never able to get a chance of tracking the hydro-aeroplane, which had the wings of the water-carried ship, and rapidly escaped. So when the aerial craft went round the royal yacht, her throbbing engines attracting the attention of everybody on the sea, she was alone. Commander Samson encircled the royal yacht and her escort, and then steered west, his duty well and truly done.

How he got ashore no one on the land can say, for strain their eyes they would, the fog was so thick. The fact is, the hydro-aeroplane went up its slipway just after half-past eight, at the moment when the Victoria and Albert was being moored three miles away. She and the officers who directed her proved that if the new arm of warfare, those who compose it have no leeway to make up.

Danger of Strawberry Futures. A strange story about the danger of strawberries when in large quantities comes from Brittany. Recently there have been several demands by local tradespeople and tourists to be granted a passage to Plymouth on the little steamers which carry the supply of strawberries across the channel from Plougastel, but in every case the request has been refused. As the refusal was ill received in some cases, the shipowners have now given their explanation. The fumes given out by such large quantities of strawberries, they say, are quite as overpowering and dangerous as those of any strong alcoholic liquor. The crew have to keep on deck for the greater part of the voyage, and no passenger could be carried except at a risk to health.—London Standard.

The Mosquito Plant. In Northern Nigeria there is a tree, called in scientific language Ocimum viride, which mosquitoes cannot tolerate. Two or three plants kept in every room and placed along the verandah are enough to shut out troublesome insects. A mosquito gertly inclosed in a leaf of the plant will lose consciousness in a few seconds. The bruised leaf has a scent unlike that of wild thyme and eucalyptus. The natives of northern Nigeria prefer an infusion of its leaves to quinine in material fever both for themselves and their children.

Has Gone 12,000 Miles. A terrier named Jack was, about thirteen years ago, found wounded outside the Woolwich (Eng.) post office. Mr. Haddock, one of the postmen, stopped to bind up the dog's wound, and next morning, at the same hour, Jack returned to the same spot for similar attention. From the day he got better, thirteen years ago, the grateful dog has accompanied Mr. Haddock on his daily three-miles round, running home at the end of it to his owner. It is calculated that Jack has walked over 12,000 miles in these daily expeditions of gratitude.

If the argument is with a woman quit before you commence it. Try and place a pleasure in the place of every disappointment. The cheerful giver may have nothing else but advice to part with.

MODERN PRISONS.

John Galsworthy Discusses Our Work In Penal Reform.

It was in 1913 that Elizabeth Fry began her work among prisons and prisoners, and in 1912 large numbers of women, for considerations into the merits of which one cannot at the moment enter, are experiencing the treatment which society metes out to those who challenge its mandates. Though conditions to-day are infinitely better than hundred years ago, a growing opinion exists that prison methods do not tend to the transformation of an anti-social into a social being. This is not a criticism of prison officials, nor indeed of administration. It goes deeper than that.

Newgate a century ago compared unfavorably with the Black Hole of Calcutta. The hundred women, and their children, were huddled into two wards and two cells. Guilty and those awaiting trial were penned together, idle, half or wholly naked, eating and sleeping in the same room. This half-desperate crowd of hopeless, angry, this gaming and fighting crew of unfortunate and dissolute folk might well have appalled Mrs. Fry. But she stuck to her guns; supplied clothes, established a school, and transfused mel haphazard vengeance into something approaching decency. Later her efforts were turned towards the conditions under which criminals were transported to New South Wales.

They were shipped without proper supervision, and dumped upon an unknown continent without any vision for employment. This, too, was remedied. To-day the use of the overseas dominions for this dumping process would be unthinkable, but the main theories of crime and punishment hang round their hinges. We do not realize as yet that the object of punishment should not be mere deterrence from further crime. But first and foremost the object should be to transform the base individual passions of the criminal into powers that can serve society. Society to-day is like a schoolmaster beating a naughty boy "for his own good," rather than arousing his instincts in some more interesting direction. The tendency to regard crime as disease is dangerous. It is rather a profitable disease to steal gold watches. But it seems unlikely that to lock a man up, to withhold from him the pleasures of his kind, to brand him as an offender, will bring him back to daily life as a hopelessly reformed man.

On the contrary, prison often turns an amateur criminal into a professional. What, indeed, would be your own attitude to a man who asked you for employment, admitting that he was a convict? Dare you employ him? The answer is a sufficient condemnation of accepted views of prison life. Not until a course of imprisonment comes to be regarded as a positive recommendation have we as a nation the right to take pride in our system. Mr. Galsworthy, in "The Spirit of Punishment" (Penal Reform League Pamphlet), points out that we have not lost the old instinct of revenge—its criminal instinct.

We have a right to protect our selves from those who would live by violence or stealth rather than by labor. But we have no right to torture them. Mr. Galsworthy talked with sixty criminals undergoing closed-cell confinement, shut away from books, from conversation, from healthy labor. "I came to the conclusion," said he, "that these men were neither reformed nor deterred." With the best will in the world one cannot work with the outworn tools. Here is the truth: The same old-fashioned methods are the same to-day as before education became general. Prison clothes are degrading. The labor is not interesting, but punitive is too much time for solitary brooding. A criminal is an unsocial being. Therefore the object of prison should be to make a man work, to make him think, and above all, to prevent him sulking and plotting further crimes. The period of detention should aim at counteracting the evils of a bad home and anti-social surroundings. A man should be better, not worse, for a sentence in goal. Instead of hopeless disgrace it should bring discipline and self-respect.

New Maraca Walpole Dressed. In the early part of the eighteenth century, says the author of "Social England," a fashionable gentleman ordinarily wore a toupee of curls raised high over his forehead. For daily wear most gentlemen were dressed like George I., dark tie, wig, plain coat, waistcoat and breeches of similar color; for ceremony, like Horace Walpole, in a lavender suit, the waistcoat embroidered with a little silver or of white silk embroidered in the tambour pattern, partridge silk stockings, gold buckles, ruffles, lace cuffs and powdered wig. The linen for shirts was bought in Holland, costing from 10 to 14 shillings the English ell.

India's Moving. Arrangements are proceeding rapidly for the removal of the winter capital of India from Calcutta to Delhi. The announcement of which was the most striking event of the late durbar. It is now expected that by next January accommodation for all departments of the Government will be in readiness at Delhi, while the finance and comptroller general's departments are expected to move next October.

Oddities. Because a man cannot hear a dew drop is no sign that he is deaf, nor is it a sign of blindness because he never saw a horse fly, a board walk, a stone fence, a dog's pants, a rope walk or a clam bake.

English Gold and Silver. English standards for gold and silver were fixed so long ago as the year 1300.

Sometimes I think there is not much religion displayed in religious controversies. Opposition sometimes acts as an incentive and stimulant.

POLITE BURGLARS.

Pleasant-Manners Frequently Accompany the Most Crooked of Minds.

That the modern burglar is by no means the uncouth, ill-mannered type depicted by Dickens in the picture of Bill Sykes, is attested by the extraordinary acts of politeness that some criminals perform in the course of their nefarious work. The other day, for instance, a notorious pickpocket in Paris robbed a music hall singer of her handbag, and sent her a neatly-worded letter of apology the next day. A gentleman whose pocket was picked of a purse containing money and two railway tickets in Blackpool not long ago was astonished a few days afterwards to receive the purse and the railway tickets back by post. Inside the packet containing them was a note to the effect that the writer only required the money that had been in the purse, and advising the owner of the latter article to be more careful of his valuables in future.

Some burglars who stole several hundred pounds worth of jewelry from a jeweller's shop, situated in a large country town, left behind them a ten-penny piece, and a note which ran as follows: "We are sorry we had to damage your window in getting in. Here is the money to pay for the repaired glass. Needless to say, it cost much more than ten cents to repair the broken window, and the loss of even one ring would have been more to the jeweller than a smashed window; but the criminal kink in the burglar's nature did not enable them to realize this, and they are sorry on departing to know they could be polite to their victim."

The innate chivalry of one burglar once induced him to leave a wealthy man's house without stealing as much as a cent. One night, during the absence of the master of the house, his wife was awakened by hearing footsteps in the hall. On going out to see who it was, she was confronted by a desperate-looking man, who held a revolver pointed towards her, and said: "Make no noise, or you will meet with harm. Are you alone?" The frightened lady replied that she was alone, with the exception of her two little children, who were then fast asleep, and she gave the burglar permission to walk off with whatever he pleased, provided that he would not wake the little ones and thus frighten them.

Something, perhaps the remembrance of his own childhood's days, seemed to touch the man's heart. "All right," he replied, "I wouldn't frighten the kiddies for the world." And to the amazement of the trembling mother, he turned round, walked slowly down the stairs, and a moment later she heard the front door close upon him. A thief who visited a hen roost at Dartford on one occasion was evidently gifted with a love of poetry as well as a vein of politeness, for although he stole no fewer than twenty hens, he left two hens behind him and the following couplet pinned on the door of the fowl-house: "I've robbed the rich, but not the poor. And left two old hens to hatch some more."

A houseowner was recently much upset one morning when he came downstairs and found that his house had been burgled in the night of a number of valuables. But he was even more upset when he went into the garden and discovered that the criminal, or criminals, had poisoned his favorite dog, which had been in the habit of guarding his premises. The next day, however, he was amazed to find that another dog of the same size and breed was occupying the kennel. A letter was tied round its neck, which stated that: "—are very sorry that they killed your dog. They know how fond one can get of a pet animal, so they take the liberty of replacing the one they made away with by the animal of the same breed which you see before you."

To Quit the Stage. Mr. Forbes Robertson is about to set out on farewell tours in England and America. He is now approaching his sixtieth birthday, and after spending forty years on the stage he feels that he has well earned a period of leisure. Both in England and America the public are loth to part with an actor of the distinction of Mr. Robertson. It is doubtful whether there has ever been such a fine Hamlet, and the public will ever remember his portrayal of the character of Dick, the blind war correspondent, in "The Light That Failed," or his association with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "Romance and Juliet." During the past few years he has scored a phenomenal success with Jerome's play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." It is natural that he should seek a well-earned rest, but it is certain that the stage has ill spared him, for at the present time there is no one to take his place.

An Explanation. In one year the aurora borealis was seen one night as far south as Wiltshire. The inhabitants of a certain village assembled to witness the unwanted spectacle. Many were the inquiries as to what it was when a woman exclaimed: "Do these send for our Jack. He's a scholar. I'll be bound he'll give us a name!" When Jack arrived he looked upward and said, "Oh, it's only a phenomenon!" "There," said the delighted mother, "didn't I tell 'ee he'd give us a name?"—London Notes and Queries.

Two Indian Armies. Comprising the northern army and the southern army, England's forces in India are divided into two sections. The headquarters of the former are at Rawal Pindi, of the latter at Poona.

First Thames Steamboats. The first steamer on the Thames was the Marjory, in 1814. The Richmond followed her a year later.

The pessimist is one that does not forget his troubles or remember his blessings. There's always trouble when the man that fathers and the girl that hirts meet.

Advertisement for J.M. Douglas & Co. featuring Dewar's Special Liqueur Whisky. Text: "If you drink Dewar's Special Liqueur Whisky you are drinking the finest Whisky sold on the Canadian market. We believe it has a larger sale than any other high class grade. There isn't a reputable dealer from one end of Canada to the other who does not handle it."

Advertisement for METAL Co. Limited, Toronto. Text: "We are Headquarters for INGOT METALS—Large Stock. Prompt Deliveries. Ingot Copper, Pig Iron, Pig Lead, Sheet Lead, Aluminum, Zinc Spelter. TORONTO"

Advertisement for WILSON'S FLY PADS. Text: "When you want to clear your house of flies, see that you get WILSON'S FLY PADS. Imitations are always unsatisfactory." Includes illustration of a fly.

Advertisement for Beaver Flour. Text: "Beaver Flour IS A Pastry Flour. Beaver Flour makes the lightest, flakiest, tastiest Pie Crusts you ever tasted. Beaver Flour makes the most delicious Cakes, Buns and other Fancy Pastry. And Beaver Flour makes the whitest, most nutritious Bread. Beaver Flour is the family flour for all kinds of baking, as good for Pastry as for Bread, and best for both. Your grocer has it, or will get it for you. DEALERS—Write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Corns." Includes illustration of a woman with a flour sifter.

Advertisement for CASTORIA. Text: "CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. H. HITCHCOCK. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA. Exact Copy of Wrapper." Includes illustration of a bottle of Castoria.