

Sleepytime Tales

SPOOK'S FISHING TRIP.
Once upon a time Spooks ran off down to the brook to catch some little fish. Spooks knew that right now there would be a lot of them swimming around in the water or darting up to the surface to catch a fly, so she laid down near the bank to watch. She kept very quiet, for she didn't want any of the fish to know she was there, for if they saw her they would swim away. So she giggled her head down in her soft mud as far as she could and waited.

All at once a big fish came swimming past but Spooks was very clever and didn't put out her paw one little bit. You see she knew it was swimming so fast it would get by before she had time to get it and that would make a big splash and scare the others away. Just as Spooks was beginning to get tired and think, after all, perhaps she had better go home and meow very loud so Cook would give her some dinner, she saw four or five nice plump fish come out of the water trying to catch some flies for dinner.

In a second Spook's paw shot out and she had a little fish in her paw. But just as she started to make a meal of it it slipped and back it swam into the brook again.

Spooks was so surprised that she didn't know what to do. But as a second one swam by she reached out her paw and caught it, but that too slipped out of her paw into the water again. This made Spooks angry that she forgot to be quiet and she ran to the water and meowed and meowed and even got her feet wet and that made her still more cross.

Spooks tried and tried to catch the fish, but couldn't and she began to wonder what was the trouble. All at once she thought what it was. How simple! Why her claws were dull and needed to be sharpened, so back home she ran and began to scratch on the trunk of a tree in the yard and there Nina found her when she came home from school and thought she must be having a fit.

"Low Cost of Living" Menu

Menu for Thursday

- BREAKFAST**
Steamed Flax
Oatmeal
Popovers Coffee
- LUNCHEON**
Japanese Salad
White Cake Tea
- DINNER**
Cham Broth
Pan Broiled Fish Tartar Sauce
Potato Sticks Fried
Mushrooms
Rice Pudding Coffee

a dish. Drain the oil from the sardines and press them into the rice. Decorate with peas and mushrooms.

DINNER.

- Pan Broiled Fish.**—Wipe the fish carefully, sprinkle with Indian meal and season. Have the pan hot and put in the fish with a tablespoon of butter. Fry brown on both sides. For the tartar Sauce use the mayonnaise dressing that is on hand, mixed with a teaspoon of chopped onion and a tablespoon of chopped sour pickles.
- Fried Mushrooms.**—Peel the mushrooms, cut off and scrape the stems, melt a large tablespoon of butter in a frying pan put in the mushrooms and stems and fry until done, turning frequently. Serve very hot.
- Potato Sticks.**—Pare and slice potatoes in long thin strips. Lay in ice water for half an hour. Drain carefully and fry in deep, boiling fat.
- Rice Pudding.**—Allow three tablespoons of washed rice to one quart of milk. Stir in four tablespoons of sugar and turn into a baking dish. Bake in a slow oven for four or five hours.

- BREAKFAST**
Popovers—Beat together one egg, one cup of milk, quarter of a teaspoon of salt and a heaping cup of flour. Bake in a quick oven twenty-five minutes.
- LUNCHEON.**
Japanese Salad.—One box sardines, three gills of rice, a few small mushrooms. French dressing and one cup of cooked peas. Boil and drain the rice. Mix it with the dressing and cool. Heap it in

Easy & Practical Home Dress Making Lessons

Prepared Especially for This Newspaper by Pictorial Review

For the Woman Who Wears Black.



One never questions the taste of the black frock, no matter what the occasion. This model in cashmere de soie, which is cashmere with a very high lustre, is particularly likeable. The gathered skirt is trimmed with two deep tucks, while the jacket is laid in plaits at the raised waistline. The front may be rolled back to form revers, or the front may be cut very deep, with attached revers, double capes and flare collar.

In medium size the suit requires 5 yards 54-inch material. The home dressmaker is provided to-day with the proper guide for cutting the jacket, which may be fashioned from any other material to be worn independently. The capes, the back and the collar are laid on a lengthwise fold of material. The revers, cuff and back skirt section, all then marked (H), and back. To the sleeve and front sections are placed on a lengthwise thread above the caps, being laid on a lengthwise thread of the right of these come the underfacing, material.

If the deep front effect is to be used, the front edge of the front of the jacket will have to be cut off 3/8 inch forward of line of small "v" perforations and the underfacing omitted. Provision is made also, for shortening the length of the jacket to suit the individual taste.

Instead of the usual leather belt, the waist is finished with a band of self-material stitched with narrow soutache material. The straight front and back panels give the flat line that women inclined to be stout particularly like.

CUTTING GUIDE G739



FOLD OF 54 INCH MATERIAL WITH NAP
Pictorial Review Jacket No. 6739. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Price, 18 cents. Skirt No. 6717. Sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist. Price, 15 cents.

Above Patterns can be obtained from
NEWMAN & SHAW,
Princess Street

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

Pictou Academy Passes the Centennial Mark.
Another centenary of great significance to Canadians came around recently when Pictou Academy, the most famous seat of learning in the Maritime Provinces, attained one hundred years of age. The probability is that the commemoration of the actual opening of classes in the Academy will be held next summer.

It was on March 26th, 1816, that the bill establishing Pictou Academy became law. Preparations for the organization and equipment of the new institution began not long afterwards; but it was not until the autumn of 1817, so far the late Rev. Dr. George Patterson, the earliest publishing historian of Pictou County, could ascertain, that the first classes were opened.

The actual final establishment of the Academy would thus seem to have extended over more than two years. Students of Pictou Academy are to be found in every quarter of the habitable globe. Wherever they are found, they are certain to be men and women of unusual intelligence and attainments, almost without exception engaged in the higher services of humanity.

In spite of the fact that for over thirty years—the full life of a generation—Pictou Academy has ceased, under law to be a "special institution," and is classified in the Education Office as a "County Academy," it is so only in name.

It has continued as distinctly "special" and as outstandingly unique as ever. It is in a class by itself. It has no competitors; no possible rivals. It does Pictou County's educational work as thoroughly and faithfully as ever. But it does, as it has always done, far more than that. It draws to it annually not only the cream of the young intellectual life of Nova Scotia to be prepared for university and higher educational work, but it attracts students from other Canadian provinces, and from the United States.

Young men and women have been coming to it in recent years from the West Indies, and even from far distant South American countries. Two hundred young men and women are on its annual roll, and they are passing out in a constant, ever widening stream of grateful loyalty and earnest devotion to the grand old institution, which, instead of weakening or losing energy through age, is renewing its youth and strengthening its hold upon its students.

Pictou Academy, through all its changes and vicissitudes, has been singularly—perhaps, it might be better said, providentially—fortunate in its leaders, in the men shaping and guiding its destinies. Doctor McCulloch, its first official head, its original and its chief, one of its main founders, was a man of such outstanding ability, strength, and worth that this province can never be too thankful that it was able to attract him to its shores.

He laid broad and deep the foundations, not only of Pictou Academy, but of democratic self-government in Nova Scotia. Volumes would be required to do justice to his activities and services.

The province as a whole owes as much to him as does Pictou Academy. His initial coadjutors were Dr. McGregor, and Rev. Duncan Ross, father of the late Principal James Ross, of Dalhousie College. Dr. Ross, the pupil, succeeded Dr. McCulloch, the teacher, who became head of Dalhousie in 1838. Associated with Dr. McCulloch in Pictou Academy were such others as Rev. John McKinlay, the forefather of the McKinlays of Pictou and Halifax, who taught classics and mathematics.

Following them were men like Michael McCulloch, the worthy son of his great father, and George A. Blanchard. After Pictou Academy, came instructors like Basil Bell, father of the late Hon. A. C. Bell, Senator, and John William Dawson, afterwards principal of McGill University, first a student and later a lecturer in the Academy. Following them came the Methuillands and John Costley, father of the late Alfred Costley, Halifax.

Of course it was an Irishman who said: "If you cast a Yankee on a desert island he'll be up early the next morning selling maps of the place to the inhabitants."

A woman is never satisfied until she can do things two different ways.

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Fifty Years a Foe to Liquor

"LIVE WIRE" is Joseph Gibson—"Daddy" Gibson—of Ingersoll, Ontario, the doughty champion, able, fearless, and deadly uncompromising, of the anti-liquor forces in Ontario, an outstanding figure, and one of the most picturesque in the public eye, says James Shelton in The Toronto Star Weekly.

A little man—but oh, my!—is Joseph Gibson. To see him mount the platform, all spring and electricity, and concentrated gun fire, and watch him sail in to old Demon Rum is an experience to go down into memory. For what he lacks in stature he makes up in fire and logic. As the breath in his nostrils is the thrust and parry and lunge and counter of a fight. His whole body, brain, and spirit is consumed with relentless, vicious hate of the liquor traffic, and he flays it alive! Who betide the liquor advocate who crosses swords with Joseph Gibson on the platform; he must needs lay about him right lustily, and if he be less than the champion in their service he will certainly bite the dust.

Mr. Gibson is postmaster in the town of Ingersoll, in the County of Oxford. Although a Conservative in politics, he held the post all through the years of the Laurier Government. He has served the municipality as Mayor, Reeve, Councillor, and school trustee, and although he dropped out of municipal life some years ago, he is still active in every movement to advance the interests of the town.

A member of the Methodist Church in Canada, he has represented the Hamilton Conference for nearly 20 years at the meetings of the General Conference. About 15 years ago he was one of the lay delegates from Canada to the Ecumenical Council, in London, England, and he has been chairman of the General Conference Temperance Committee, and a member for many years of the Book and Publishing House Committee. He has been prominently identified with the Ancient Order of United Workmen, occupying for two years the office of Grand Master Workman.

It is, however, in the field of temperance reform that Mr. Gibson has been best known. During the bitter fights of the Scott Act days he was always in the thick of the fray, and pitted against the strongest platform orators that the liquor party could muster. Mr. Gibson likes to recall those stirring times, and the verbal combats in which he engaged. He is one of the best stump speakers in the Province, breezy, original, vigorous, and fluent, and with the happy gift of readily touching the risible faculties of an audience.

The salient old man has been foremost in the fight this spring for total prohibition. As honorary president of the Ontario branch of the Dominion Alliance, and president of the Committee of One Hundred for the South Riding of Oxford, he did yeoman service in awakening public opinion to the duty of the hour. At the memorable meeting in Massey Hall, Toronto, on the evening before the presentation to the Legislature of the monster petition, his appearance upon the platform was the signal for ringing cheers. "I reverently thank God for this day," said he, "I now only want to live long enough to see two things happen. I want to see the Germans licked to a finish, and I want to see King Alcohol buried so deep in his grave that he will never be exhumed!"

Joseph Gibbons has never deserted the fight. Although 60 years of age, a pretty long time to keep on the firing line, he has always been on it or near it. Now, full of years yet still vigorous and in full possession of all his faculties, he sees the Promised Land of Prohibition just ahead. It is a rather happy climax to the life of an earnest, valiant leader in the ranks of moral reform.

B. C.

The yellow bench-lands gleam and glow

Under an azure sky;
Above the benches trees arched
March upward, very high;
And higher than the trees again
The scarped summit stands:
My heart is glee-struck because
I cannot see these lands.

The winding trails go up and down,
The tributary trails
That lead to roads that lead to town,
A town beside the rails,
But happy he who quits the train
And on the wagon-road
Rides whirling for the old biased
free;
He needs not any goad.

Dear God, if prayers of men avail
For special things with Thee,
This would I pray—to hit the trail,
And smell the balsam tree;
To see the eagles coasting heaven;
The sun-shafts striking deep
In lonely lakes and laughing streams,
To hear the chipmunks cheep!

Some call the Indians dirty folk,
But I again would see,
And smell, Great Spirit, wood-fire
smoke.

Of some red man's tipi,
One sign that I was back again
In these tremendous lands,
Would be the sight of silver rings
On brown and lissome hands.

The bench's yellow pales and fades,
The sun ebbs up the hill,
'Tis dark in the deep forest glades,
'Tis dark and very still;

The sunlight on the summit dies,
—Was that a drop of rain?
I knew it once from dawn to dusk
And would go home again.

—Frederick Niven.

Anybody Can Do It.
It doesn't take an editor to turn
down a hard luck story.

The worst examples a small boy
ever encounters are in his arithmetic.
The proof of the pudding is in the
amount left over.
A little money is a dangerous thing
at a bargain sale.

WAR-MADE DUKES.

Who Will Get Highest Title of Nobility Out of the Conflict.

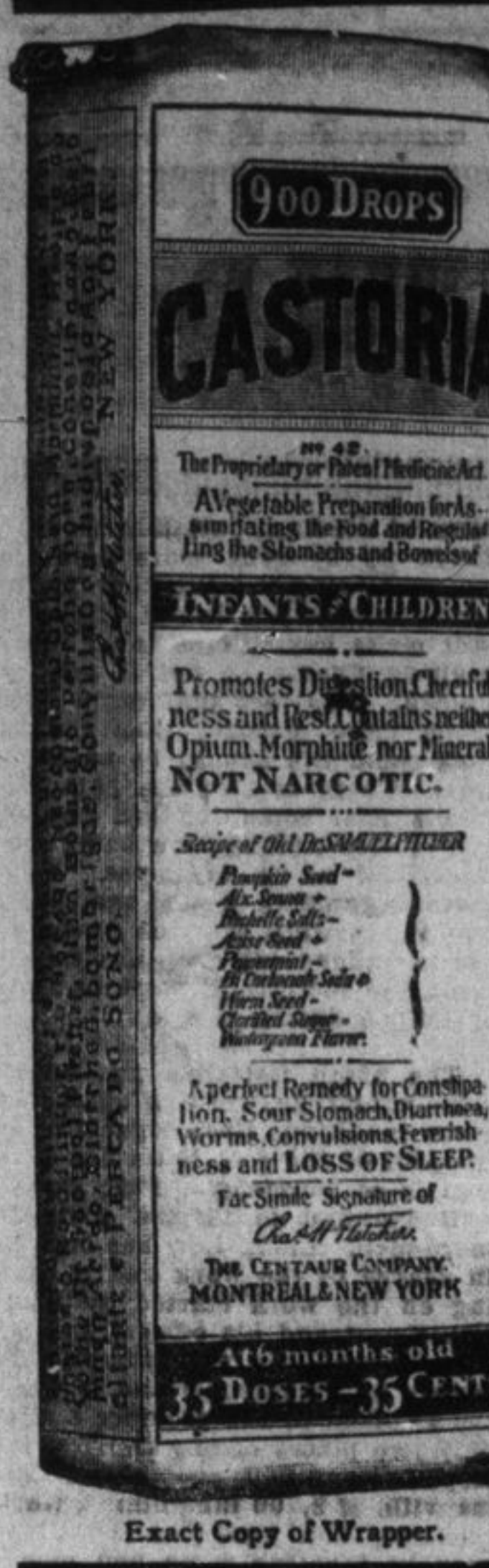
Will the greatest war in history produce a British dukedom? It will be curious if that is not one of its minor results, because many of our noble families of the highest rank owe their distinction to the prowess of warrior ancestors, Marlborough and Wellington are instances which will occur to everyone, but there are others. The first Duke of Norfolk, who died on Bosworth Field leading the van of Richard's army, had many years before become Captain-General of all the King's Forces at sea for resisting the attempts of Lancastrians, and was perhaps the best "sailor and soldier too" of his time.

The Dukedom of Somerset almost had its course in a first-class fighting man, who led an army of invasion into Scotland in 1544, and after defeating the French a year later became Captain-General of Boulogne and Lieut.-General of the Army in France. His was probably the quickest elevation ever recorded, from a simple knight he became Baron Seymour one day and Duke of Somerset the next. The first Duke of Manchester was perhaps more distinguished as a diplomatist than a soldier, yet, espousing the cause of the Prince of Orange, he took an active part in the campaign in Ireland and was present at the battle of the Boyne, thus carrying with his sword the way to the highest honor of the peerage.

Remarkable Snuff-Box.

Mauchline, in Scotland, is the proud possessor of a remarkable snuff-box. It is shaped like a book. The boards are composed of small squares of wood with the most interesting histories. On one side there is "oak from a canoe found in the Doon, 1831"; "oak from Glasgow Cathedral"; "from Highland Mary's thorn"; "oak from the piles of London Bridge, built 1176"; "oak of the Earl of Argyll, sunk at Spithead, 29th August, 1789"; "oak from Elderslie"; "Queen Mary's yew"; "oak of House of Lords, built October, 1824"; "oak of H.M. ship, sunk 1545 raised 1840"; "cedar of Lebanon"; "oak from H.M.S. Boyne." The other side of the box consists of bits of "oak of State Prison, Bass Rock, 1870"; "oak of Tower of London, built 1077"; "oak of Royal Exchange, burnt January, 1839"; "oak of ship Temeraire, broken up 1839"; "oak of Knox's pulpit"; "Peden's thorn, from burying ground, Cumnock"; "oak of Alloway Kirk"; "oak of Lord Nelson's flagship Victory"; "Elm from field of Waterloo"; "oak of Holyrood Palace"; "oak of ship which brought over King William III., 1688." There are thus eleven relic pieces of wood on each side of the box.

Charles H. LaDue, 64, for more than forty years an employee of the firm of L. R. Murray and its successors, Watertown, N. Y., took his life by hanging at his home, No. 602 Leroy Street, Monday afternoon. Worry over financial troubles is attributed as the cause.



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