



A PROPOSITION TO REFORM THE CALENDAR.

At present the usual calendar year consists of fifty-two weeks and a day, and so the dates of particular days of the weeks change from year to year. Much time is spent by almost everybody in looking up the day of the week on which some fixed holiday or definite date will fall. Notably is this the case with regard to Easter and Christmas days. Another though minor objection to the present calendar, is the irregular and unequal number of days in the different months, which not a few people find it hard to remember.

It may therefore be of interest to state that a proposed plan of calendar reform will be submitted by a Netherlands delegate to the Congress of Chambers of Commerce which will meet in London this month. The plan is said to have been submitted to some eminent German authorities in such matters and to have been approved by them.

In brief, it is suggested that the first two months of each quarter shall have thirty days each, and the last month thirty-one—the odd day required to make up the 365 to be New Year's Day and considered an extra unusual day. If this system is started in 1911, when New Year's Day will have the further advantage of falling on Sunday, the following day Monday, will become January 1st, and all the other three quarters will begin on Monday and end on Sunday. In this way the days of the week will always be associated with the same dates, the extra day in leap year not being counted, but inserted in the middle of the year, and being simply Leap Year Day.

The promoters and advocates of this scheme are particularly desirous that it shall be adopted and come into vogue next year, as, if 1911 is allowed to pass, the next favored year with New Year's falling on Sunday will not occur till 1918. Notwithstanding this reason for hastening the proposed reform, we think it extremely improbable that the change can be adopted at so early a date as June next and it may never be adopted.

Other plans of calendar reform had before been proposed which seemed quite as promising, but did not captivate the world.

One plan put forward was to increase the number of months by one, making thirteen, to correspond with the moon's revolutions about the earth. This would make all the months of equal length, with the exception of one day to mark the middle of the year and remain unestimated. If this plan were adopted, every year and every month would begin with the same day of the week, and the beginning of the week would always be marked by a change of the moon.

Let us suppose that the year began with Sunday. Every one of the thirteen months would in like manner begin with Sunday, and every week, month and year would end with Saturday. Empire Day or any other fixed holiday would fall on the same day of the week each year in succession. As every month would have an equal number of days no one would need a calendar to tell him when the month began or ended. This would seem in some respects to be a better and simpler plan than that which the great commercial Congress is about to consider.—The Guardian.

Shooting A Butterfly

(Wide World)

The largest butterfly known is found only in British New Guinea and specimens are worth anywhere from \$100 upward. The male measures eight inches across the wings and the female not less than eleven inches a wing spread exceeding that of many small birds. The story of the first discovery of the gigantic butterfly is a curious one. A naturalist saw a specimen perched on the top of a tree and failing to capture it by any other means finally shot it. From the fragments he decided that the species was entirely unknown to science and he forthwith fitted out an expedition at a cost of many thousands of dollars to go in search of the insect. Two members of the party fell victims to the Papuan cannibals and another was rescued only in the nick of time. Spite of this inauspicious commencement to his enterprise however the naturalist persevered and ultimately succeeded in obtaining perfect specimens.

An Australian sculptor, Bertram Macken-
zel, has been appointed to design the coin-
age for the new reign. He is the first
colonial artist ever called upon to design the
English coinage.

Where Mary and her Lamb Went To School.

"Mary Had a Little Lamb" is as familiar to school children as their A B C's but not many of them know that it is a "really, truly" story.

It all happened in Massachusetts many years ago. Mary Sawyer lived in a pretty little house in Sterling. Her father owned a number of sheep, and when one of them died, leaving a dear little lamb motherless, Mary carried it into the house, gave it milk and made a little bed in a box by the fire for it. The lamb grew day by day and before long showed its devotion to Mary by trotting after her wherever she went. But the story of its faithfulness did not reach the world until "it followed her to school one day."

No wonder the sight of a snow-white lamb within the halls of learning "made the children laugh and play."

It was not long after that a friend of the teacher who had been told the story, wrote a poem which soon became known throughout the entire country, and has ever since been a favorite with children.

THE PASSING OF THE GLADSTONIANS.

The death of Earl Spencer, coming within a few months after that of the late Duke of Devonshire, narrows considerably the circle of those who, though younger than Mr Gladstone, were his intimate friends and prominent members of his Ministry. There are left Lord Rosebery, Lord Morley, Lord James and James Bryce. Mr Joseph Chamberlain would have been one of this interesting group but for his secession from his party on the first Home Rule bill, almost a quarter of a century ago, and his subsidence into membership of the Conservative party. All five are well up in years and Mr Chamberlain is now a valetudinarian. Mr Asquith, Mr Haldane, Sir Edward Grey and Mr Lloyd-George belong to a younger generation.

Of those named in this connection Earl Spencer, Lord Morley and Mr Bryce were noted for the high place they held in Mr Gladstone's personal regard and for their unswerving loyalty to him as their party leader. Lord Morley and Mr Bryce, born in the same year, are seventy two; Earl Spencer was at his death seventy five. He had been twice to suit the convenience of his party, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; he was Lord President of the Council in Mr Gladstone's first Home Rule Cabinet, and First Lord of the Admiralty in his last Ministry.

From another standpoint Earl Spencer comes an interesting figure in British political history. His uncle, Lord Althorpe, was Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons in 1832 when the great Reform bill was passed; to him belongs the credit of having piloted it safely in its stormy passage through Parliament. Two years later he passed to the House of Lords by hereditary succession.

A Daily Thought

He who walks through life with an even temper and a gentle patience—patient with himself, patient with others, patient with difficulties and crosses—he has an everyday greatness beyond that which is won in battles or chanted in cathedrals.—Dr. Dewey.

Is Your Loaf Like This?

IF your flour is of the right quality, it ought to produce uniformly good bread. When the loaf comes out of the oven it ought to be appetizing and inviting in appearance. The crust should be crisp, tender and sweet as a nut. The pores of the bread should be regular showing uniform expansion by the yeast and every loaf should be light, plump and should expand over the top of the pan. Bread made from Ogilvie's

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A Great Man's Mother.

When Thomas Carlyle's mother was nearing the end of her life, he sent her this letter which told of the beautiful years of their love:

"Dear old mother, weak and sick and dear to me, what a day this has been in my solitary thought! For, except a few words to Jane, I have not spoken to anyone, nor, indeed, hardly seen anyone, it being dusk and dark before I went out—a dim, silent, Sabbath day, the sky foggy, dark with damp, and a universal stillness the consequence; and it is this day gone fifty eight years that I was born. And my poor mother! Well, we are all in God's hands. Surely God is good. Surely we ought to trust Him, or what is there for the sons of men? O my dear mother, let it ever be a comfort to you, however weak you are, that you did your part honorably and well while in strength, and were a noble mother to me and to us all. I am now myself grown old, and have had various things to do and suffer for so many years; but there is nothing I ever had to be so much thankful for as the mother I had. That is a truth which I know well, and perhaps this day again it may be some comfort to you. Yes, surely, or if there has been any good in the things I have uttered in the world's hearing, it was your voice essentially that was speaking through me; essentially what you and my brave father meant and

taught me to mean, this was the purport of all I spoke and wrote. And if in the few years that may remain to me I am to get any more written for the world, the essence of it, so far as it is worthy and good, will still be yours.

May God reward you, dearest mother, for all you have done for me. I never can. Ah, no! but will think of it with gratitude and pious love so long as I have the power of thinking, and I will pray God's blessing on you, now and always, and will write no more on that at present, for it is better for me to be silent."—Montreal Weekly Witness.

The list of our boundary disputes with the United States—or the last for a time at least—has been settled by giving the disputed territory to the United States. It was a little island in Passamaquoddy Bay. It is said, however, that the government of the United States will dispute the Canadian claim to some of the islands north of Hudson Bay.

The old family physician being away on a much-needed vacation, his practice was entrusted to his son a recent medical graduate. When the old man returned, the the youngster told him among other things that he had cured Miss Ferguson an aged and wealthy spinster of her chronic indigestion.

"My boy," said the old doctor, "I'm proud of you; but Miss Ferguson's indigestion is what put you through college" Everybody's Magazine.

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Always The way

A new-made widow called at the office of an insurance company for the money due on her husband's policy. The manager said: "I am truly sorry, madam, but your husband was always the way with you dead," she said, "You are always sorry when a poor woman gets a chance to make a little money."