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A Torpedo In Feathers

(Charles G. D. Roberts, in Chicago Record
Herald.)

The blue kingfisher, flying over the still surface of the lake, and peering downward curiously as he flew, saw into its depths as though they had been clear glass. What he hoped to see was some small fish—chub, shiner, yellow perch or trout—basking incautiously near the surface. What he saw was a "sinister" dark shape, elongated but massive, darting in a straight line through the transparent amber, some three or four feet below the surface. Knowing well enough what that meant—no fish so foolish as to linger in such dread neighborhood—the kingfisher flew on indignantly, with a loud chattering laugh like a rattle. He would do his fishing according to his usual custom in the shallow waters along shore, where the great black loon was less at home.

Darting straight ahead for an amazing distance, like a well aimed torpedo, the loon came to a point where the lake bottom slanted upward swiftly toward a bushy islet, over a floor of yellow sand that glowed in the sun. Here he just failed to transfix, with his powerful dagger of a bill, a big lake trout, which hung lazily waving its scarlet fins beside a rock. The trout's golden rimmed eyes detected the peril in time, just in time, and with a desperate screwlike thrust of his powerful tail he shot aside and plunged into the shadowy depths. The heavy swirl of his going disturbed an eight-inch chub which chanced at the moment to be groping for larvae in a muddy pocket beneath the rock. Incautiously it sailed forth to see what was happening. Before it had time to see anything, Fate struck it. Caught in the vice of two iron mandibles, it was carried to the surface.

All power of escape crashed out of it by that saw toothed grip the victim might safely have been dropped and devoured at leisure. Moreover, he was an expert and he took no risks. With a jerk he threw the fish into the air, caught it head first as it fell and gulped it down.

For a moment or two he floated motionless, his small, fierce and peculiarly piercing eyes warily scrutinizing the lake in all directions. Then lifting his black head, which gleamed in the sun with green, purple and sapphire iridescence, he gave vent to a strange, wild cry like a peal of bitter laughter. The cry echoed hollowly from the desolate shores of the lake. A moment or two later it was answered, in the same hollow and disconcerting tones, and from behind the islet his mate came swimming to meet him.

(To be continued next week.)

A Good Reason.

"O'll work no more for that man Dolan."
"An' why?"
"Shure an' it's on account av a remark he made."
"An' phawt was that?"
"Says he, Casey, says he, ye're discharged."

A DAILY THOUGHT.

He who is never satisfied with anything
satisfies no one.

Crushing the Little People

The diet of Finland, probably the last free Parliament of the Finns, will meet this week to consider what answer shall be given to the demand of the Russian Imperial Ministry that hereafter all projects which can be said even in the most distant way to touch upon Russian interests must be passed by the Russian Parliament, to which the Finnish Diet is ordered to send four representatives, as well as two to the Imperial Council. Among the questions that the Finns in the exercise of the right of self government, confirmed a century ago at the time of the Russian conquest, have hitherto settled for themselves are the terms of military service, the control of Finland's railways, and the details of the Budget, embracing educational expenditures. It is believed that, having crippled Finland's military strength and strangled her educational system, Russia's next step in the denationalization of Finland will be the "assimilation" of the Finnish Customs and the abolition of the Diet. It is quite certain that the members of the Diet will refuse to admit the right of the Russian Duma to review Finnish legislation dealing with purely internal affairs, and that no appointment of delegates to the Duma will be made except under compulsion.

It is equally certain that the Government at St. Petersburg intends to compel the obedience of the Finns, whom the Russian system has never been able to absorb. An English visitor to Helsinki last month wrote home that

"Whenever and wherever one penetrates for a moment below the superficialities of life one touches some gloomy warning of impending calamity. Finns make it a matter of national pride not to speak, even not to know, a word of Russian, never to have visited St. Petersburg. A company of Cossacks passes my window every morning with a band playing; the market place is full, but not a soul turns round to watch the little soldiers of the Czar. There is the flick clouds that broods over Finland; the Cossack is on the doorstep; in a moment he will knock for admission. What will happen then."

What will happen: the flooding of Finland with Russian troops, the crushing of the few remaining liberties of the people, and the suppression of the Diet, the last evidence of nationality. Richard Le Gallienne in a recent poem in the London Chronicle made this pathetic plea for the "little peoples":

"The cry of the Little People went up to God in a voice;

The Czech and the Pole, and the Finn and the Schleswig Dane.

We ask but a little portion of the green and ancient earth;

Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of our birth.

We ask not coaling stations, nor ports in the China seas;

We leave to the big child nations such rivalries as these.

We have learned the lesson of time, and we know three things of worth:

Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of our birth.

"Oh, leave us our little margins, waste ends of land and sea

A little grass and a hill or two, and a shadowing tree.

Oh, leave us our little rivers that sweetly catch the sky,

To drive our mills and to carry our wood, and to ripple by.

Once, long ago, like you, with hollow pursuit of fame,

We filled all the shaking world with the sound of our name;

But now we are glad to rest, our battles and boasting done.

Glad just to sow and sing and reap in our share of the sun."

When the Cossack stands guard over the Imperial Commissioner who dissolves the Diet of Finland for failure to send delegates, to the Russian Duma another of the great little peoples of the world will disappear from among the nations as the Pole disap-



Are Your Children Properly Fed?

LET us talk about the right feeding of children. Of course, you want your children to grow up strong and healthy; you want to equip them for the battle of life with rugged constitutions and good red blood. Now, the first step is to see that they are properly fed. And these words "properly fed" mean much in the diet of children. For it isn't quantity that counts, but quality.

There is no better food under Heaven for growing children than plenty of first class bread and butter. They thrive on it, grow strong and fat and rugged. Their systems crave it because it is a complete, well-balanced food.

But the bread must be good—the very best, and the best is made from ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR which contains the full nutriment of Manitoba Red Fife wheat—for only wheat of this character contains enough of the right quality gluten to balance the starch. Gluten makes bone and muscle, starch makes fat. It takes the right combination of both to make properly balanced bread.

Bread made from OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR is richest in blood building, muscle building, health building gluten. Children like it better and thrive better on it.

With "Royal Household" you need never have anything but the very best results for it is always the same, absolutely uniform, year in and year out and is just as good for Pastry as it is for Bread.

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pared. In the far northwest corner of our land the Finns may find a home, as many have already, on which the shadow of the Cossack can never fall, but in the exchange they must inevitably lose that greatest of all bonds of a common nationality—the mother tongue. The fate of the little peoples is pathetic, for their extinction seems as inevitable in these days of a few world-empires as the disappearance of the village workshop before the factory.—Toronto Globe.

New Use For Beans

Although Boston is the most famous baked-bean-eating center of the country, yet it would appear that even farther west the usefulness of this vegetable is well known. A writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer tells of a woman who, one very cold day, went into a Euclid Avenue grocery-store and priced the different sizes of pots of baked beans the kind that the grocery keeps put up hot and ready to serve.

"I guess the small size will do," she said hesitating.

"How many do you desire to serve?" inquired the clerk, ready to advise.

"Oh I'm not buying them to serve," the customer replied. "Of course I shall use them but I'm getting them to keep my hand warm on the car. I came away from home without either muff or mittens."

The International Band

Mamma's got a headache pain,
And had to go to bed again;
And Mary's gone after doctor's stuff,
As if poor mamma hadn't enough!
And we must be the best of boys,
And never make a bit of noise;
And we will be just terrible good,
I promised Mary that we would.
So come on, boys, and lend a hand,
And we will play at German band;
I know I won't hurt dear mamma's head,
'Cause you can't hear nuffin' when you're in bed.

Now, Ted, you take the big tin pan,
And bang it hard as ever you can;
And Jack will take the shovel and tongs,
And beat the band to all our songs;
The dinner horn will just suit me,
And how I'll blow it you shall see;
And I will be the leader, too.
And strike the table one and two.
Now we are ready to begin,
Ted, here's a spoon to pound the tin;
Now, tootle too! and a bim, bim, bang!
And a cling a ling! and with four and hand,
Hooray! for the English German band.

"Why, mamma, we didn't never know
Our music could have hurt you so!
We fought—you know you said so, Fred—
You can't hear nuffin' when you're in bed.
And we was bein' the bestest boys—
And nobody calls music noise!"

—Selected

OAT MEAL MUFFINS—One cup cooked oatmeal, one and one-half cups flour, two tablespoons sugar four teaspoons baking powder, one half teaspoons of salt, one half cup milk, one egg, two tablespoons melted butter. Mix and sift flour, sugar, salt and baking powder; add one half the milk, egg well beaten; the remainder of milk mixed with oatmeal and beat thoroughly then add butter. Bake in buttered muffin rings placed on battered pan or buttered gem pans.

MI-O-NA

RELIEVES STOMACH MISERY
ALMOST IMMEDIATELY

If the food you ate at your last meal did not digest, but laid for a long time like lead on your stomach, then you have indigestion and quick action should be taken.

Of course there are many other symptoms of indigestion, such as belching up of sour food, heartburn, dizziness, shortness of breath and foul breath, and if you have any of them, your stomach is out of order and should be corrected.

Mi-o-na tablets have cured thousands of cases of indigestion and stomach trouble. If you have any stomach distress, Mi-o-na will relieve instantly.

But Mi-o-na unlike most so-called dyspepsia remedies, does more than relieve; it permanently cures dyspepsia or any stomach trouble by putting energy and strength into the walls of the stomach, where the gastric juices are produced.

A large box of Mi-o-na tablets costs but 50 cents at E. W. Mair's and are guaranteed to cure or money back. When others fail, Mi-o-na cures. It is a producer of flesh when the body is thin; it cleanses the stomach and bowels; purifies the blood and makes rich red blood.

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(PRONOUNCED HIGH-O-ME)

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Bronchitis, Croup, Coughs and Colds, or
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The difficulties in connection with the regulation of Chinese immigration into Canada via Vancouver, as evidenced by the holding of 38 immigrants who came on the Empress of China last Saturday, on the charge that they were using fraudulent passports, are nearing solution. It has been proposed that by the introduction of the finger print system of identification the problem of identifying immigrants and the persons for whom the passports were originally issued in China, will be made easy.

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