

CHILDREN

In disorders and diseases of children drugs seldom do good and often do harm.

Careful feeding and bathing are the babies' remedies.

Scott's Emulsion

is the food-medicine that not only nourishes them most, but also regulates their digestion. It is a wonderful tonic for children of all ages. They rapidly gain weight and health on small doses.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Send 10c., name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Bank and Child's Sketch-Book. Each bank contains a Good Luck Penny.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., West, Toronto, Ont.

A TORPEDO IN FEATHERS.

(Continued from last week.)

Neither he nor his mate had any particular objection to being seen by any marauder of the air. Even the murderous goshawk or the smaller, but even more fearless, duck-hawk, would know better than to swoop down on the uplifted dagger of a nesting loon. And as for the eagle, though doubtless strong enough to master such an antagonist in the end, he is wise enough to know that the loon's punishing beak and bulldog courage in defense of the nest would make the victory an expensive and painful one.

But there was one enemy besides man whom the loons had cause to fear even on their secluded islet. They hated the mink with a well founded hate. He could easily swim out to discover and rob their nest, and if he should find it for a moment unguarded his agility would enable him to keep well clear of their avenging wrath. On the nest neither male nor female feared to meet the mink's attack, their lithe necks and unerring quickness of thrust being sufficient defense even against so formidable a robber. But their movements on land—an awkward, flopping series of waddles—were so slow that in the case of a mink arriving, the precious eggs would be safe only while actually covered. A big mink had been seen that very morning prowling down the opposite shore, and both birds were uneasy. They seemed now to be taking counsel upon that or some other equally important matter.

For the next few days, however, the life of the loons was tranquil, with good fishing to content their appetites, and no untoward event to make them anxious. Then came a day when the patient mother on her nest could not conceal her happiness and her excitement; when the male, forgetful of meals, stood for hours at a time in interested expectancy beside the nest. The strong chicks within the eggs were beginning to stir and chip the shell. It was not the day that the big mink should have chosen for his expedition to the islet.

For several weeks the mink, had been on the point of swimming out to explore that little patch of rocks and grass and bushes, sentinelled by one dark fir tree. Such a secluded spot out of reach of most forest prowlers might well afford something special in the way of good hunting. Hitherto one thing or another had always diverted him from his purpose, and he had gone off on another trail. But to-day nothing had intervened. His long lithe, black body curving like a snake's he ran down the bank, lifted his triangular, vicious looking head for a survey of the lake,

and plunged into the water with a low splash.

Now, the vision of the mink, though sharp enough at close quarters, has nothing like the penetration of the loon's. The mink could see the islet, the rocks, the bushes, the sentinel fir tree; but he could not make out the figure of the loon standing beside the nest. The loon, on the other hand, could see him with absolute distinctness, as if not more than fifty feet away.

As has already been noted, the day was not well chosen for the mink's trip to the islet. The loon stiffened himself with anger, and his round bright eyes hardened implacably. The mother settled down closer over the stirring eggs and turned her head to stare malevolently at the long pointed trail which the swimmer's head was drawing on the lake surface. Her mate stood for some seconds as motionless as a charred stump. Then slipping noiselessly down the bank he glided into the water and dived from sight.

The lake was deep at this point, the main channel of the stream, upon which the lake was threaded like a great oval bead on a slender string, running between the islet and the mainland. The loon plunged nearly to the bottom, that he might run to risk of being detected by the enemy. More than ever like a torpedo as he pierced the brown depths, he darted forward to the attack. Two or three great lake trout, seeing the approach of the black, rushing shape, made way in terror and hid in the deepest weed patch they could find. But the loon was not thinking of fish. The most tempting titbit in the lake, at that moment, might have brushed against his feathers with impunity.

At last, still far ahead of him, he saw the enemy's approach. As he looked upward through the water, the under surface was like a radiant but half transparent mirror on which the tiniest floating object, even a fly or a wild cherry petal, stood out with amazing distinctness. The dark body of the swimming mink was large and black and menacing against its setting of silver, and the ripples spread away from his chin, ever widening, till they faded in the shore behind him. The loon kept straight on till the mink was almost above him, then he turned and shot upward.

Thinking, doubtless, of some wild duck's nest, well filled with large green eggs, which he would devour at his ease after sucking the blood of the brooding mother, the mink swam on steadily toward the islet. The worn grey rocks and fringing grass drew nearer, and the details began to separate themselves to his fierce little eyes. Presently he made out the black shape of the female loon, sitting on her nest and eyeing him. That promised something interesting. The blood leapt in his veins, and he raced forward at redoubled speed; for the mink goes into his frays with a rampant blood lust that makes him always formidable even to creatures of twice his weight.

It was just at this moment that his alert senses took note of the strange, vague heaving in the water beneath him, a sort of dull and broad vibration. Swiftly he ducked his head, to see if perchance the whole lake bottom was rising up at him. But he had no time to see anything. It was as if a red hot iron was jabbed straight upward through the tender part of his throat, and a swarm of stars exploded in his brain. Then he knew nothing more. The loon's steel-like bill had pierced to, and penetrated the base of the skull, and with one convulsive kick the robber's body straightened itself out upon the water.

Shaking his head like an angry terrier, the loon wrenched his bill free and hurried back to reassure his mate, leaving the body of the mink to sink languidly to the bottom. Here among the weeds, it was presently discovered by the eels and crawfish, faithful scavengers, who saw to it that there should be nothing left to pollute the sweet lake waters.

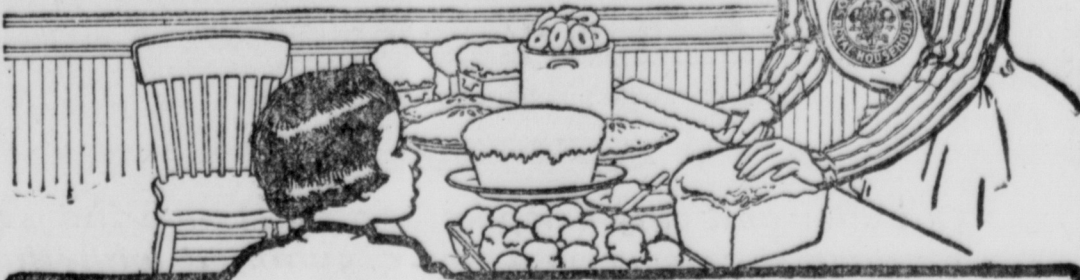
On the following day the two awkward, dingy hued, downy chicks were hatched, and henceforth the parents were kept busy supplying their extremely healthy appetites. The havoc wrought among the finny hordes, the trout and the togue and the chub, the redfins, shiners, and minnows, was enormous. The loon chicks, enterprising and industrious, speedily learned to help their parents by hunting the small fry in the sunlit shallows along the shore.

*The togue is a peculiar gray lake trout, of Maine and New Brunswick, which grows to large size, and is to be caught only with bait or a spoon.

But the loon family were not the only ardent fishermen on these waters. The newcomers, the man family, they too liked fish, and had no mean skill in catching them. In fact, their methods were stupidly and slaughterously destructive, well calculated to quite clean out the lake in two or three seasons. They set a big purse seine right across the channel, and, worst of all, they dragged the deep, dark pools, wherein, now that the waters were growing warmer under the mid-June sun, the biggest trout and togue were wont to gather for coolness. Their own thought was to get their larder well stocked with salted fish, against the coming winter.

Royal Household Flour

The best for Bread and the best for Pastry



"The Little Brother of The Rich"

NOW, this is *not* a talk about money.

It isn't a contrast between the rich and the poor, for in some things we are all equally rich and there are no poor brothers.

The poorest woman in the land can have just as good bread as the richest. The children who walk can have just as delicious pies and cakes and "goodies" as the children who ride in carriages.

All the money in the world cannot buy better flour than "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD", for there isn't any better.

And the woman who does her own baking can have just as good bread as is served to the Royal Household of England, and that is made from ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR sent to England from Canada.

And then, a barrel of

"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" produces many more loaves than a barrel of ordinary flour. The bread is better—sweeter, nicer to eat—and more wholesome—has more health and strength in it—makes more delicious pies, cakes, biscuits and doughnuts. Children, whose mothers use "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" at home, can have just as good baked things as the Princes and Princesses of England.

Although "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" costs a little more per barrel than ordinary flour it contains so much more nourishment and makes so much more bread of superior quality it is in reality the most economical of all flours.

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook" comprises 125 pages of splendid Recipes which have been tested and tried. Every woman who is interested in good things to eat should send and get it.



Future winters might look out for themselves.

For some time the great loon, though more enterprising and wide ranging than his prudent mate, had kept careful distance from the nets and net stakes, as from all other visible manifestations of man. But at last he grew accustomed to the tall, immovable stakes in the channel, which supported the purse seine. He concluded that they were harmless, or even impotent, and decided to investigate them.

(Continued next week.)

RICH RED BLOOD.

You Will Never Have it as Long as You Have Dyspepsia.

Just as long as you have dyspepsia your food will not properly digest, and the nutritious elements in the food will not be extracted or absorbed, and impoverished or watery blood will follow.

This condition may not be apparent at first, but it will come just as sure as the sun will rise again.

Any stomach ailment, including all forms of indigestion, can be promptly cured by using Mi-o-na tablets, a scientific treatment unsurpassed.

It stops fermentation, belching of gas and taste of sour food almost at once.

The mighty power of Mi-o-na to invigorate and restore the stomach to perfect condition is known everywhere.

Mi-o-na cures by building up—by banishing the cause. For thin people it is a great flesh builder, because it causes the stomach to give more and purer nutrition to the blood. It cures sea and car sickness and vomiting of pregnancy almost immediately. A W Mair sells Mi-o-na for 50 cents a large box, and guarantees it to cure or money back.

HYOMEI

(PRONOUNCED HIGH-O-ME)
CURES CATARRH, ASTHMA,
Bronchitis, Croup, Coughs and Colds, or
money back. Sold and guaranteed by

Five hundred delegates are attending the International Humane Conference at Washington.

A HOMEMADE SACHET.

Gather the leaves of any high-scented plant such as lemon verbena, rose geranium etc, dry and put a few handfuls in the filling of sofa pillows and sachets. The fragrance will be lasting.

The Minnesota Conflagration

One of the worst bush fires of a century has been raging in the state of Minnesota. In the face of a prevailing north wind it has been making progress northward, and it has reached the south shore of the Rainy River near its entrance into the Lake of the Woods. The fire swept area along the river in Minnesota is said to be eighty five miles from east to west and thirty from north to south. Several villages have been wiped out and many of their inhabitants are known to have lost their lives, while a still larger number of people have disappeared to be here after found dead or alive. The fire has crossed the rainy River in places, but in most localities only to be speedily distinguished. Rainy River town, near the mouth of the river, has been partly wiped out, one of the two fine sawmills being involved in the destruction: the other mill, one of the largest in the world, had at last accounts escaped.

A considerable section of the Canadian Northern Railway's route through Minnesota has been in jeopardy, but the company and its operatives have done much to rescue people in imminent danger and to fight the flames wherever the struggle seemed to have a chance of being successful. One of the difficulties of the situation is the imminence of cold weather and the absolute destruction of the most ordinary means of life. Supplies of both food and raiment are sure to be needed and at once.

There is no guarantee of immunity for the Canadian shore of the Rainy River or even for the settlements inland. A change of wind might mean a sweeping and indefinitely extensive conflagration. The Ontario Government, and especially the Lands Department, will no doubt be on the alert, but it all such cases there is sure to be plenty of opportunity for the exercise of private benevolence. With only the Rainy River between them, settlers on both sides of that stream have been in the habit of paying little regard to the international boundary in making their social arrangements, and it will do no harm in the world if some of the donations sent for one side of the river should find among the people on the other side. At the most all that can be done will be inadequate.—Toronto Globe.

A DAILY THOUGHT

There is a great gain to be obtained by the practice of nightly self scrutiny. He who seeks to "know himself" must study day by day the details of his moral health; he who desires to lay up "treasures in heaven" must allow no waste of his soul's wealth to pass unheeded.—Frances Power Cobbe.

To remove fruit stains from table linen, moisten with spirits of camphor, and when dry wash as one would wash the articles or dinarily.

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1910-1911

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—OF—

New Brunswick

East Florenceville

The boy or girl who early acquires the saving habit is laying the foundation of a future success.

Open a Savings account for your boy or girl with us now. Interest is added by us twice a year.

\$1.00 will start an account.

NOTICE!

Wilsons new Photo Studio corner Main and Water Streets, opposite E. W Mair's is open for business

To reintroduce myself to the public and my old patrons, I am giving absolutely free during the next thirty days a fine genuine Oil Painting 11½ x 18½ in with every dozen Cabinet photographs,

Don't forget that this painting will cost you more at any art store than the price you pay for the Photos

Call and see me at my new Studio. All work guaranteed second to none in the Province

Come early, remember the above offer is limited.

W. H. WILSON

Rusty black lace may be freshened by soaking in vinegar and water; two tablespoonfuls to a pint of water is the proportion. Rinse and iron while damp, to sea finish.

CHICAGO MERCHANT MAKES STATEMENT.

After Spending Thousands of Dollars and Consulting the Most Eminent Physicians, He Was Desperate.

CHICAGO, ILLS.—Mr. J. G. Becker, of 134 Van Buren St., a well-known wholesale dry goods dealer, states as follows:

"I have had catarrh for more than thirty years. Have tried everything on earth and spent thousands of dollars for other medicines and with physicians, without getting any lasting relief, and can say to you that I have found Peruna the only remedy that has cured me permanently."

"Peruna has also cured my wife of catarrh. She always keeps it in the house for an attack of cold, which it invariably cures in a very short time."