

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
 is taken by people in tropical countries all the year round. It stops wasting and keeps up the strength and vitality in summer as well as winter.  
 ALL DRUGGISTS

**MRS BERRY'S IDOLS**

(By Hope Darling, in the 'Christian Globe.')  
 Mr John Berry eyed the sky as he leisurely walked from the barn to the house. The morning sun was veiled by a fleecy mist, while low in the south-west a bank of dark grey clouds was visible.  
 After this prolonged scrutiny Mr Berry pondered the matter. It was not until he had washed his hands and face and entered the room where his wife was taking up the breakfast that he said:  
 'It looks like rain.'  
 'That is what you always say if there is a cloud in the sky,' Mrs Berry said tartly. 'I'll thank you to lift that boiler on just the same.'  
 'Goin' to rain? Its 'most certain to rain.'  
 'Let it rain. I haven't any patience with such weather,' and Mrs Berry rushed away to fetch the jug of milk.  
 Her husband never hurried. He put the boiler carefully on the stove, built up a good fire and, in obedience to a gesture from his wife, took his place at the table.  
 Mr Berry always thought before he spoke. This time, after a brief but earnest blessing, he devoted himself to ham and eggs for five minutes before saying, in his usual drawing voice:  
 'That was a clever sermon of the minister's yesterday, Ellen. I always thought that the text about Ephraim being joined to his idols might apply to some of us. Nearly everybody has idols of some sort or other.'  
 Mrs Berry stirred her coffee reflectively. 'Perhaps so. I hope the people who need it took Mr Ranton's fine application. As for me, I once had an idol, but God took it.'  
 There was a pause. The thoughts of both husband and wife travelled to the parlor where hung the picture of a child a wee maiden, with laughing blue eyes and dimpled arms. It was the picture of little Agnes, their only child whose death twenty years before had left the old home desolate.  
 Mr Berry's heart was too deeply stirred by memories of his child to speak. But when a dash of rain came against the window-pane his wife exclaimed crossly:  
 'There, its raining. And if I don't wash on Monday, nothing goes right all the week.'  
 'It isn't an idol—is it Ellen?' The good man of the house pushed his chair back from the table. 'Now, it don't seem just right to be so set as you are on doin' your work exactly as you want to. It 'pears to me it might be an idol.'  
 'What an idea! Just look here, Joseph. See that dirty spot on the tablecloth where you've rubbed your old coat sleeve. The tablecloth was clean yesterday morning, and now it must go in the wash, making three for this week. I do wish you would be more careful.'  
 'Why, now, Ellen, I do try to be careful. I do wish you would use colored tablecloths. I thought you bought some.'  
 'Yes. I did buy them,' and a look of disgust crossed the face opposite Mr Berry. But I want it understood I am not going to use 'em. I will work my fingers to the bone before I'll set my table with anything but a white cloth,' and she stroked the glossy linen approvingly.  
 'I know Ellen; but perhaps that's another idol. You see, you think such a lot of such of such things.'  
 'Now, Joseph Berry, if you are going to talk such nonsense as that, you'd better get to work. Just see there. The sun is shining. So you see it was right for me to wash after all.'  
 'Perhaps so,' and the eyes of the simple-hearted man softened as he looked through the east window at the sun-kissed foliage from which the rain-drops were yet falling. Perhaps so, Ellen. You are an uncommon woman and have been a good wife to me for twenty-seven years. You haven't got many

idols. Else, not half as many as I have. But this always thinking your way is best—'  
 'See here, Joseph Berry,' there was an undertone of almost fierceness in her voice. I think such twisting of the Scriptures is sinful. If I have idols, I can attend to 'em. that's all,' and Mrs Berry strode into another room and shut the door violently.  
 When she returned to the kitchen she was in possession of the field. Joseph had gone to his work.  
 'High time,' she muttered, 'idols, indeed!' She put her clothes to soak, and, carrying her dishes into the pantry, began washing them. Her thoughts were not pleasant ones; the frown on her face told that. Near the window before which she stood was a thick growth of flowers. A few of daintily twisted buds, unheeding the threatenings of the storm, had opened their pink, blue and white cups, and peered at the flushed face of the worker. But Mrs Berry was too busy to notice their beauty.  
 'I don't see what possessed Joseph to say that,' she said, as she began rubbing her clothes. 'I gave up the only idol I ever had twenty years ago—'  
 She stopped abruptly. 'Of course, it's that letter,' she went on, after a brief pause. 'But he is wrong. It isn't idols that keeps me from doing my—'  
 Again she stopped. She had almost said 'duty.' A week before a letter had come to Mr Berry from a little town some distance away. The letter contained news of the death of Mrs Elma Hale, a distant cousin of Joseph's. Mrs Hale was a widow, and had left one child, a boy, two years old. The writer, a neighbor of the dead woman, went on to say she could care for the child no longer, and if his relatives did not come for him he would be sent to the poor-house. Joseph pondered the matter a day and a night. He then coolly proposed sending for the child and adopting it. His wife flatly refused. What—a child, a two-year-old baby, to make litter on her clean floors and upset her orderly plan of life?  
 'You must be mad, Joseph,' she said severely. 'If it was a girl now, and big enough to be out from under foot, I might think of it. But there hain't any use talking about it.'  
 Joseph Berry rarely opposed his wife, even in so small a matter as talking when she bade him be silent. However, this time he said:  
 'We are growin' old, Ellen. The baby would be something to love us.'  
 These words came back to Mrs Berry as she bent over the wash-tub. Did she and Joseph need something to love them? She thought of the rambling old house with its many rooms, of the fertile acres surrounding it, and of the comfortable bank account.  
 Then her mind wandered to the distant cemetery where a white marble cross marked her baby's grave.  
 'I couldn't give Agnes's place to another,' she whispered. 'And yet he might make a palace for himself. Oh, my baby, I miss her so ill!'  
 Withdrawing her hands from the suds, Mrs Berry crossed the sitting-room and entered the parlor. No one knew, not even her husband, how many troublesome questions the mother settled before her child's picture.  
 She opened the blinds and looked long and earnestly at the laughing baby face.  
 'Do you want me to, dear?' she asked tearfully. 'Do you want me to take a noisy, troublesome boy into this home? Is it an idol, Agnes, my wanting everything so quiet and orderly?'  
 Ten minutes after she was back at her washing. The parlor blinds were closed, and all things were as they had been excepting Mrs Berry's eyes; there was a new light in their grey depths. At half past eleven the last clothes were on the line. Returning from hanging them out, she found a neighbor, Mr Vance, at the door.  
 'I've been down to the station,' he said, and the train brought a baby for you, or Berry, rather.'  
 'A what?' demanded Mrs. Berry, catching her breath.  
 'A baby.' It was plain to see that Mr. Vance was enjoying the situation. 'A woman who was going to Birmingham on a visit brought it. She said it belonged to some of Berry's folk. She left it in care of the station master, and he sent it over by me. It's down in my wagon outside the gate, and there's a trunk there, too. The little fellow has cried almost ever since the woman left him.'  
 Mrs Berry took down her hat and prepared to follow him out to the wagon with out a word.  
 'Were you expecting it?' Mr Vance asked, somewhat disappointed at her quietness.  
 'Not to-day,' she replied briefly. It was a plump, but tear-stained little face that met her eager gaze. There were great blue eyes, a rosy mouth and closely curling yellow hair. But the child was unmistakably dirty, and began crying again in a piteous fashion.  
 Mrs. Berry held up her arms. Come to

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auntie, dear; she said coaxingly. You want some bread and milk, don't you, and to see the dear little chickens?'  
 At the same leisurely gait of the morning Mr. Berry again traversed the path from the barn to the house. His wife's line of snowy clothes drying in the sun brought to his mind the conversation of the morning but he expected no refer to it from his wife. A surprise awaited him; the table was laid for three and at the guest's place stood a clumsily little, high chair that for twenty years had stood empty in an upper room. And on the floor sat a happy faced child surrounded by clothes pegs, empty bottles, a disused candlestick, and a like collection of impromptu playthings.  
 'Who, who is that, Ellen?'  
 'Joey Hale Berry, was Ellen's prompt reply, and, picking up the child, she put it in her husband's arms. There, Joey dear, make friends with Uncle Joseph. He is the dearest little fellow,' she went on, 'so lively and not a bit afraid.'  
 'But I don't understand; and Joseph Berry's arms closed tenderly around the little orphan.  
 The story was soon told.  
 'Of course we'll keep him and do the best we can by him, Mrs Berry said by way of conclusion. 'Dinner is ready and the Yorkshire pudding and custard will taste good to little Joey. I believe you were right about my idols, Joseph; stopping to fasten a handkerchief around the child's neck in lieu of a bib, but they are over thrown. Now I'll try and not make an idol of Joey.'  
 You are a remarkable woman Ellen: said her husband, wiping his eyes. I have always said you were a remarkable woman, and I'm a little afraid I am making an idol of you.'

**HER FIRST EXPERIENCE.**

'Everything is relative,' says Marie Bashkirtseff, 'and if a pin wounds you as sharply as a knife, what have the sages to say in the matter?' Likewise, if fair weather at sea seems frightful to one unused to the water, why should the marines criticize? At the same time, the reader cannot help sympathizing somewhat with the lad in Robert Woolward's, 'Nigh Sixty years at Sea.'  
 I was putting out the lights one night about eleven o'clock; the ship was making good headway with a fine, fair wind. A lady's maid stopped me to ask me if I would come and speak to her mistress.

I found in her cabin a stout, elderly lady with a life-belt on. At best the cabin door was only wide enough to let her go in and out, so what object she had in donning the life-belt I could not see. It upset my gravity.  
 Being asked if the gale was abating did not restore my equanimity, and I laughed outright.  
 The old lady said, 'Young man I did not send for you to laugh at me. Answer my question. Is the gale abating?'  
 I told her there was no gale; that the weather was fine and had been. This did not pacify her.  
 'Go away, young man!' she exclaimed. 'I will report you to the captain as soon as I am well enough.'  
 This she did to the captain's great amusement.—The Youths Companion.

**Birds Sense Of Home**

The interesting question whether migrating birds, on returning in summer come back to nest in the same places as before seems to have been answered in the affirmative by the experience of Dr C. B. Ticehurst of Huntbourne in Kent England. In May, 1909, Doctor Ticehurst sister put a ring on the leg of a swallow nesting in their chimney, which had accidentally got into the house. This spring on April 12th, a small flight of swallows arrived at Huntbourne, and four birds separated from it and stopped at Doctor Ticehurst's, where two pairs had nested last year. Two days after-ward Doctor Ticehurst caught one of the birds and found that it bore his sister's ring. The ring was very light and made of aluminum. Since last year many migrating birds have been provided with these rings in England. Each ring bears a number for identification. The Youths companion.

**An Easy Comparison**

Uncle Ethan was in a cautious frame of mind. 'Which,' somebody asked him, 'do you think is the worst, a flood or a drought?' Uncle Ethan scratched his head.  
 'It always depends,' he replied. 'I should say that a flood was a great deal worse providing, of course, that there was a flood.'  
 The Youths Companion.

The world is paying a heavy death toll in aerial navigation experiments. Those who hope for practical success may feel in a measure reconciled to the cost. The aeroplane and the dirigible should become more than scientific toys. Toronto Weekly Globe.

**Mountain Hospitality.**  
 The herder of the Great Smoky Mountains of Tennessee literally keeps open house in his rude log cabin, with its chimney of sticks and sand, no window and only one door—which but for the cold would never be shut, as it is never locked. The traveller or tramp, says Prof. Charles Forster Smith, in his delightful book, entitled "Reminiscences and Sketches," soon learns that he may with perfect impunity take possession of the castle in the absence of its lord, and cook, eat, sleep there without fear of being considered an intruder.  
 If the tramp has not brought provisions of his own, the herder generously invites him to share his board, as he does his bed, the floor, and can rarely be induced to take any pay.  
 Especially is this the case in the region of Cade's Cove, which stretches along by the side of the Great Smokes from the foot of 'the Bald' almost to 'Thunder Head,' and where the tradition prevails that it is meant to charge for hospitality.  
 'I well remember,' writes Professor Smith, 'the self-condemnatory look of a big barefoot mountaineer, who, having been persuaded to take in payment for lodging—on the floor, it is true—three meals and an extra pone of bread for lunch, a quarter of a dollar, called after us, as if compounding with his conscience:  
 "Boys, if you uns cross the mountain 'bout dinner time, you better come by an' git yer dinner! You uns hain't got the wuth o' yer quarter yit."—Youth's Companion.

**Air-Ship Passenger Service.—An**

attempt has been made to establish an air ship passenger service between Friedrichshafen and Dusseldorf, Germany, a distance of about 300 miles. The first trip was made June 22nd, in Count Zeppelin's great dirigible balloon, the Duetshland, with the count himself steering, and 20 passengers on board.  
 The passengers rode in a great cabin which resembled a sleeping car, and viewed the scenery from the window as they swept above the ground at a height of about 300 feet, and at an average speed of nearly 33 miles an hour.  
 The best speed for a single hour was 43 1/2 miles. The second trial trip, June 28th, made after the Duetshland had been bought for \$137,000 by an air ship company, was disastrous. The air ship was buffeted about by a gale, one of the motors was disabled, and the huge craft came down upon the top of a forest, the passengers escaping upon a rope ladder.—The Youths Companion.

The announcement that Lord Grey is to preside over Canada for another year is received all over Canada with unmixed satisfaction. There never was a Governor who devoted himself more zealously and with more real interest to everything that the constitution permitted him to do for the country. He not only takes his proper official interest in its existing institutions and amusements, but he has done what he might in promoting improvement in beneficent erections. His professed interest in the country is not of the ordinary diplomatic type but like Lord Dufferin, Lord Lorne and Lord Aberdeen, he has conceived a very real love for it. He has, moreover, expressed a belief in our future place in the empire that our own imaginations had hardly risen to. Not alone of Englishmen he has expressed the belief that Canada is the coming centre of the Empire. We realize that in him Canada will always have a friend who values her highly and who will seek for her equal place in the family of British nations.—Montreal Witness.

**New Electroplating Process.**

A Londoner has invented a remarkable process, whereby worn plated articles are repaired by the simple plan of rubbing them with a powder of peculiar composition. The powder contains three essentials; the metal to be deposited, in pure or combined form; a salt, capable of producing an aqueous electrolyte when brought into contact with moisture; and a metal that is electropositive as regards the metal to be deposited. Silver, tin, nickel or cadmium can be deposited on any metal surface except aluminium by the new method, and the process promises to be of great value for use in homes generally.—Youth's Companion.

**What The Label Said**

Paintings were not her specialty, but as she gazed at a beautiful copy of Millet's "Gleaners," her admiration of the work called forth enthusiastic comment. "What a wonderful picture!" she exclaimed. "And how natural it looks!  
 "But what are those people doing?" she inquired, as she bent nearer to read the title.  
 "Oh, yes I see, gleaners, millet! How perfectly fascinating!" The Youths Companion

**Simplified Spelling**

"Why did you take Elnora away from school, Aunt Mahaly?" a lady asked her cook one day. Aunt Mahaly sniffed scornfully.  
 "Cause de teacher sin't satisfactory tuh me, Mis'Mally. What you reckon she tell dat chile yistiddy? She 'low dat IV spell four, when even a idjut'ud know it spells try The Youths Companion.

**PILES.**  
 You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It eases the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure. Why not prove this? All Druggists and Stores.—50c box.

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**Solve These**

**Every-Day Problems**

**Problem I. Bad Roads:—**  
 The old way was to curse nature and idly await sun's return. The new way is to telephone for what you want, and smile because you get the information in a thousand part of the time.

**Problem II. Weather Forecasts:—**  
 The old way was to work on belated information, and to excuse the losses with "That's what the farmer has to put up with." The new way is to telephone every morning to the weather man and overcome much of the needless hustle and bustle of the old way.

**Problem III. Prices Current:—**  
 The old way was to ask a neighbor or trust to the newspapers. The new way is to get information in the nick of time over the phone, thus knowing when to sell and when to hold.

**Problem IV. Emergencies:—**  
 The old way of procedure when some one took sick, was to harness up the "driver" and make all-haste for the doctor. Effort in this direction often procured as its only result the information: "doctor is out." The new way is to call up the doctor on the phone, and know instantly what can be done pending the medical man's arrival.

**Problem V. Help:—**  
 The old way was to allow men to go on boys' errands—waste half a morning walking to Smith's only to find that his harrow was already loaned. The new way is to make the phone your errand-boy—buy, borrow, begot by means of the "silent partner."

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