

FAUNTLEROY NOW A MAN



Vivian Burnett, today, and in his "Lord Fauntleroy" days.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" has found another "Dearest." This time it's a wife who until recently was Miss Constance Buel, daughter of a well known magazine editor, Clarence C. Buel.

Vivian Burnett, the original of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and many other child-heroes found in the books written by his mother, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, is now 38 years old, and, although he's a successful business man and active in politics in his home town on Long Island, he's still often called "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

A BUSY SEAMSTRESS

She Leaves Work of Destruction Long Enough to Alter Her Dress

Did you ever know a busier little body than Miss Millie Moth? And did any one ever know a valuer little body than this same Miss Millie.

Some of those queer little folks who come uninvited into our pantries, or parlors or cellars are so economical that they live all through a life time in one suit of clothes. Not so with Millie Moth. Busy little seamstress that she is she makes over her own "best gown" and changes it from a "tube" skirt to a Russian tunic until you wonder where ever she gets time to make those funny little holes in the carpets and the overcoats.

But just as soon as the frivolous lady sets up housekeeping in the pocket of a fur overcoat, or the fold of a broadcloth cape she begins dress-making. As she spins and sews, she nibbles at the fur or the cloth in which she nestles and as she grows wide and long, she fairly outgrows



MRS. MOTH DOES SEWING

only dress she has to her name. When she gets busy "making over", she lets it out here and there and when one end is finished she turns it right round, puts her tail where her head used to be and then fixes up the other end of that old grayish-white dress of hers.

It's only when she leaves the box of stored things that Millie Moth

gives up her sewing. The Man of the House must have his overcoat for awhile, and the Lady of the House must wear her wraps so Miss Moth goes off for a vacation. Taking her only dress with her she pokes herself away in a corner and waits until the winter clothes are back in the closet and then her dressmaking begins all over again.

Toronto's average midwinter temperature has ranged in ten years from 14.6 to 25.5.

DID MUMMY'S CURSE CAUSE THE TROUBLE?

Weird Story of Egyptian Relic Said to Have Finally Gave Down With the Titanic

Mr. Edgar Davies, photographer of the British Museum, tells a remarkable story of the fate of an Egyptian mummy which is said to have brought misfortune upon every person who had anything to do with it. "I was afraid of the mummified Priestess of the Sun," said Mr. Davies, "believe me or not, but do not scoff.

"About ten years ago a great English landowner brought the mummy from Egypt to adorn his hall. Report declared that of the mummy's five discoverers two had almost immediately lost their fortunes, one had suffered amputation of an arm, one had been blinded by an explosion and one met a mysterious death.

"Within six months the Englishman's fortune was lost on the stock exchange. Worried by misfortune, he grew nervous about the mummy and presented it to the British Museum. That week his luck changed. He is again a rich man. Within a month, of the four porters who carried the mummy into the Egyptian room, two were dead and one had broken his arms. I know the men and their stories, but I laughed at the legend.

"It became my business to photograph the Priestess of Aman-Ra. The camera discovered that the mummy



THE "MALIGNANT MUMMY"

case was inscribed with a hoary curse. More surprising still, a photograph of that bland wooden face developed as that of a fierce, malignant woman. I laughed while I took that picture. A few weeks later I was blind.

"A clergyman who came to comfort me told this story of the Egyptian princess. He had taken 20 children into the museum, advising them not to tarry in the Egyptian room. But one little girl saucily stuck out her tongue at the malignant mummy. Next day the child was armless from a motor accident.

"I could tell you fifty similar stories. There was no hiding the horror of such happenings. Attendants in the Egyptian department petitioned the museum trustees. Two of their number had died mysteriously since the

arrival of the mummy. The mummy lived in fear.

"To avert further catastrophes the Priestess of Aman-Ra—Divine Wife of the Sun—was carried into the museum cellar. A harmless copy took her place. Misfortunes ceased. The sight of one of my eyes came back so that I can distinguish light from darkness, but I cannot see to read. After three years of peace an American Egyptologist, studying in the museum, discovered the "fraud" and traced the missing mummy to the underground store rooms.

"He was eager to buy, the trustees were willing to sell. No packing was ever done more quickly. The mummy case had to be put on board ship secretly at night, for it looked like a basket.

"We are safe from her at last," said the master packer to me. We were, though the worst was yet to come. For next day the Priestess of Aman-Ra left England on the steamship "Titanic."

Did the mummy's diabolical power land the Leviathan to its doom?

A Pugnacious Bug

Although the "devil's coach horse" has a bad reputation in bug circles he stands very high indeed with gardeners, and women who plant flower-beds in their back yards.

The little "coach horse" who looks more like a war horse charging to battle than like any Satanic personage, is feared by even the stoutest hearted, and swiftest winged insects and bugs. In the garden where the "coach horse" stamps about, caterpillars are very scarce, and snails and slugs are not to be found at all. A caterpillar makes just one bite for a "coach horse" and he has to catch a lot of them to make a good dinner.

A lazy man wants to paddle his own canoe by proxy.

SKATES ON THE WATER

Mr. Spider Has no Fear of Shipwreck or Drowning

There's one nice thing about being a spider—you can rock the boat all you like and there won't be any funeral afterwards.

If the boat does tip, and everybody goes overboard, the spider never as much as looks for a straw to clutch as do some drowning men; he has no notion of making food for fish; he may hang some day in a web of his own weaving, but a watery grave he'll never fill, not while he has eight legs to skate on.

It's his skates that makes the spider confident when he's on the billowy waves, for his skates—those hairy claws of his—glide over flowing water as well as over ice. And besides he has sails to help carry him along. His skates he has always with him, but the sails he makes right on the spot as soon as he strikes water. With his eight legs firmly planted on top of a wave he begins to spin. Out flies a fine, strong strand of silk; it catches the wind at once and away scoots Mr. Spider.

When he gets close to the shore the web is flung across a weed or a bush making an aerial bridge on which



A GREAT SKATER IS A SPIDER

the champion skater cuts a few "figure eights" and finally lands with a flourish on the bosom of good old Mother Earth again none the worse for the shipwreck.

When Milk Is Burned

When milk is scorched while boiling, remove the pan from the fire and place it in cold water. Put a pinch of salt in the milk and stir it up, and the burned taste will disappear.

A man with money is welcome anywhere—if he will let his companion do the talking.

Probably Solomon was the one man who married all the girls he ever loved.

Chinese Eggs Exported

During 1913 Chinese eggs were exported from Canton to the value of over \$143,200, while during 1914 the amount was almost \$201,000. These come to Canada and the United States mostly, though Canada did not use so many in 1914.

"The conditions under which chickens and eggs in South China are produced are far from ideal," says a United States commercial report. "In fact, so far as I can gather, very little attention is paid to the industry, the chickens being left to shift for themselves and little or no care being taken to improve the breed. The eggs are, in consequence, of a poorer quality than those found in the United States, and are usually small, the weight of a dozen eggs of the average size being only 21 ounces. The industry has never been put upon a scientific basis, and no up-to-date methods of artificial hatching have been adopted.

"The Chinese have, from time immemorial, made use of primitive devices for hatching eggs mechanical processes, and have been fairly successful. These devices are usually made of bamboo at scarcely any expense, and charcoal is used in maintaining the proper temperature.

"Ducks eggs only are commonly preserved. Ashes, tea dust, clay, salt and lime are mixed and rolled over the eggs. The preparation dries and preserves them from change for many months. All these ingredients are not used at once by those who preserve eggs, the salt and ashes being the most important. A large exportation of preserved eggs was formerly made to California to supply the wants of the Chinese residing there, and at other places on the Pacific Coast, but at the present time I believe there is none reported to the United States."

Forage Plant Tests

Results of experiments in crop production and field work can never be without interest or without value and, therefore, a publication describing them must be exceptionally welcome. Such a work is Bulletin No. 84 of the Division of Forage Plants, Dominion Experimental Farms, that gives a summary of results reached at the Central and different branch farms and stations throughout the country, and that can be had free on application to the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. There are included also some recommendations as to the varieties to grow, or crop production methods to follow, as deduced from the results of experimental work in the various provinces. A variety of tests at the Central Experimental farm in Indian corn showed that the best varieties in ears of 12 experimented with were Quebec Yellow, Windus Yellow Dent, Canada Yellow and Free Press, and that, while of the ensilage varieties proper, Argentine Yellow gave the highest yield in tonnage, White Cap Yellow Dent, Golden Glow, King Philip and Wisconsin No. 7 reached a more advanced stage of maturity. Eighteen varieties of turnips were tested, thirteen of mangels, five of carrots, and four of sugar beets. Of the turnips nine varieties produced over 212 tons dry matter to the acre. Of the mangels half a dozen varieties yielded 314 tons of dry matter to the acre. Of the carrots White Belgium gave 24 tons, 400 pounds of crop with 2 tons, 1,905 pounds dry matter to the acre and Ontario Champion 25 tons of crop and 2 tons, 1,650 pounds dry matter.

With a view of securing data, bearing on the possibility of producing field root seed profitably in Canada, a great number of seed roots were selected, not only at the Central Farm, but also on most of the branch Farms and Stations in the eastern provinces. At the Central Farm about 12,000 mangels of the Long Red variety and 3,000 Magnum Bonum swede turnips were secured for the purpose from the general farm crop. In addition, about 3 tons of mangels of the Long Red and Yellow Intermediate types were selected from the plots grown for variety tests by the Division of Forage Plants.

In leguminous forage plants many tests were made for hardness, quality and quantity. In order to arrive at a proper understanding of the nature of a number of Canadian grasses and sedges arrangements were made to secure, through exchange, a representative collection of grasses and sedges from Northern Europe. About a thousand sheets of duplicates were prepared for this purpose and sent forward. The reports from the superintendents of branch farms and stations will be found of the greatest interest, each especially to farmers in the respective provinces represented.



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Trading in the Trenches

War has occasional amenities that modify its horrors, as the following story, told by one of the actors therein, goes to show. The tale appeared in the London Daily News. Its truth is vouched for by that newspaper:

A white flag rose slowly from a German trench, and moved itself about to attract attention. British rifles in the trench across the way were at once fixed on it. A hand appeared beneath the flag. Then came an arm and a head, and presently their owner, a German captain of infantry, clambered from the trench. He flapped the white flag, and advanced slowly but confidently. When he was twenty yards away, he was ordered to halt. He did and a British officer inquired his business.

The German answered in perfect English, "I want to have a few words with you chaps. I want to ask a favor."

"What?"

"What are those parcels under your arm?"

"Don't worry about them," said the German. He was warned that rifles covered him. The defenders of the trench could not risk having explosives hurled among them.

The German captain reached the British trench and jumped down. "I've come to beg some tea," he explained. "We haven't had a cup of tea for a fortnight. Our supply has gone wrong. Give us some of yours, and you can have these two boxes of cigars. There fine cigars, too. You'll like them. I'm in the trade. Before the war I'd been in the business for more than a dozen years in London, in a shop on Bond Street.

So they made him welcome, and invited him to have tea with them then and there—they were just preparing it—and he stayed and they all talked of London, and nothing about the war. Afterward they gave him a pound or two of tea, and he got out of the trench and was returning to his own.

A few yards off he turned back and called out, "Any of you likley to be seeing London shortly?"

A soldier replied, "Yes, I expect to go home there on leave in a day or two."

"Well, would you mind calling on my wife—she's there with our six children—and telling her you saw me, and that I am unhurt and well? You know how hard it would be for me to get a letter through. She hasn't heard from me."

"Certainly I will. What's the address?"

"Number—Holloway Road."

"Did you call?" asked a friend of the soldier, when he related the story here in London.

"Of course. It was no trouble. His wife lived next door to my mother in Holloway Road."

The Explanation.
"How was it the thieving got away with that roll of carpet?"
"I suppose they beat it."—Baltimore American.