

SAFEGUARDING HUMAN LABOR UNIT

New Industrial Spirit That Looks to the Care of the Workman as Well as the Machine Is Producing Millions of Dollars More in Efficiency and Volume of Work.

The buzz saw hummed like a giant ooe thoroughly angered. The workman, white of face and trembling, stood clasping a fast crimsoning hand. "What's happened?" shouted the foreman as he came running. "I've saved one of my fingers," answered the laborer. "How in the world did you do that?" gasped the astonished foreman. "It was like this, you see; I was showing these small pieces to the saw when the saw teeth caught on a splinter just so, drawing my hand in like this."

Turning Waste Into Dividends. This is average of industrial economy. The tiniest scraps of leather from the shoe factories are saved and made to swell the profits. The exhaust steam from the powerhouse is piped away to heat factory buildings. The dust from machine shops is burned for the metal filings it contains. Sawdust is turned into alcohol for fuel and power. Copper and aluminum dust and borings are carefully collected and remelted. Every piece of iron and steel is treasured. Factories are organized to work up the sawmillings and tiny bits of wood formerly burned under the boilers. The gases from the coke ovens and blast furnaces are collected, refined and used in great gas engines. And in a thousand and one ways the industrial leaks of shop and factory are now being stopped and turned into dividends.

But by far the greatest economy of all the large manufacturing plants is the protection and preservation of its labor resources. To make the most out of a giant punch press it must be evenly and smoothly run at a minimum cost for repairs, day after day, year in and year out. This is equally true of a skilled laborer. Every hour of his machine is idle and the production is robbed of just so much. So his health, his hands, his eyesight, even his digestion must be safely guarded, for in this day and age a skilled workman is a very precious possession. He is in demand and commands the highest wages.

In the old days any kind of a building was good enough for a factory. The floors were never thoroughly cleaned, the windows were never washed. Ventilation and good heating facilities were undreamed of and the sanitary arrangements were a disgrace to a civilized community. Only the costly machinery received good care and attention. The company homes for laborers and their families were mere hovels. The men worked so long as their health held out, or enough fingers remained on their hands to run the machines; then they retired.

Men and Machines. It was a New England man in whom thrift and economy were bred to the bone who decided that the rules which governed the care and attention of his machinery should be applied to his skilled workmen. The foreman in this factory watched every bit of machinery carefully, saw that it was kept perfectly clean, in excellent repair, and that it was never misused or overloaded in any way. But the foreman paid no attention at all to the men and women who ran these ma-

presses, losing a finger now and then, with no thought of a device to prevent the accidents. When "the doctor" looked over the machine he quickly invented a simple little attachment which makes it actually impossible to get one or more fingers under the punch. All such presses are now so equipped.

For years the great electric cranes were the most dangerous things in the big shops. Then some one thought of a safety plug which could be removed by the repair man as easily as the little plug which the automobile owner puts into his pocket when he leaves his machine in the street. So long as the repair man kept this plug no one could start up the crane and crush him to death.

In a large car shop, where the brass parts were finished and buffed, the workmen were frequently poisoned by the metal dust from the buffing machines. For years nothing was done to remedy the evil and the loss of workmen became a serious problem.

Then a tiny fan was installed which lay over the buffing wheel to suck all the dust away from the workmen, and since then there has been no trouble. The simple remedy was soon applied to every machine which produced quantities of dangerous dust.

In the largest machine shops where castings weighing many tons have to be lifted and shifted by giant electric cranes there is man who has been killed by the chains and cables used for lifting the heavy pieces. In the old days no one paid any attention to the chains until they became worn through and broke. It was a streak of good luck in such cases that some one was not dangerously hurt or instantly killed.

The Dangerous Set Screw. But the most dangerous of all factories where power was used to any extent was the "set screw," the little screw used to hold a pulley on the shaft. This short screw, sticking out like a wart on the rapidly-revolving shaft, seemed to lie in wait for someone to place a sleeve or edge of a jacket near it; then in an

instant it would wrap the cloth tightly about the shaft and whirl the life out of the unfortunate victim before the machinery could be stopped. State laws were passed against this dangerous little murderer, and the model machinery of today has the necessary set screws carefully tucked away out of danger or covered with a screen.

Even such little items as worn floors are now looked after in the factory—they might trip up an employee and pitch him into the gear wheels. Every industrial plant of any size now has its own safety expert, usually a graduate engineer, whose duty it is to inspect every machine in the shops and see if it is properly safeguarded. His title of "doctor" is well deserved, but, unlike his namesake, the striving to prevent and not cure. As soon as a workman is hurt the "doctor" visits the scene of the accident and ascertains if it was the fault of the machinery. If it was he immediately sets about to develop a new safety device for that particular work, so the accident cannot happen again. Every piece of new machinery must be "checked for safety" by this man before it is properly safeguarded.

Drinking cups have been banished from the modern factory; fountain drinking stands only are used. In cases where poor water is used for washing purposes large placards are conspicuously warning the workmen in English, French, Polish, Swedish, Italian and Hungarian not to drink the water. Where heavy machinery or castings are being carried by overhead cranes every precaution is taken. Whenever workmen go aloft for repairs a large sign is set up below them warning men to stand from under. High tension wires are indicated by strips of white tape and large placards. Trap doors have been eliminated. Screens protect the men from flying bits of metal, and in every machine which might hurt the workman is guarded and protected. Even the machinery about which he labors is made as near "fool proof" as man can devise.

Careful watch is also kept on the workmen mile inside of the shops or yards. A loose pile of lumber might fall and injure the carpenter; bags of cement might slip and break the leg of a mason; a hammer might fall and hurt the molder; a carelessly-laid plank might drop to the floor below and kill a passing visitor or employee; nets are even spread to catch falling tools and striking workmen; ladders, railings and foot walks are carefully inspected to see if they are safe.

SIR WM. VAN HORNE'S JOKE

How a Moose Hunt Was Cooked Up for Two Famous Americans—Wonderful Catch.

Sir William Van Horne of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, once told Mr. J. B. Barrett how he furnished Julian Ralph and the late Frederick Remington a complete moose hunt, which was duly described and depicted in Harper's Magazine a few years ago. True, the moose were there, were shot, and photographed, but they happened to be there in another story. Mr. Barrett quotes Sir William as follows in The Bellman (Minneapolis):

"I was sitting in my office one day when two cards were brought in bearing the names of Julian Ralph and Frederick Remington. I knew the names and told my secretary to show the gentlemen in. They came and presented a letter from Harper's Magazine, from which it appeared that they had been sent, the one to write and the other to illustrate a Canadian moose hunt. The editor of Harper's Magazine asked me to show them any courtesies which would assist in their object."

"Now, I hadn't a notion whether there was a single moose alive in the whole line of the Canadian Pacific, but I wasn't going to say so to two men from New York. So—"

"I understand, gentlemen," I said, "that you have been sent to write and illustrate a Canadian moose hunt. They said that was the case. 'Well, now,' I continued, 'I suppose that I can take it for granted that you are gentlemen and have a proper respect for the law. In that case, you lose your way and are not going to go slaughtering our moose and filling the woods with blood?'"

"No, no, no; they wouldn't think of such a thing," they answered. "You don't propose to decimate our herds of these noble animals?"

"Why, certainly not," I replied. "I presume that one good bull moose apiece would satisfy you," and their eyes glistened as they said that indeed it would. "On that understanding," I said, "I'll give you a letter to our agent at Mattawa."

The reason why I chose him was because if there was a moose to be found in Canada Pat Murphy was the man to find it when told to. If there wasn't a moose the hunter he knew he could take a joke. So I wrote:

"Dear Murphy: This will introduce to you Frederick Remington, the well-known artist, and Julian Ralph, the equally well-known writer. In the interest of Harper's Magazine to describe and illustrate a moose hunt. They have promised not to kill too many of the noble animals, but to be content with getting one good bull moose apiece. I trust to you to see that they get them. Yours, etc."

Now it was up to Murphy. I had forgotten all about the matter in the press of business when, a couple of weeks or so later, the same two cards were brought to me again and once more I met Mr. Ralph and Mr. Remington. They were delighted to hear of the article appearing in Harper's. One of them sent me a copy, and a rattling good article it was, pictures and all. But what puzzled me was how it had all happened. Murphy told me some time later.

Why they arrived with my letter.

Don't Drug Children

When you give your child a so-called "soothing" medicine you are not curing his sickness. You are merely drugging it into temporary insensibility. The so-called soothing medicines contain opiates, and an overdose may kill the child. When you give little ones Baby's Own Tablets you have the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine is safe. And you have the word of thousands of grateful mothers that this medicine will promptly cure all minor ailments of childhood. Mrs. Alphonsa Roy, Scott Junction, Que. says: "My little one was weak and sickly and used to cry day and night, but since giving him Baby's Own Tablets he has thrived splendidly, and is as good-natured and happy as I could wish." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

he didn't know whether there was a moose within five hundred miles. He hadn't heard of one in ten years, but he wasn't going to give us away to our Yankee friends. No more than I was. Besides, I had said that he was to see that these men got their moose, and he proposed to do it.

He made excuse that his best hunt-dog was hurt and he would have to wait until he came back. Then he sent out runners. He sent them to every point of the compass to start the Indians beating the woods toward Mattawa. I don't know how many Indians and others he got to work, but they beat for all that was in them. From somewhere up in the Rockies, from east and west, the entire population of the country came converging toward Mattawa, with a distinct understanding all along the line that any man who let a moose through would be shot out of hand.

It took six days, but they got 'em. By the evening of the sixth day men came in and told Murphy they had found five moose and three cows, safely cornered ten miles off in the woods. So Murphy announced that his hunters had come back and would be ready to go out next day.

They were all well, the men showed in reading the moose signs impressed Ralph and Remington as simply marvellous. Within a few hours they were on the trail of a herd of five, and early next morning one of the ambitions of the lives of both was realized, for each had shot with his own rifle a good Canadian bull moose.

Within a few miles of the line of railroad, to strike off at random into the woods and pick up moose as if they were prairie chickens—what a paradise for hunters.

THE SHAVING BRUSH A GERM CARRIER

More To Be Feared Than the Razor—The Hygiene of the Barber Shop.

Discussing the hygiene of the barber's shop, the British Medical Journal says: The great carrier of infection to the face, be it coccogenic and hyphogenic, is the shaving brush, and not the razor. Therefore it is the shaving brush that should receive special attention.

Boiling the brush is out of the question; the ideal method of disinfection would be dry heat. In default of that, thorough washing in hot water and subsequent disinfection in a carbolic or other reliable antiseptic solution is indicated. As pads of cotton wool are not efficient for lathering as substitutes for the shaving brush, the inventor of the shaving brush should set their wits to work and find some substance which might take the place of the brush—that is, something hard, that could be destroyed after using once.

The ideal method for hair brushes is to sterilize them by means of dry heat. This is already in use in one or two London hair-cutting saloons. The absurd revolving or machine hair brush could have been scrapped long ago. It is curious to see this filthy apparatus still in operation in quite fashionable hair-dressing places.

This revolting brush is not only bad for the victim in the chair, but it is distinctly bad, too, for the operator himself. After the process of hair-cutting the fine hair clippings and scurf are thrown up into the respiratory passages of the barber. Clippers are to be avoided, and their cutting offices firmly refused, even though a pained expression should pass over the countenance of the barber. Clippers are not always easy to put together again when taken to pieces, and are therefore to be properly cleaned only with difficulty. Cutting instruments, it is needless to say, should be placed in antiseptic solutions, but should be put in methylated spirits or alcohol, and thoroughly wiped with a sterilized piece of gauze. Metallic combs can be dipped in spirits and passed through a flame, and returned to spirits before being again required. Styptic alum blocks should be done away with once and for ever, and the danger of inoculating with the razor through a razor-cut thus avoided. As to soap for shaving, it should be put up aseptically in powder in small tubes or capsules, one for each customer.

In conclusion, the hairdresser's saloon should be furnished much on the lines of an operating theatre, and the hairdressers should be scrupulously clean in themselves and wear clean white jackets.



Buying hosiery on this plan you make doubly sure of satisfaction, for if the hosiery does not fulfill the guarantee the makers have to pay a double penalty.

But after you've worn a pair of Pen-Angle Hosiery you'll understand why we give this 2 for 1 guarantee, for you will have discovered your ideal hosiery—warm-knit, seamless, longest-wearing.

The reason for Pen-Angle superiority is due to the exceptional quality of the cashmere and cotton yarns we use. And because we knit them on Pen-Angle's exclusive machines. We have the sole rights to use these machines in Canada.

Seamless Hosiery

These machines form-knit the hosiery to fit the form of the leg, ankle and foot perfectly, without a single seam anywhere to irritate the feet or rip apart.

They reinforce the feet, heels and toes—the places that get the hardest usage—without you ever being aware of any extra thickness.

Don't be content another day with hosiery which has these horrid seams up the leg and across the foot—with hosiery

SCOTTISH AND IRISH BOGS.

The recent bog slide in County Roscommon recalls the fact that Ireland has still close on 2,800,000 acres of bog land, varying in depth from 19 feet to a few inches. Scotland, of course, is also rich in bogs. Rannoch Moor, for instance, is nearly 20 miles square. Moss Flanders, in Perthshire, still contains over 10,000 acres of peat, and it is reported that the deep Black Moss contains 800,000 cubic yards of peat. The reason why a few calamitous bog slides take place in Scotland compared with Ireland is due to the varying constituents of the bogs, their situation and the higher cultivation of neighboring lands. After a long spell of rain—the usual forerunner of an Irish bog slide—great quantities of water accumulate at the bottom of the bog. The mosses are dense plant life on the surface, or close to the surface, prevent evaporation, and the pressure of the steadily accumulating water either raises the superincumbent mass and makes it overflow its natural boundaries, or bursts a subterranean passage. Where, however, the fringes of the bogs have been reclaimed, as in the case of most of the Scottish bogs, and the land in the neighborhood drained, escapes are created which drain off the floods. Hence the main reason for the paucity of bog slides in Scotland compared with Ireland, where the bog lands are still in a "state of nature."—Scottish-American.

RELICS OF THE GREAT.

John Bunyan's anvil, Napoleon's lounge chair, the desk of Charlotte Bronte, John Wesley's bedstead, Goldsmith's armchair, the hat-stand of Dickens are among the material relics of the great, which have appeared at auction in the past decade. More are promised. We saw the family Bible of Robert Burns brought \$1,500 in 1904. Appropriately, it now is preserved in the Burns Museum at Alloway. Perhaps his bureau, to be offered at Sotheby's may join in the "Laid by at Bilsland and Dumfries, it is doubtless saw the birth of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"—Scots Wha

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We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

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For Ladies

No. 1760.—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns. 2-ply leg, 5-ply foot, heel, toe and heel patch, giving them strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1020.—Same quality as 1760, but heavier weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg, 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helle, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1220.—Finest quality Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 8-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helle, pink, blue. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.

No. 1175.—Mercedized. Same color as 1760. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

No. 2045.—Medium weight Cashmere hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black, light and dark tan. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

No. 330.—"Everlast" Cotton Socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heels and toes. Soft in finish and very comfortable to the feet. A winner. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

If your instructions cannot supply you, state number, size and color of hosiery desired, and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. If not sure of size of hosiery, send size of shoe worn. Remember, we will fill your order for less than one box and only one size in a box.

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Canadian Made

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Not only is it patriotic—it's sound common sense. The money spent for Canadian goods goes to build up Canadian industries and prosperity, and makes it easier for every Canadian to earn a good living.

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Toilet and Medicinal Preparations are compounded in Canada from the purest ingredients which money can buy. The National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada returns to Canadians in employees' salaries, dividends and other expenses, disbursements, close to One Million Dollars a year. In addition to this we spend millions every year in Canada for raw materials, tins, bottles, labels, boxes and other supplies, giving employment to hundreds of Canadian tinsmiths, glass workers, paper makers, printers, lithographers, box makers, and others.

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You risk nothing in making the test, for if the NA-DRU-CO article does not entirely satisfy you, return it and your druggist will refund your money.

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12

Catarrh Germs Move Out

When Hyomei Moves In

The germs of catarrh cannot exist in the same atmosphere with antiseptic Hyomei (pronounce it High-o-mei).

Breathe Hyomei and relief from catarrh, coughs, sore throat or cold will come in two minutes.

Breathe Hyomei and that stomach straining, hawking in the morning will quickly disappear.

Breathe Hyomei and kill the catarrh germs; heal the inflamed membrane; stop the discharge or mucus and prevent crusts from forming in the nose.

Breathe Hyomei for a few minutes each day and, forever rid yourself of contemptible catarrh.

Breathe Hyomei—give it a faithful trial and then, if you are not satisfied, you can have your money back.

What is Hyomei? It is a wonderful antiseptic, so powerful that it promptly destroys germ life, yet its action on

the mucous membrane is extremely soothing and healing.

It is made chiefly of oil of eucalyptus and eucalytol taken from the eucalyptus forests of inland Australia, and combined with antiseptics employed in the Listerian system.

In inland Australia the atmosphere is so impregnated with balsam thrown off by the eucalyptus trees that catarrh cannot live, and in consequence catarrh and consumption are unknown.

Breathe Hyomei and get the same pleasant germ-killing air as you would get in the eucalyptus forests.

Hyomei is sold by druggists everywhere, and by Cairncross & Lawrence, for a complete outfit.

An outfit consists of a bottle of Hyomei, a hard rubber pocket inhaler and full instructions for use. Get one today and rid yourself of catarrh. Mail orders filled by the T. Booth Company, Limited, Fort Erie, Ont.

Hae!" and many of the rest. Jean Armand, the poet's widow, owned it, and it was particularly mentioned in the "Minutes of the Trustees of Mrs. Burns, April 1, 1834." Accompanying it is the working cabinet of William Burke, the mystic, which has long been in the possession of the Butts family, so closely associated with him.

Hibernian collectors may wax enthusiastic over a third relic, the black oak writing desk of Daniel O'Connell, which has changed hands a few times at Irish sales. Dickens loved it, and made over his relics in 1870. It re-

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For years men worked about punch