

# Perfect Tea

must be used  
for a perfectly  
satisfactory  
infusion.

# "SALADA"

Tea is the acme of perfection, being all pure,  
delicious tea. Black, Mixed or Green.

## GLOBE LIGHTNING RODS

Made of Pure Copper are Best, Best!

Prof. Day of Ontario Agricultural College and most Fire Insurance Companies now recommend that farmers protect their buildings against loss by lightning, with a Pure Copper Lightning Rod.

Prof. Day considers our Pure Copper Cable to be a First Class Rod and his opinion is based on knowledge gained through years of investigating Lightning Rod.

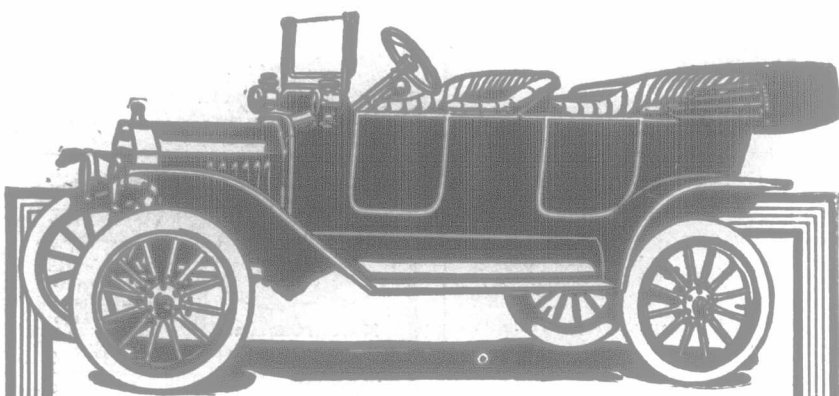
We still have openings for Agents wishing to handle the very best Rods. Write for samples and territory.

Globe Lightning Rod has been on the Market longer than any other Canadian Rod and it is still the leader and is guaranteed by

HAMILTON BRASS MFG. CO., Limited, - - Hamilton, Ont.

SUCCESSORS TO

GLOBE LIGHTNING ROD CO.



"MADE IN CANADA"

## Ford Touring Car Price \$590

Prices of Ford spare parts have been reduced an average of ten per cent. A Ford touring car may now be bought, part by part, for but \$38.87 more than the price of the car ready to run. Another big slice off the "after cost" of motoring.

Buyers of Ford cars will share in our profits if we sell 30,000 cars between August 1, 1914, and August 1, 1915.

Runabout \$540, Town Car \$840, F.O.B. Ford, Ontario, with all equipment, including electric headlights. Cars on display and sale at any Branch Manager—or write Ford Motor Company, Ltd., Ford, Ont., for Catalogue E.



**HIGH-CLASS SHORTHORNS** Honest representation and a square deal is our motto. We have still left some choice young bulls, bred in the purple and beef to the heels. Come and see them

Richardson Bros., Columbus, Ont. Myrtle, Oshawa or Brooklyn

day. Orders placed in the Dominion by the Imperial Government so far amount to over \$175,000,000.

### THE BERSAGLIERI.

The Bersaglieri, of whom we shall probably hear much during the war, are the riflemen, the very flower of the army of Italy. They are exceptionally well trained, especially in endurance, and present a unique appearance because of the dashing green "smasher" hats, adorned with cockades of drooping feathers, which they wear. They have been trained on rough ground, and especially to hill fighting, and are expert marksmen. Every man is picked. To each regiment a battalion of cyclists is attached, and so successful has this innovation proved that some of the British army leaders have been anxious to see similar forces introduced into the regular British army.

### WHENCE COME THE GOLDFISH?

Do you know that the source of the goldfish, which often wins our sympathy because of its confinement in narrow, glass globes, is in the far-away Flowery Kingdom across the Pacific?

While some of the goldfish are grown from eggs of the female fish kept in hatcheries of the glittering coated inhabitants of the water, most of them come from Japan—the natural home of the toy fish.

Large quantities of goldfish are grown for the export trade by Japanese dealers in the Yokohama district. The majority of these fish are shipped to San Francisco and Seattle for the local and Eastern markets. Approximately 100,000 goldfish are shipped annually from Yokohama to the United States, reports Deputy Consul General G. J. Barrett, of Yokohama.

There are four principal varieties of this fish available for export—namely, the ranchu, demekin, riukin and wakin. Of these, the ranchu is most in demand. It is not considered advisable to export these fish until they have reached the age of two years. The average life of the Japanese goldfish is seven years, although, with exceptionally good care and attention, they frequently live for ten years.

Safety in transportation is the present problem confronting the dealer. Of extremely fragile and delicate construction, the fish often become bruised by the rolling motion of the ship and die in transit; usually 40 per cent. become sickly and die before delivery is finally made to the American purchaser.—Our Dumb Animals.

### WOMEN OF PARIS IN WAR-TIME.

You could not say of Paris of this war-time that it is an Adamless Eden, but you would say that it is in great measure a city of women. The Parisienne, young, middle-aged, or aged, is everywhere doing everything. She is attending to her husband's shop in his absence, she is scavenging his particular range of streets, she is, perhaps, managing his counting-house or his bank. The Frenchwoman is possibly the most capable woman in the world, whether in domestic or business affairs. She is practical, she is efficient, she is quick, and, with it all, she remains a very womanly woman. You can see her by the hundred and the thousand coming to business from the suburbs in the morning. She is fresh and alert, and she has not lost those qualities when she returns to the suburbs in the evening. She dresses quietly, in black if she has lost people, anyhow in quiet dark colors, and while she thus reflects the presence of war, she does not lose her own charm as a Parisienne. She retains all her natural gift for wearing clothes which suggest the atmosphere about her, whatever it may be, as in her gay vivandiere skirt, her long-legged boots, her blouse which suggests a tunic, and her hat, half military, half coquettish. That is the wonderful thing in the Frenchwoman; she can be brave and resolute, sorrowful and tearful, charming and pretty at one and the same time. She has, somehow, a faculty for reflecting, as in one gleam, the varying moods which pass over other women in succession, and in this, perhaps, lies much of the secret of her attractiveness as a personality.

### "The Chaperon."

(Continued from page 1072.)

a cottage by the river, and, best of all, we can travel—travel—travel."

Then I began to furnish the cottage and the house, and was putting up a purple curtain in a white marble bathroom with steps down to the bath, when a knock came at the door.

I knew it was Phil, for it could be nobody else; but it was as unlike Phil as possible—as unlike her as a mountain is unlike itself when it is having an eruption.

"Nell," she called outside the door. "Nell, darling! Are you ready?"

"Only just begun," I answered. "I shall be—oh, minutes and minutes, yet. Why?"

"I don't want to worry you," replied Phil's creamy voice, with just a little of the cream skimmed off; "but do make haste."

"Have you been cooking something nice for breakfast?" (Our usual meal is Quaker oats, with milk; and tea, of course; Phil would think it sacrilegious to begin the day on any other drink.)

"Yes, I have. And it's wasted."

"Have you spilt—or burnt it?"

"No; but there's nothing to rejoice over or celebrate, after all; at least, comparatively nothing."

"Good gracious! What do you mean?" I shrieked, with my card-house beginning to collapse, while the Eau de Cologne lost its savor in my nostrils. "Has a codicil been found in Captain Noble's will, as in last summer of my serial for—"

"No; but the post's come, with a letter from his solicitor. Oh, how stupid we were to believe that Mrs. Keithley wrote—just silly, gossip. We ought to have remembered that she couldn't know; and she never got a story straight, anyway. Do hurry and come out."

"I've lost the soap now. Everything invariably goes wrong at once. I can't get hold of it. I shall probably be in this bath all the rest of my life. For goodness' sake, what does the lawyer man say?"

"I can't stand here yelling such things at the top of my lungs."

Then I knew how dreadfully poor Phil was really upset, for her lively voice was quite snappy; and I've always thought she would not snap on the rack or in the boiling oil. As for me, my bath began to feel like that—boiling oil, I mean; and I splashed about anyhow, not caring whether I got my hair wet or not. Because, if we had to go on being poor after our great expectations, nothing could possibly matter, not even looking like a drowned rat.

I hadn't the spirit to coax Phyllis, but I might have known she wouldn't go away, really. When I didn't answer except by splashes which might have been sob, she went on, her mouth apparently at the crack of the door—

"I suppose we ought to be thankful for such mercies as have been granted; but after what we'd been led to expect—"

"What mercies, as a matter of fact, remain to us?" I asked, trying to restore depressed spirits as well as circulation with a towel as harsh as fate.

"Two hundred pounds and a motor-boat."

A motor-boat? For goodness' sake?"

"Yes. The pounds are for me, the boat for you. It seems you once unfortunately wrote a postcard, and told poor dear Captain Noble you envied him having it. It's said to be as good as new; so there's one comfort, you can sell it second-hand, and perhaps get as much money as he left me."

I came very near falling down again in the bath with an awful splash, beneath the crushing weight of disappointment, and the soap slipping under my foot.

"Two hundred pounds and a motor-boat—instead of all those thousands!" I groaned—not very loudly; but Phil heard me through the door.

"Never mind, dearest," she called, striving, in that irritating way saints