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Fill Idle Minds and Hearts.

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," was the maxim which an old Scotch schoolmaster used to hurl at our heads. Viewed with the judgment of mature years I've wondered much why he didn't mull it over to himself, and visit our homes to impress it on our parents. For if anyone needed the saying it was not the youngsters who got into the mischief, but the adults who failed to provide proper fun and interesting work for the active children committed to their care.

Children naturally must be busy. So well accepted is this fact that when a child sits down quietly we instantly decide he must be sick. And yet we fail to make provision for this inalienable law of child nature. The baby, from the time he creeps until he passes out of babyhood, is the most striking illustration. We say every day, "Wouldn't you think he would get tired and want to sit down and rest?" But he never seems to. All day long he trots about investigating, and mothers, recognizing the principle of keeping him out of mischief by keeping him interested, coat him from the things he shouldn't do with a promise of a different amusement or a new toy.

The very young child is provided for, possibly because it takes so little to amuse him. A string of spoons or buttons, a box of clothes pins, a spoon and a sand pile, a ball made out of twine, these will furnish the young child amusement. But when he grows older, passes into school days, learns to read and to play with his fellows, we lose sight of the basic principle that he must be kept always busy unless he is to get into mischief, and then mischief is indeed begun.

The Children's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor has published some interesting findings on the effect of this lack of supervision. Out of one hundred and eighty-five children who were guilty of delinquency, only about thirteen were mentally deficient; it was found that these normal-bright children were led into trouble because of "lack of opportunity for moral and mental training, for recreation, and lack of variety of interesting occupations with promising futures."

Few normally bright children deliberately go wrong. Idleness is one contributing factor. They have nothing to do, and as a result drift into mischief, but malicious mischief at first, but idle mischief which little by little leads to deliberate wrongdoing, destruction of property or perhaps theft.

Wholesome recreation suitably supervised, is the crying need of young folks, especially in the country and small towns. The young folks of cities fare better in this respect than country children, in spite of the advantage of outdoor life. For what is the use of the outdoors if there is nothing to do, except to work, from a child's point of view? Cities have their public playgrounds with swimming pools, swings, sand piles, May-poles, base ball diamonds, tennis courts, everything for wholesome sports, with the added advantage of a supervisor. In winter there are the skating ponds and the Y. M. C. A. with its swimming pool, indoor basketball and game tables. Libraries offer books and story telling hours, and churches keep open house with their gymnasiums.

Wholesome recreation is thus provided for the school child, and in addition night schools in winter and vacation schools in summer offer a "variety of interesting occupations with a promising future." The boy and girl are given every opportunity to make the most of the life so far as schools can help them. And best of all, they are supervised. Instead of being left to grope in the dark, their efforts are directed by the teachers.

Public playgrounds, gymnasiums, swimming pools and skating ponds are still in the future for most rural children. But conscientious parents can supply their place if they make the effort. When you give the order for concrete pens for your porkers and watering troughs for your stock, go a step farther and order a swimming pool for your children. Children rightly handled are a more paying investment than live stock. Fit up the parlor or the "spare" bed room for a gymnasium. A punching bag

horizontal bars, and boxing gloves cost but little and pay for themselves a hundred-fold if they help keep the boys at home and out of mischief. Plan for games for long winter evenings. If you are opposed to playing cards there are dominoes, checkers and chess, and a dozen other games.

Recognize the fact that the child must be amused. He must have fun and he is going to get it some way, if not in a lawful way under your eyes, then unlawfully. Keep him interested in work or play. But above all, keep your eye on him. Not oppressively, of course. Don't snoop nor spy but just the same, know what your boy and girl are doing and who are their friends and playmates.

Making the Broom Last.

The marked increase in the prices charged for brooms has caused the housekeeper to regard them with a new respect, becoming more than ever desirous of preserving them to their last usefulness. It is real economy to choose the best quality when buying a broom, for one that is well made will outlast several of an inferior variety. One should be sure that there are at least four rows of stitching across the top of the straws, as this number is required to insure durability. In the cheaper brooms, three rows are usually the most provided, and they do not hold the straws tightly enough to keep them from falling out with brisk sweeping.

It is hardly necessary to say that to stand a broom on its straws is to give it the worst treatment possible, since its weight will soon cause the body to sag to one side and thus deprive it of the efficiency which is the result of the regularity of the straws. The broom should have its regular place on the wall or in a closet, where it hangs upside down when not in use. If one has no regular bracket, a home-made device may be found helpful. Two nails should be driven into the wall, two inches apart and about four feet from the floor, and then another pair, about two and one-half feet above these, should be inserted the same distance apart. The broom is placed so that the straw body rests on the upper nails, while the lower nails support the handle.

One housekeeper finds that she can renew her broom by soaking it in hot suds for a time, then allowing it to dry thoroughly in the bright sun. At this point, it is possible to cut the bristles evenly on more so that they will brush over the nap thoroughly. It is not uncommon to see neat cloth covers, fitted to the upper half of the broom body, sewed on securely to prevent the straws from breaking at the top and thus slipping out below. When the broom is past all further usefulness, a heavy bag may be fitted over the entire surface and fastened by a drawing-string at the top, where the handle begins. Such a covering, if absorbent material will make it a handy dust mop for floor surfaces. Its best feature is found in the fact that the cover may be slipped off and washed much more easily and satisfactorily than may an ordinary string mop.

Fastidious housekeepers often apply an enamel coating over the handles of their brooms, because they find them much more agreeable to handle than those of the unvarnished wood, besides being far more decorative in the spotless kitchen.

One at a Time.

In a closely-contested case, while one of the counsel was indulging in a flight of oratory, a donkey in a yard near by indulged in a loud bray. The opposing counsel rose to his feet, and said to the court: "My Lords, it is admissible for the gentleman's friend to thus applaud him?" Later on, when the other counsel had reached a high point of enthusiasm, the donkey interrupted again. Immediately the other lawyer rose to his feet and said: "My Lords, is there not an unusual echo in the court?"

Getting Wise at Last.

"We played the fool," declared the Crown Prince. "I know it now." "Huh?" "We had the whole world to pick a fight with." "Well?" "And look at the crowd we picked out."

The Road to Understanding

—BY—

Eleanor H. Porter

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CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd.)

John Denby read the letter once, twice; then he pulled the telephone toward him and gave a few crisp orders to James Brett, his general manager. His voice was steady and to the man at the other end of the wire—ominously emotionless. When he had finished talking five minutes later, certain words had been uttered that would materially change the immediate future of a certain wilful youth just then setting out on his honeymoon.

There would be, for Burke Denby no "Reddington apartment." There would also be no several-other-things; for there would be no "allowance" after the current month. There would be only the "wages" and the things the wages could buy.

There was no disputing the fact that John Denby was very angry. But he was also sorely distressed and grieved. Added to his indignation that his son should have flouted him was his anguish of heart that the old days of ideal companionship were now gone forever. There was, too, his very real fear for the future happiness of his boy, bound in marriage to a woman he believed would prove to be a most uncongenial mate. But overtopping all, just now, was his wrath at the flippant assurance of his son's note, and the very evident confidence in a final forgiveness that the note showed. It was this that caused the giving of those stern, momentous orders over the telephone—John Denby by himself had been somewhat in the habit of having his own way!

The harassed father did not sleep much that night. Until far into the morning hours he sat before the fire, less grate in his library, thinking. He looked old, worn, and wholly miserable. In his hand, and often under his gaze, was the miniature of a beautiful woman—his wife.

CHAPTER III.

It was on a cool, cloudy day in early September that Mr. and Mrs. Burke Denby arrived at Dalton from their wedding trip.

With characteristic inclination to avoid anything unpleasant, the young husband had neglected to tell his wife that they were not to live in the Denby Mansion. He had argued with himself that she would find it out soon enough, anyway, and that there was no reason why he should spoil their wedding trip with disagreeable topics of conversation. Burke always liked to put off disagreeable things till the last.

Helen was aware, it is true, that Burke's father was much displeased at the marriage; but that this displeasure had gone so far as to result in banishment from the home, she did not know. She had been planning, indeed, just how she would win her father-in-law over—just how sweet and lovely and daughterly she would be, as a member of the Denby household; and so sure was she of victory that already she counted the battle half won.

In the old days of her happy girlhood, Helen Barnett had taken as a matter of course the succumbing of everything and everybody to her charm and beauty. And although this feeling had, perhaps, been in abeyance for some eighteen months, it had been very rapidly coming back to her during the past two weeks, under the devoted homage of her young husband and the admiring eyes of numerous strangers along their honeymoon way.

It was a complete and disagreeable surprise to her now, therefore, when Burke said to her, a trifle nervously, as they were nearing Dalton: "We'll have to go to a hotel, of course, Helen, for a few days, till we get the apartment ready. But it won't be for long, dear."

"Hotel! Apartment! Why, Burke, aren't we going home—to our home?"

"Oh, no, dear. We're going to have a home of our own, you know—our home."

"No, I didn't know," Helen's lips showed a decided pout.

"But you'll like it, dear. You just wait and see." "The man spoke with determined cheerfulness."

"But I can't like it better than your old home, Burke. I know what that is, and I'd much rather go there."

"Yes, yes, but—" Young Denby paused to wet his dry lips. "Er—you know, dear, dad wasn't exactly—er—pleased with the marriage, anyway, and—"

"That's just it," broke in the bride eagerly. "That's one reason I wanted to go there—to show him, you know. Why, Burke, I'd got it all planned out lovely, how nice I was going to be to him—get his papers and silencers, and kiss him good-morning, and—"

"Holy smoke! Kiss—?" Just in time the fastidious son of a still more fastidious father pulled himself up; but to a more discerning bride, his face would already have finished his sentence. "Er—but—well, anyhow, dear," he stammered, "that's a very kind of you, of course; but you see it's useless even to think of it. He—he has forbidden us to go there."

"Why, the mean old thing!"

Helen's face showed a frown as well as a pout.

"I don't care. He is mean, if he is your father, not to let—"

"Helen!" At the angry sharpness of the man's voice Helen stopped abruptly. For a moment she gazed at her husband with reproachful eyes. Then her chin began to quiver, her breath came in choking, little gasps, and

the big tears to roll down her face. "Oh, Great Scott! Helen, dearest, don't please!" begged the dismayed, promptly capitulating at the awful sight of tears of which he was the despicable cause. "Darling, don't! But you never spoke like that to me before," choked the wife of a fortnight.

"I know, I was a brute—so I was! But, sweetheart, please stop," he pleaded desperately. "See, we're just pulling into Dalton. You don't want to see you crying—a bride!"

Mrs. Burke Denby drew in her breath convulsively and lifted a buried hand to brush the tears from her eyes. The next moment she smiled, tremulously, but adorably. She looked very lovely as she stepped from the car a little later; and Burke Denby's heart swelled with love and pride as he watched her. If underneath the love and pride there was a vague something not so pleasant, the man told himself it was only a natural regret at having said anything to cast the slightest shadow on the home-coming of this dear girl whom he had asked to share his life. Whatever this vague something was, anyway, Burke resolutely put it behind him, and devoted himself all the more ardently to the comfort of his young wife.

In spite of himself, Burke could not help looking for his father's face at the station. Never before had he come home (when not with his father), and not been welcomed by the father's eager smile and outstretched hand. He missed them both now. Otherwise he was relieved to see few people he knew, as he stepped to the platform, though he fully realized from the shy winks and covert glances, that every one knew who he was, and who also was the lady at his side.

With only an occasional perfunctory greeting, and no introductions, therefore, the somewhat embarrassed and irritated bridegroom hurried his bride into a public carriage, and the order to drive to the Hancock Hotel.

All the way there he talked very fast and very tenderly of the new home that was soon to be theirs. "It'll be only for a little—the hotel, dear," he plunged in once more. "And you won't mind it, for a little, while we're planning, will you, darling? I'm going to have the father's garden apart at you remember them—on Reddington Avenue; white stone with dandy little balconies between the big bay windows. Oh, no—no, indeed," asserted the man, all the more hurriedly, because he never had thought of a "hired girl," and because he was rather fearful of Burke's reaction. "I'll have the garden for the maid, anyway. There would have to be one, of course; but he wondered if his allowance would cover it, with all the rest. Still, he could smoke a cigar or two less a day, he supposed. If it came to a pinch, and—but Helen was speaking.

"Dear, dear, but you did give me a turn, Burke! You see, there'll just have to be a hired girl—that is, if you want anything to eat, sir," she laughed, showing her dimples. (And Burke loved her dimples!) "I can't cook a little bit. I never did at home, you know, and I should hate it, I'm sure. It's so messy—sticky dough and dishes, and all that!" Again she laughed and showed her dimples, looking so altogether so sweet and so lovely, that he decided, too, on the spot, that he would rather never smoke another cigar than to subject this adorable little thing at his side to any task that had to do with the hated "messy dough and sticky dishes." Indeed he would!

Something of this must have shown in his face, for the little bride began to smile, and the remainder of the drive was a blissfully happy one of fascinating plans regarding this new little nest of a home.

All this was at four o'clock. At eight o'clock Burke Denby came into their room at the hotel with a white face and tense lips.

(To be continued.)

Army Coal for Civilians.

To meet the scarcity of coal in England, which is acute in certain localities, an arrangement has been come to between the War Office and the Coal Control Department by which public needs may be met temporarily by drawing on Army stocks. The arrangement provides that where stocks of coal or gas coke exist in Army camps above immediate requirements, assistance in fuel supplies may be given to the public from such stocks by mutual arrangement between local Fuel Overseers and the officer in charge of War Office supplies.

Man learns from his own mistakes, but he never lives long enough to complete his education.

The water in which Brussels sprouts or cauliflower is cooked can be utilized in making soup. Spinach and rice water should never be wasted.



SOLDIERS' AGES CHANGE.

Now That War is Over True Age is Disclosed.

Incidents of men stretching the truth considerably to get into the British army when England needed every man and then resorting virtually to mutiny to get out after the armistice was signed have been shown at Folkestone during investigation of the first demobilization demonstrations there, says a London despatch. After several hundred men had declined to embark for France at the end of their Christmas leave the military authorities began investigating each case separately.

One man, who might be judged anywhere from thirty-eight to fifty years old, appeared before the examining officers.

"On what ground do you think you should be released now?" he was asked.

"I'm more than forty-one years old," he said, relying upon the rule that the men of that age or more should be released as soon as possible.

"But your army book shows you enlisted fifteen months ago at the age of thirty-five."

"I gave that as my age to get in, sir. I am fifty years old now."

"You will have to prove that," came a quick reply, whereupon he turned to a middle-aged woman spectator, his wife, who had anticipated the situation and produced a birth certificate. He was released at once and the method by which he volunteered will be conveniently forgotten.

During the last year of the war no miners were allowed to join the army. Their ranks already had been depleted until barely enough coal was being produced.

Another demonstrator said he should be released because he was a miner. His record showed he represented himself as a fishmonger in order to join the colors. When he proves he is a miner he will be released.

PILL-MAKING CRABS

How They Extract Particles of Food From the Sea Shore.

These tiny creatures, most of which are about the size of a pea, are in abundance on the shores of the Malay Peninsula. They are usually first noticed on the beaches after the going out of the tide, when they make the beach look covered with loose, powdery sand and holes of various sizes. Upon looking more closely it is seen that little paths converge in the sand to each hole and that the sand itself is in minute balls.

At the approach of an observer there immediately becomes apparent a peculiar twinkle—the simultaneous and rapid retreat of a myriad of the tiny crabs into their holes.

Should the watcher take up his position by one of the holes and remain

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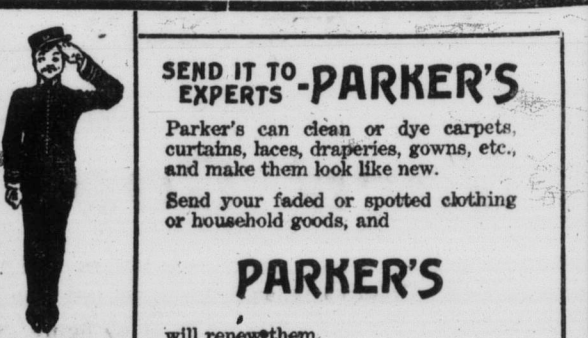
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ENGLAND TO MAKE POTATO FLOUR

MINISTRY OF FOOD TO UTILIZE HOME RESOURCES

Forced to Produce Potatoes Because of U-Boat Campaign, Britain is Now Overstocked.

It has recently been announced by the Ministry of Food that the shortage of tonnage and the heavy demand upon it makes it imperative to utilize British food resources to the utmost, and, accordingly, the Food Ministry has made arrangements for the establishment of mills for the production of potato flour, which, it is hoped, will be on a large scale. This industry, although a new one in Great Britain, has been established for many years on the continent; for example, Germany before the war had five hundred potato flour factories in operation, whereas it now has over two thousand. This alone would demonstrate the possibilities of the enterprise in this country.

For some time the Ministry of Food has been conducting experiments in making potato flour, and these have resulted satisfactorily. The Food Controller has signified a willingness that this project should be undertaken by private firms, and an endeavor is being made for individual concerns to take it up, the Food Ministry standing ready to give all assistance necessary in the organization of work.

Stated briefly, the process of manufacture consists of working the potatoes and passing the potato mash over hot rollers, on which it forms a thin film. This film is removed from the rollers by a scraper in the form of flakes, which can be kept for a considerable length of time, and then turned over to the mills for converting into flour. It is estimated that the percentage of the potato flakes extracted is twenty per cent. of the weight of the raw potatoes.

In order to eliminate unnecessary labor and transportation the Ministry of Food has placed certain limitations on the factory sites, and it is proposed that factories be situated, as far as possible, in the localities where potatoes are grown. Machinery and raw materials for production of potato flour are to be provided by the Ministry of Food. At the present time there are flaking machines enough in Great Britain to handle the work, since ordinary flour mills can convert the flakes into flour. In case there should be any necessity for importing machinery, the Food Controller will arrange that shipping priorities be given to permit its importation.

The financial arrangements for this undertaking have been worked out, and at present they are awaiting the official sanction of the British Treasury Department. The Food Ministry, however, is confident that these arrangements will be approved, as submitted, within a very short time.

Great Britain before the war imported a large portion of its potatoes which were largely consumed for food, but in view of the U-Boat campaign the country was forced to produce its own. Great Britain now has an overproduction of potatoes, and the formation of this industry provides a means for the consumption of this overproduction. The establishment of this industry would provide employment through the winter for labor available on the land in summer, and the process is one in which women can be almost exclusively employed, with the exception of stocking and other heavy work. This new industry will prevent the loss of raw material, and will insure their production, which will also have a tendency in stabilizing the potato market.

CAN FLY 300 MILES AN HOUR

French Engineer's Device Will Shorten Trip to America.

An airplane with a speed of from 200 to 300 miles an hour which will bring America within a short day's journey of Europe is the prospect held out by the invention of a French engineer, Auguste Rateau, according to the Matin. The invention of M. Rateau was one of the surprises in store for the Germans which were about to be revealed when fighting ceased.

At the present time, without the invention, the higher an airplane mounts the less power is required, on account of the rarifying of the air. The loss at 15,000 feet, for instance, is 50 per cent. Mr. Rateau's device, the paper says, is very simple. It consists of an arrangement by which the exhaust from the engine works a small turbine which compresses the air drawn into the engine to normal pressure so that the engine develops full power no matter what the altitude. As the resistance of an airplane decreases enormously at high altitude, the Matin adds, it follows that the higher a machine fitted with the new device mounts the greater will be its speed. This fact, it is declared, was demonstrated by the German long-range guns.

It has been found that a heavy day bombing machine whose speed at 15,000 feet ordinarily did not exceed 80 miles an hour made 140 miles an hour when fitted with M. Rateau's invention.