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A PROPER KIND OF SLACKER.

There was an awful lazy woman in the little village where I grew up. At least, the most of the neighbors said she was—and they could prove it. She didn't work after noon! And she had a husband and three children and a great big ten-room house. How any woman could do all the work that meant, and find time to sit around afternoon, reading or doing fancy work, or maybe gadding the streets, was beyond the virtuous housewives of our town. That is, it was beyond most of them. Some, secretly, and two or three quite openly, were frankly envious, and wished they could do it, too. But they couldn't. "What would folks say?" was too strong for them.

A neighbor girl found out how it was done. One spring the woman was ill and the girl—this was the good old days—went in to "help out."

When the woman got up again the girl stayed on and they worked together.

"I've always planned every way I could to do my work in the quickest and easiest way," explained the woman, "whether it was the way my grandmother did or a way I just thought up myself. When I was first married I made a solemn vow I would not spend all my time doing housework, and I haven't. I've always had time every day to change my dress and rest and read in the afternoon unless there was sickness. Even in canning time I make it a point not to work every minute.

"To begin with, I have a schedule. I never could get through just working haphazard. Monday I tidy up, mend and put the clothes to soak; Tuesday, wash; Wednesday, clean silver and cupboards; Thursday, iron; Friday, clean the house except the kitchen, and Saturday clean the kitchen and do all the baking that is done for the week. No woman can do all the work expected of her and keep up, so I leave out half what the rest do. My 'man' thought when we were married he had to have home-made bread, but it didn't take him long to decide that he'd rather eat bakers' bread and have a companionable wife, than to have home-made bread and a wife who was always tired out and catty. He used to like rich frosted cakes, too, and he always had stomach trouble. He's found out with a simple sponge cake once a week and fruit or plain puddings for dessert he is just as well pleased and much better as to health. So I've not only

THE DRUM AND THE BOY

Power of Music on Character of An Outcast Child

That wonderful worker among the outcast children of England, the late Dr. Barnardo, once wrote a most interesting letter, in reply to the questions of the editor of a musical journal concerning the use of music in the Barnardo-Homes. Music is, he wrote, to the undeveloped souls of those children of poverty, misery and crime what bread is to their starved bodies. As to its effect on character, Dr. Barnardo told this story:

One of the very roughest lads I ever had, a boy who was perpetually getting into hot water, and whose glory it was that he could fight—and often "lick"—his master, provided a radiant example of the power of music. We found that he had a good ear, and put him into a band to play a side drum. From that moment his evil spirit was exorcised, as indeed, in the olden times, spirits were driven out by music. It became the object of his life, first, to play his drum well, and then to learn the cornet. That involved a self-restraint on his part to which he had hitherto been a stranger, and of course a radical change of conduct. He became steady, orderly, painstaking. Eventually, he was apprenticed in our Homes to the shoemaking trade, and he blossomed out by degrees into a very admirable cornet player and all round musician.

On leaving the institutions he carried with him his altered character and prospered accordingly. He is now the leader of a band in one of the Midland counties, and, I learn, the instructor of every bandsman on his own instrument. Besides that, he can score music for every single instrument in his band. A little while ago I heard that that band had been yoked

Which Shows the Attitude of Our Southern Neighbor At the Beginning of the War, and How the Republic's Noblest Sons and Daughters Rose to the Occasion.

By Edith Brown Kirkwood.

CHAPTER IV.

Marjorie had not returned when Mr. Mann came home. Mrs. Mann did not stop for preliminaries. "Edward," she said, "with straight-forwardness, 'Why did I come to see you the other night?'"

"I told you at noon."

"You did not tell all."

"Humph!" Mr. Mann indulged in his favorite expletive.

Mrs. Mann was relentless. "He spoke to you of Marjorie? He loves her?"

"He spoke to me of Marjorie if you want to know," he replied with an annoyance. "Of course he loves her. He'd be a chump if he didn't, wouldn't he? He's got energy enough to know a good thing."

"Edward!" Mrs. Mann's voice was not gentle. "And you made him promise not to tell her?"

"Regular Sherlock Holmes, eh? That's just what I did and I'm glad of it."

Mrs. Mann's reply was to resume her work. Silence is not given its due appreciation as a woman's weapon. Her air of finality as to the conversation was as disconcerting as it was intended to be. Mr. Mann picked up his evening paper but he was not as happy as he had been.

Marjorie came in presently and tossing her hat aside took a chair by the window.

"Mother," she said quietly, "will you help me start a nurse's course?"

"A what, dear?" queried Mrs. Mann.

"A nurse's course—a Red Cross home-nursing course. Mrs. Chapman tells me she had a talk with Ted Speer the other night when Crane brought him home after the lecture and he says that Red Cross workers are badly needed. We should have a branch here and learn emergency nursing and the making of surgical dressings. The French and English women are working night and day. Girls who never before have had a real task are working in the fields in England. If they can do that, have we a right to be comfortable and taking life easy here? We're not in the war but it seems to me we must help the others who are in distress. A lot of city girls—girls who can afford to bear their own expenses, you know—are getting into training to go over."

"Bally nuisances, that'll be, too," put in Mr. Mann. "That's the trouble with a time like this. It gives a lot of feather-brained women a chance to—"

"Do something for their country and so be of use," interrupted Mrs. Mann. "Go on, Marjorie."

"Father's right, Mother. Untrained girls will be nuisances—so are untrained soldiers. But if the boys can get ready to defend us, the girls can get ready to take care of them. They're sending over trained nurses to work with the doctors—nurses as capable in their line as Dr. Bacon is in his; but what they are asking of us who are untrained is to take care of emergency. Why, it takes more than nine thousand dressings for one bad case! These must be made. We've got to be the background, the workers, the servers, anything that we may be prosed if we are needed. I'd like to get up a class in Red Cross work. Mrs. Chapman will help and I don't believe it will take very long to get the girls and some of Clinton interested. We're so near the city we can have some one come down and organize our unit. You will? I knew you would. I'll write Ted Speer."

"First thing you know she'll be wanting to go to France," remarked Mr. Mann from behind his paper as Marjorie mounted the stairs to her room.

"Well?"

"Do you mean to say that you'd let her—! After he's gone over?" Mr. Mann's anger was rising. "Annie, I don't know what to make of you. I honestly believe you'd like her to marry Crane Chapman."

"Edward, I want the best man in the world for Marjorie but most of all I want her to marry the man she loves."

"All I have to say is, I have spent my life trying to protect Marjorie from this very thing, Annie. I've educated her and filled the coffers for her. Now she wants to go out into the world—"

"To fill her place just as she has a right to do, Edward. You can't direct Marjorie's life as you have directed the business of Clinton. That belongs to her."

"Well, I'll be—!" began Mr. Mann. "If I live to be a thousand, I'll never understand you fool women!"

But what Mr. Mann really did not understand was that in this war of wars, women were destined to play such a part as never in history she had played.

The fact that Marjorie Mann started the Red Cross assured its success. Most of the girls and women of the town entered the classes. Marjorie went on to Chicago to prepare herself for Clinton's supervisory work, for while the work was the next "new thing under the sun," to Marjorie it was a serious, sacred service she was undertaking.

Somewhere within her she felt that some day, somehow, somewhere the knowledge was to serve her and serve her well. Only her mother knew that down in Washington her name already was registered among those of other girls of wealth who had volunteered not only to give up home and comfort to do their part in the world disaster but to ask not a penny's return for the doing.

Then came the April day when America awoke to find she was at war. The expected had happened. Prepared? Who ever is prepared to meet the expected? The boys, hurried into training camps, looked shy in their new uniforms and only the others whose minds turned back to other

A FAMILIAR TRICK

When King Albert, Then Heir to Belgian Throne, Visited the Congo

Two incidents that occurred during the trip to the Congo that King Albert made while he was still the heir to the Belgian throne are entertainingly described by a contributor to the London Field.

On state occasions the prince and his staff always donned their uniforms. Albert was a general, and consequently appeared in a very dark frock coat and dark trousers, while his principal aide-de-camp, Col. de Moore, of the Guides, was adorned with the gorgeous uniform of that regiment: short green tunic, covered with gold braid across the chest and on the sleeves, red breeches, high boots, and a bushy with an egret. One chief, when led up by the master of the ceremonies, looked round, stared at the colonel, and then said to the prince, with a smile:

"Young man you can play your tricks on others, but you can't catch an old, experienced man like myself."

The prince inquired what he meant.

"I mean that you can't play a game on me that I have played so often on others. When the district commissioner comes to my village I never know what his visit has in store for me; maybe he comes to give me a present, maybe it means trouble. I don't want trouble, and so I have a slave who impersonates me on those occasions. If he receives a gift, he has to hand it over to me; but if there is trouble, he can keep it to himself. Now you are up to the same trick, but you don't know how to do it. Look at yourself; look at that dark, ugly coat of yours; do you think anybody but a fool would take you for a prince? Why, there is the son of Bula Matari!" he exclaimed, pointing triumphantly at the colonel. "I know when I see him!" And notwithstanding all the eloquence of the interpreter he stuck to his opinion.

But not always did the interpreter serve so faithfully as that one did, and many a blunder was disguised by careful editing. One troublesome chief refused to shake hands with the prince, and muttered excuses that were translated by an official as follows:

"Mighty prince, I am your slave. Trample me under your feet, take my life if so unworthy an object can be of use to you, but ask me not to presume to touch your august hand."

What he really said was this:

"Your minions, those thieving rascals who ought to be chopped to pieces as food for the hogs, prevented my warriors from coming with me to you. They have stolen my bow and arrows, and dragged me here unarmed. Do you think I am going to be such a fool as to put myself entirely at the mercy of such a big chap as you, by letting you grasp my right hand? Now you look sharp!"

In a second he had disappeared in the bushes.



NEW TEST OF PROOF OF DEATH.

French Academy of Medicine Will Use a New Experiment.

Uncertainty as to whether a person be alive or dead is especially great on the battlefield and prompt decision in such cases is far more important than in civil life. Dr. A. Terson has just recommended to the French Academy of Medicine a new test, those already known having proved insufficient. The best of these latter has been the injection of fluorescein, as devised by Icard. But even this is uncertain, for in some cases men who are still alive do not show the green coloration of the whites of their eyes following injection, which the test is supposed to produce.

Dr. Terson recommends placing in the eye a minute quantity of 33 per cent. solution of diamin (ethylmorphine), glycerine. If death has already taken place, nothing happens, but if the man has the slightest trace of life still in him the white of his eye will immediately turn purplish-red and swell, but this inflammation will disappear rapidly and leave no ill effect.

EVEN THE DOGS FIGHT THE HUN!

HEROIC PART THAT ANIMALS PLAY IN THE WAR.

The "Blue Cross" of the Allied Armies Cares For Their Wounds in Well-Equipped Hospitals.

Few persons realize what an important part animals are playing in the war. Horses and mules are carrying food and ammunition to the soldiers in the trenches, thousands of dogs, thousands of carrier pigeons, hundreds of mules and thousands of camels are working to save lives and gain a victory for the Allies. The French have five thousand dogs and the Allies have six million horses and many mules facing death just as the men are doing. The dog is one of the most important animals in the fighting area, and every man in the army realizes how invaluable these animals are, for they are used for sentinel, patrol, draft, guard, dispatch and carrier work and in some instances they clean the trenches of rats. For instance, the sentinel dog is stationed at the "listening points," and helps in detecting enemy patrols; the patrol dog reconnoiters for small detachments and several can hold an enemy if so commanded. These same dogs carry provisions and military stores when harnessed to vehicles, and when necessary they can pull the carts on which the wounded are placed. The invaluable dispatch dog is another type and occupies an important position, for he is honored with being intrusted to carry messages between the posts of command in the first line in the sectors bombarded or beaten by machine guns. Such dogs are swifter than men and run less chance of being shot. The guard dog helps to reduce the number of sentinels around storehouses and factories. Their performances are remarkable.

The Red Cross Dogs.

France is using many Red Cross dogs, and many wounded soldiers owe their preservation to them. They search the secluded places and when they find a soldier bring back some part of his clothing and lead the rescuer to the spot. Other dogs have been trained never to molest the soldier, but to give the sign on their return to the hospital. This sign is usually the lifting of the strap which hangs around their necks into their mouths. But these dogs do not stop at finding the wounded. They are taught never to touch the dead and they draw a light-wheeled ambulance cart on which the wounded soldier is placed. They do well at this work and in pulling the carriages on which the machine guns are mounted. Mastiffs are usually used for this last heavy work, and when the Germans invaded Belgium these dogs played an important part in carrying the light guns from point to point.

Early in the war France sent over and secured the services of an expert in Alaskan dogs, who purchased malamutes for draft purposes in the Volga. Some of the dogs that he selected had taken part in the Alaskan races that required unlimited endurance, and this qualification was invaluable in the work which they did in the army. These Alaskan dogs, accustomed to drawing heavy burdens, have brought supplies and ammunition through mountain passes. They draw carts in summer which fit on narrow gauge tracks, and in winter they pull sledges over the snow. These dogs are more cumbersome than the dispatch dogs, who can carry a message in three minutes that would take ten minutes for a man. These messages may be important calls for reinforcements or that firing should be directed in another direction or some equally important hint. The French also employ dogs to carry light lunches and they provide gas masks for the dogs as well as for the men.

Horse is Indispensable.

There are many stories of dogs being decorated by the soldiers for signal bravery on the battlefield and the men grow much attached to the intelligent animals.

Interesting and important as is the work of dogs and pigeons in war, the horse is still more valuable. The British have two million horses engaged in the war, and it is estimated there may be a demand for as many more. Horses cannot be wholly superseded by motors, for they are transport and baggage agents in this war, as they have been in former conflicts. All army men know that the services of horses are indispensable. If a shot hits a motor and a wheel is blown off that is the end of progress for a time, but if one horse is injured the other horse pulls until a fresh horse can be obtained.

The Blue Cross, which was organized in 1912, in three months after war began had hospitals at work in France. To-day La Croix Bleue is an effective branch of the French army, and it deals with every variety of sick and injured horses. Two thousand separate units have been assisted by this Blue Cross and the hospital quarters are clean, hygienic and with ample light and air. Drinking water and oats are supplied and there are operating rooms, pharmacies and hospitals for sick and debilitated animals. Gentleness, fresh air and sunshine are among the curative agencies, and there are large pasture lands on which convalescing horses run.

the real friendship of mother and daughter needs no words.

"If you'll send the telegram saying I'll join them in Chicago tomorrow, Daddy," replied Marjorie, "Mother and I will do some packing before dinner."

"The old 'crowd' were at the station to see Marjorie off on her way to France. Marjorie wondered if soldiers felt as she was feeling—of how small she was in relation to the need of that for which she was going."

Days of nerve-wrecking ocean voyage brought the unit finally to France. They journeyed on to Paris where through long days they labored over the little and big pads of gauze that were to stay the wounds of brave poilus.

If Crane had learned that Marjorie had reached France, he had had no opportunity of communicating with her. From Dr. Bacon, busy at one of the hospitals, she had had a line of greeting but friendly visits had no part in that day's work.

(To be continued.)

NEW USE FOR THE TELEGRAPH

How the Turks Regarded This Western Invention

When Western civilization first began to make its way into the Ottoman Empire, it provoked some very interesting reactions upon the Orientals. One story that Sir William Whittell tells in Turkish Stories and Parables shows how unquestioningly even the wisest of the Turks attributed the triumphs of Western invention to magic or diabolism.

During the Crimean War, says Sir William, the first Telegraph was established in Turkey. This wonderful invention created tremendous astonishment among the Turks, who were quite unable to understand its workings. Among the more intelligent discussions were not concerning the scientific principles that lay behind it, but whether it was good or a bad thing for humanity.

To solve the question it was at last decided to have a full debate by the ulema of the province of Smyrna, over which at that time a very wise old mulah presided. The meeting was held, and fierce was the contention. Half of the ulema declared that the telegraph was a good thing, because it quickened communication; the other half asserted that it could not be good, because it was an invention of the devil.

There seemed to be no way of arriving at a conclusion, when some of the Turks perceived that their chief, the old mulah, had not yet expressed an opinion. Both parties, therefore, eagerly pressed him for his view on the subject and agreed to abide by his decision. The old mulah replied: "My children, the telegraph is a good thing."

"What?" said the conservatives indignantly. "Do you mean that it is not a work of the devil?"

"Oh, yes," replied the old man. "Assuredly it is a work of his; but why are you so dull of understanding, my children? Can't you see that, if the devil is occupied going up and down the wires with each message sent, he will have less time to trouble us mortals on earth below?"

All the ulema acknowledged the wisdom of their chief.

Canada Food Board ordered the Union Confectionery, Calgary, to cease making candy forthwith.

Young Men on the Farm Who Cannot Go to War

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