

It's Always Best —To Be Well on the Safe Side

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Keep Receipts on File.

Take care of receipts. Have them where you can refer to them readily. The writer learned that lesson in the early days of housekeeping. The man of the house enquired one day: "Do you owe McK. anything?" "Not that I know of," was the reply.

"Well, they have sent in a bill for thirty dollars."

"I paid that bill weeks ago; do you not remember—you gave me the money for it."

"Yes, I remember; but McK. says it is still on his books and has not been paid."

"I will get the receipt," but to my consternation, the receipt was not where it should have been, and I could not find it after diligent search in all likely and unlikely places. I had a faint recollection of paying the money, but as time went on and I worried over it I began to hesitate and wonder if it were possible that I could have made a mistake, when one day—oh joy—I found the bill, with "Received payment" written across it and signed by McK. This was an experience by which I profited. In these days of ordering by telephone, rush of business, etc., it is increasingly desirable to preserve receipts.

One day, about two years ago, my little dog was knocked down by an automobile and his leg broken. He was taken to the veterinary, who set the leg, sending in a bill for four dollars, which was promptly paid. The money being sent by a little office boy, who brought back a receipt, which was filed. Six months later I received a bill for the same amount for that same little dog. My receipt was fortunately still on file. If it had not been, do you see the position that innocent little office boy would have been placed in? As it was, I was assured that it was a mistake, and that the amount would be marked off the books. One would think it would have been safe then to destroy that receipt. Judge of my surprise then, when, more than a year and three months having elapsed since the accident, I again received a bill for four dollars for mending that unfortunate little puppy.

Patience had ceased to be a virtue. I rang up the vet. and enquired if he did not think twelve dollars rather much for setting a puppy's leg. He disclaimed having made any such charges. I informed him that three times four is twelve, and that if I had paid without demur the different bills, twelve dollars would be the amount. He said: "It must have been paid to the other partner," murmured something about sometimes one and sometimes the other going to books, sending bills, etc. The excuses were as lame as the pup would have been if his leg had not been set. However, he assured me he would personally see that the amount was marked off the books, and up to date I have not received a fourth bill. I conclude it has been done. In the meantime I have the receipt.

Aids to the Entertainer.

Six teaspoonfuls of tea equal one ounce. This is sufficient for six persons. One pound serves sixty people. Allow three slices of bread and butter for three people, and sandwiches should be estimated on the same scale. Large cakes, one slice to every two people; small cakes, three for two people.

One pound of sugar suffices for fifty-five people; one small teaspoonful of loose sugar is the equivalent of one lump.

One quart of ice cream will be enough for twenty small helpings if unmoulded; if moulded only for half that number.

Housewife Hints.

The standard measuring cup holds one-half pint.

Honey should be kept in a warm, even hot, place.

Excellent croquettes can be made of green sweet corn.

Knitting needles may be sharpened by a keen penknife.

Nuts should always be considered as fats when used in a meal.

A kitchen table having little sliding castors saves many steps.

Substitute mixtures should be baked more slowly and longer.

Ripe fruit must not be dried, but fruit which is still a little green.

Browned bread crumbs and cream make an excellent breakfast food.

Serve no butter when you have plenty of gravy or sauce at a meal. Never stir rice as it causes it to fall to the bottom of the vessel and burn.

Face veils can be stiffened with gum arabic water if they have become limp.

Never take out clothes' stains with chemicals until you have tried cold water.

Never put bananas in the refrigerator—they will turn black instead of ripening.

Corn oysters are served with powdered sugar, honey, syrup or chili sauce.

Instead of grating cheese for some dishes that are to be baked, slice it thin and save time.

Sliced apples, baked slowly in a casserole with butter and brown sugar, are served with cream.

The secret of brown sauce is having butter and flour well browned before adding the milk or stock.

To restore color to dried beans, add a pinch of soda and a teaspoonful of salt to their boiling water.

If the bacon is cut the night before it will make getting breakfast a much easier task.

The knives with which fruits are pared should be very clean or the fruits will be discolored.

Nutbread can be used for sandwiches, the filling consisting of a cottage cheese mixed with chopped olives.

To serve up cauliflower whole and unbroken, boil in a cloth, as it may then be lifted out of the saucepan without a detriment to its appearance.

When a black dress becomes stained and spotted, try sponging it with some strong cold tea. This should cause the blemishes to entirely disappear.

When lace becomes torn, instead of darning it, place a plain piece of net beneath the torn part and oversew. This will be far less noticeable than darning.

A wheeled tray will save a great many steps in the course of a day.

A medium sized paint brush is excellent for dusting out the corners of the stairs.

In the sick room don't have the patient with his face to the window; he is sure to suffer from the light if you do.

How to Rest.

So often when we lie down for a short rest we find ourselves unable to let go for the time being, the tired strain on nerve and muscle. We are so used up by a hard day's work, or from some deep mental effort, or from anxiety, that we can not get rid of the nerve and brain tension.

The following remedy is a blend of will power and imagination. It was recommended to me several years ago by one who had found it a cure for tired nerves, and I also have tested its power to soothe.

When very tired lay down with closed eyes, and let yourself hold but one thought, think of nothing but the passing of a gentle, imaginary hand very softly, over your forehead, firmly and tenderly smoothing out the weary lines. You will feel them yielding, almost unconsciously, to the restful influence. The brain knots will relax, and in a short time you will lose your strained feeling entirely.

England to Have Memorial
The Leys School Memorial Fund now exceeds \$160,000 on which a first charge of \$100,000 has been laid for the foundation of entrance and leaving scholarships in memory of those who have fallen in the war. It is intended now to secure additional support to provide for erection of a memorial hall in honor of the part played in the war by the old boys of Leys. Designs for the hall already have been drawn by Sir Allen Webb.

He that never changed any of his opinions never corrected any of his mistakes; and he who was never wise enough to find out any mistakes in himself will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.—Whitcomb.

The Road to Understanding

—BY—
Eleanor H. Porter

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CHAPTER II.

Proud, and blissfully happy in his victory, Burke went to his father; and to his father (so far as the latter himself was concerned) he carried a bombshell.

"Well, my boy, it's good to see you! Where have you been keeping yourself all these two weeks?" "Why, dad, I've been right here—in fact, I've been very much right here!"

The conscious color that crept to the boy's forehead should have been illuminating. But it was not.

"Yes, yes, very likely, very likely," frowned the man. "But, of course, with so many around—But soon we'll be by ourselves again. Not but what I'm enjoying your aunt's visit of course," he added hastily. "But here are two weeks of your vacation gone, and I've scarcely seen you a minute."

"Yes; and that's one thing I wanted to talk about—college," plunged in the boy. "I've decided I don't want to finish my course, dad. I'd rather go into business right away."

The man drew his brows together, but did not look entirely displeased. "Hm-m, well," he hesitated. "While I should hate to see you graduate, yet—it's not so bad an idea, after all. I'd be glad to have you here for good that much earlier, son. But why this sudden right-about-face? I thought you were particularly keen for that degree."

Again the telltale color flamed in the boy's cheeks.

"I was—once. But, you see, then I wasn't thinking of—getting married."

"Married!" To John Denby it seemed suddenly that a paralyzing chill clutched his heart and made it skip a beat. This possible future marriage of his son, breaking into their close companionship, was the dread shadow that loomed ever ahead.

"Nonsense, boy! Time enough to think of that when you've found the girl."

"But I have found her, dad," John Denby paled perceptibly.

"You have—what?" he demanded. "You don't mean that you've—Who is she?"

"Helen," John Denby seemed surprised, laughed the boy. "Haven't you noticed—suspected?"

"Well, no, I haven't," retorted the man grimly. "Why should I? I never heard of the young lady before. What is this—some college tomfoolery? I might have known, I suppose, what would happen."

"College! Why, dad, she's here. You know her, it's Helen—Miss Barnett."

"Here! There's no one here but your aunt and—He stopped, and half started from his chair. "You don't—You can't mean—your aunt's nursemaid!"

At the scornful emphasis on indignance red dyed the boy's face.

"I didn't think that of you, dad," he rebuked.

Angry as he was, the man was conscious of the words gave him. But he held his ground. "And I did not think this of you, Burke," he rejoined coldly.

"I mean that I supposed my son would show some consideration as to the woman he chose for his wife."

"Father!" The boy's face set into stern lines. The boyish figure drew itself erect with a majesty that would have been absurd had it not been so palpably serious. "I can't stand much of this sort of thing, even from you. Miss Barnett is everything that is good and true and lovely. She is in every way worthy—more than worthy. Besides, she is the woman I love—the woman I have asked to be my wife. Please remember that that when you speak of her."

John Denby looked lightly. Sharp words had very evidently been on the end of his tongue, when, with a sudden change of countenance, he relaxed in his chair, and said: "Well, done, Burke. Your sentiments do you credit, I'm sure. But aren't we getting a little melodramatic? I feel as if I were on the stage of a second-rate theatre. However, I stand corrected; and we'll speak very respectfully of the lady hereafter. I have no doubt she is very good and very lovely, as you say; but—his mouth hardened a little—"I must still insist that she is no fit wife for my son."

"Why not?" "Obvious reasons."

"I suppose you mean—because she has to work for her living," flashed the boy. "But that—excuse me—seems to me plain snobbishness. And I must say again I didn't think it of you, dad. I supposed—"

"Come, come, this has gone far enough," interrupted the distraught, sorely tried father of an idolized son. "You're not a boy. You don't know your own mind. You'll fancy yourself in love a dozen times yet before the time comes for you to marry."

"I'm not a boy. I'm a man grown."

"You're not twenty-one yet."

"I shall be next month. And I do know my own mind. You'll see, father, when I'm married."

"But you're not going to be married at present. And you're never going to marry this nursemaid."

"Father!"

"I mean what I say."

"You won't give your consent?"

"Never!"

"Then—I'll do without, after next month."

There was a tense moment of silence. Father and son faced each other, angry resentment in their eyes. Then, with a sharp ejaculation, John Denby got to his feet and strode to the window. When he turned a minute later and came back, the angry resentment was gone. His mouth was stern, but his eyes were pleading. He came straight to his son and put both hands on his shoulders.

"Burke, listen to me," he begged. "I'm doing this for two reasons. First, to save you from yourself. You've known this girl scarcely two weeks—hardly an adequate preparation for a lifetime of living together. And just here comes in the second reason. However good and lovely she may be, she couldn't possibly qualify for that long lifetime together, Burke. Simply because she works for her living. She has nothing to do with it. She has not the tastes or the training that should belong to your wife—that must belong to your wife if she is to make you happy, if she is to take the place of—your mother. And that is the place your wife will take of, course, Burke."

Under the restraining hands on his shoulders the boy stirred restlessly. "Tastes! Training! What do I care for that? She suits my tastes."

"She wouldn't—for long."

"You wait and see."

"Too great a risk to run, my boy."

"I'll risk it. I'm going to risk it."

Again there was a moment's silence. Again the stern lines deepened around the man's lips. Then very quietly there came the words:—

"Burke, if you marry this girl, you will choose between her and me. It seems to me that I ought not to need to tell you that you cannot bring her here. She shall never occupy your mother's chair as the mistress of this house."

Time, however, a compromise was effected. Burke should leave college immediately and go into the Works with his father, serving a short apprenticeship from the bottom up, as had been planned for him, that he might be the master of the business, in deed as well as in name, when he should some day take his father's place. Meanwhile, for one year, he was not to see or communicate with Helen Barnett. If at the end of the year, he was still convinced that his only hope of happiness lay in marriage to this girl, all opposition would be withdrawn and he might marry when he pleased—though even then he must not expect to bring his bride to the old home. They must set up an establishment for themselves.

"It should be that—under the circumstances," had been the prompt and somewhat haughty rejoinder, much to the father's discomfiture.

Grieved and dismayed as he was at the airy indifference with which his son appeared to face a fatherless future, John Denby was yet pinning his faith on that year of waiting. Given twelve months with the boy quite to himself, he should be able to spell out of this designing young woman and there could be no question of the result—in John Denby's mind. In all confidence, therefore, and with every sense alert to make this year as perfect as a year could be, John Denby set himself to the task before him.

It was here, however, that for John Denby the ghosts walked—ghosts of unnumbered toy pistols and poisoned cakes. Burke Denby, accustomed all his life to having what he wanted, and having it when he wanted it, moped the first week, sulked the second, covered himself with the third, and ran away the last day of the fourth, leaving behind him the customary note, which, in this case, read:—

Dear Dad: I've gone to Helen. I had to. I've lived a year of misery in this last month; so far as I am concerned, I have waited my year already. We shall be married at once. I wrote Helen last week, and she consented.

Not, dad, you'll just have to forgive me. I'm twenty-one. I'm a man now, not a boy, and a man has to decide these things for himself. And Helen's dear. You'll see, when you know her. We'll be back in two weeks. Now don't bristle up. I'm not going to bring her home, of course (at present), after the very cordial invitation you gave me not to! We're going into one of the Redington apartments. With my allowance and my earnings (I) we can manage that all right—until "the stern parent" relents and takes his daughter home—as he should. Good-bye.

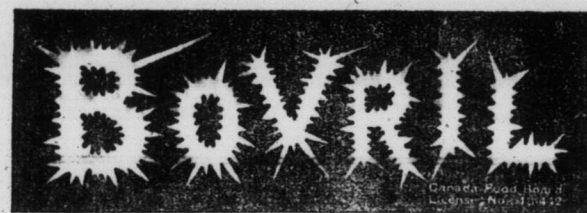
BURKE.

(To be continued.)

The Red Cross Pearl Necklace.

Following the famous sales at Christy's last year when jewels and precious bits of art were auctioned for the benefit of the Red Cross, there was inaugurated the idea of collecting pearls for the most precious necklace of all. Princess Victoria undertook the work of collecting aided by public-spirited women of the Empire. Queen Alexandra, Queen Mary and all the ladies of the Royal Family contributed their choicest pearls and the string grew to almost unweildy length. The Countess of Northbury gave the clasp, consisting of a huge rose diamond surrounded by smaller stones. The signing of the armistice came at about the time the string was completed. On December 19 the necklace was sold to a firm of well-known jewellers for \$110,000, the money going to the British Red Cross.

Few are qualified to shine in company; but it is in most men's power to be agreeable.—Swift.



BALLY SHANNON

Irish Wolfhound and a Gallant Hero
In the Great War

Lovers of dogs the world over have rejoiced in the reports of the noble work done by the dogs of war during the great conflict that has just come to a close. Mr. Walter A. Dyer has paid a touching tribute to those splendid animals, and to the dogs in general, in an article that describes the work and the character of Bally Shannon, Irish wolfhound and battle hero.

I visited Bally Shannon, says Mr. Dyer, in the sheepfold in Central Park, New York, where he was being kept for the British officers who had brought him over. And this is the story they tell of him:

Bally Shannon had been, like them, a soldier in France. No ordinary ambulance helper was he, but an over-the-top fighter. He saved ten wounded men by dragging them out of No Man's Land. Then came a bursting shell, and Bally Shannon and his master were both wounded. They were sent home on a hospital ship, which in mid-channel was torpedoed by a German submarine. The torpedo did its work well, and the ship went down with nearly all on board. Only three men were saved—Bally Shannon's master and two others. They managed to scramble on top of a barely floating piece of wreckage.

Then came the brave dog, swimming strongly in spite of his wounds, and begged to be taken aboard. But the piece of wreckage would have sunk under his additional weight, and his master was forced to order him to keep away. Without so much as a look of reproach, Bally Shannon obeyed. All night he swam round the wreck, until, resting his chin upon it when nearly exhausted. In the morning they were picked up.

When I visited the dog he was nearly well, although his master, alas! had succumbed to his wounds and exposure. I spoke his name, and he came to the edge of the enclosure and raised himself to his full length, resting his forepaws on the top of the fence. His head was level with mine. I thought I had never seen so magnificent an animal. All silver and brown, powerful, built on lines of speed, he stood there and received my homage.

I placed my hand reverently on his broad, shaggy head and let it slide down his muzzle. He took it for an instant in his mouth with the utmost gentleness. I was a stranger to Bally Shannon, but he was the friend of man. As I looked into his eyes—great, honest, intelligent eyes—I said: "I know what you did, Bally Shannon. You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din."

I saw in those eyes the devotion and unquestioning courage that had upheld him that dark night in the channel water. I saw in them the heritage of his noble race, the spirit of Bran and Lush, of peerless Galt and the faithful dog of Aughrim. I saw in them, too, the mystery of the dog's wonderful gift for attaching himself to humankind.

There are persons who do not like dogs. I wish they might see noble Bally Shannon and might have the courage frankly to approach him. I know not why God gave the dog this spark of divinity that has made him king to man. I only know this: that when we have learned from the dog the beauty of his virtues of honesty, fidelity and courage, the world will be a better place for us all.

When to Call Him

They had a rough trip home, and most of them suffered from seasickness. One who did not and longed for meat three times a day rushed in from deck one afternoon and called out:

"Hey, you, Bill, come out here! We're passin' a ship!"

To which Bill, who was not feeling just right, replied:

"Ship? Don't you call me until we're passin' a tree!"

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BONDS

THE NORTH POLE BY AIR

Britain and the United States Both Planning Air Trips to Arctic

It seems that Captain Bartlett is not going to have things entirely his own way in his airplane expedition to the North Pole, for at the present moment the British are also planning for a similar undertaking. So the airplane expedition may take on the complexion of a sportsmanlike air race, with the Americans represented by Captain Bartlett and the British by Salisbury Jones of the British Northern Exploration Co.

Capt. Bartlett contemplates going to the far north by way of North Greenland, while Mr. Jones is going by way of Spitzbergen, which when reduced to mathematics, means that the Americans will have some 2,000 miles to go, while the British will have only 900 miles of journey. Mr. Jones believes that his expedition can make the flight in nine hours.

The Balance.

Why, yes, the sky is overcast. And west, a black cloud lowers. The air is cold and dreary, too. And the chill rain is falling fast. But somewhere, dear, the sky is blue. And sweet the sunlit air. With fragrant breath of lovely flowers.

Take heart and wear a smile. Turn you from black despair. Some other's burdens to beguile. For things must even up, you know. As the swift hours come and go. The fair blue sky again be ours. And thanks to touch the timely showers.

For us shall be the bloom of bowers. The glory of a day full fair.

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ATLANTIC AIR TRIP PREDICTED

AT AN EARLY DATE—EXPERTS WORKING ON PROBLEM.

Details of Machine That Will Make Voyage Possible—Probably the Flying Boat.

The question as to whether a transatlantic airplane flight will take place seems to have been settled both as to possibility and probability by experts. The idea now is to develop an airplane that can make the trip in the quickest and most efficient way. Official and private experiments now under way are expected to bring about the beginning of the era of ocean travel via airship in a comparatively short time.

The machine finally evolved will have to be of a type adequate to meet the conditions of prolonged flight, unknown atmospheric conditions and new frontiers. The strongest contender is the motor-driven machine, preferably the flying boat.

Obstacles to be Overcome.

Naturally the experts who are at work on the problem want a machine that will float a while at least, in case engine trouble develops far from land. Chief among the obstacles to be overcome are the mechanical problems of wing surface, load and motive power. Secondary in character are the natural difficulties—the unknown atmospheric conditions above mid-ocean, such as wind currents, with any reasonable prospect of success, says the statement, unless the pilot goes to sea not only master of his craft, but with an advantage sufficient to offset any troubles he may expect to encounter.

As in many other pioneer undertakings, the transatlantic flight challenges the sporting instinct and it is generally believed that the first attempts will be made by sportsmen. As a commercial enterprise or an activity of either the army or the navy, the transatlantic flight cannot and will not be undertaken until the correct principles are worked out and applied. Permanent and successful results will then follow.

An analysis of the situation prepared by an engineer on the staff of one of the companies in the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association discloses the principles on which the project is being worked out. The expert states that the question must be studied from two points of view: namely, the minimum time in which the flight may be made, and the maximum flying range a machine possesses, irrespective of the time required to make the flight.

Must Cover 2,000 Miles.

Taking the present designs in airplanes as a basis of comparison, the maximum range can be estimated at 1,975 miles. The distance from Newfoundland to Ireland is about 2,000 miles, so that a machine of the F-5-L type would just be able to cover the distance, if supplied with gasoline amounting to half of its gross load.

The statement discusses technically the factors involved, and arrives at the conclusion that the airplane which will be able to make oceanic flights successfully will have a total weight of 32,000 pounds, or sixteen tons, distributed as follows: Fuel, 20,000 pounds; four motors and equipment, 4,500 pounds; crew, (three men) 360 pounds; dead load of machine, 3,600 pounds.

The new machine described above will have a horsepower of 1,400, and a speed of ninety-five miles an hour. Allowing three hundred miles for variation, the trip could be accomplished in twenty-four hours. With the four motors running continuously at full speed the total gasoline weight necessary would be 19,500 pounds.

"Mystery Ship" to Visit Canada.

Information from Ottawa officially confirms reports that one of the much-discussed British "mystery ships" that preyed on unsuspecting German submarines will cross the Atlantic in the spring and visit Canadian ports on the Great Lakes. It would be the first Allied warship to come to the lake region.

Mystery ships, a carefully guarded naval secret, were built with a draft of three and one-half feet, making them almost immune from torpedo attacks. They resembled slow-going, helpless tramps, but carried guns of sufficient caliber to sink any submarine afloat. Because of their light draught, the boats are able to navigate the St. Lawrence canals. Tentative plans, it is understood, provide that the "mystery ship" to be sent over will carry an interesting exhibit of naval weapons and trophies.

Had No Gas Mask

The war being now virtually over, the following story, recently related with great gusto by General Petain, is perhaps a bit out of date. But it is a rattling good one, so here goes.

An American soldier in a front line trench (said Petain) was smoking furiously one of those big, black cigars our transatlantic allies so greatly favor.

Suddenly he took it from between his lips, and offered it to a French soldier standing next to him.

"Here, Leon," he said, "hold this cigar a moment while I have a bomb into the German trench."