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THE PATH

By ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Once upon a time there was a squirrel; a gray, furry squirrel with brown eyes. She lived in a place that had no proper name, for it had not yet been "discovered" by men. The squirrel had her house in a hole of the old elm tree. But her babies lived in another hole in another tree. And a spring of water was close by. Hippy-hop, hippy-hop, went the squirrel from tree to tree, bringing nuts to her babies; hippy-hop, hippy-hop to the spring for water. And she made a little track over the snow like ditto marks on white paper.

"Haw!" mocked the old black crow. "Haw! Haw! Don't you wish you could fly over, as I do? You can have no secrets, you squirrel! Everybody knows where you go by the track you make."

"It will melt away in the spring," said the squirrel hopefully.

But when spring came the baby squirrels followed their mother from the nursery to the pantry, from the pantry to the spring and from that spring to another one; making the ditto marks like their mother's in soft mud and sand. So that there grew a fairy line of dots over the hill. And the old crow chuckled.

"Haw! Haw!" said the crow. "What a terrible thing it is not to have wings!"

"Anyway, we make our little marks in the world," retorted the squirrel with dignity.

Now Mr. Fox came snooping out of the woods; snooping and snooping, for he was thirsty. "I wonder where the spring of water is?" said he.

"Haw! Haw!" cried the crow. "Don't you know? Can't you see? The squirrels have made a path. All you have to do is to follow."

"Is that so?" said the fox. "Squirrels and a spring! Meat and drink! Oh!"

But the baby squirrels ran away and hid in their nest up in the tree where the fox could not get them and watched him with frightened eyes. The fox laid his nose to the ground and ran along the little path of ditto marks from the tree to spring. Then he stooped and lapped the sweet water.

"It is good!" he said. "I will come here to drink every day!" And back he trotted to the woods by the way he had come. Every time he came along the squirrel path, which the squirrel used no more because of him, his four padded feet made deeper marks in the soft ground; marks that stayed and grew closer together until there was a tiny, wavering, hard path over the hill.

"Haw!" said the old crow. "The squirrel's path is stolen from her. If only she had wings, now."

Now, there came a dry summer in the land. The red man who lived up the river went searching for sweet water. They had never come to the hill where the squirrels lived, for it was a far journey from their country. But one day a party of them, wandering through the woods, came upon the track that first the squirrels and then the fox had made.

"Humph!" cried the Indian chief. "Track of animals. Must be water. Look!" They followed his pointing finger and presently they came to the

spring where fresh water bubbled and flowed temptingly. It was the sweetest sight they had ever seen. The Indians knelt and scooped it up eagerly with their hands.

"Look, here is another spring!" cried a brave who had followed the path still farther.

"Shawmut!" said the chief. "We will name this high ground among hills by this name, which means the Place of Springs. We will make it a place of rest as we go far hunting. We shall always be sure of fresh water here."

From spring to spring they walked in Indian file, and their broad moat-trail of fox and squirrel. Down to the seashore they went, got into their birch canoes and paddled away until another time.

The fox slunk away when he sniffed the scent of man on his usual path. "Haw!" mocked the old crow. "Now they have stolen the path from you, Mr. Fox. If only you had wings!"

The Indians came often to the Place of Springs, and the crooked path over the hill from the shore to the squirrel's spring became plainly marked both in summer and in winter. Past the two trees it went and down to the river beyond, where they shot ducks with bows and arrows.

One day the chief, crouching in the bushes on top of the hill, spied a strange sight in the harbor. It was a boat; a boat with sails. White men were landing!

"Haw!" shrieked the old crow from his ancient perch. "Now you will be crowded from the path in your turn. You red men will see. If only you had wings, as I have, no one could crowd you!"

The Indian slunk away and reported that a big yellow animal with horns was coming along the path up the hill, leading white men to the spring. The Indians were afraid. They had never seen a tame cow. The crow watched the animal leading the first white settlers to the Place of Springs.

"Caw!" he cried. "They are the people who build wings for their ships and fly on the water for a long way. Their feet will tramp, tramp over this land. And their paths will go east and west, north and south. But they have no wings to fly in the air as I do. My paths are everywhere and no one can see them! Caw!" He flapped hastily away; for one of the white men had fired a gun at him. And he had never heard the horrible sound of a gun before.

The yellow cow led the white men along the path from shore to spring; and along the curved path from spring to spring; and over the hill to the river, where she waded in up to her haunches and drank greedily. She had come on a long voyage, where water had been scarce.

The white men looked about and said, "It is a good place for a farm. A good place to settle, because there is water. We will make these fair acres on the hill our home." Along the little path came the steady tramp of feet in heavy boots. Presently strong arms cut down the tree where the squirrel used to live, and the tree where she had kept her nuts. For of course they lay directly in the path.

And they lopped the old crow's pine tree and set a beacon there to guide other white men into the harbor. Of the trees they made logs, which they used to fill in the muddy spots and to make a bridge over the brook. And presently there was no longer a foot-path, but a lane over the hill from shore to river. Up and down the lane began to go carts and after a while, carriages.

"Caw!" said the old crow from his new perch on a neighboring hill. "Who would have thought that wingless men could do so much in a short time? If they had wings, now—"

Years passed. Long ago the red fox and the red men had retreated farther and farther from the Place of Springs. For the much-traveled lane was now paved and had become a beautiful, broad street, with fine houses along it, on one side. But there were still trees on the other side. And on one of them a descendant of the old crow called down to a descendant of the original gray squirrel that had started the path.

"Caw!" he said. "Just listen to the tramp of many feet! An army is marching over the hill, returning from a victorious battle. These men are wonderful heroes. If only they had wings, there is no telling what they might do now."

The men who marched were young and strong and had bronzed faces; many of them were wearing crosses and marks of honor. And many of them were descendants of the first white men who had settled the Place of Springs. People cheered and threw up their hats as they passed by. But the squirrel said:

"They are walking the path my ancestors made for them. That is why they look so proud."

"Caw!" contradicted the crow. "They do not know anything about that! Nobody has told them, and they have more interesting things to think of. They do not even know that there are still springs of water hidden on this hill under the stately houses. But they need the springs no longer. They are wonderful creatures, these men. If only they had wings, they might be as wonderful as I."

Even as he spoke there was a great whirring and whizzing overhead. The squirrel darted into his hole, and the crow huddled on the tree, afraid. A huge shape, like a monstrous bird, was hovering above the marching host, following along above the street over the hill. From it a human head looked down.

The crow was too much frightened even to croak. But he muttered to himself, "They have wings! They have wings! They have taken their paths up into the sky!"

"We make only ditto marks," thought the squirrel, trembling. "And the crow makes no paths at all after all these centuries. But the paths of men grow always broader and higher. Who knows where they will come at last?"

"They will make at last a path to the stars!" prophesied the crow, looking wisely at the earnest faces of the young men, their set mouths and their eager eyes.

(The End.)

Prodigious Infants.

Long before the war it was boldly stated that a man was too old at forty. But now it looks likely that soon the cry will be "too old at fifteen!"

A small boy of eight summers recently tackled twenty or thirty of the best chess players in the world, setting them all problems they could not tackle; another child appears on the scene, who, at the age of seven or eight, pens a diary, which the greatest literary lights describe as wonderful; while we'll soon have quite a small library of juvenile novels.

It was regarded as a phenomenon when Chatterton wrote immortal poems at the age of twelve, when Mozart composed in his fifth year a concerto so difficult that only the most practised artists could play it, when the infant son of Evelyn, the diarist, could read Latin and Greek at three and a half, when Macaulay had written a poem as long as "The Lady of the Lake" at eight, and when Millais carried off a gold medal for painting at nine! But now it's becoming quite the usual thing.

Women! Use "Diamond Dyes."

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His Apology.

"Why Jimmie," exclaimed the mother of a precocious five-year-old son, "aren't you ashamed to call auntie stupid? Go to her at once and tell her you are sorry."

"Auntie," said the little fellow, "I'm awfully sorry you are so stupid."

Irish Economy.

Mrs. Maloney—"Why, Pat, what ever are you doing? Why, that's the third time you've shaved yourself to-day!"

Pat—"Don't say a word! A penny saved is a penny earned, and it's three times I've shaved myself to-day, and that's a shilling earned!"

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, etc.

When Power Comes.

It was in a Christian Endeavor meeting that he made the great discovery. As is generally known, each Endeavorer pledges himself "to take some part, aside from singing, in every Christian Endeavor prayer meeting, unless hindered by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my Lord and Master"—a pledge that has been of incalculable value to the Christian church. He made his discovery the evening on which he was to make his first attempt to fulfil his pledge.

He was afraid. He was just a boy fifteen years old, but he was already deeply conscious of a call to the ministry. He longed to rise and do his part, but he trembled at the thought of it. The Endeavorers with whom he met had a high standard of attainment; the speeches were thoughtful, the prayers had a fine, devotional atmosphere. He did not think that he could do so well as the others.

He decided that he would try first to take part in prayer. He did not believe in actually composing a prayer beforehand, but he tried carefully and conscientiously to prepare his mind, for he was sure that the inspiration that he hoped for would surely come to a mind and heart ready to receive it.

It worried him to feel so nervous. "Surely," he thought, "since I have prayed for strength, I should have it now; yet I feel as weak as water." The great moment drew nearer and nearer, yet he felt no fitter for the ordeal; if anything, he grew more agitated.

"I am not strong enough for it," he said to himself, "and yet I have prayed for strength to do my duty and fulfil my pledge. Why has not God answered my prayer?" Then suddenly a thought flashed into his mind like a ray of light and illuminated his problem.

"How do I know, until I try, that God has not given me strength? It is not for the time of waiting but for the action that I have asked his help. I will find out by trying."

The great moment had come. He, the beginner, was on his feet, and it was as if some secret door in his soul had opened, through which poured a flood of prayer. It was not a long prayer; it was simple, perhaps here and there it was crude; but it had burning sincerity that everyone felt. So it was with this youth, who has since become a most effective minister of Christ, learned one of the greatest lessons of life—that God's power comes when faith is perfected in action. "Faith without works is dead."

"Haven't Got Time."

Opportunity tapped at the door. With a chance for a brother within. He rapped till his fingers were sore. And muttered, "Come on, let me in. Here is something I know you can do. Here's a hill I know you can climb." But the brother inside very quickly replied:

"Old fellow, I haven't got time."

Opportunity wandered along. In search of a man who would rise. He said to the indolent fellow:

"Here's a chance for the fellow who tries."

But each of them said with a smile:

"I wish I could do it, but I'm very busy to-day, and I'm sorry to say that I really haven't got time."

At last opportunity came. To a man who was burdened with cares, and said: "I now offer the same Opportunity that has been theirs. Here's a duty that ought to be done. It's a chance if you've got time to take it."

Said the man, with a grin, "Come along, pass it in!"

"I'll either find time or I'll make it."

Of all the excuses there are. By which this old world is accursed, this "Haven't got time" is by far the poorest, the feeblest, the worst. A delusion it is, and a snare; if the habit is yours you should shake it.

For if you want to do what is offered to you, You'll find time to do it, or make it.

The Useful Lion.

According to some of the farmers of East Africa, the lion should be protected as a useful animal, notwithstanding the fact that once in a while he kills a man. The lion, they maintain, is a great destroyer of noxious herbivorous animals, such as zebras and antelopes, which are a scourge to the fields.

In one district, they say, no less than 346 lions were killed in one season by hunters, and they estimate that this represents the saving of 35,000 to 40,000 zebras and antelopes, which would otherwise have fallen a prey to the lions that were destroyed. Of course the hunters shoot zebras and antelopes also, but this fact, they think, does not counterbalance the destruction of those animals that would have been effected by the slain lions.

When a man is generous to a fault it is usually to one of his own faults.

Fish hooks have been made in the same shape for 2,000 years.

Discovery at the wrong time that the oil supply in the crankcase has run low is a common experience of motorists. A standard grade of lubricating oil is now obtainable in a two-quart can, of easily carried form, with an oblique conical top, terminating in a nozzle. The contents are easily emptied directly into the crankcase, without a funnel, and without soiling the hands.



Woman's Account Book.

Meantime Melissa kept a strict eye on the cooky and doughnut output. She always made nine dozen cookies and six dozen doughnuts. Try her best, she could not shorten the cooky time less than two hours; the doughnuts took an hour and a half. The cakes had to remain in the hot fat three minutes and cookies could not be hurried in the oven without burning. Reckoning the cost as what she had to pay for flour and sugar and flavors, and what she received for eggs, cream and shortening; plus labor and fuel, she found that cookies cost nearly nine cents a dozen less than doughnuts. There was one way to save money but the time was longer. Why not shorten the time by dropping the cookies instead of rolling and cutting them?

And why spend so much time in baking, anyway, she pondered. The Tompkins family was noted for its lavish table, it was a matter of pride with them all. But born of her knowledge acquired from studying how to feed Danny, Melissa knew that rich, baked foods figured altogether too largely in their diet. During the war, when food restrictions were on, they had cut out a large part of the pastry and ate more vegetables and fruit. This quiet, observant wife and mother knew that the simpler diet had brought about a decided improvement to health and temper. But as soon as restrictions were removed, Dan and his father and mother had insisted on a return to the good old days of pies, pudding and iced cakes and Melissa was forced to give in.

This morning she did a little quiet thinking. All great reforms come gradually. Why not reform the family table so slowly that they would never suspect? She really believed that what they objected to in war times was not so much the idea that they did not have the baked stuff as the idea that they could not have it. If she quietly substituted some easily made fruit or gelatine desserts for pies and puddings, and occasionally was too busy to make anything, they would not suspect her and so would not oppose.

The dinner hour came all too quickly but with the help of Mother Tompkins, the meal was ready on the dot. Melissa stole an appraising glance at the new man as he entered the washroom. Mother Tompkins frankly stared.

"One of the lean ones, and they're always hungry," she said in a loud undertone to Melissa. "Well, it can't be said that anyone ever went away hungry from the Tompkins' unless they were too bashful to eat."

Certainly no one need go away from that dinner table hungry! There was ham, which Melissa had fried down in October, mashed potatoes, squash, corn, tomato relish, pickled peaches, brown bread, white bread, fresh fried cakes, apple pie, cheese, a three-quart pitcher of milk and tea.

Cassius, the new man, needed not Dan's urging to "go to it." Melissa, knowing the approximate weight of each slice of ham, estimated that a full pound went to furnish Cassius the calories he needed to get through the afternoon. She watched him, fascinated, as mounds of potatoes and squash, five slices of bread, three doughnuts and a pint of milk accompanied the ham before he turned his attention to pie and cheese.

"Isn't there another piece of pie for Cass?" asked Dan.

"He never can eat it," Melissa thought as she brought it in, but Cassius disproved this doubt of his gastronomic ability by not only eating the pie, but a generous slab of cheese, washing all down with a glass of milk.

Dan, passing through the pantry, spied the fresh cookies. "Hello!" he crowed; "thought you'd hide 'em on us, eh? Help yourself, Cass! We'll need a snack this afternoon."

A dozen cookies went out with the men. Melissa could hardly wait for the door to shut on them to get at her notebook.

"How Dan would rave if he knew I was keeping track of what anyone ate," she smiled. "But I guess he'll rave worse when he sees how much that man's meal cost him."

Housekeeping, never dull to Melissa, became an interesting game. There had been a number of things she wanted to buy but had given up because she felt she could not afford them. Now, with her neatly-kept account book showing her endless ways to save, she saw how she could get not only the things she had thought of but many others. Just the saving on cookies as compared with doughnuts quickly gave her the price of the magazine she wanted to take. And one crust pie, especially with low-priced pumpkins as against high-priced apples, made a great difference. She sold a bushel of apples, though they were short their usual winter's supply and brought a bread mixer.

She learned, too, many ways to save time. She had never been able to attend the meetings of her club more than two or three times a year, and as to getting an hour a day to rest or read, she had never seen it. Now she studied the clock as religiously as she did her account books. Drop cookies and hermits replaced rolled

cookies with fig filling. She gave Dan his favorites just often enough to keep him good-natured. Bread-making was shortened by modern methods she had learned at home economics demonstrations.

Much to Mother Tompkins' horror, dish-drying was cut to tins and cutlery. Boiling rinse water and plenty of it, turned the trick.

"It saves time and money," Melissa explained patiently. "There's fewer towels to buy and hem."

"But I can dry them, I've nothing else to do," Mother Tompkins parried. "What will the neighbors say?"

"Just think of all the other things you can use that time for," answered Melissa, overlooking "the neighbors."

"You could get at that Log Cabin quilt you've been wanting to piece for Danny. And there's that new knitting pattern you wanted to learn."

"But nobody sews or knits mornings!" Mother Tompkins died hard. "That's because they've never had time," Melissa explained. "Let's you and me make time—the way men make money!"

With Dan's threat of killing all the chickens kept fresh in mind by his weekly appearance with one for her to dress, Melissa gave a great deal of thought to the cost of eggs. It was not fair to charge the hens up with the cost of winter feed and take no account of what they did in summer. Luckily she had always kept track of the eggs sold and the money received, and rummaging among old bills in Dan's desk she found feed bills for three summer-months. These, with her accounts, gave her a pretty fair average of a hen's earning power.

(Concluded next week.)

Glass from Soot.

We have all heard-the story of how glass was invented—that shipwrecked sailors built fire on the sands and that the heat of the fire melted the sand and turned it into glass.

Sad as it is to turn down the legends of our childhood, this one must go with the rest. Apart from the fact that glass was known to the Egyptians 5,200 years ago, no ordinary fire could melt sand. Another objection is that glass is not made of sand alone, but of a mixture of silty sand with an alkaline earth such as lime.

Few of us realize to what extent we depend on glass. We might put up with tale or oiled-silk for windows, but just think how many people would be reduced to practical blindness without spectacles!

Where would science be without the microscope and telescope? Without glass we should know nothing about microbes or the causes of disease. Botany and natural history could never have progressed at all.

In old days the sand used for the best glass was that brought from Mount Carmel to the mouth of the river Belus; to-day we get our best sand from Epinal, in Belgium, Paris, and Co. Donegal, in Ireland. This is mixed with sulphate of soda in order to produce the best flint glass.

All sorts of things are used in the manufacture of different kinds of glass, including fine dust, which supplies potash and lead in the form of red-lead or lead rust. For coloring glass, such metals as iron, copper, nickel, manganese, aluminium, cobalt, and chromium are employed.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

We all know the fate of the lazy woodchuck who trusted to one hole.

Machinery has been invented in Norway for making anchor chains that are said to be as good as hand made.

Fun Exchange

The Ratepayer Publishing Co., of Toronto, at No. 3 Columbine Ave., will buy jokes, old, new, fresh or stale, on any topic. Must be less than 50-word stories. Send your contributions to-day. Liberal rates.

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Canadian Talc and Its Uses

Among Canada's more useful non-metallic minerals, talc is probably the most adaptable and widely used, entering into the finishing process of some of the most common commodities.

Talc, sometimes designated soapstone, asbestos, French chalk, mineral pulp, talclay and verdolite, is found in Cape Breton and Inverness counties in Nova Scotia; Frontenac, Hastings, Leeds, Lennox and Renfrew counties and Kenora district in Ontario; Beauce, Brome and Megantic counties in Quebec, and in the Leech River section of the Victoria mining division of British Columbia. In color it ranges from white to greyish green, while to the touch it has a soft and apparently greasy or slippery feeling. It is a non-conductor of heat and electricity and is resistant to most chemical action.

Its chief uses are as a filler in the finishing of book papers and as a dressing for white cottons, also in the finishing of window blind cloth. Talc is largely used in the manufacture of rubber goods and to overcome the friction between inner tubes and the

covers of bicycle and automobile tires. Finely-powdered white talc is used in the making of enamel and other paints while the poorer grades are dusted on roofing paper and tar felts before rolling, to prevent sticking.

In the preparation of toilet articles, however, talc is most generally known, being the base for talcum powders, tooth pastes and powders, shoe, glove and other lubricating powders, and as a filler or loader for the cheaper grades of toilet soap.

The coarser grades of talc are used for electric switchboards, laboratory table tops, sanitary fittings, stove and furnace linings and acid tanks, as a dressing for fine leathers and as a lubricant.

Talc, owing to the ease with which it can be served, is often used in the production of statues and ornaments, and can be sawn into slabs for surfacing. The adaptability of talc is constantly finding new uses for it, and an increasing production is evident. In 1919 18,642 tons was mined, of a value of \$116,295. The greater portion was exported to the United States and Cuba, but a considerable portion was marketed in Canada.