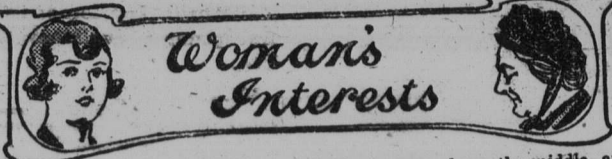


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How About Your Linen?

Good linen nowadays is almost as precious as jewels, and every scrap of it is worth saving. The high price of linen makes an entire new stock almost prohibitive to the ordinary housewife, and there is nothing in sight to indicate lower prices for some time to come.

The first point to be considered is where and how to keep it. This may sound far-fetched, but it has a lot to do with the wearing qualities of linen and also the health of the family. The ideal linen store-place should be a well ventilated cupboard in a dry position and in a good light. A yet I have seen housekeepers tie their linen, fresh from the ironing board and not perfectly dry, away in a draughtless drawer.

Recently I saw a linen closet that was ideal. The shelves were just wide enough to admit one layer of linen and in order that the articles might have proper air and always be perfectly dry, these shelves were made of lattice work, the whole being white enameled. A little ventilator at the top of the door admitted air freely and was covered with fine white muslin, which, while it let in the air, kept out the dust. Each shelf was labeled, and on the door hung a linen book in which was listed the entire household linen stock, the date of its purchase and the price. Linen gives better wear if used uniformly. The clean linen may be put at the bottom of the pile, and the daily supplies taken out from the top. In this way each article gets its turn at wear and washing.

The life of linen may be prolonged twenty-five per cent. by laundering. It is a scientifically known fact that hard water is ruinous to clothes, therefore the water should be softened. Many a laundress adds caustic soda to the already prepared soap solution when washing, and this gives excessive alkalinity and ruins the strength, color and wearing qualities of the fabrics. Leaving clothes overnight in a dirty soap bath also rots them, and insufficient rinsing makes them yellow and leaves soap which in time eats the linen.

Always before going to the wash, linen should be carefully examined. Small holes should be darned, for if let go they are liable to catch on the board, washing machine or wringer and become very big ones. Stains, too, should be removed. Tea and coffee stains are most easily removed while still wet. Place the table cloth over a basin and pour boiling water through the spots. If this does not entirely remove the stain, rub on a little borax, rub it in well, and try boiling water again. Some use salts of lemon. Fruit stains are removed in the same way. For mildew spots rub the stains with soap, sprinkle with chalk and bleach in the sunshine. Buttermilk will also work fairly well. Wet ink stains should be washed immediately in milk. Put a pinch of salts of lemon on iron mould stains and pour boiling water through the spot. Be sure to rub the salts of lemon in well and repeat until stain is out. Paint on linen should be removed with a mixture of ammonia, turpentine and paraffin.

I have found that it is always best to have all linen marked either by a large monogram or a small embroidered initial. It adds to the distinction and beauty of all household linens to have them individualized by your "trademark." It takes only a few minutes to do the work, as on towels an outline stitch is pretty, and even on sheets you can use outlining and a darning stitch to fill in. The close embroidered initials, while prettier, take more time.

Having looked after the storing, listing, mending and washing of your linen you may find that some of it seems too badly worn to be useful. But don't throw it away without a second look. Every scrap can be utilized. Sheets and table cloths seem to wear out in the middle faster than about the edges and this is natural as they get more wear in those parts. If the sheets are thin in the middle and the sides are good and strong, cut them through the centre and then join the outer or selvaige edges together.

making a seam down the middle, and hem the outer edges. If the centre of the sheet is too badly worn, parts of it can be cut off and the sheet made to fit a three-quarter or a single bed. Oftentimes, an old sheet badly worn in places will have enough good in it to make a pillow slip or two, and when past all use the ironing board can claim the old sheet for a cover.

Worn pillow cases are most useful for protecting fancy waists and blouses or children's dresses from dust, when they are kept hanging in closets. Cut a hole in the middle of the end of the case large enough to let the pillow case slip over the head of the pillow.

THIS ARTICLE REMOVED

which is apt to be good, and set together with lace insertion which can be bought cheap at sales, and if you wish, edge with lace. Crochet insertion and lace is pretty if you care to take the time. You will have in this way a handsome lunch cloth. Oftentimes I cut napkins for everyday use from worn table cloths. These I hem and they last a long time. Centrepieces, small doilies and carving cloths all may come from scraps. I made an entire breakfast set from a fine old table cloth. After getting out a lunch cloth from the four corners and crossing with imitation cluny lace, I cut a centrepiece, several plate doilies, and the smaller doilies from the ends left and in odd moments buttonholed the edges in blue mercerized cotton. The clippings too worn to use, I put into the medicine chest for "First Aid."

From one cloth I made a very handsome luncheon set by using bits of fine old lace curtains to combine with it. I applied the bits of net, the design being fine and dainty, on the linen, buttonholed around it and then cut the line from underneath. Bureau scarfs may be made the same way, and right here let me diverge long enough to say that bits of fine old curtains may be used to applique on children's dresses, make yolks, and cuff and collar sets. Of course, it goes without saying, that only very fine curtains are useful for this work.

Old bath towels may be cut up into wash cloths—the better parts being used for this, and a quickly-made crocheted edge in color worked around the four sides. The worn parts made good cleaning cloths and fine dish cloths. Linen towels should be carefully darned and patched at each washing. It is a good plan to keep one old one on hand to patch the others with. Worn out, the best parts may be converted into little doilies to put under plants or the like, and several old ones stitched together to form a big new towel will make a good cloth for drying glassware.

One thing more, remember it is no economy to store linen for long periods without using it. If starched, the starch rots the fabric and gives it a bad color when left undisturbed for some time. It is the "best linen" which is most likely to suffer in this way and if you seldom use it for "company" then give it an occasional turn on the family table, so that it may go through the wash and keep its color. If you do not use it often, be sure that you keep blue paper about it.

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The Rattletrap Gun

By SAMUEL A. DERIEUX.

The roar of a train on the railroad three miles away brought her back to her situation. Sometimes after this train, Ben closed the station; sometimes he had to wait until the ten o'clock passenger; sometimes he had to wait over his yellow express book until midnight. Her mind slipped into her bosom and closed over the note that an old negro had brought her secretly that morning. Somebody had told Ben her father had gone to town, and he was coming out after supper. He wanted to talk to her, he wrote about the cottage he had bought near the station. She could see it now, with the small barn behind, the trim garden palings, the cool water oak in the front yard. Ben was going to paint the house and barn white—if she liked white.

There was another note, too, hidden in her dress—the note she had written in answer, begging him not to come, telling him that it would only make things harder, that her father would never give in, that he must never come any more. All day she had watched the road, sure there would be someone who could take it to Ben. But nobody had passed, and the day had worn away, and then her father had driven into the yard.

He had been worse than he had ever been. She had had the quarrel with him about some express. She had heard it, but neighbors had lost his temper at last. "Of this station, you soak!" he had rushed between them and her father away. But at the time she stopped.

"If you ever step foot on my place, dog man," he said, "I'll kill you!" She would never forget his face when he came home that day.

"Don't you never let him come on the place again, Tess," he said, "never again!"

The distant puffing of the train as it pulled out from the station startled her. If Ben left now he might be here in half an hour. Sometimes he came on horseback, sometimes he walked. If she knew when he was coming she would run out and greet him. But he might be detained at the station; her father might come up here while she was gone, looking for her.

The night had grown silent, the roar of the train died away. Ben might be on the road now, swinging along happily in the moonlight; maybe he was singing. He thought her father in town, and there he sat on the porch in his tilted chair watching.

She could not stay here. She jumped to her feet. A sudden dizziness in her throat gave her an idea. Her father was thirsty when he was this way. She tiptoed down the narrow stairs, into his room. She picked up the pitcher from the washstand, and hurried out by the back porch, across the yard to the well.

The screaming of the chain as her white arms pulled hand over hand in the moonlight filled the air with an alarmed scream, made the night alive. Maybe Ben, if he had reached the woods, would hear this, would come to him quickly, warn him, run back.

She waited in the stillness that followed the screaming of the chain. No sound. She filled the pitcher and hurried up the back porch. A moment she stood panting, looking toward the woods, then she went in, the water splashing on the floor of the hall. She hurried into her father's room, set the pitcher in the basin, and turned.

The moonlight falling at a sharper angle through the window than it had done formerly shone on her father's new double-barrel shotgun. It leaned against the wall, near the bed. Her father would come after this, if he saw Ben. It glowed dull, satiny, sinister, there against the wall. She ran out as if she had seen a snake.

Her father still sat glowering on the edge of the porch. He looked at her underneath his eyebrows, and she tried to smile. It was too hot to sleep, she said, and leaned against the wall. "I fetched some nice cold water in yo' room, Pa."

He filled his pipe and lit it. "Bring me a drink."

He gulped down the water she brought him, then handed her the gourd.

"More," he said.

He was holding the dipper out to her, his big, blunt face raised to hers. She could touch his bristly hair, thim at the top; he must hear her heart pounding above his ear. She brought him another drink, then she walked over to the steps and sat down, her head against the post, her hands clasped about her knees. Breast rising and falling, she studied his face furtively. She would tell him boldly Ben was coming, she would plead with him, if only he were not as he was to-night. He had liked Ben, at first, had bragged of him to her.

"He's a fine, sober young fellow, Tess," he had said, "with no bad habits."

She knew, everybody knew, that her father was a kind enough man when he was right, too generous for his own good, impulsive, hospitable.

But, better than anybody else, she knew how far to go with him when he was like this. She knew how the animosities of one drunken spell remained stubbornly over until the next, how more and more, since her mother died, his worst moments guided his life. She had tried every way she knew to help him. Just once he looked at her with strange eyes. "I get lonely, gal," he said.

Everybody was afraid of him when he looked as he looked now, sullen,

heavy, flushed. She was seized with a sudden loathing of him as he sat there, his rock-heel on the rungs of his chair.

A match was struck in the edge of the woods opposite them. It flared quickly up, it was jerked quickly out, but it seemed to light the whole side of the house and her own face like the flaring-up of a rocket.

She looked at her father. He had not stirred. Perhaps, if he had seen, he thought it was a smoker passing along the road on the other side of the pines. They were thin here. But around them the road turned at right angles and passed in front of the house. Her father would watch for the appearance of the smoker.

She sprang up—sprang up too quickly, and remained standing. She must not seem to hurry; she must not make any more mistakes, but Ben must not strike another match. She must warn him now. She crossed the porch, her eyes straight ahead. When she spoke her voice was unnaturally calm.

"Guess I'll turn in. Good night, Pa."

She ran up the stairs, pressing heavily on them so they would creak. At the top she paused, sick with fear. Then she tiptoed back down and stopped, out of breath, in the hall.

Through the window of the front room she could see his broad heavy back into which the head was sunk without a neck. The back was moving. Deliberately he was easing himself to the floor. He held his pipe in his hand as if he had just taken it guardedly out of his mouth. He was leaning forward, like a man about to spring.

She went swiftly down the hall and stopped at the bedroom door. Her father would come after that new gun, glistening there against the wall. She darted into the room and grabbed up the new gun. She left the old one, the rattletrap, on the table where she had placed it. After she had run out of the room she wished she had hidden that other gun. But it was too late now; he might be coming; she had thought she heard him rise.

(Concluded in next issue.)

Failure's Compensation.

I fail sometimes at something that I try.

And does this break the struggling heart of me?

Beside life's roadway do I sit and cry?

No, I am glad as any soul can be!

Despite my failure? No, because of it!

For should I cringe supinely in a groove,

Success might crown my labor, every whit.

Perhaps no effort should a failure prove.

I love my failings—not because I lack

The proud man's yearning to achieve success;

But that they prove I have not lost the knack

O "trying things"—a steadfast youthfulness!

My failures—they shall not be failures long!

Proclaim to me convincingly that I know,

The urge of youthtime, dauntless, strong;

That wider fields I'll conquer, by and by.

Why Our Teeth Chatter.

The little muscles which close the jaw are acted upon by the cold in such a way that they pull the jaw up and then let it fall by its own weight.

This, repeated many times, causes the teeth to click together and produce what we know as "chattering."

We think of it in connection with our teeth because it is the teeth which make the sound, but the cause lies in the muscles which we use in chewing or in opening our mouth when we speak.

The chattering occurs in spite of the will or brain. We have little control over it, and can stop it only by clenching the teeth. It is really a mild variety of spasm caused by the cold, which acts on the jaw muscles in much the same way that some poisons produce muscular spasms which cannot be controlled.

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To-day and To-morrow.

To-day is my vital hour
Under the sweep of the sky;
To-morrow I'm but a flower,
Or the dust blown by.

NOT A GOOD TIME NOW TO EMIGRATE

WARNING TO BRITONS IN LONDON NEWSPAPER.

Every Part of the Empire Has Its "Unemployment Problem"—Best to Wait a While.

War always stirs up the desire to emigrate, for a man who has been fighting in foreign lands is apt to become discontented with his job-trot life at home, says an English writer.

After the South African War nearly half of the quarter of a million men who had formed the expeditionary force emigrated. About half went to other parts of the Empire, but a great many settled in the United States, and were lost to the flag.

Never before in all the world's history was there so great an impulse to emigrate as there is at present. With soaring taxes, doubled prices, and the famine in houses, it is safe to say that there are at least a million people in the kingdom whose main idea is to get out of it.

On the face of it this seems all to the good. We know that the great Dominions need settlers to develop their resources, and with our big population it might seem that we could well spare them the men they require.

On the face of it, I say; but come down to hard facts, and the truth of the matter is that this is no time to think of leaving the country.

The reasons for this statement are not such as would occur to you casually, but if you will take the trouble to read this article they will become clear enough.

In the first place, Europe is not the only part of the world that has suffered from the war. Those four years of struggle upset the trade balance of the whole world, and the great Dominions, though producing quantities of raw material, have lost half their markets.

The Natural Result.

The natural result is a certain amount of unemployment, and with a scarcity of work for their own people, it is plain, on the face of it, that they don't want outsiders.

Canada has openly announced that she cannot take more than forty to fifty thousand immigrants during the coming year, and in order to check the flood she has made fresh regulations. Formerly she would take any able-bodied immigrant who could show ten pounds in cash, and carry him free from the steamer to his destination. To-day each arrival must have at least fifty pounds, and also money to pay his railway fare to the place he is making for.

In 1913 Canada took nearly 200,000 immigrants from the Old Country. Now, partly owing to trade difficulties, and partly owing to the fact that she has her own demobilized men to settle on the land, she can only take a quarter as many, and it will be some years before she is in a position to handle immigration on the pre-war scale. In any case, she does not want unskilled labor.

Domestic Servants Only.

Australia is in the same fix. Every State in the Commonwealth is busy with big schemes for settling her own ex-soldiers. For another thing, Australia's national debt has increased so greatly through the war that money is lacking for the huge schemes of irrigation which are so necessary to increase the farming area.

Western Australia, it is true, is taking some immigrants, but these are all ex-Servicemen and picked men. As for New Zealand, she is equally unready for immigration on a large scale. All she asks for at present is a certain number of domestic servants.

Numbers of people turn longing eyes towards South Africa, with its splendid climate and huge areas of uncultivated land. But South Africa, let me tell you, has no use whatever for the ordinary type of immigrant.

She welcomes men with money who can buy farms outright, but the unskilled white man has no chance there. The reason, of course, is that all that type of labor is done by colored men.

The Union of South Africa has the stiffest entry laws of any Dominion. She won't have anyone who cannot read and write, and all immigrants, between the ages of sixteen and sixty, are liable to be called upon for military service.

Just the same objection applies to Rhodesia and to East Africa. The Rhodesian agent in London informed me that £1,000 was about the least sum that was needed to start life as a colonist in Rhodesia.

As for the United States, she, for the past year, has been struggling with a rushing river of immigrants from Central Europe, who have been pouring in every day.

Labor Market Upset.

Her own labor market is completely upset, and thousands are out of work. Now she has got the wind up, and proposes to pass a Bill closing down immigration altogether for at least two years. The only people admitted will be blood relations of those already in the country, and all will be compelled to take the oath of allegiance, and become citizens of the United States.

The only other part of the world, besides those mentioned, which is open to immigration, is South America. There are fair chances in the Argentine Republic for men skilled in cer-

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tain trades, but the authorities here in London have already issued a strong warning against anyone going out there without first being certain of an opening. Even before the war it was dangerous to go into the Argentine on spec. In 1912 a large number of English people who were induced to emigrate there by agents of certain shipping companies were left destitute and starving. Some had actually to be brought home again at Government expense.

People who think of emigrating to South America should remember that no English is spoken there, only Spanish. If they have no knowledge of that language they are, of course, completely helpless.

Expenses of Travelling.

The one country that has been asking for immigrants during the past year or so is Peru. But Peru has native labor, and is therefore useless for the unskilled man. It would be madness for an Englishman to go to Peru unless he had a job to step into on landing.

Another thing which intending emigrants should bear in mind is that the expenses of travelling have not merely doubled, but have risen to three or four times the pre-war price. Ten years ago you could get a saloon passage to New York for twelve guineas on one of the smaller boats. I have crossed, saloon, on an 8,000-ton ship for £8. To-day a third-class passage to America costs £14, and to Australia £10. The cost of kit has doubled. Besides all this, accommodation is still scarce, and even ex-Servicemen, emigrating under Government supervision, have often to wait for months for a ship.

My advice to those about to emigrate is, "Don't!"—or, at any rate, "Wait!" Conditions will improve during the next two or three years. Fares will be cheaper and openings more plentiful.

But above all, if you must leave the Old Country, do not leave the flag. You can find every climate, every kind of scenery, every possible trade or occupation inside the British Empire, so why forsake your birthright and leave it?

The Complete Pessimist.

"Father, what is life?"

"Life, my son, is a game—played against an invisible opponent, who invariably wins!"

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