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To Prevent a Fire.

Don't put in the ash barrel such articles as greasy paper, oily rags or waste which has been used to wipe machinery. Such articles may cause fires. Burn these things immediately after use.

Don't neglect to have the chimney flue cleaned once a year.

Don't leave holes in the flooring, walls, or ceiling. These enable fires to travel throughout the building when once started.

Don't use celluloid or similar substances near any flame, gaslight or match. They are dangerously inflammable and likely to cause fatal fires.

Don't pour gasoline or naphtha down the drain. Pour it on the ground if you must get rid of it. One pint of gasoline, naphtha or benzine makes two hundred feet of explosive vapor. One gallon of gasoline has substantially the power equal to 83 lbs. of dynamite.

Don't set kitchen or heating stoves close to woodwork. Put a metal shield behind the stove. Leave a little air space behind the shield. Bright tin is the best protector if not placed right up against the woodwork.

Don't use small gas stoves on wooden tables. Place metal protector under them. Be careful in using gas stoves, especially in lighting the oven, and if the meat or grease take fire, shut off the gas and throw salt, not water, on the flames.

Don't look for a gas leak with a lighted match or candle. You might suddenly find it—to your sorrow.

Don't leave doors of heaters or kitchen stoves open unless you provide a wire screen or net to catch live coals which may drop out.

Don't tamper with or extend electric wires; employ an electrician.

Don't keep gasoline other than in airtight metal cans painted red.

Don't fail to warn children of the dangerous bonfire.

A Home-Made Cooker.

If you can't get what you want make the most of what you have. Every day we run across proof that the successful person is the one who does this.

Mrs. William Grant wanted a fireless cooker. That is, she wanted one if she was sure they would do everything the demonstrator claimed for them, but she thought it would be a good thing to try it out before she put much money into one. The demonstrator had said they could be easily made at home, so she looked about to see what she could find around the house to convert into a fireless cooker.

An old metal trunk, somewhat rusty, a few circles of zinc which had once formed the smokestack on a house, some barley straw and one or two cooking utensils with tight-fitting covers looked promising.

She packed the trunk with the barley straw, cut circles to make the nests for the dishes from the zinc, and filled a cushion with asbestos to lay on top. The only money spent on the cooker was fifty cents for asbestos covers for insulation.

This cooker helped Mrs. Grant through the haying season, cooking her meals while she worked in the field. She and her husband are so pleased with it, that they are going to make an extra good one this winter.

A Game For the Children.

"Good Morning" requires ten to sixty or more players, and can be played in schoolroom or parlor.

This is a very pretty sense-training game, as it cultivates discrimination through the sense of hearing. Little children are very fond of it, and it is most interesting and surprising to note the development of perceptive power through the playing of the game.

One player blinds his eyes. He may do this by going to a corner of the room and facing the wall, with his hand over his eyes; or a very pretty method is to have him go to the teacher or leader, with his face hidden in her lap, and her hands on either side of his head, like the blinkers of a horse.

The teacher silently points, then, to some other player in the class, who rises at once and says, "Good morning, David," (or whatever the child's name may be). The little guesser, if he has recognized the voice, responds with "Good morning, Arthur," (or other name). If he does not guess the

voice after the first greeting, the child may be required to repeat it, until the guesser has had three trials. Should he fail on the third trial, he turns around to see who the player was, and changes places with him. If he names the right player, the guesser retains his position until after he fails to guess the voice of the one greeting him, one player after another being required to stand and give the greeting, "Good Morning!"

When pupils have become somewhat proficient in the guesser's place, the others should be required to change their seats after the guesser has blindfolded his eyes, so that he will not be assisted by the direction from which the voice comes, in his judgment, which is very easily the case, where the other players are in their accustomed seats.

Of course, the greeting will be varied according to the time of day, being "good afternoon," or "good evening," as may be appropriate. Occasionally, in a school game, a pupil from another room may be called in. Should a strange voice be heard in this way, the little guesser is considered correct if he answers, "good morning, stranger."

Waterproof Shoes.

The United States Bureau of Chemistry has worked out a method by which anybody can make his shoes waterproof unless they have holes in them.

The chief reason why shoes ordinarily are not waterproof is that the seams admit moisture. Thus the feet get damp and the wearer is liable to catch cold.

An occasional use of castor oil on shoe uppers will help to make them waterproof, but too much should not be used lest it interfere with the "shine." Much better, especially for use in winter, is a mixture of twelve ounces of tallow and four ounces of cod oil. Melted together by moderate heat, the stuff should be applied warm and thoroughly to the edge of the sole and the welt, where footgear is most liable to leak.

The sole can be best waterproofed by letting the shoe stand for fifteen minutes in a shallow pan containing enough of the grease to cover the sole.

Thus protected, one need not wear overshoes, which, while they keep water out, also keep perspiration in. Moreover, they are cold in winter and hot in summer.

Improved Pocketknife Has Novel Features.

A new knife is made in various types, from the long, heavy hunting knife to the tiny watch-chain knife. It may be best described as a device wherein the blade, when in use, is held rigidly in position, and when not in use, is completely concealed. When closed, the knife is dustproof, and can be made waterproof if desired. An important improvement, from the angles of utility and manufacture, is the elimination of the steel back-spring, which constitutes a large part of the cost of the ordinary pocket-knife. Also, blades are interchangeable. By the simple method of unscrewing the pin holding the blade, another blade can be quickly substituted. Thus a hunter can, in a moment, substitute a skinning blade for the ordinary blade in his knife.

Women! Use "Diamond Dyes."

Dye Old Skirts, Dresses, Waists, Coats, Stockings, Draperies, Everything.

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains easy directions for dyeing any article of wool, silk, cotton, linen, or mixed goods. Beware! Poor dye streaks, spots, fades, and ruins material by giving it a "dyed-look." Buy "Diamond Dyes" only. Druggist has Color Card.

An Ingenious Invention.

With an ingenious tuning device arranged in the form of a small book, and using a walking stick as a mast for the antenna wire, a British officer has contrived a radio-receiving set of extreme simplicity and portability. By opening the pocket-size book to greater or less degree, and varying the antenna length, reception is adjusted to wave lengths between 300 and 2,500 metres. With this equipment, using a regular head telephone, messages have been received from stations more than 500 miles distant.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

The Voice in The Night

PART I.

The little flames danced and flickered merrily above the ripe coals in the grate, and the young man leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, and stared into the fire and quoted bitterly:

"Into this Universe, the Why not knowing
Nor whence, like Water, willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not Whither, willy-nilly blowing."

The old doctor puffed at his smoking pipe, and smiled gently at the bowed young head. "The Rubaiyat" is strong wine," he murmured.

"Strong wine, but clear—and very fragrant," the young man returned swiftly and whirled to face his companion. "I tell you, Doctor Price, the utter futility of the whole thing makes me sick. How do we know we're on the right track—working and studying and giving ourselves, and plugging along like truck horses, thirty, forty and fifty years?"

The young man was straight and slender and strong; and he rose from his chair before the fire and paced across the room and back again. He turned and paused before the old doctor, and looked down at his friend, his eyes keen with doubt and sorrow. "How do we know there is any Being—any Thing—higher than we, hidden somewhere, who approves or disapproves?"

Doctor Price was a round, ruddy little man. His hair was silver white, and it was abundant, like snow on the roof after a heavy storm. The old physician had weathered many storms, and fierce ones; but save for the snowy whiteness of his hair, they had left no mark upon him. His eyes lurked beneath great, bristling brows, and twinkled steadily in the face of peril and travail and grief. His lips were steady, yet firm; and his voice was steady and kind.

"If one does not know, it is a little hard at times," he said quietly. "The young man threw out his hands with an appealing gesture. "I don't want money," he exclaimed. "I don't care whether people applaud me or condemn me. But, Doctor Price—I've got to know, in my own heart, that I am right or life isn't worth the fight."

He dropped in his chair again and stared at the dancing little flames. The doctor turned and studied the proud young profile, for a moment, lovingly.

"Did you ever have what men call a narrow escape?" he asked, after a moment.

The young man looked up with quick surprise. "A narrow escape?" he repeated. "Why—I don't know. Probably not. I've not led an adventurous life, you know."

"All lives are adventurous," said the physician gently. "Each minute of continued life is an adventure. You are a physician now, son. You know how little it takes to snuff the candle. Is it not a little wonderful, when men

die so easily, that so many of us live?"

The young man's fine brow clouded thoughtfully. "Perhaps," he admitted. "What of that?"

"I have sometimes fancied," explained the old doctor, "that the very fact that a man or a woman is permitted to grow to maturity, threading a precarious way through the infinite and deadly perils that beset the path, is fair proof that that man or that woman is being preserved and guided to a given destiny—saved for the performance of a given task."

"It is mere chance—nothing more," the young man insisted. He quoted again:

"The Eternal Saki from the Bowl has poured
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour."

"If the bubble happens not to burst—that proves nothing," he added. "But, suppose," the old doctor suggested, "suppose that we imagine that each of us is under the protection of a sort of private secret service—just as the King is guarded wherever he goes. Does that not testify that we are guarded and guided toward a particular task—as he is?"

The young man laughed shortly. "It might—if it were true," he said.

Doctor Price smoked in silence for a little space; and he smiled thoughtfully at the glowing coals, as though at some pleasant memory. By and by, he shifted a little in his chair and turned to the young man. "I visited the State prison ten days ago," he remarked.

"I remember," the young fellow nodded, his interest showing in his eyes. "What about it?"

"In the prison," said the old physician, "I heard the end of a story that began many years ago—and it has given me, somehow, a curious little certainty that none of us are accidents. Also, my son, it made me very humbly proud that such a manifest and certain proof should come to me that—secret-service operatives have guarded my steps."

The young man frowned with perplexity. "I don't understand—" he began.

"I do not understand, myself," said the old doctor. "But—I will tell you, if you like."

The young man nodded swiftly. "Please," he said; and the physician knocked the dotter from his pipe into the grate, filled and lighted the pipe, and smoked thoughtfully for a time, as though marshaling his recollections.

At length he began:

It was a good many years ago, said the old doctor, that I had among my patients an elderly woman of some wealth, who lived on a lonely road, perhaps half a mile from any other house, and five or six miles from here.

She was, as I have said, wealthy. Her husband had been dead for some years, and she lived alone with an occasional visit from her nephew, a son of her husband's brother, whose parents were dead.

This woman—it is not necessary

that I reveal her name—distrusted the young man, perhaps rightfully; and as she grew older she decided that her original intention to bequeath her property to him was a mistake. He was dissolute, she believed; and she was a devout woman, and was not willing that she should furnish him the means of his own ruin.

About five years before her death, she made a will leaving the young man only a few dollars. The remainder of her considerable estate was to go to a certain worthy charity. The will was drawn by her attorney, in my presence, and I was one of the two witnesses. The other witness, an old woman who had been housekeeper for my patient for many years, died a year after the will was drawn. The attorney, who drew the document, was killed in an accident two years later. At the time of which I speak, therefore, I was the only other person, besides herself, who knew of the existence of the will. She kept it at her home, and by her request the attorney had retained no copy of the document. This explanation may be tedious; but it is a necessary groundwork for what followed.

One night, in March, I was summoned by telephone to come to the woman's home. It was a bitter, rainy night, and the long drive did not attract me; furthermore, I knew the woman was not at the time seriously ill. Nevertheless, the summons was insistent, and I obeyed it. In those days automobiles had not come to help us on such occasions; but my horse was a stout animal, and I fastened the curtains about my buggy and drew the waterproof robe up to my chin and set out.

(Continued in next issue.)

Which?

Suppose upon thy right hand stretched a road,

Shaded by trees and very fair to see,
Bordered with flowers and ever verdant sod,
And one should say, "I give thee choice to thee

Between this road, which thou must tread alone,

And this, which lieth here upon thy left,

Narrow and cheerless, rough with many a stone,

Arid and waste, of trees and flowers bereft—

Yet, listen! If the latter choice be thine,

Love's self shall walk beside thee all the way—

Wouldst thou accept that fellowship divine,

Or choose the easier path? Beloved,

Who Was Responsible?

"Daddy," piped the little darling, "is the sea a mile deep?"

Daddy, who was also an editor, glanced up irritably from a huge pile of manuscript. "I don't know," he snapped. The little one looked disappointed. A little later she inquired: "Is the moon really made of cheese, daddy?"

Again came the response: "I don't know."

Another look of disappointment, another silence, and another question: "Do cannibals use postage stamps?"

No less savage than the cannibals themselves was the distracted manuscript reader as he roared for the third time: "I don't know."

"Well, I say, daddy," exclaimed the youthful inquirer, very seriously, "who made you an editor?"

FORESTS OF CANADA ARE SOURCE OF RICH REVENUE



LOG BOOM ON A NEW BRUNSWICK RIVER



B.C. WOODS

BRINGING IN THE BIG CEDARS

Canada's 225 million acres of merchantable timber is the second largest asset of her natural resources wealth. The bulk of this timber is within easy reach of the tidewater. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and British Columbia can almost dump their logs in the oceans, while Quebec and Ontario have the St. Lawrence River for a path to the sea.

In 1908 the greater part of Canadian lumber exports went out in the raw state, only a little over one-third was manufactured in Canada. The next increase in industrial development and by 1917 the tables had quite turned. In that year more than 70% of Canada's lumber exports were manufactured, and less than one-third left the country in a raw state.

Ever increasing demand for pulpwood and paper is responsible in large measure for this rapid development. American imports of Canadian pulpwood (all kinds) for four months, ending July 31st, 1920, amounted to \$20,839,881. According to latest statistics Canada's available supply of pulpwood is 901,000,000 cords and covers 350,000 square miles. Over a third of this spruce and balsam stands in the eastern provinces, convenient to the eastern states with their many newspapers and publishing houses. It is estimated that, at the present rate of cutting, this supply will hold out for 62 years. Strict cutting regulations, wise conservation and reforestation plans are looked to prevent the annihilation of Canadian forests and lumbering industries.

British Columbia's woods are attracting much foreign capital. American money is going into new pulp and paper mills on the Pacific Coast. Approximately, 85% of all capital invested in the paper pulp industry in Canada is American. An English syndicate is building a \$250,000 furniture factory in British Columbia. Box factories flourish all over the province. The small fruits, vegetable, honey and poultry ranches of the southern part of the province need countless crates and boxes for getting their produce to market. British Columbia's strategic situation for shipping to Pacific Coast ports and the Orient, its numerous good harbors and the fact that the climate permits all the year round lumbering have not been overlooked by capital seeking investment.

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INDUSTRIES FAIR IS GROWING

BIG INCREASE IN BRITISH EXHIBITS.

Held This Year in Three Different Sections, at London, Birmingham and Glasgow.

Indications are that the British Industries Fair is to be decidedly larger and more comprehensive this year than ever before, says a London despatch. It will be held in three sections, at London and Birmingham from February 2 to March 4, and at Glasgow from February 28 to March 11.

Last year the London section of the fair was held in the Crystal Palace, but because of the increase in the number of exhibits it will be held in the White City this year. The idea of having the Glasgow section open a week later is to give buyers and visitors an opportunity to visit all three sections of the fair without being rushed.

As in the past only British manufacturers will be allowed to exhibit, and only their own wares. No duplications will be permitted. Attendance will be by invitation only, which in New York may be obtained from the British Consul-General, 44 Whitehall Street.

Exhibits Have Wide Range.

The lines to be exhibited in London are books, cutlery, silver, jewellery, watches, clocks, haberdashery, glassware, china, earthenware, stoneware, paper, stationery, stationers' sundries, printing, medical and surgical instruments, leather for the fancy goods, bookbinding and upholstery trades, brushes, brooms, toys, sporting goods, scientific and optical instruments, photographic supplies, drugs, musical instruments, furniture and basketware.

At Birmingham lighting fixtures, cook stoves and utensils, general hardware, tools of all descriptions, metal furniture, saddlery and harness, firearms, fishing rods and tackle, machinery beltings, India rubber goods, weighing and measuring appliances, paints, architectural metal works, steel and hemp rope, cordage and string.

At Glasgow textiles of all descriptions, ready-made clothing, including hosiery, hats, caps, shoes and gloves; carpet and upholstery materials, foodstuffs, prepared and preserved; beverages, chemicals and dyes.

You Will Live to Laugh.

I remember that when what seemed a terrible catastrophe befell me, when the future looked very black, indeed, and it seemed as if there was no chance for me to get on my feet again, a friend said: "You won't believe it, but the time will come when you will laugh at this calamity, think of it as being a good thing for you."

I have lived to prove the truth of this man's prophecy; I have lived to think that all the misfortunes that have ever happened to me have, in a way, helped me. Each unfortunate experience has made me wiser, more careful, more determined to compensate for the mistakes and blunders and failures, and I can't help feeling that my life is richer for these trials, as painful and humiliating as they have been, apparently, irremediable.

All things work together or those who try to do their best, who are honest and earnest. Through mistakes we arrive at the goal of comparative perfection. If we are earnest and intelligent, and do our level best to win out, we shall do so in spite of the multitude of mistakes and blunders, the mortifying errors we make.

I once heard an editor of a great magazine say that his publication had risen out of its mistakes; that it had won out over a multitude of schemes and experiments, very few of which had ever proved successful in themselves. But the perpetual effort to better the publication, the perpetual effort to get ahead, had resulted in a real success.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, etc.

During one period of seven years, over 8,000 earthquake shocks were recorded in Japan.

Queenston, on the Niagara River, was named after Queen Charlotte, wife of King George the First.

Fun Exchange

The Ratepayer Publishing Co. of Toronto, at No. 6 Columbia Ave., will buy jokes, old news, fresh or stale, on any topic. Must be less than 50 words long. Send your contributions today. Liberal rates.

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