

Have You Ever Thought of This? — That a Cup of

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TEA

properly infused, is one of Nature's greatest blessings as a harmless stimulating beverage.

A CLOSE CALL

BY THEODORE RUETE

Part III.
In the Ross's bright, little kitchen, Esther was busy with some sewing. A man sat beside the table near the window, gazing absent-mindedly across the yard.

As the afternoon wore on the wind had changed with prairie-like suddenness. First it had lifted and driven away the blizzard, and then it had died away altogether. Under the glowing rays of the setting sun, the thick snow blanket sparkled and glistened in the clear, frosty air, as the temperature dropped lower and still lower. The cold was intense.

"I think I can get on now," the man remarked to Esther, "the storm seems about over." He rose as he spoke and went out into the yard to take a better look at the weather.

"Um-hm," thought Jim Trench, as he carefully scanned the sky. "Guess I'd better be moving." He walked past the front of the house in a position where he could see for miles around.

"Nobody about yet, nor likely to be, with evening approaching, couldn't be better," he muttered. "Hello, what's that?" as he caught sight of Jack's stalled wagon. A wagon presupposes the presence of a human being, and Jim Trench didn't want to be detained by the return of the husband, whose absence Esther had explained to him.

He himself had told her nothing about his own movements, merely explaining how he had stumbled upon their yard-gate in the blizzard which had overtaken him as he was making his way south. Knowing the sparsely-peopled and hilly nature of the country, with all its landmarks obliterated in a world of whirling whiteness, safety had demanded he should take the first opportunity of shelter that offered itself.

In Canada's wide, wild lands it is quite the usual thing for deer to be in the newer prairie districts, thus to be visited unexpectedly by all and sundry, and Esther had shown the man hospitality, asking no questions.

Resting quietly by the window, while Esther busied herself with her household tasks, again and again had Jim Trench taken rapid review of the events of the last few days. Once more he pictured to himself that quarrel with Joe Belcher, in the empty stall at the end of Green's barn at Londa. Again he saw Joe's angry face, as he came at him with his fist.

In imagination he dodged Belcher's blow once more and saw himself striking, as he had told himself over and over again, in self-defense. Belcher had received the blow full upon the temple and had gone down like a log, and lain so still—so horribly still. A dreadful fear had assailed him. Suppose? All had been perfectly quiet, nobody about. He had slipped out of the town and tramping south all night, had reached the town of Otley in the early morning hours. Here he had snatched a hasty breakfast the minute the Chink had opened his restaurant and then—away south again. Oh, how weary he was—the tramping through the snow was such tiring work. He was really thankful that the blizzard had come. It had given him a few hours much-needed rest, here in the quiet homestead where no questions were asked about this woman who could do him no harm—indeed she had better not try, he thought grimly. It had also rendered his pursuit more difficult, by covering up his tracks. "Those mountains" will be clever to trace me now, he thought, as he rose from his place by the window.

The sight of the wagon spurred him to make off at once and he hastily re-entered the house for his sheepskin and cap. Esther accompanied him to the door, and as she said goodbye and wished him a safe journey, Jim Trench said ironically: "There's a wagon—got stuck," pointing to where the load of coal was standing, only a quarter of a mile away. Esther's face went white. "It's—ours," she stammered. "Where's Jack?" "I don't see him? Wait," she flung at him. "I'll get a coat."

Before Trench had time to utter an angry refusal, she was into the house and out again like a flash. "I'm going south; I must be off at once," Trench now said, as he begged him to go with her to the wagon.

"What was this foolery?" he asked himself, as still he stood there wasting precious time, listening to her pleadings. What memories of better bygone days had she raised in his mind? After all, he thought, the timely shelter of her home had saved him from a fearful death—she had fed him—entertained him. Bah!—it was madness, but he would gratify her by going as far as the wagon, since nothing else would satisfy her.

Accordingly Trench, cursing himself for his folly, and Esther Ross, trembling and anxious, hurried off towards the stranded team. As they drew closer, Jack's motionless form was plainly visible where it lay beside the stalled oxen, reminding

SALADA
TEA



Exercises for the Youngsters.

Many of the ills from which we grown-ups suffer might have been avoided by a sane system of exercises when we were children.

In this article I propose to give readers some hints on how to build up their little ones for the battle of life which lies ahead.

Even the baby, not yet past the kicking and cooing stage, may benefit by exercises properly applied.

The mother cat continually licks the fur of her kittens. But she is not washing them, as one might suppose; she is, in reality, treating each little body to a thorough, warm massage, which sets the blood coursing through the veins to stimulate the feebly-beating heart. Here, then, is a hint for the human mother.

The tiny baby is bathed sitting up in its tub, and the hot water draws the blood away from the heart and brain. When the baby is dried and powdered the mother should, as it lies upon her lap, smooth the flesh gently with her hands, stroking in the direction of the heart. In this way she will not only restore the blood stream to an even flow, but will also feed her infant's muscles.

Children, like animals, yawn and stretch naturally upon awakening from sleep. There is, therefore, no need to teach them deep breathing exercises, but it is a great mistake to encourage them to stop in bed once they are properly awake for the day.

Let them get up and play about to get their circulation working against the coldness of the room into which you are going to take them downstairs. In this way you will save your kiddies from many a chill.

The development of the growing child's body is greatly helped by plenty of stretching. It is a good thing, therefore, to encourage children to grasp the bed-rail and pull themselves up and down by their arms. A child's cot, too, may be used as a miniature gymnasium. The youngster, standing in one of the angles, places its hands upon the side rails and then pushes itself up on to the arms. From this position the legs are raised and lowered, the feet being brought up to the level of the hips each time they are raised.

If the child's arms give way under its weight, no harm will be done, as it will only fall on to the soft mattress below.

The value of this exercise is that it develops the abdominal muscles and, incidentally, stimulates the internal organs to the regular performance of their proper functions.

It is useless to attempt to teach children the ordinary physical exercises, which fail to appeal to their imagination. They will only perform the movements mechanically, and so will derive no benefit therefrom. Every exercise should be practised as a game or a competition.

A parent may do much to build up the physique of a young child by placing the hand firmly against the forehead, and then, when the child grasps the wrist, tell it to try to pull the hand away. If the child, in doing this, stands firmly upon its feet, the muscles of the back and loins will be brought into full play.

Another good exercise for children to practise is that in which the youngster sits tailor-fashion upon the floor and rises up without uncrossing the feet. This exercise develops those muscles which keep the knee-joints in place—those joints which so often "go" later in life when a boy begins to play football. There is also an almost more important consideration catered for in this exercise—that of balance.

Many of the accidents which befall us occur because our bodies are badly balanced, and we are, therefore, unable to save ourselves from falling when called upon to alter our position suddenly.

The children of ancient Greece practised several hours daily to acquire perfect balance, which is the main reason why the Greeks were the most graceful people of the world. Let us teach our children the art from their babyhood.

There are very few people who can stand up on one leg and raise the other straight to the front without falling over, or at least, waving the arms about to preserve the balance; but if the weight of the body is shifted on to one leg before the other foot is lifted off the floor, the movement is easily accomplished.

Let your children learn to do this gradually. In time they will acquire the trick of automatically shifting the weight from one limb to the other before a step is taken, and so will be able to walk long distances easily.

Another exercise which gives strength to the lower limbs and perfect balance to the body is that in which a child spreads out the arms, rises on the toes of one foot, and stretches out the other leg behind; the body is then bent forward until almost at right angles to the upright leg, the free leg is raised to the level of the hips. Another advantage of this exercise is that it teaches a child perfect muscle control so that the whole body becomes instantly responsive to the will of the brain.

Children should not be allowed to turn head over heels. The trick in nowise exercises the body, but frequently hurts the base of the spine.

when the little one's heels come with a crash to the floor.

There is, however, a variation which is very useful. Let the child lie on its back with arms outspread, the legs must be kept close together and quite straight, the feet are then raised up and carried right over the body until the toes touch the floor behind the head. The movement usually ends by the performer rolling over backwards and to the side, which is, in reality, turning head over heels backwards.

In this exercise the muscles of the back and behind the thighs are splendidly stretched, and, in addition, the abdominal muscles are considerably strengthened by the slow raising of the legs.

An Idea for Mothers' Clubs.

There has recently been published a set of books on child training, which I have yearned to possess, but the cost of which places it far beyond my reach. Last week while calling on a friend I found that she had several of these coveted books. She explained that she, too, had longed to possess them, but that the slowness of the family pocketbook forbade. She talked about them wherever she went, and her reward was that she found a woman who had bought a set and was renting it to mothers at the moderate rate of two dollars. Was not that a fine idea?

Immediately, this idea came to me. Why could not Mothers' Clubs, Women's Clubs, and similar organizations invest in a set of such books, rent them to the mothers of the community until paid for, and then lend them freely to those who cared to read them? In looking through these particular books, I am sure they would be a definite, tangible help to many anxious mothers. And there are, scores of others which would help hundreds of mothers whose family budget will not allow anything but absolute necessities.

I am passing this idea along for what it may be worth, for as long as such books, by their prohibitive cost, are placed beyond the reach of common every-day mothers such as I, we

must "figger out" some means by which our little ones, as well as those to whom expense is no item, may have the best that is.

Burns.
By using the proper treatment burns can be made to heal more quickly and the pain also lessened. A good remedy is to apply to the burn a thick paste of soda and water. If it hardens it may be moistened with water before removing from the flesh. The following is an excellent ointment for both burns and cuts: Lysol, half ounce; alcohol, half ounce; castor oil, eight ounces. Place folded gauze over the wound after applying ointment and bandage.

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Little Business.

Much is heard of the dominion and power of big business, and deference is paid to those who have risen to a post of command in it. Their views are potent in council; their society is cultivated; they gain a hearing where slim pocketbooks are not pulsant. But it does not follow that because a man is rich he falls in breadth of view, in generosity of concept, in concern for his fellows or in readiness to give from his abundance. There is a great deal of the spirit abroad that accepts all a rich man can do and reviles him, holding that he does it only to avert the odium he deserves.

On the whole, little business is more to be feared than big. Men engaged in little business are those who live by spying out some petty advantage, who forever seek to gain ever so minutely over a rival and are too jealous and suspicious to make common cause. They hold that it profits to maintain an inveterate hostility toward all who are engaged in the same trade.

There is no room to-day for a smallness of attitude, whether in family life or neighborhood existence or in any corporate relations, including the international comity. The mere fact that men are operating over miles of distance or with thousands of people does not save them from small and contemptible ways and dealings.

The business of making a country greater is forever a larger matter than personalities. He who serves a cause must be willing to count himself last and least among those who follow, as well as to take a proud place among those who lead. Committees seem to be one of the necessary ills that flesh is heir to when human affairs are to be carried forward. For things do not act of themselves and the brainless brute creation cannot regulate the works of human society. Much as we may care for our individual way, assured as we are that our plan is the one wise course to take, we must be prepared—if we are useful—to defer and confer, to put our mind alongside the thoughtful opinion of another, to consider other men's views for what there may be in them.

A man is not fit for the regulation of large matters—he is untrained for anything but little business—if he cannot work in double or multiple harness. The valuable soloist is the one who is ready to fill a gap in the chorus. One does not find the people whose horizons are far and wide quibbling over meetings and the order of precedence, or taking offense because they are not placed in the seats of the mighty. They are modest and reticent and they bide their time and await their turn. It is the lesser folk who shove and scramble, in the fear that they will miss what they have not earned.

Where Kaiser Bill Once Farmed.

With the signing of the armistice one of the most fertile farms in Turkey passed from the hands of Kaiser William to Miss Mary Graffman of the Near East Relief, who has charge of 800 destitute waifs, the victims of Turkish barbarity. There are about 700 acres in the farm, and hundreds of blooded cattle roam the hills, while the rich valleys grow fine tobacco and fruit in great abundance. During the war a caretaker and a staff of peasants operated it, but when Germany was defeated the caretaker, who had power of attorney, turned over the estate to Miss Graffman, who has been a missionary in Sivas for ten years. She identified by deeds on file at Constantinople the identity of the former owner.

The home and industrial school which Miss Graffman has established is teaching the orphans of the Armenian massacres, among other things, better farming methods. Until the Near East Relief took charge, work on the farm was done by the crudest of methods. Wooden plows pulled by oxen such as were used in the days of Abraham and Lot were employed. Modern machinery and more efficient methods are making the land more productive.

Not to be Mollified.

The grocer observed that his best customer was a bit ruffled over something; so he strove to be obliging and pleasant.

"I think," he said blandly, "living is getting cheaper. For instance, a year ago these eggs would have cost you ten cents more."

"A year ago," replied the customer, "when those eggs were fresh, they would have been worth more."

Youngest Air Woman.

Miss Andree, daughter of Maurice Farman, is believed to be the world's youngest air woman, says a Paris despatch. Although only fourteen years old, she made her first flight eleven years ago with her father.

Since last summer she has been acting as pilot in a dual-control machine. Recently she, unaided, made a long-distance flight, being in the air for more than three hours.

Plants Along Walls.

Soils near walls are usually too dry in summer and too poor.

Before planting take out the soil to a depth and width of three feet, adding manure, and leaf mould if it is to be had. After mixing, return the soil and allow it to settle. Climbers and other plants may then be grown there successfully. Water will be required daily during hot weather.