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Are Parents Fair To Their Children?

The lesson of our responsibility to posterity is forced on us anew by our war with a Government whose teachings have had a degenerating influence upon its people. Had the German home fostered the conception of universal brotherhood instead of the daily creed of conquest the conflict just over might never have wracked the world.

It is the daily thoughts of the child moulded by its environment that eventually determine the man to be. You fathers who know the effect sun, moisture and weeding have upon your garden—do you give as much heed to the power your kindness, sternity and self-control have upon the greatest seedling of all, your child's mind? And do you honestly give as much thought to the training of the child in your case as you give to the proper growth of your business?

One father who prides himself upon his expert cultivation of roses has covered his grounds with the brush, but prunes when his wife pleads for a bit of ground for the child's garden. But another man has interested his little four-year-old girl to the extent that she begged for some seeds, and with rake and shovel cultivated a tiny little garden of her own "as daddy does it." The ugly influence of the first example and the excellent effect of the latter will show themselves in the future.

It is tradition that the father should relegate the training of the child to the mother. It is so much easier than to expend the energy necessary to co-operate. But would he with a little compunction permit her to run his business? In order that the child receive a well-rounded training it is essential for both parents to contribute their bit. What man would enter business without carefully studying the materials concerned, salesmanship, advertising schemes, etc.? How many undertake parenthood with as much knowledge and forethought? Neither father nor mother makes much attempt to get acquainted with the problem until it is thrust upon them.

During my first years of teaching I had occasion to appreciate the incompetence and ignorance of so many mothers. I had a class of fifty—boys and girls—more than a handful for an inexperienced teacher—when a dejected-looking mother walked in leading her two children. "I can do nothing with them," she pleaded. "Perhaps you can manage them." I reassured her, but I was appalled. How could I, who had so many, manage them when she, with only them to look after, had failed? She, like many other mothers, had left their training to their teachers.

More sex does not qualify a woman to rear a child. The privilege of doing that entails much thought, infinite patience and understanding.

We recognize now that environment overwhelms the influence of heredity. It is what the child sees, absorbs and imitates that is responsible for his character. Unerringly the child will enslave your principles from your conduct and make them his own. If you wish Polly to be absolutely truthful you yourself must guard your tongue and thoughts. Mrs. J. complained to me of her boy's habit of lying—a propensity which was first discovered when he claimed to be the author of a poem later found to be in his reader. When he came to me as a culprit he had been playing truant and concocting the most marvelous schemes for alleviating suspicion.

Investigation disclosed that the mother herself was an inveterate juggler of facts. Her boy was being poisoned by the tainted atmosphere of exaggeration in which he lived. What she did or failed to do was grossly misrepresented. To her husband her hat cost \$10, to her friends \$20, while the truth was \$15.

Do you wonder at the effect on the boy's character? Further investigation disclosed the fact that the boy was a sensitive, highly imaginative creature, and had to be carefully handled. His excesses nervous energy needed direction into proper channels. But the first step was to make the mother see the mote in her own eye—a delicate task, and not a very hopeful one.

Things To Know.

A lovely table runner can be made from a strip of tan linen embroidered with bits of bright colored yarns left over from your knitting. Tan felt also makes a good foundation.

Putting a hard-boiled egg in cold water immediately after it is done will keep it from discoloring.

It is well to look over the cans on your cellar shelves frequently to see that nothing has happened or that no can is "working." Sometimes a faulty lid or rubber will spoil a can of fruit after you are sure it is safe for winter.

A little vigilance on home canned goods has saved many a can of fruit in time enough to have it cooked over.

Rainwater, borax and cornmeal boiled for a few minutes is a good mixture for whitening the hands.

A few drops of ammonia in the water in which silver is washed will keep it bright for a long time without cleaning.

Jodine may be removed by soaking the article in cold water to which strong ammonia has been added.

Grind a handful of sunflower seeds and give them to the canary. The birds relish the little tender pieces that are found among the seeds.

Three-quarters of a cup of raisins and one-quarter of a cup of walnut meats put separately through the meat chopper, then mixed, salted, shaped into small flat cakes and wrapped in paraffin paper are concentrated nourishment for children of grown-ups who take lunches.

Any bit of fine linen, provided it is eight or nine inches square, can be utilized for charming hand-rolled handkerchiefs.

A yard of plain black noise ribbon can be made into a pretty little neck accessory by adding colored tassels and embroidery on the ends. Flour sacks and salt bags, washed clean, make just as good dust-cloths as a yard of cheesecloth, and are much less expensive.

A little water sprinkled over ashes when they are removed from the furnace or the fireplace will keep them from blowing about.

Men's shirts which are worn out at collar band and wrists can be made into neat little play dresses for small children.

A mixture to fill in the cracks of a floor that you want to paint over is made with two-thirds ashes and one-third salt. Moistened with water and drop in the cracks. It soon hardens so that it can be painted over.

Beans Baked For Summer.

Beans may be baked in the winter months and sealed in glass jars, and are as palatable as though they were just baked. Take the amount of any kind of beans you may wish and prepare in your usual way for baking. When baked put into glass jars and place in a kettle or boiler with salt across the bottom to avoid breaking. Let them boil for four hours. Then snap down the cover. This will save fuel in the summer and also time.

When the beans are to be used open jars and heat. They are just as nice as though they were just baked. Many families keep a coal fire in their kitchen range, so this can be done without extra cost. One may try a few each week while baking for the regular meal.

Eat More Cod.

The proportion of cod consumed in Canada is very small. It is a fish we have in great abundance but one which is not appreciated as it should be by the Canadian housewife. It is plentiful and cheap at all seasons and if the consumption were larger it would be cheaper still. Our forefathers used more codfish, pickled and dried, than we do to-day. Years ago, every country store in the eastern provinces carried stocks of salted and dried codfish but nowadays the tastes of the people run to halibut, salmon and haddock, while the cod is neglected.

Old Chums!

A soldier returning home wrote his sister: "No jam or cheese. I never wish to see them again!"

The average length of life is greater in Norway than in any other country. This is attributed to the fact that the temperature is cool and uniform throughout the year.

What I Saw in a London Air Raid

By William Harper Dean.

PART II.—Next morning I threw open the windows to the balconies overlooking the street and let a flood of golden sun light into the room. Across the way other windows were up and women shook out rugs. On another sill somebody had put out a caged bird and the little fellow was fairly brooding his throat with song. Up from the street came the song of a peewee. Then the horn of the mender of broken chairs, and somewhere the clear laughter of a child.

Had it really happened? No, one can't dream these things. Besides, there on the table lay a section of the broken propeller of that wrecked French plane.

Now, then, I thought, how much fear has the Hun put into the hearts of these people? How have they taken it? I put on my cap and went out to learn.

In the hall I met the foot valet, a discharged soldier from the Marne. He began to laugh as he told me how last night he had started to open the window in his room when a bomb had landed in the court and blown the glass in his face.

"Was your wife frightened?" I asked him. "No, no, no!" he shouted, waving his hands. "But she could kill the German emperor for the two francs it will cost to replace that glass."

Down in the streets taxis were honking their horns through the traffic. The sidewalks swarmed with the kaleidoscopic colors of uniforms of French, British, Americans, Australians, New Zealanders, Senegalese, Chasseurs, Belgians, Turcos—laughing, jostling on their holiday from the front. I began to look for the terror-stricken.

Not far from where Preston and I stood in Concord last night, three of the Hun's bombs had hit close together in the narrow street. Everything in the radius of their destructive power had been killed or wounded. There were whole blocks of buildings shattered of every pane of their glass from concussion alone—glass a quarter of an inch thick. In the streets glass lay ankle deep, and scavengers were shoveling it up into their tremendous two-wheeled wagons; whole buildings gutted as the air tore out of them to fill the vacuum made by bombs exploding half a block away; a mangled dog hanging on a balcony rail where it had been blown from the street; rescue workers digging in cellars, with the dead packed under the wreckage.

That night, as during every air raid on the city, the American Red Cross rescue crews were at their posts waiting in street helmets and gas masks for the calls from their representatives in the offices of the Commissaires de Police, where instant reports of bomb explosions were reported by "phone."

To fifteen Red Cross ambulances stood ready for instant summons. One ambulance party received a hurry call to a building which had been struck by a bomb and all the floors of which, save the first above the street, had been blown out. One slender iron pillar supported the tottering wreckage.

There was every reason to believe that several persons were buried beneath the mass, some of them, perhaps, alive. In the crowd which had collected at this point were a number of Australian soldiers, who mounted the sloping mass of wreckage and were digging madly at it. They could hear a voice calling for help.

The good intentions of these sturdy men from overseas and their furious attacks upon the wreckage were a menace both to themselves and to any living creature who might be buried there. The gendarmes were quick to see this. They ordered off the Australians and assigned the rescue work to the Red Cross. The men and French pompiers, members of the Paris fire brigade.

It was impossible to penetrate the dangerous pile of wreckage from the front, so two of the Red Cross men went through an adjoining house and entered the demolished building by way of the rear basement. Then they heard the calls of the imprisoned men but between him and the rescue party stood a tottering tangle of beams and stonework. Overhead lay the wreckage of several floors, threatening to crash should a single timber or brick shiver loose.

Two Paris firemen and as many Red Cross men crept over the wreckage as carefully as though they were crossing a depth of eggshells. To reach the man they had to squeeze through a narrow rent in the wall into a small room whose ceiling, badly cracked, still held place under support of that slender iron pillar. The passage through this wall was blocked by a stove.

The firemen demolished this barrier with hatchets, piling the broken pieces back, until an opening large enough for a single man to crawl had been made. Through this cleft the pompiers and the Red Cross men. Then they pulled the imprisoned man from the wreckage.

As the rescue party were passing out, overhead came a sipping, roaring crash. The party ceased and every breath was held. Pieces of plaster dropped from the ceiling and, with the report of a rifle, a great crack opened across the wall. Then silence.

A minute later the right rescue workers began to crawl out. Another minute and they were safe in the street and their charge was speeding to a hospital.

That night sixty Gothas raided Paris for three hours and dropped fourteen tons of bombs.

The raiders heard the rumbling of their bombs and saw the fires. But they did not see, as I did, the men, women, and children of Paris the morning after searching among the ruins for souvenirs—splinters of bombs and such things.

They did not see, as I did, the lit-

MUST RETAIN GERMAN COLONIES

OPINION OF PREMIER BOTHA OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Present Constitution of the Union of South Africa Serves the Best Interests of the People.

General Botha, Premier of the Union of South Africa, interviewed by Reuters' correspondent before his departure to Paris for the Peace Conference, said:

"South Africa enters the Peace Conference with the highest hope that as a result truth and righteousness will prevail. It is not for anyone in the Dominion to say at this date how the deliberations might or may eventuate. Like all other parts of the Empire, South Africa never entered the war for her own aggrandizement or in pursuance of a policy of Imperialism. Far from it. Like all other nations of the Empire, she merely rallied to the help of the old land, and did what she could in face of the common enemy of civilization.

She joined up to assist in removing that greatest danger, the dictatorship of the Kaiser.

Cannot Return Colonies. "After all, one must come back to the point that it was his stupidity that brought about this war, and if he had only listened to the best advice available to him there would have been no trouble at all. As to the future, so far as South Africa is concerned, we believe the German colonies ought not to be given back to Germany. The Germans, even after long occupation, have never developed them. There is next to no European population, and the German treatment of the natives, especially in German Southwest Africa, endangers the whole position of the Union. A repetition of this cannot be tolerated in South Africa, where we have a vast population of natives who must be treated fairly and decently and have an opportunity for that development which was quite out of the question under German domination."

No Gain in Struggle. Asked regarding the republican movement in South Africa, General Botha said: "Hertzog himself said in South Africa that it was impracticable without the assent of the British section, and added that, he would ask his followers not to press the point, but wait until the British section were at one with them. That is the direction. We are living to-day under a constitution not forced upon us, but drafted by South African statesmen and agreed to by the Imperial Parliament—a constitution where we can develop our free will in the best way for our country."

WHO INVENTED IT? The "Swagger-Cane" So Much Used by British Soldiers.

Among the things that had no existence before the war is the short, yellow-knobbed stick which all officers of the British Army, and not a few privates as well, carry about with them so constantly that it has been supposed by some that they take it to bed!

Fortunes of no mean dimensions, pure "war profits" surely, have been made out of this simple "cudgel," yet nobody has stepped forward and said, "That cane is my invention." It just happened.

Even its name is not fully settled, although "swagger-cane" seems to be its favorite cognomen. But there are others. Bundles of them may be seen at shop doors variously described. Among other "handles" are "Whan-gee cane," which sounds Australasian; "Panama-short," which sounds like a racing garment; and in the West End of London, simply "Army stick."

The genuine swagger cane is surely almost as old as the cavalry, and differed from the new cane in that it is longer, very much more pliable, and possesses a ferrule.

An Uncanny Clock. The most uncanny clock is in the possession of an Indian prince. It has no dial, only a round disk to which numerous little bells are attached. Its mere sight at every full hour is sufficient to strike an awe into nervous persons. For this uncanny clock indicates the hour by a skeleton a number of bones heaped about it. This skeleton then seizes a bone and strikes with it at the bell as often as are hours to be indicated. This done, the skeleton falls again to pieces. The strange clock has, of course, many admirers. Thus, an English banker recently offered \$5,000 for it, but the owner could not be induced to sell it.

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BONDS

DOGS THAT DID THEIR DUTY

Many a British Soldier Owe His Life to a Trained Messenger.

Amongst the many activities of the war the national service of the brave dogs of Britain deserve special mention. They were in use officially for nearly two years as messengers, as sentries, and as guards for places of vital importance.

In the early months of 1917, a War Dog School of Instruction was founded by the War Office, and Lieut.-Col. Richardson, who has devoted his life to training dogs for military and police purposes, was appointed commandant. The school started at Shoeburyness, but was recently removed to Lyndhurst, Hants. Gamekeepers, hunt servants, and shepherds were called upon from the army to be instructed, and to assist in the instruction of the dogs.

The dog recruits chiefly came from the Fetheres, Birmingham and Liverpool homes for lost dogs, and many a dog has thus been saved from the lethal chamber. Many a brave soldier owes his life to some poor uncared-for stray dog.

Many dogs trained at the school were sent out to France to act as message carriers in the field. The skill, courage, and tenacity of these dogs has been amazing. During heavy harangues, when all other communications had been cut, the messenger dogs made their way, and in many cases brought messages of vital import.

Sometimes they have been wounded and there is wonderful record of the determination with which wounded dogs have persisted in their duty.

During the great German assault last year, part of our line in front of a famous town was cut off by severe enemy barrage. A messenger dog was released with an urgent appeal for reinforcements. It ran three kilometers in ten minutes. A French Colonial division was sent up and saved the situation, otherwise there would have been a terrible disaster.

This dog was a Highland sheep dog, having 5,000,000 square miles of this continent, sustaining a population of approximately 775,000,000. And there should be added to these figures the Dutch East Indies. Germany's by right of might of larger nations over smaller neighbors—735,000 square miles and 48,000,000 people.

All of Australia, with an area of 2,974,881 square miles and a population of nearly 5,000,000 people. Teutonic expectations in this continent have been revealed very recently in the unblinking confessions of Herr Thysson.

Cast a Covetous Eye on Canada. "Of North America the Pan-Germans profess only to covet Canada, Central America and Cuba at the present time, but some of her futurists see 'the American people conquered by the victorious German spirit, so that in a hundred years the United States will present an enormous German Empire. However, Cuba, the Central American republics and the British Dominion would add 13,500,000 to the population of Germany-Over-All and an area equal to more than eighteen times her European empire at the outbreak of the world war."

"Thus it will be seen that the lands and peoples which German statesmen and would-be empire builders actually claim as their right total 29,000,000 square miles, or more than one-half of the earth's surface, and 1,245,000,000 inhabitants—three-fourths of all the people on the globe."

"If we should add to these figures the United States, concerning which certain bold Teutonic spirits have already expressed themselves, and the Russian Empire, which German undoubtedly will subjugate unless the Allies crush her, the grand total of Kulturland would be 40,000,000 square miles, more than 70 per cent. of the earth's land area, and 1,459,000,000 people, all human beings who breathe save 237,000,000."

To Renew Forests in Britain. The Forestry Sub-Committee of the Reconstruction Committee of Great Britain recommends the afforestation of 1,770,000 acres in the United Kingdom. Taking eighty years as the average rotation, two-thirds of the whole should be planted in the first forty years. From the fifteenth year onward the scheme would begin to provide pit wood from the quicker-growing species on the better kinds of mountain land. By the fortieth year, the plantations made in the first ten years alone would contain enough timber to keep the pits supplied in emergency for two years at the present rate of consumption. The total cost of the first forty years is estimated at \$75,000,000. After that period, the scheme would be self-sustaining. The whole sum involved is, therefore, less than half the direct loss incurred during the years 1915 and 1916 through dependence on imported timber.

PRUSSIA'S PAN-GERMAN DREAM

THE RUBBLE THAT BURST WHEN GERMANY COLLAPSED

If the Kaiser's Ambitions Had Been Attained, Kulturland Would Embrace 400,000,000 Square Miles.

At the time that Germany plunged the world into war four years ago, the area of her empire in Europe was 208,780 square miles—larger than that of any other nation in Continental Europe save her vassal, Austria-Hungary, and Russia. She had a population at home of nearly 70,000,000, while her colonial empire, exceeding a million square miles, had an additional population of more than 14,000,000.

But she was not content. Germany, says a recent writer, claimed as her right the following: "All of Europe save Portugal, Spain, and the uninvaded portion of France, the British Isles and as yet unconquered portions of Russia. In brief, she wants in Europe, 1,196,000 square miles of the total continental area of 3,872,000 square miles and 270,000,000 of the 464,000,000 inhabitants.

Claims in South America. "All of South America save the two inconsequential corners of British and French Guiana. Her aspirations in this sphere include more than 7,400,000 square miles of the total continental area of 17,570,000 square miles and 55,421,200 of the total population of 55,779,000.

"In Africa her modest claims embrace 6,840,000 square miles of the total area of 11,622,000 square miles, leaving less than 5,000,000 square miles, largely desert, for her sister nations. The territory which Germany claims in this part of the world maintains a population of 85,000,000 inhabitants, compared with only 57,000,000 for the remainder of the continent.

"Considering the extent of the continent, Germany's Asian aspirations would seem amazingly conservative for her, were it not that much of the land to which she claims is, like that in Africa, an unproductive waste. With Russian, Turkestan, India, China, vassal Turkey, and the Mohammedan realms of Persia and Afghanistan—the areas of which she wants—the Central Empire would have 5,062,000 square miles of this continent, sustaining a population of approximately 775,000,000. And there should be added to these figures the Dutch East Indies. Germany's by right of might of larger nations over smaller neighbors—735,000 square miles and 48,000,000 people.

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