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For prospectus and terms write the Principal
R. I. Warner, M.A., D.D., St. Thomas, Ont.

ferred \$1 for one dozen or half a dozen oranges and have been unable to secure them. The other night I gave a waiter 25c. to get me one onion. Today everything saleable has been purchased, excepting, of course, in the officers' and sergeants' mess. The conditions of which I speak applied, so far as I know, to the men only.

"A routine of physical drills and inspection has been adhered to all the way across. Small rifle galleries were fitted up and the eyes of the men kept in shooting trim. In addition to this there have been athletic competitions under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. On the decks at night, when the weather permitted it, dances were held to the strains from mouth-organs and whistling. To-night a last big concert is being held in the men's mess. On deck it is black as pitch. A man falling overboard now would stand a poor chance of seeing anything but Davy Jones' locker.

Approaching England.

"To-day—it is Wednesday morning—the sea has been rough, but is moderating. Land's End was sighted as

we concluded muster parade. At present we are running up the channel within easy sight of land.

Greeted by salutes from big guns which boom out, from where we cannot tell, the flotilla is now picking its way into Plymouth, or just outside it. A blinding searchlight flashes out directions to us from the hills in the distance. In the offing a torpedo boat destroyer is nosing about. The flotilla is now in two lines, each headed by a cruiser. All the way across the Atlantic, and not a German to bother us! Little old Great Britain still knows the game.

"Whether we shall disembark here or not I don't know. Apparently so, for the ship's crew is getting up the hawsers for the mooring. It is a happy Tommy Atkins now who is aboard the ship. No one knows what his lot may be. He has kicked at some of the grub on the ship; he may find worse food still before the game is ended. And the ground is less pleasant than a bunk for a sleeping place. But the real part of his task is here, and he'll soon be off the ship."

H. W. PHILP.

Laughing At Life

(Concluded from page 8.)

there was a general hiatus in the whispering night; because she sighed, leaned against him, and spoke of his strength reminding her of a great big bear, he kissed her in front of the double-fronted villa, with the gables, called "Peter Pan." From that night probably dated his knowledge of her father, and the discovery that instead of being a churchwarden, he was really a jovial man of the world. About the same period, the "old man" discovered a preference for the breakfast room without a fire, instead of his usual place in the cosy corner of the drawing-room couch. With a singular instinct, surprising in one so stolid and stupid, he gives Romeo and his Juliet a clear field in the drawing-room, where the couch clamours of tete-a-tete whisperings and the fire burns so brightly that the young people become suddenly solicitous about the gas bills.

The Sublime Revelation.

WHAT a world. They discover love. They discover love in this way, in the present year of grace. Our young folk think a monopoly of the only companionable seat in front of an inviting fire is an accident. They do not recall how Maude found sanctuary there, a prosperous husband, a detached villa, and a knowledge of domestic economy far in advance of her mother's. They never guess how Mamma wondered earnestly whether Albert was as solid with the bank as he made himself out to be; how the old man made certain by cross-examining his friend Dobbs, the manager, at the club. No, they never think; they never stop to think; they simply cannot think. They just go on discovering. Her eyes, lit by the firelight—argument enough. The way he does his hair—with a pat, "just so," from her gentle fingers—is a clincher. The soft trusting pride revealed on her face—no man had seen that wonder before. The conquest in his ardent glance, supplicating, adoring, and yet shyly dominant—no woman had looked upon such a glory. New and different; theirs the sublime discovery; the world a theatre, themselves the players, the play the thing, the centre of the stage reserved to them for an eternity. Gold, frankincense and myrrh; tremulous silences in moonlit spaces; rapt visions of a future rich in achievement—opulent in its wealth of love revealing itself as a rosebud unfolds its fragrance to the sun. And all new—different—tremendous.

Wonderful Voyagers.

Softly, older folk! Let us steal from the room on tip-toe—the best room in the house—leaving these wonderful voyagers to firelit solitudes. Call them Christopher Columbus and his bride, and leave their uncharted sea to lead them to the possession of a brand new continent. What does it matter if, later, they find footprints

on the virgin land they discovered. And yet—the father who cheerfully gives up his cosy corner in the best room; the mother, who flutters unobtrusively in the background, and is surprised when they blurt out the great discovery; and Sister Maude who long since charted out the untrodden path and hopes, with a slight suspicion of a sniff, that they will be very happy—they all know. Father's grandfather, father's grandfather's greatest great grandparent, and a whole host of greater grandparents faded out of memory, recollection and record—they all knew. They all fell in just the same way to the touch of a dear hand, the glance of a bright eye, and the way she looked as she sat near the lamp with the rose-coloured shade. All the world loves a lover, and knows him at sight before he realizes the tendencies in himself. He helps to justify the older illusion we once wove out of the same gossamer fabric, when the spell is broken, and the dust of the world is on our mothlike wings. Their personal discovery of an age-worn truth gives us faith. Through gazing on them, we link ourselves with Adam, who in the twilight of his world looked into Eve's eyes and saw mystery, promise, witchery, wonder flaming there, light of the world and its unquenchable glory.

An Important Discovery

A DISCOVERY in the chemical side of Tungsten made in a Canadian electric lamp factory may be the means of greatly extending the life of the tungsten incandescent lights.

The fragile nature of the wire filament has been a source of annoyance to the manufacturers who have spent fortunes in trying to discover the reason for the brittle nature of the delicate wire. It was at length put down to occlusion, a property that many metals possess which enables them to suck in great quantities of various gases without an alteration in bulk, a very similar thing to the absorption of water by a sponge. Every effort was made to drive this occluded gas from the wire during the finishing of the lamp, and its exclusion was beneficial, but it was evident that something was still intervening between this advance and perfection. It has now been found that the brittleness is due to minute traces of an element called molybdenum, so closely related to tungsten that it is difficult to detect. When the lamp is heated the molybdenum distills from the wire in minute quantities and darts about the globe at immeasurable speed, bombarding everything in its path. The elimination of these impurities will in all probability alter tungsten brittle wire into a substance that will compete with wrought iron for toughness.



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due reflection,
Because I choose
to always use
Old Dutch for
my complexion."



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