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#### Little Folks' Playthings.

A worried play, if kept clean, makes a good plaything for a little baby. If it is suspended from his carriage or crib it will help him to learn to focus his eyes, and he will be amused by it for a long time. When the child is a little older, let him sit on a quilt on the floor and play with several balls in the six colors, red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet. Each ball should have a worsted string of the same color attached to it. When the child is a little older still, play simple little games with him, such as rock-a-baby, pendulum of a clock, swinging the ball back and forth and up and down, and in other ways that will occur to every mother. Unconsciously the child will acquire a sense of form, color, motion and position by such games. Say to him, "See the pretty round ball." "See the pretty red paper," and the child will delight to find and bring to you other things that are round like a ball, and red like the paper. A set of worsted balls in the six colors can be obtained from kindergarten supply houses.

Long, slim clothespins make excellent playthings for babies. They can be used as babies or soldiers, or to make fences, trees, log houses and many other interesting things. Playthings that can be taken apart and put together again are good to have; also blocks with which the child can build all kinds of objects—buildings that he can push along the floor, balls to bounce and throw, doll carriages, rashing sets, etc. Dolls with clothes, that button and unbutton and come off, may be used to teach the children how to dress and undress themselves.

For older children kindergarten beads are very useful and helpful. They are in the form of half-inch wooden balls, cubes and cylinders, in the six colors, and also in the natural unstained wood. A shellcase or bodkin and cord is used for stringing them. I would suggest, to begin with, that the child string beads only, and all in one color. After he has made a long string of these ask if he would like to use two colors. He will probably string them in irregular order at first, and if so it will be necessary to suggest alternating the colors, putting on two of one color and one of another, and so on. In this way he will soon learn colors and numbers.

What else is there with which little children's hands can be kept occupied? First of all, sand. Just turn the children loose in a pile or box of sand with a spoon, a pail, a cup, or anything with which they can dig or shovel. I personally do not like to have sand in the house, but if you have a suitable place for it, it need not make any trouble. An old kitchen table turned upside down with the legs cut short and put on the other side makes a good table for sand. A piece of burlap or denim placed under the table keeps the sand from being scattered over the house.

With clay, a simple little cradle may be made. The child first rolls a piece into a ball, cuts it in half, with a string. One of these halves forms the lower part of the cradle. The other he cuts in two, using one piece for the top and remodeling the other into a ball for baby.

Birds' nests with eggs can be made with clay; also apples, oranges, cups and saucers and even animals may be attempted. In fact, clay has almost endless possibilities as play material. For little children, before they are old enough to use scissors, tearing paper is an engaging occupation. Tear a piece of old newspaper into an oblong shape—it may be any size, about 2x4 inches we will say. By folding this in the middle, it will make a little tent. Again, fold in thirds, turn both ends down for a table. The child can tear paper into trees, a ball, doll babies and many other simple shapes.

When a child is old enough he can begin to use scissors, but be sure to provide a pair with blunt points that cannot possibly hurt him. These will afford endless hours of amusement and profit. Have you found that the cats paper all over the floor? Of course he does, but use this occasion to teach him neatness. Let him have his own little waste-basket.

Let him cut pictures from old magazines and paste them into a book made from manilla wrapping paper. To make the book, take any desired size of paper, fold several sheets in half, and sew them together along the crease. A pretty picture might be pasted on the front page, or the child could draw on it. This will take many

days' work, but all the time he will be learning many lessons in patience, concentration, neatness, and accuracy, and will be developing artistic talent if he is apt at drawing. Best of all, he will be gaining power to do things. If, in his cutting, he comes to a picture that has a story, tell it to him. Do not criticize his work, as this may discourage him, but see to it that he does the best he can.

Let the child draw with colored crayons or "crayolas." You will be surprised at how soon and how well, under proper guidance, he will be able to use this very delightful means of expressing himself.

#### Thrift Hints.

Soak an ink spot in milk, either sweet or sour. It may be necessary to leave it in a day or two, changing the milk if it becomes discolored. Some of the inks now made for school use will come out in clear water.

Expensive Floor Covering.—As a good substitute for linoleum take building paper, paint it dark brown or any good color wanted, as blue or gray. Have it cut into several lengths to fit the kitchen or dining room, where it is wanted, and lay it down. It will give excellent wear, and does not cost as much as linoleum.

When Making Pies.—Conserve on shortening by cutting the top crust of the pie so that it just covers the top without lapping up on the edge of tin, making the edge have only one thickness, instead of two as before, and cut these into strips of one-eighth inch left all around, the juice will not boil out, so you also conserve the sugar and juice which sometimes goes on the oven bottom.

Use for Worn-out Stockings.—Do not throw away your old colored and black stockings; cut them in strips about one inch wide; start at the heel and cut them round and round until you get to the bottom, then crochet with a wooden needle. This makes a good rug for bedroom or bathroom.

To renew my old blankets, I turn them end for end and stitch together. I then bind the raw ends with braid. This puts the worn portions at the ends where there is not much wear and they will last a long time.

Turn fruit which has just begun to ferment, into a saucepan, boil for several minutes with half a teaspoonful of soda, then add spices, sugar and a little vinegar, and boil again until it thickens. This makes a nice relish to accompany meat.

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**Salmon Shortage on Yukon River.**  
Officials of the Department of Indian Affairs report that the catch of salmon at Yukon Indian centres last year was much smaller than usual, although, fortunately, the shortage has not been sufficiently acute to create serious conditions. The decrease in the catch of salmon is attributed to the operations of a floating cannery at the mouth of the Yukon river. The most disturbing feature is that the establishment of a large cannery at this point is likely to seriously effect the future fish supply in the upper waters of the Yukon. Last year's scarcity of salmon in the Yukon did not result in extreme hardship to the Indians, but it is pointed out that, had game been scarce at some of the centres, as occasionally happens, the situation would have been a very serious one. The effect was most pronounced at Rampart House, situated 200 miles up the Porcupine river, where there was almost a total lack of salmon last season and the Indians were unable to dry any for winter use. It is essential that the food supply of the Yukon Indian centres, of which salmon is a very important item, be not endangered by hasty operations of such a nature as to imperil this means of subsistence.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

## Swanson's Home Sweet Home

By CONRAD RICHTER.

### CHAPTER III.

"What's the matter with this engine?" Keens demanded aggressively. "Won't pull the train," answered Swanson simply.

"Have your front end open?" Swanson asked. "Mmm. Open it." Swanson silently complied, although he knew Keens would find neither of the steam pipes leaking.

"Mmm. Close it. Try your cylinder packing?" Mmm. Try it." Swanson knew all the cylinder packing was not bad, but he put his valves on centre and opened his throttle. Sure enough, nothing blew out.

"Mmm," murmured young Keens again. He walked in a horsehoe around the great placid engine and came up on the fireman's side.

"How much steam you got?" "Hundred and fifty."

"Ah!" breathed Keens, with the air of a detective who had found a clue. He opened one of the fire doors. "Ah!" he said again, much louder. "I suspected as much. Your fire is much too high."

"That fire's just right," declared Bill indignantly. "When we get up here on a siding you can knock the middle out of her," answered Keens shortly.

"I won't do it," asserted Bill righteously. "If you're looking for suspension, like your engine man was the other night, keep right on," said Keens.

"You have an excellent opportunity of being stopped from doing more things than making a noise on an engine whistle."

"Bill's eyes widened. 'So it was you, was it?' he asked violently. 'You dirty scab! I ask you right now, come off this engine and take your coat off.'"

"You certainly are looking for suspension," drawled young Keens, but his voice shook nervously. "Bill," said Swanson sharply, "hold on to yourself and do as he says."

Bill gritted his teeth and subsided. At the next siding he grimly knocked down his fire as requested. Then Swanson started the old seven hundred engine out on the Sheridan grade.

"Now you'll see her pick up," promised young Keens, going confidently to the left side. Old engine number Seven Hundred and Thirteen managed to groan up a mile and a quarter of the Sheridan grade. Then, with a last trembling gasp, she faltered and died.

"What's the matter now?" called young Keens, coming around the boiler. "Steam's down to a hundred and ten," answered Swanson resentfully.

"And still going," added Bill. "Damnation!" exclaimed young Keens. "Can't your man fire an engine?"

"Steam's down the flush burning through the black on Bill's face. He got up from his seat grimly. "Keens, you're road foreman," he said. "But you won't job. Now we want to know what's the matter with this engine?"

"There isn't anything the matter with her," asserted Swanson. "I'll see after this that a real engine man gets this engine."

It was Swanson's turn. He fisted his hands once or twice, then went to the firebox and threw open one of the doors.

"You looked in there a minute ago," he said quietly to Keens, "but you didn't see anything. If you'll look again, carefully, you'll see that the flues are leaking badly, and so are the mud rings and so are the stay bolts. Bill's fire stood her off pretty well until you made him knock the middle out of her. You can see what's happened since."

For a long minute young Keens bent down, peering into the sizzling firebox. He got up stiffly.

"Both of you ought to be suspended for insubordination," he muttered. "You can stop her at Penn City."

Next day, as usual, Swanson's hard eyes searched again as they went through Queenston. But he saw no sign of his late passenger. By the night of the sixth day he was discouraged. "I never thought the old crab would be right," he muttered, meaning the conductor of Ninety-two. Then on the seventh day, on their trip down, they stopped to throw off a car, and Jim Mattern, the Queenston station agent, came out and handed Swanson a package.

"Guess this is for you," she said dryly. "She said for the engineer—if he was young and had light eye-brows. She's asked a couple of times about you."

"Much obliged," said Swanson casually. But his eyes were glued to the ribboned package and his heart was jumping under his oil-streaked smock. Hardly out of the Queenston station, he untied the ribbon. It was a book—poetry, "Songs of the Rail." It gave him a quick satisfaction—not that she had judged him a reader of poetry, but that she herself must like it. On the flyleaf he found, daintily written in blue ink: "To the Home, Sweet Home engineer from a very grateful person. Please play it some more."

"She heard my 'Home, Sweet Home,'" he flushed. "I wonder did she really like it?" Exactly a week later Mattern handed him another package, a second book. Again a message on the flyleaf, written in the same blue ink: "Happy Weekiversary." Swanson whisked it softly and figured in his mental calendar that it was just two weeks from the day he had carried her to Queenston. He thoughtfulness of her, he marvelled. Between rare finds he found a card with the words, "Why have you

stopped playing 'Home Sweet Home'?" That day Bill caught him at the book, and Swanson had to explain. "Books is all right, Home," agreed Bill gravely. "But you can't eat them when you get married."

Swanson snorted contemptuously. But he was filled with pride the following week when there came a box of the most delicious creation he had ever tasted—New Orleans molasses pull taffy, spun into light gold that melted in his mouth. Each piece was wrapped in the daintiest waxed paper twisted at either end into the most exquisite of flaring ears. Bill tasted it skeptically, then:

"You're going to have a great little home some day, Home," said Jake, with a chuck in his voice. His wife had been dead for two years. "When it comes you don't want to forget us fellows. We got to see that it passes inspection." Swanson blushed like a boy.

Next "weekiversary" morning Swanson was all agog over what it was going to be. To his mingled ecstasy and surprise he found the girl herself at the station.

"I brought it to you myself to-day," she said, up on her tiptoes to reach his outstretched hand. Then to his chagrin she turned gaily and fled.

Inside of the white paper Swanson found a cluster of fresh cinnamon buns, generously sticky brown on the bottom with the purest of thickened syrup. He tasted one breathlessly, was caught in the act and forced to share with Bill and the front trainman, Jake. The two ate their allotment greedily. Bill even asked to lick the paper.

Saturday he invaded the bookstore in Penn City and guardedly asked the advice of the clerk. The clerk was a woman who knew the conventions, and she tried to sell him a volume of travel in Scotland, with a decorated cover and colored illustrations. But Swanson wanted something nearer home. In spite of the clerk's protest he bought a book entitled "Bungalows I Have Known." Sunday and Monday he could hardly wait. On Tuesday he intrusted it, all bound up in birthday paper, to Mattern and asked him to see that it surely got to the right person.

"You ought to put her name on it," Mattern mentioned thoughtfully. Swanson said nothing. He realized in a second that he couldn't tell Mattern that he didn't know her name.

"I'll put it on it," said Swanson hastily. "We want to make sure we spell it right. Suppose you ask somebody, confidentially like, you know. Don't tell them what you want it for. Then you get it."

Mattern agreed doubtfully. "Now, do you know where you're going to send it?" asked Swanson. "Her! Why, she's a companion to old Mrs. Coleman, at the Coleman mansion up on the hill!"

(To be continued.)

#### Source of Mosquitoes.

The time to eliminate the mosquito nuisance is right now. It is folly to wait until the hibernating mosquitoes find suitable breeding places to deposit their eggs and to continue their propagation before organizing efforts to combat them.

The whole matter of eliminating the mosquito is to prevent its development. The first wave of warm weather favors the development of the mosquito. It is therefore considered timely that every housekeeper who desires to be free from this disease-breeding and annoying pest make a complete survey of the home in the effort to remove all sources which favor the development of the mosquito.

Clogged rainspouts, which cause the rain water to accumulate on the roof and to become stagnant, should be cleared and mended. Very often a mere depression in the ground may act as a receptacle for water in which mosquito eggs may develop. In fact, any object capable of holding water may, during the spring and summer months, act as breeding places.

The unsuspected flower-pot saucer containing water is a fertile source of mosquitoes in the home. The unused wicker and bowl containing just enough water may account for the annoying mosquito in the bedroom. Leaky pipes, clogged drainage, sinks and the like are also insanitary conditions which favor the mosquito development.

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#### Trap Fishing Great Sport on the Yukon.

Late in the fall, or soon as the ice is thick enough to walk on, which takes only two or three nights of good frost, the Indians fish through the ice with nets, and later on, when the ice gets too thick, fish-traps are set for catching lusk and white fish. In setting nets under the ice several holes are made in a straight line about ten feet apart.

The holes are about a foot in diameter, or large enough for a man to shove his arm in and take hold of a pole that is pushed from one hole to another with a long piece of rope attached to it. The other end of the rope is attached to the net that is to be drawn underneath the ice for setting. When the net has been drawn under, both ends are tied to long poles planted firmly in the river bed, the upper ends of which are held in place by cross pieces or poles tied to them on top of the ice.

While set, the net must not at any time touch the ice, as in a short time it would freeze to the surface and cause a lot of extra work on the part of the owner. So, to avoid this, the net is tied to poles just far enough under to prevent it from touching the ice, but not too far, or the fish would go over the net and not be caught.

The setting of fish-traps requires more work, because holes have to be made through the ice large enough to receive the traps. If a trap were eight feet long and four feet wide, a hole about a foot larger all round would have to be dug. Besides digging holes through the ice for the traps, long trenches have to be made to receive the trap fences.

These trenches are about a foot wide, the length depending upon the depth of the water and the swiftness of the current in that location. Fishing through the ice requires great endurance on the part of the fisherman, as he has to work with bare hands in freezing water, while the thermometer registers many degrees below zero.

#### Our Natural Resources.

The country which would guard its future must exercise the greatest care in the utilization of natural resources. Frugality has too often been mistaken for development. The fact that capital comes to a country for profitable investment is not an unmixed benefit, and may mean that greedy eyes are seeking new fields to conquer after home industry has been "developed" to a standstill.

The supply of some resources cannot, of course, be maintained forever, as in the case of coal, the formation of which is beyond human power. But our forest resources, our fisheries and the fertility of our agricultural areas must be preserved. That such has not been done in the past is indicated by the fact that the older wheat-growing districts of the West must now be used for mixed farming, some of our fisheries have declined greatly in value, and good lumber has increased enormously in price.

The protection of these resources assumes a consideration of the future, too distant to permit of the problem being handled in the ordinary political field. The connection between ordinary government departments and the demands of the public is too close to allow them to handle the problem. It is for this reason that conservation can be best carried on by a body such as the Commission of Conservation in Canada, which was established for the purpose—Monetary Times.

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#### ANCIENT ORIGIN OF MODERN TOOLS

The story of the mechanical aids of human history has been much neglected. Thousands have described the sculptures of the Parthenon, yet no one has mentioned the tools that carved those fluted columns. We naturally suppose that our present day tools have far better forms than those of past ages. That is true in many cases, but not always.

It appears that the forms of the chisel were perfected 2,500 years ago, and that the beauty of workmanship in Bronze Age chisels has never been exceeded.

The use of saws and crown drills with fixed teeth of corundum or gem stones for cutting quartz rocks was the regular practice in Egypt 6,000 years ago. The cores produced were so perfect and clean cut that any modern engineer would be proud to turn out such good work with the best diamond drills.

The saws were over eight feet long and cut blocks of granite seven and a half feet long. That splendid work was forgotten; the Romans did not use such tools, and some thousands of years passed before the same tools were reinvented fifty years ago.

The carpenter's saw was at first merely a blade roughly hacked on the edge; by 4,500 B.C. it had regular teeth, sloping equally both ways; by 900 B.C. the Italians gave a rake to the teeth to make them cut in one direction, instead of merely scraping as before. No ancient saw, however, made a kerf wider than the thickness of the blade; we do not know when the saw that makes a wider kerf was invented, but it was some time in the Middle Ages.

The Egyptians used a push saw as the earliest form; the pull saw was the only one in the west and the Roman world. The push saw came back into use a few centuries ago, although the pull saw in a frame is still universal in the East.

The world did without shears for many ages; cutting its cloth with a rounded blade knife. About 400 B.C. the mechanical genius of Italy invented shears, which in two or three centuries more were fitted to the fingers, and so became scissors.

The "nauffers" referred to in Exodus is a mistranslation; the early tools for trimming a lamp were a small knife and a pair of tweezers to trim the wick and a point to part the strands.

In some cases it is curious to see how long man remained on the brink of an invention. Copper wire was used by cutting and hammering from 5,500 B.C., yet the drawing of wire remained unknown for 6,000 years or more. When the first drawn wire was made is not yet determined, but the art seems to have been unknown to the Romans.

Thick beaten wire was made into chain with round links as far back as the second dynasty, 5,200 B.C.; and links doubled and looped through one another appeared in the sixth dynasty, 4,200 B.C. Yet chains were not commonly used until much later. The Greeks excelled in such work, as they used chain cables and rigging in place of rope to resist the Atlantic gales.

The screw was a Greek invention, and greatly used by the Romans as a means for producing motion; but centuries passed before the nut and screw for fastening was invented, and other centuries before screws for fastening wood appeared. It is less than two hundred years since the common screw came into use.

The value of the shelter afforded by trees on a farm is not fully appreciated. Too frequently the settlers in a wooded district are not satisfied until all the trees are removed, and only when the country becomes generally cleared and the soil loosened up by cultivation do they realize the ill effects of the wind on their crops, live stock and personal comfort. Many who have made this mistake have later had to resort to planting and to wait several years to replace the shelter which nature had provided.

Belts of trees, judiciously placed, protect the soil from drifting and drying, afford desirable shade for stock, especially for young animals, and make it possible to grow many fruit trees and ornamental plants which cause otherwise be grown in the open. This is especially true in the Prairie Provinces. The production of fuel can be made an important function of a shelter belt without reducing its value as a wind-break.

Settlers, especially in the wooded portion of the Prairie Provinces and Northern Ontario, should be strongly advised to leave strips of bush at least along the western sides of their farms, unless other locations are more suitable to the topography. Shelter belts should also be left around the buildings and gardens. A space of at least 200 feet should be left between the shelter belt and the buildings, to prevent the drifting of snow under the buildings.

When flour is genuine or of the best kind it holds together in a mass when squeezed by the hand and shows the impression of the finger-marks and even marks of the skin much longer than when it is bad or adulterated; the dough made with it is very glossy and elastic, easily kneaded, and may be elongated, flattened, and drawn in every direction without breaking.