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## About the House

### THE PATH TO BEAUTY.

After all, a woman's most sincere friend and remorseless critic is her mirror. When it tells her that she is looking well, that her back hair is becomingly arranged, and that she is really very good to look at, she may go upon her way, confident and well poised, serene in the knowledge that although beauty may be only skin deep, it is a very comforting possession.

On the other hand, when friend mirror declares that her face is showing faint lines, that her skin is losing the firm contour and tints of youth, and that she is rapidly assuming something suspiciously resembling a double chin, she knows she must proceed at once to take the necessary steps to check the ravages of time.

Good looks are so great an asset to a woman that the time which she spends on their preservation should no more be regarded as wasted than the time devoted to the care of her teeth or bodily health.

A smooth healthy skin, clear complexion, shining hair and well-kept hands bestow upon their possessor a certain confidence and ease and most certainly add much to her happiness and contentment.

These attributes to beauty are within the reach of every woman who is willing to work a bit to secure them; therefore, if your mirror tells you that old Father Time is beginning to adorn your face with his telltale lines, you will very wisely prepare to do battle for your good looks.

The city woman, with time on her hands, will go to a reliable beauty specialist, where she will receive a treatment that will bring back the glow of youth to her cheeks, soften her skin and brighten her eyes. Regular clients of the beauty specialist spend an hour a week in her comfortable chair, whereas real seekers of beauty are even more frequent patients.

But it is possible to keep one's good looks, even if one dwells in the desert, for every one of the beauty specialist's methods may be followed at home if one will devote just a few moments night and morning to good looks; and a very satisfactory little home course of beauty treatments may be evolved.

All that will be necessary in the way of equipment will be two or three pads of absorbent cotton, a good cleansing cream, a skin tonic, which may be nothing more than witch hazel, a skin food, perhaps also a vanishing cream and the pater, of which more, shortly.

At night, just before going to bed, the face should be cleansed carefully with a pad of cotton dipped in diluted witch hazel, then into the cleansing cream, following the motions adopted by the beauty specialist.

This treatment should be followed by a brisk patting with the pater moistened in ice-cold water. This will awaken the tired and sagging muscles. Then, if her pores are large and conspicuous our woman may apply a special pore cream that will in time make them less noticeable, or perhaps eradicate them, or she may simply use a skin food, leaving enough on her face to feed the hungry cells while she sleeps.

In the morning she will cleanse her face with the cream and skin tonic,

## WRIGLEY'S After Every Meal

It's the longest-lasting confection you can buy—and it's a help to digestion and a cleanser for the mouth and teeth.

Wrigley's means benefit as well as pleasure.



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putting on a little vanishing cream. This forms a protection for the tender tissues and if the day is spent in the open, drying winds will not harm her skin nor will it be possible for the dust raised by household tasks to clog the pores.

Any superfluous cream is gently blotted off with a soft cloth and the icy pater flopped over the face to stimulate circulation. A dusting of powder will remove any shine left by the cream.

It's all very easy, you see—none of the steaming and hot packs that once were deemed necessary. Just soft cooling creams to nourish and protect the skin from the effects of wind and weather, plenty of pure, ice-cold water, or ice, and one is equipped correctly to do battle with Father Time.

It is very important, however, that the creams and tonics be applied correctly. The beauty specialist has studied the structure of the face and knows that every stroke of her fingers must be just right. Cream that is merely slapped on and then rubbed in in any fashion will not benefit the skin as it should or produce the desired results. The movements must be upward and outward, coaxing the wrinkles and lines away from the mouth and eyes.

Select the powders and creams with the utmost care; be very sure that they are pure and fine. An astringent is excellent, as it closes the pores which the cleansing cream opens, and a boric-acid wash for the eyes after the beauty treatment will leave them refreshed, rested and bright.

The cotton pads are merely folds of absorbent cotton. The pater is a square of absorbent cotton placed in a basin of cold water, and folded under the water, so that a firm surface is obtained; when finished it is about four inches long and two wide. Use the pater by holding one end of it in the hand and slap the face briskly by flapping the other end against the skin. Ice is very beneficial to the skin; it makes the muscles firm and awakens the sluggish circulation. Use it after the massage and you will need no rouge.

### RONDEAU OF A HOT STOVE.

"When winter comes," says Ma, "I'll go to where the summer's overflow Of all the things our garden grow; Our berry patch; our orchard too; Stand waiting in a shining row."

"Atop my pantry shelves. You know They're pretty, even as they grow, But prettier, I'm telling you, When winter comes!"

"But stoves are hot in summer, so There's many hunts the portico, And fans themselves, and takes the view; (I understand their feelings, too!) The same hot stove's a blessing, though When winter comes!"

### SECOND-DAY SANDWICHES.

When sandwiches have been left over and have become slightly dry, place them in the toaster and toast lightly on both sides. Serve at once.

The heat will freshen up the sandwich as good as new and will make a titbit, often more appetizing than the sandwich was in the first place.

One point to observe is to serve the sandwiches in a very neat and attractive manner, perhaps cutting them into triangles. If there has been lettuce in the sandwiches, this should be removed, and if it is at all wilted, replace with fresh lettuce before the toasted sandwich is served.

### KEEPING CURED MEAT.

When hams, shoulders, or other pieces are taken out of the brine and dried, sew each piece in a taut covering of cheesecloth, and brush it all over with melted paraffin.

When taken out of this covering, the meat emerges clean and there is no loss of meat or time in getting the paraffin out of the crevices.

### PAPER LIGHTERS.

The little old-fashioned paper lighters are convenient when using a gas or oil stove, where you can light one flame from another, and they save striking a match every time. Cut a newspaper into strips an inch wide and about a foot long and start at one corner to roll diagonally. Turn over the top when done. They must be rolled tightly. We always keep a set of them handy.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

## Brothers Under the Skin

BY EUGENE JONES.

### PART I.

Paul Cameron, new engineer in charge of construction for the Continental and Western Railroad, stood before the tent of the man whom he was to supersede. To his right straggled the bunk houses, roosting here and there on the mountainside like gigantic and ungainly birds; to his left lay the uncompleted right of way, stretching across the little table-land. Farther north Cameron could see where a ledge had been blasted in the face of the cliff; and his imagination, always marching ahead, pictured trains thundering along it.

A fire burned before the cook shanty. Strange, how pale and yellow the blaze appeared against the sun ball as it wedged itself between two peaks. Through the sudden, crisp coolness of summer night floated the voices of men, the bark of a dog, the clatter of pans.

Cameron turned his eyes to the western crags from which perspective had vanished with the coming of shadows. Somebody had apparently laid a mammoth saw upon the horizon, the edges of its jagged teeth still white from the blue-black valleys rose that so rapidly over the mountains at nightfall. Bleak rock walled him away from all the warmth and light of the world—all except that radiated by the brightening gleam of the camp fire.

His last job had been in Mexico, where the white-crested ranges sprang from tropical forests, where the lowlands and the eternal promise of the Canadian Rockies, what little summer there was disappeared with the arrival of twilight. Even the evergreens beyond the camp had wrapped themselves in black cloaks. The clear cold air stung one's lungs.

However, Cameron was not awed; he was too young, too full of the importance of his mission. His blood sang. To him the mountains were magnificent obstacles to be overcome. He had longed for a chance to blast and burrow and tunnel his way to accommodate him. Up went his chin even as he straightened his shoulders and drew a long breath.

Where another had failed he would succeed.

Paul Cameron found the engineer in charge cradling his white head in his hands, elbows supported by a rickety table. The engineer arose at once and with forced alertness with which their years.

Stanley Robertson must have been sixty, his burned-out eyes offering evidence of all he had given his work. His was a pleasant, worn, weather-marked face. The jaw was still square, yet its aggressiveness had departed; and his neck was seamed, wrinkled, with a pinched appearance behind his ears.

The new engineer, having expected almost any kind of reception, was agreeably surprised at the one he received.

"Come in," said Robertson heartily. "Glad to see you. It must have been a cold ride up the mountain." Cameron took the remaining chair and unbuttoned his mackinaw. He was a tall young man, raw-boned, loosely hung. His eyes held all Robertson's eyes had lost—vigor, determination, self-assurance.

"To-night after supper," went on Robertson with his friendly smile, "we will go over the work before I pack my stuff."

Cameron felt the awkwardness of the situation. "I guess you'll be glad to get back to civilization," he ventured.

The older man shook his head. "No, I'm not looking forward to civilization, but to rest. Twenty-eight years engineering, fighting rivers and mountains and canyons—that's my history."

"You were at it before I was born!" exclaimed Cameron.

The other smiled. "Yes, but it hurts

to quit." He made a little gesture. "If they had allowed me to finish this job, then I should have been contented. Perhaps you'll understand how much I want to see a train come over that divide."

Well, Cameron knew why Stanley Robertson had been superseded. It was no secret in the Montreal office. The superintendent of construction had remarked frankly:

"We think a heap of Uncle Stan. He's been with us since this railroad was in short pants. But he's too blamed old, poor devil. He used to push; now he dodders. That Northern branch has got to go through. Oh, we'll take care of him, but it's cheaper to pay him a salary not to work. Go up there, Cameron, and drive that gang."

And Cameron had answered with the staggering confidence of youth: "You bet I will! The trouble with all laborers is that they work for wages, not results. No interest beyond pay day. You're right when you say 'drive 'em'. It was the same in Mexico. Those greasers down there get their kick out of a black cigarette and the shade of a cactus. What does a completed railroad mean to them? Just the disagreeable necessity of hunting a new job. I guess a construction gang is a construction gang whether it's in Mexico or Canada. . . Don't worry, I'll drive!"

But of course the new engineer refrained from voicing any such sentiment to Robertson. Instead he said cordially:

"They think a lot of you back in Montreal."

The life of Robertson's smile died, leaving behind its skeleton which clung to his lips. Suddenly he looked old, grim, tired.

"Thanks," he remarked. "You will learn some day, Cameron, that in the final analysis railroads have a way of thinking first of themselves. The C. & W. offers me charity—not reward. I am, according to them, a back number as out of date as a wood-burning locomotive. If my reports came up to their expectations they would keep me at it until I outlived Methusalem; but the chief of construction down there who has never built a mile of road in his life believes I'm wasting time. And so he will retire me—because he thinks a lot of me."

Cameron would have interrupted but the other silenced him, interrupted by a "No, let us face the matter squarely. You have been sent to hurry up the job; and I am to be junked along with all my brother wood burners. I hope you succeed, and there is only one piece of advice I venture to offer: understand you've been handling Mexicans. These men are not loafers. Don't undervalue them. Don't go right on with your Mexican policy, but study them, find out what they are and why. Your success—even your life—may depend upon it—ah, there's supper."

Somewhere outside the tent a nasal voice roared: "Come an' get it! Come on, you hoboos, come an' get it!"

As Cameron arose he smiled to himself. The old engineer had warned him against doing precisely what he had been sent up here to do. Poor Robertson! What a pity such a valuable machine had worn out. Why couldn't efficient men always remain case of age? Cameron vowed he himself would accomplish this, beat Old Stanley Robertson's own game. The sufferer too much, giving everything, and—losing everything!

"Quit while the quitting is good," would be Cameron's slogan. When his mechanism began to run down he would be watching for it and resign before his employers became aware of the trouble.

The next morning saw Robertson on the little gasoline section car with his suitcase. Cameron the men dropped their work along the cliff and clustered silently to speed the white-haired engineer, who smiled at them.

"Good-bye, boys!" he shouted. "Good luck!"



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They did not notice that his eyes were wet, that he could hardly control his lips. After a hushed moment one of them threw his cap in the air.

"Three cheers for Uncle Stan!" he yelled. "He's the whitest white man in North America!"

Cameron, near the section car, cheered too, but something deep within him stirred. Was it misgiving? The logic of his youthful philology suddenly seemed unimportant compared to another matter. What sort of farewell would these same men eventually offer him? After all, the old engineer silhouetted against the sky as he stood waving his hat had not worked in vain.

That night, which happened to be Saturday, Cameron spoke to the men as they stood in line for their pay. With the unlimited confidence of youth magnifying the importance of his slender—and provincial—experience in Mexico, he had mapped out a drastic policy which he determined to maintain.

"Men," said he, "the Montreal office is not satisfied with the speed of the work up here. From now on you've got to put out! There will be a bonus covers the most ground next week—a sufficient bonus to be divided among every member of that gang. I want—and expect—results."

The prod and the prize would have made a favorable impression upon the Mexicans whom Cameron had been accustomed to handling, but these men were of different calibre. Driven by the same relentless spirit which sent the first wagon train across the prairies, they had chosen to become the advance guard of civilization. Why, Cameron did not know; and his ignorance was to cost him many an anxious day. They were a cosmopolitan representation of the wheat lands, an expert cumpuncher, a stevedore, a reformed hobo, several Irish laborers, and dozens of others, all far from the place each chose to call home.

The young engineer missed the significance of this. He merely saw them as an exceedingly sullen gang of laborers lined up to receive their pay. He was unenthusiastic over his promise of a bonus; indeed he felt that his words had fallen on hostile ears. Later, thinking it over in his tent, the engineer decided he had spoken prematurely; but having spoken, he would of course stand by his guns.

(To be continued.)

### THE KITCHEN SHEARS.

Keep a pair of clean, sharp shears hanging on a convenient hook in the kitchen. You will find them the greatest possible convenience for many unexpected purposes. They are much better than a knife for trimming off the rind of bacon. They are especially desirable when snipping up marshmallows for a salad, and often save getting out a chopping knife and bowl when only a few pieces of green pepper or other garnish is to be cut in strips or small pieces. The shears should always be wiped and hung up where steam will not strike them to cause rust.

### THE MAGNET CIRCUS.

For the boy who has outgrown blocks or for the convalescent, there is probably nothing which will furnish more entertainment than a large powerful horseshoe magnet and a box of assorted nails—preferably of the smaller sizes.

With the nails may be built swings with tack children swinging in them, and trapezes for the most exacting acrobats. On the top may be built an Indian wigwam with weather vane atop, and a horizontal bar with its crew of acrobatic actors.

Even cats and dogs may be made with tack legs and ears, a nail body and a shoe-tack tail.

### The Supply of Doctors.

There is one physician to every 724 persons in the United States, one to every 1,087 in England, and one to every 2,000 to 2,500 persons in Central Europe.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

### On the Old See-Saw.

The old see-saw swung to and fro With its merry load, in the long ago; One mind so filled with fancies sweet As skyward bent or the earth to meet;

Now as bird that sailed the air With its happy song so free from care; And then, as a rider so brave and bold Whose fiery steed he scarce could hold.

What of the one that shared the sport, Riding the air as a ship from port?

How could I tell if his dreams rang true, For he sat in silence the whole game through,

With his shaggy coat of white and tan And eyes that looked as man to man;

Yet Pals more true you'll never see On the old see-saw, than my dog and me.

—Georgina Stimpson.



It Burns as it Goes Down. "There's a wonderful flow of water along the Canadian border." "Fire-water, I suppose you mean?"

IT SAVES MENDING. It always worries me to see the corners of tablecloths, sheets or blankets flapping on the line in a strong wind, for I know it means that these same corners will be frayed and worn. On a really windy day, I always double these large pieces lengthwise and pin the four corners to the line.

Let some one else play the fool; it is too easy a part to be worth your effort.

The main line is usually open for the fellow who travels with a full head of steam.

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