

It is a fact that every cup of

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possesses that unique flavour of freshness that has made it famous for more than a quarter of a century.

School Children Do Red Cross Work 50,000 Articles Yearly

The boys and girls in the Protestant schools of Montreal have done an astounding amount of Red Cross work since the beginning of the war. They have raised \$100,000 in the past two years by each pupil giving a cent a week to the cause, and they have used this money to purchase their own materials for their Red Cross work.

Every pupil in every school under the Protestant School Commissioners brings a cent to school each Tuesday morning. They all do it gladly, from the tiny kindergartner who clutches his copper in his chubby little hand to the boy or girl in the high school, who gives to the Red Cross in a dozen other ways also.

Red Cross groups meet in the class rooms after school hours to sew, to knit and to make bandages. Some conception of the amount of work the boys and girls do may be obtained by realizing that in the past year they have sent 47,425 finished articles to the Red Cross. And every cent that those articles cost has been contributed by the children.

Boys as well as girls have knitted socks, mufflers, polo caps and wrist-lets. The tiny children knit wash cloths. Towels, handkerchiefs, pillow-slips, sheets, pyjamas, comfort bags, etc., are basted in school and stitched at home. In some of the Red Cross groups in the schools there has been

keen rivalry as to which pupil shall turn in the most work in a week.

A group of sixth-year girls, eleven in number, in the William Dawson School, Christopher Columbus Street, turned in 100 finished towels—a banner week's work for their group and a record that any school group might be proud to equal.

Every article is carefully inspected before it is finally sent to the Red Cross headquarters at Belmont Park. The Red Cross officers at headquarters say that the work sent in by the school children is remarkably well done.

DO YOU KNOW

That silver, when put away, if wrapped in unbleached muslin, will not tarnish as readily as when wrapped in other material?

That cayenne pepper used around closets or sinks is a preventive for red ants; used in moderation in food is a help to digestion, and used in cookies adds to their snap and tooth-someness?

That you can make buns or rolls as fresh as when first baked by heating them in the oven in a paper bag?

That you have a scissors and knife sharpener right at hand? Sharpen scissors by carefully and firmly trying to cut off the neck of a strong bottle. This sounds ridiculous, but try it. Sharpen carving or other knives on a stone crock or jar, back and forth, just as you would sharpen a razor on a strop.

John L. Sullivan

By JOSEPH FREEMAN TUPPER

It is as well, perhaps, that John L. Sullivan's death took place at a very awkward time for newspaper reporters. With so much war news on their hands editors cannot devote much space to the passing of the one-time champion prize fighter of the world. Had he died in peace time everybody would now be reading about his past record as a pugilist, and, contrary to his own wishes, it might have inspired some young men fit for nobler things to try their luck with the gloves.

It was my privilege to meet John L. Sullivan in 1914, and I have never regretted that I had him to lecture for me on more than one occasion. It all came about in this way. I was stationed in a parish where the young people enjoy sports and where there is also considerable drinking. There is much too much cigarette smoking amongst the young boys. These vices are by no means peculiar to that locality, but I was there at the time and such conditions do exist. It occurred to me that if John L. Sullivan would give a talk on the evils of liquor and cigarettes many young chaps who would call it pulpit talk if stated by a clergyman might listen seriously to an ex-prize fighter.

I wrote him and he arranged to come. Before he arrived, however, I had gone to another parish, so I prevailed upon him to speak at that place also, which he did.

I was glad to hear him state that he was opposed to prize fighting as it is now carried on. He said that it belongs to the days of the bull-ring and caters to a similar class of people. In his opinion there was some excuse for it when it contained more of the element of sport. When men fought to be masters of the ring and did not ask, "How much do I get if I win and how much do I get if I lose?" He realized that to-day better competitions ought to take its place. Competitions of skilful boxing he considered all right, but he was emphatically opposed to present-day prize fighting.

Cigarette smoking he denounced very strongly for young boys. Of course that does not need to be enlarged upon, as no athlete will smoke cigarettes during training, and if they do harm then they cannot do good any other time. A man should be nothing short of his best at all times.

He told of his first fight in a very amusing manner. One day he and a friend went to see a fight. The champion challenged any one in the audience. Sullivan went to the platform and without waiting to be introduced or to shake hands he swung and knocked his opponent off the stage who fell amongst the orchestral instruments, smashing two violins. That was his first fight. He spoke highly of Mitchell, the English fighter, whom he said had him beaten on one occasion when the fight was called a draw because Mitchell's second was afraid Sullivan was bluffing and would not allow Mitchell to go near him. His longest and hardest fight, he declared, was with John Barleycorn, and he strongly advised young men to be careful not to allow liquor to knock them out.

I got him to lecture to my people for the same reason that I am writing about him now—that the world might know that he was opposed to prize fighting as now conducted, cigarette smoking amongst boys, and intemperance.

It also did no harm for people to hear John L. Sullivan declare, as he did, his belief in God, to hear him say that clergymen are doing a great and noble work, and to hear him speak always tenderly of his mother and emphasize what benefit thoughtful

parents can be to their children by merely loving them.

In my opinion many well meaning people have made a mistake by advertising the evil men do rather than the good. Thus our youth feed on the husks of these men's lives when we ought to be giving them the wheat. Get it into the minds of our young people that it's the good things that count and much will be done to disabuse their minds of the idea that many clever men are out and out rough and readies. It will help them to see that men of all sorts are manly because of their good points.

John L. Sullivan fought many battles, won much fame, and made a lot of money. Now that the battle of life is over with him may it be found that he paid sufficient heed to the things that endure to be found victorious when the final count is taken.

Somewhere in France.

YOUR LAD, AND MY LAD.

By Randall Parrish.

Down toward the deep-blue water,
marching to throb of drum,
From city street and country lane
the lines of khaki come;
The rumbling guns, the sturdy tread,
are full of grim appeal,
While rays of western sunshine flash
back from burnished steel.
With eager eyes and cheeks aflame
the serried ranks advance;
And your dear lad, and my dear lad,
are on their way to France.

A sob clings choking in the throat,
as file on file sweep by,
Between those cheering multitudes,
to where the great ships lie;
The batteries halt, the columns wheel,
to clear-toned bugle-call,
With shoulders squared and faces
front, they stand a khaki wall.
Tears shine on every watcher's cheek,
love speaks in every glance;
For your dear lad, and my dear lad,
are on their way to France.

Before them, through a mist of years,
in soldier buff or blue,
Brave comrades from a thousand fields
watch now in proud review;
The same old Flag, the same old
Faith—the Freedom of the World—
Spells Duty in those flapping folds
above long ranks unfurled.
Strong are the hearts which bear
along Democracy's advance,
As your dear lad, and my dear lad,
go on their way to France.

The word rings out; a million feet
tramp forward on the road,
Along that path of sacrifice-o'er which
their fathers strode
With eager eyes and cheeks aflame,
with cheers on smiling lips,
These fighting men of '17 move on-
ward to their ships.
Nor even love may hold them back,
or halt that stern advance,
As your dear lad, and my dear lad,
go on their way to France.

AN INTERESTING VESTRY.

The vestry of All Hallows on the Wall is perhaps the most interesting vestry in England. The church itself is built upon the wall which the Romans built to surround the city, and the vestry stands on a bastion of the wall. This was discovered by an archaeologist who was tracing the wall. He was struck by the horseshoe shape of the vestry, which is the shape of the bastions of the wall, and upon examination, found that it actually was built on a bastion. In mediæval times this bastion was used for anchorites. The Rev. S. J. Stone, the author of "The Church's One Foundation," was Vicar of All Hallows.

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