The Finest and Purest Tea Sold

"SALADA"

There is genuine and unmistakeable pleasure in its daily use.

Black - Green or Mixed | Try a packet from your grocer, but be sure it's "Salada"

A Delicious Fruit Cake.

One cup of syrup, one cup of cold coffee, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of spiced jam, one cup of seedless raisins, one and one-half cups of currants, one cup of thinly sliced citron, one-half cup of thinly sliced orange peel, one cup of finely chopped nuts.

Place in a saucepan and then put on the stove and heat to the boiling point. Cook slowly for ten minutes and then chill. Now while the mixture is cooking place three and one-fourth cups of flour in a mixing bowl and add two level tablespoons of baking powder, one-half teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons of cinnamon one teaspoon of nutmeg one-half teaspoon of cloves, one-fourth teaspoon of allspice, three level tablespoons of cocoa.

Sift to mix and then rub in three-fourths cup of good shortening. Beat three eggs well and then add to the fruit mixture and then stir in the flour. Blend well and then turn into well greased and floured pan and bake in a slow oven for one and one-half hours. Cool and spread with jam and set away for ten days.

When ready to use the cake, remove the jam or apple butter with a spatula and then ice in the usual manner. This method gives a delicious, moist, well-flavored cake.

The Recreation Period.

Many women, knowing the value of a daily rest period, have honestly tried to establish the habit for a short time, but sickness, company, emergencies and various things have interfered and eventually the custom has been abandoned. Then there are those who feel that it looks lazy and slovenly to relax and read or rest or sleep or sit still for a brief period, so sick or well they drive themselves to their tasks. Still others are spurred on by stories told by elderly relatives about the wonderful amount of work they accomplished in the young days, and how shiftless the women of the present are, and by one means and another the whole day of the busy wife and mother is planned to include only hard work.

Now the rest or recreation period, like a wise household system, should be held to through thick and thin. Suppose Monday is the wash day and three times in a month sickness or company or some accident makes it impossible to wash on that day, should the rule be abandoned? Certainly not! The fact that the routine is disturbed only makes the need of system more apparent. Just so with the rest time. No matter what anyone says, wife and mother who must do all household tasks unaided should [illegible] herself a time of quiet [illegible] than night time, [illegible] through thick [illegible] emergencies [illegible] during [illegible] the overflow [illegible] brief period [illegible] the far [illegible] and

After supper there should be another hour of rest after the babies are [illegible] the wife and mother [illegible]

and relaxation daily in order to be at her best for motherhood and for her tasks as housekeeper.

Right after dinner is a good time for the rest hour, since the babies are taking a nap and people are not so apt to telephone or drop in. Slipping off the clothes and lying down with every muscle relaxed will refresh and renew the tired body better than anything else. The dishes will wait until the half-hour or hour of rest is past, and then the refreshed woman in a clean dress and with nicely combed hair will find her work not a drag but a pleasure.

For those who cannot sleep in daytime resting in an arm chair with the feet up reading or doing nothing, will accomplish the same purpose. Some unfortunate beings simply cannot sleep in daytime without getting a headache, but the rest should be taken in some other way. My mother never could lie down in daytime, but she could rest comfortably in a rocking chair and be refreshed by frequent "breathing spells" during a long day, accomplishing more than many younger persons who "drove themselves" as they proudly stated, from dawn to dark.

Then there are those who find rest and relaxation in needle work, music, reading, or working with flowers, and who devote some time each day to these pastimes. To some women sewing is a bore and a burden, but to others a delightful pastime. Similarly, the care of flowers is the hardest kind of work to some women, while others snatch a few minutes now and then in the busy day to refresh themselves among their floral pets and forget the little worries of everyday life.

So it is well to regard it as a virtue to loaf a certain number of minutes every day. True, the children will fall ill and the rest hour be impossible for days at a time, but as soon as possible get back to the healthful routine. Resting each day is like putting money in the bank for future use. One cannot draw money out unless something has been saved and deposited there to one's credit. Recently a young mother died leaving a family of little ones and many people said they could not understand the mysterious ways of Providence in removing a mother so necessary to her family. But those who knew her best felt that the poor soul had gone out of the world by the slow suicide process. She was ever on the keen jump and despised those weak mortals who ever gave themselves a moment's rest. Housecleaning, sewing, cooking and other tasks were her idols and when disease overtook her it found an easy victim in her weakened body. It is true she had a funeral in a perfectly clean house, but her children were left motherless.

be a period of rest for all before going to bed so that digestion will be sound and sleep sweet. Conversation, music, reading, entertaining friends, visiting for an hour or so, and even games with the older children will drive the cobwebs out of the brain and make the tired muscles relax so that toil will not be a burden and health will not suffer.

After all life is not made all for hard work and no play, even for adults, and men and women are beginning to find that out. Women, particularly, need to know that a healthy, sensible, sweet tempered woman is worth more than a "driver" always on edge and always watching for possible dirt. The rest and relaxation period will accomplish much for all who establish it in their daily routine of housekeeping.

Multitudes Have Found Their Happiness—

In a harmless hobby.
In noble friendships.
In regular healthful recreation.
In mental development.
In duty cheerfully performed.
In thoughtful attention to the aged.
In the companionship of the world's best books.
In little unobtrusive acts of kindness.
In the society of men and women of high ideals.
In writing encouraging, cheery letters.
In helping others to find themselves.
In scattering genial smiles and pleasant words.
In working for a great cause without expectation of reward.
In bringing sunshine to shut-ins—to the sick and afflicted.
In keeping an open mind, hospitable to all new progressive ideas and movements.
In a clean conscience and worthy ambitions.
In the practice of the religion of love.
In the discovery of a latent talent.
In noble thoughts and honorable pursuits.
In unselfish service and the relief of distress.
In outdoor life and intimate communion with nature.
In returning good for evil and living in the finer senses.
In good music, good plays, works of art,—fine pictures, beautiful statues, great architecture.
In the daily work and the simple pleasures of the home circle.
In cheerful conversation, rollicking fun and hearty laughter.
In holding steadfastly to a high ideal no matter what the consequences.
In seeking the sunny side of life and making failures stepping stones to success.

Why Birds Are Not Electrocuted.

Why birds can perch and remain unharmed on live trolley wires is a question that doubtless has often occurred to many people. In explanation the New York Evening Post says It is perfectly true that the trolley wire carries an electric current strong enough to kill not only birds but human beings. However, to do any harm the current must pass to the ground through the body of the bird or person. The connection of the body with the ground need not be direct, but it must exist in some way.

A person could sit on the trolley wire just as safely as the birds do, but if he should stretch out his hand and touch another wire, or an iron pipe, running directly or indirectly to the ground, the full force of the current would then pass through him. In other words, the current would be grounded by the connection made with his body. In the case of the birds, there is nothing to afford a ground connection, and they are in consequence unharmed, the electric current passing through the wire under them as water would pass through a main on which a person might be sitting, without wetting him.

"The Ways."

But to every man here openeth
A way, and ways and a way,
[illegible] the high soul climbs the high [illegible]
[illegible] the low soul gropes the low
[illegible] in between, on the misty flats,
[illegible] rest drift to and fro.

[illegible] every man there openeth
[illegible] way and a low,
[illegible] han decideth
[illegible] soul shall go.

[illegible] Him

[illegible] early ap-
[illegible] on a re-
[illegible] nds, and
[illegible] at
[illegible] and
[illegible] sh-
[illegible] t, and
[illegible] t-hearted-
[illegible] sident

[illegible] starting,
[illegible] party m[illegible] us all agree
[illegible] never caught the first fish
[illegible] reat the crowd. Now, do you
[illegible] hat both the other men had
[illegible] d never pulled up their lines?"
[illegible] ou lost, then," said Roosevelt,

[illegible] no," said the consular aspirant;
[illegible] n't put any bait on my hook."

[illegible] ment For Burns, Etc.

Cupid's Goose

By G. GILBERT.

"Monsieur wishes his suit pressed? He has just time to have it done. He requires that I let him take an old suit while he sits in my shop and I press for him? Well, such things can be done. I have done such things. Really, Monsieur is more than kind.

"Now Monsieur is comfortable. He has the old trousers, the cigar, the match, the paper from his coat pocket. He will sit still for one-half hour and then he shall emerge from the retiring room like a bride all beautiful to look at. He will catch his train and be not so rumpled up. Is it not so?

"Once another young man sat in the old willow chair where Monsieur sits, and I pressed his suit for him, while he wore an old one. Such a romance. What! You think no romance could come into a presser's shop? Listen and you shall hear.

"This city brings to me all sorts of strange people, who have the desire to have clothes pressed in a hurry. Some want to attend a reception. Some want to look nice after a long journey before they apply for the position their boss has promised them. And some because they must look well on small money, in hopes of getting a better place.

"Of such was Charles Jacques Le Mans. He was young, he was dark, he was handsome. His moustache was [illegible] with its curly ends. He had one [illegible] at four pounds a week. And he wants another at six pounds. So he lives in a big boarding house and he has one suit. All his money goes for board [illegible]ps. He must make the fine [illegible]e, Monsieur, which is necessary [illegible] are young and handsome, a[illegible]ise high in this gay city.

"Charles Le Mans was a French Canada man. He could talk to me with the accent of La Belle France. When he first came he had just secured his position. He did not hide from me his four-pound-a-week poverty, nor its reason. He would rise. He had hopes if he could do one thing well he could make folks forget that he was poor, so he would get another place. So he came once a week and sat, as you now sit, while I pressed his one fine suit. That done, he would grasp his cane, tip back his hat, and go to his social duties.

"He could dance, he could sing, tra-la-la-la. He could play the ragtime on the piano. He made friends. He progressed until he fixed his eye on the place at six pounds a week.

"'If,' said Charles Le Mans to me, 'I can but win one lady's heart, she shall pull the wire and I shall have the place, and we shall be happy.'

"Romance in the pressing shop? You shall see, Monsieur.

"My Lizette would come in at six o'clock with my supper. She was fifteen years old then—six years ago. She was shy; she went in and out quietly. Often when I looked at Charles Le Mans I thought; 'Now if she could marry a young man like that. He will progress.'

"My Lizette was fair to see. She was small, plump, dark of hair and red of cheek. She would glide in and out without much noise. Charles Le Mans would not look at her much. So matters went for six months. Twice a week he came to my shop to have his one suit pressed. He wears the old clothes, he tells me of his progress. He tells me of how Miss Smithson, the blonde daughter of a member of Parliament, is being won. He has her heart laid in siege. It all depends on his one suit and his ability to keep up what he calls 'his end' in his social set.

"I become interested. My heated tailor's goose becomes an instrument of Cupid. My needle, neatly and quickly discovers spots in Charles Le Man's suit, and I perform miracles of darning and mending. Never does the suit seem worn or rumpled. Its fine brown cloth never gets shiny from pressing.

"One night I go home and tell my Lizette all about that suit. She does not seem to listen. But next night she asks me if the suit is still wearing well. I tell her 'Yes,' and she seems still for a time. Soon I must perform prodigies of skill upon that suit or it will be worn. I invent new grease removers; I polish my goose so it will not take off the nap with new scratches. Charles Le Mans asks me to trust him for pressing, as he has to buy some violet for Miss Smithson. I consent. He is so grateful that I feel like a benefactor. He even smiles on my Lizette when she comes with my supper. I introduce them and they chat a moment. He tells her how beautiful is this Miss Smithson. She tells him she hopes he will win her and his place. He thanks her and takes her hand.

"One day Charles Le Mans comes in and tells me he is going to ask that question of Miss Smithson that night. What care did I then bestow on that one suit. My goose was tuly then an appliance of Cupid. On its work depended so much for Charles Le Mans. From my shop would go a man made handsome enough to win his way up and up. What joy I had as I saw him go forth to try his fortune. He twirls his cane. He sets his head back and cocks the hat! Ma foi! He was then a handsome figure of a man.

"Soon comes in my Lizete with my supper. I tell her Charles Le Man's great day is come. She is very quiet for a time. Then she begins to cry. Since her mother died she had not done so. I was amazed. Lizette crying? How could it be?

"'I love that Charles Le Mans,' she sobbed. 'I hope he will get the lady he loves and the six pounds a week and be happy.'

"What now? My goose had made him handsome to break my Lizette's heart. Romance in a tailor's goose? You shall see, Monsieur.

"My Lizette goes home, after I comfort her. The child is a woman and a sensible woman. How I love her!

"When it comes time to shut up shop, I remain. I cannot go home. Something holds me. About nine of the clock who comes in but Charles Le Mans? He is a changed man. His hat is worn over his eyebrows. His cane no longer twirls. His beautiful suit is rumpled.

"I ask him no questions, but soon he begins to speak.

"'I am deceived,' he said. 'She loves another and has taken him and he shall have the six pounds a week. I am ruined.'

"Then he goes out like mad. I am depressed. I fear for him. I go home and tell Lizette and she sobs.

"So I see no more of Charles Le Mans for three months. And Lizette at first is mournful and then more cheerful. I have my work and do not notice her much. I mourn for Charles Le Mans sometimes and miss him when night comes and no one is here to talk with. So I go slyly to his four-pounds-a-week office and find that he is working steadily. I find from one there that he is living in a cheap boarding house.

"'This boy has the right manner,' I say. 'Misfortune does not crush him.'

"My Lizette grows more cheerful.

"Then came one night when, to my joy, Charles Le Mans came in. He had on his beautiful suit again.

"'Press me that, as of old, good friend,' he said, 'and I shall pay you when my happiness comes.'

"I am so glad to see him that I forget about the money he owes me, and he dresses in the old suit and I press the other.

"'You have another flame?' I ask him.

"'It is even so, my friend Polquet,' he says, slyly.

"'Will she get you the fine position?' I ask.

"'The one I will love best,' said he, in a low voice. 'It shall take me where I want to be.'

"'Like my Lizette," thought I, 'he is fickle. The old love forgot so soon, the new so ardent in his breast.'

"Soon comes in my Lizette. She is fully sixteen now. She is cherry and plump.

"'Aha, my Charles Le Mans,' I think, 'if you had one like her, now, at the age of eighteen, which she will be in two years, you might rise, because she will make some man work hard to make her happy.'

"Lizette is shy to Charles Le Mans. She greets him shortly, lays down my supper, and turns to go. I think she is gone and I go on pressing. I am so angry that I press the marvellous suit too hard and it scorches. Smoke arises from it. My goose is too hot for the worn cloth of the knees, where the bag comes, as you know, Monsieur. I make a loud snort of anger and hear a queer noise behind me. I turn around quickly, only to find Lizette holding the hand of Charles Le Mans and he is looking into her eyes.

"'The beautiful suit is scorched at the knee, Charles Le Mans,' I cry; 'and what do you here holding my Lizette's hand?'

"Charles Le Mans gets up. He is handsome, even in his old clothes.

"'I have the honor, Monsieur Polquet,' he says, 'to ask you for the privilege of visiting your Lizette at her home at proper hours and proper intervals.'

"My Lizette makes the tears come from her eyes. She looks then at me and blows me a kiss from her finger-tips. What must I do?

"'Charles Le Mans,' I say, 'my Lizette is too young.'

"'She is as old as her mother was when Monsieur Pollquet first courted her,' says Charles Le Mans.

"'How do you know that?' I ask.

"'I told him that last week when he came to walk with me down to the grocer's in the evening,' said Lizette.

"'So,' say I, 'it is this that makes my Lizette to smile and be cheerful?'

"'I care not about the beautiful brown suit,' says Charles Le Mans, 'I have a new one. I came to-night for this surprise. Lizette made it up and I came to ask if, in time, she might not be my Lizette, as well as yours.'

"Now, Monsieur, what could I do? Such a manner he had. Could anything keep this man down? I asked. No, indeed. Could my Lizette be better off than as his Lizette, when she came to the proper age? Might it not be better that she settle her fate early than wait and make a poorer choice? Who knows? I may die and leave her alone. So many things may happen.

"Monsieur's suit is done. He is creaseless once more. He can go to his train with the peace of mind that comes to one who has been to a discriminating tailor. As he passes up the street he will see a stationer's shop, with the elegant brass postcard-rack in front. He will read the sign, 'Charles Le Mans.' He will see that Charles Le Mans is rising.

"No, Monsieur, it is not their first child. The twins first, now another little Lizette. So has love been blessed. They want me to put up my old goose and live with them and help in the shop; but no! Soon I shall have enough saved to make me have two pounds a week income. Then I shall go to live with them, but as a self-supporting old man.

"Good-bye, Monsieur. If you come to London again, come to see me, and if need be I shall press your suit with Cupid's goose."

(The End.)

Laziness and Poverty.

If there were a hundred times as much wealth in the world as there is at present, and a hundred times as much foodstuffs, there would be poverty and hunger somewhere. People would still be starving somewhere because of the selfish, hoarding instinct of the so-called successful on the one hand and the thriftless methods of the lazy, indolent, ambitionless people on the other hand. In other words, greater production would not solve the poverty problem.

Someone has estimated that the farmers could raise wheat enough to supply to every family about ten barrels of flour. Each man also would have so many bushels of corn and potatoes, to say nothing of the amount of rice, buckwheat, and other things. There is no need of anybody going hungry. The lack of thrift the habits of laziness and indolence, the unwillingness to work or to pay the price for attainment, are the causes of most of the poverty of the world.

COARSE SALT
LAND SALT
Bulk Carlots
TORONTO SALT WORKS
G. J. CLIFF - TORONTO

Cheating the Candle Man.

Did it ever occur to you to wonder why the yolk stays in the middle of an egg, instead of falling to one end or the other by gravity?

The reason is simply that the yolk is held in place by two taut strings of modified albumen which are attached to the membranous lining of the shell at either end—the arrangement being somewhat like that used for swinging a hammock.

When an egg becomes stale beyond a certain point its membranes, including that which envelopes the yolk, become weakened. The yolk loses its grip and sags.

Experts who make a business of "candling" eggs, in order to grade them for market, see at a glance when a yolk has fallen out of place. All such eggs are graded as inferior or elderly.

However, an ingenious person has recently patented a machine for making old eggs look like new ones. It is designed for use in cold-storage warehouses. A simple turn of a crank once a week will cause some hundreds of dozens of eggs to assume a new position, so that the sag strain on the yolk will be in an altered position.

The yolks being relieved of fatigue, will thus be enabled to hold themselves up; and the candler, when he comes to examine the eggs, will give them a superior rating.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, etc.

Drying Up the Zuyder Zee to Create Farms.

After many years' deliberation the people of Holland have decided that they need more land and, having reached that decision, they have gone about the acquisition of it with characteristic Dutch energy and determination. The program contemplates the building of a 30-mile dike across the outlet of the Zuyder Zee and gradual reclamation of parts of that body by means of smaller dykes and a filling-in and pumping process. The damming of the north end of the Zuyder Zee presents difficulties, not only on account of the length of the dam, but also due to the fact that at the Friesland shore end, the water depth varies from 11 to 33 feet.

The foundation of the great dam will be, literally, billions of all sizes of tree branches, lashed together into great bundles. These will be sunk, forming a supporting mat of enormous area. Upon this will be placed a thick layer of coarse crushed stone, and on this powerful foundation will be reared the masonry of the dyke.

Renew the Mustard in the Pot—Daily

The use of KEEN'S D. S. F. MUSTARD makes your dinner tasty and digestible.

Its delicious tingle enhances the flavor of your food, and its essential oils and its warmth, are incomparable aids to health and vigor.

For the enjoyment of your meals, and for better digestion,—replenish the mustard pot with Keen's D.S.F. mustard every day.

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