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A PROPER KIND OF SLACKER.

There was an awful lazy woman in the little village where I grew up. At least, the most of the neighbors said she was—and they could prove it. She didn't work afternoons! And she had a husband and three children and a great big ten-room house. How any woman could do all the work that meant, and find time to sit around afternoon, reading or doing fancy work, or maybe gadding the streets, was beyond the virtuous housewives of our town. That is, it was beyond most of them. Some, secretly, and two or three quite openly, were frankly envious, and wished they could do it, too. But they couldn't. "What would folks say?" was too strong for them.

A neighbor girl found out how it was done. One spring the woman was ill and the girl—this was the good old days—went in to "help out." When the woman got up again the girl stayed on and they worked together.

"I've always planned every way I could to do my work in the quickest and easiest way," explained the woman, "whether it was the way my grandmother did or a way I just thought up myself. When I was first married I made a solemn vow I would not spend all my time doing housework, and I haven't. I've always had time every day to change my dress and rest and read in the afternoon unless there was sickness. Even in canning time I make it a point not to work every minute.

"To begin with, I have a schedule. I never could get through just working haphazard. Monday I tidy up, mend and put the clothes to soak; Tuesday, wash; Wednesday, clean silver and cupboards; Thursday, iron; Friday, clean the house except the kitchen, and Saturday clean the kitchen and do all the baking that is done for the week. No woman can do all the work expected of her and keep up, so I leave out half what the rest do. My 'man' thought when we were married he had to have home-made bread, but it didn't take him long to decide that he'd rather eat bakers' bread and have a companionable wife, than to have home-made bread and a wife who was always tired out and catty. He used to like rich frosted cakes, too, and he always had stomach trouble. He's found out with a simple sponge cake once a week and fruit or plain puddings for dessert he is just as well pleased and much better as to health. So I've not only

saved myself a lot of work, but I've saved money and improved our physical condition by cutting out so much baking.

"Washing I've robbed of its terrors by using preparations to loosen the dirt and save rubbing. Paraffin will not injure the clothes, and if melted with the soap and added to the boiler with the soap and added to the boiler of clothes, half the rubbing is cut out. Of course, I have to rinse with hot water, but that is easier than breaking my back over a washboard. Ironing is made simple by putting away at once all knit underwear, stockings, bath towels, dish towels and dust cloths. I've seen some of our women stand in a hot kitchen on a boiling August day and iron salt-bag dust cloths. But not I. I'd rather be on the porch.

"The beds we all throw open as soon as we get up, and leave the windows open. At noon two boys go upstairs and with one on each side it takes only a jiffy for them to make them, while the other boy and I whisk the dishes out of the way. The boys might better be doing that than hanging around a street corner, I figure, and they still have plenty of time for play before the bell rings.

"When I get fruit to eat I always have it delivered late in the afternoon. Then we all sit down after supper, and with five working it is soon cleaned. I let it stand in the sugar over night, or put it on the cellar bottom, and can it first thing in the morning.

"You see I work it by letting everybody help. I figured it out that an unselfish mother meant selfish children and a selfish husband, and worse—a mother always tired and scolding. If each one does a little no one is ever tired out, and all have a little time to play. Of course, there are days when things pile up, but I stop the minute I begin to feel exhausted. I figure it out that the work will be here to-morrow, and if I keep on too long I may not. So I stop and rest, and let the work wait for me. It always seemed wicked to me, for women to work all day long and then entertain the family at night with a tale of how tired they were and how abused. I hate a dusty room, but not half so much as I do a nagging woman. So if I have to choose between dusting and losing my temper, or keeping both dust and temper, I pick the latter. It is surely as necessary to feed your mind and soul as to feed your body, so I try to take care of all three." D.H.

THE DRUM AND THE BOY

Power of Music on Character of An
Outcast Child

That wonderful worker among the outcast children of England, the late Dr. Barnardo, once wrote a most interesting letter, in reply to the questions of the editor of a musical journal concerning the use of music in the Barnardo Homes. Music is, he wrote, to the undeveloped souls of those children of poverty, misery and crime what bread is to their starved bodies. As to its effect on character, Dr. Barnardo told this story:

One of the very roughest lads I ever had, a boy who was perpetually getting into hot water, and whose glory it was that he could fight—and often "lick"—his master, provided a radiant example of the power of music. We found that he had a good ear, and put him into a band to play a side drum. From that moment his evil spirit was exorcised, as indeed, in the olden times, spirits were driven out by music. It became the object of his life, first, to play his drum well, and then to learn the cornet. That involved a self-restraint on his part to which he had hitherto been a stranger, and of course a radical change of conduct. He became steady, orderly, painstaking. Eventually, he was apprenticed in our Homes to the shoemaking trade, and he blossomed out by degrees into a very admirable cornet player and all round musician.

On leaving the institutions he carried with him his altered character and prospered accordingly. He is now the leader of a band in one of the Midland counties, and I learn, the instructor of every bandman on his own instrument. Besides that, he can score music for every single instrument in his band. A little while ago I heard that that band had been yoked

to the services of the village church, and that my quondam lad was at once precentor and choir-master, and organist too. He lately came up to see me, and I found him a fine, well grown fellow, married, with two children—and with music written all over his face.

"Ah, sir," he said, in the course of our interview, "I gave you a lot of trouble when I was young! But it was that band that saved me."

Sojourning in the Land of Moab.

General Allenby has crossed the Jordan where the Israelites crossed it long ago, but in an opposite direction. He has done so in the face of considerable resistance on the part of the Turks. The strategic interest of this move lies in the railway that runs down back of the steep hills of what was once the land of Moab. That railway had a certain religious interest in that it is the highway of Turkish and other northern Mohammedan pilgrims to Mecca. But its value as a military highway dominating Arabia makes it for the time being more precious than a shrine. That railway, though only 25 miles off, is by no means reached; for the ravines and precipices on that side of the Ghor or Jordan gorge, are the counterpart of those by which the army climbed down to the Jordan. The Jordan valley widens to 14 miles in front of Jericho, but there is a deeper gully about a mile wide which becomes flooded once a year. We are told that "Jordan overflowed all his banks at the time of Harvest," which is April, the time when the Children of Israel passed over; but the rainy season is months earlier. When summer comes the Gorge which is 1,200 feet below sea level, becomes intolerably hot.

For lubricating automobile springs a tool has been invented to spread the leaves and insert grease.

His Great Decision

Which Shows the Attitude of Our Southern Neighbor At the Beginning of the War, and How the Republic's Noblest Sons and Daughters Rose to the Occasion.

By Edith Brown Kirkwood.

CHAPTER IV.

Marjorie had not returned when Mr. Mann came home. Mrs. Mann did not stop for preliminaries.

"Edward," she asked, with straightforwardness. "Why did Crane go to see you the other night?"

"I told you at noon." "You did not tell all." "Humph!" Mr. Mann indulged in his favorite expletive. "He spoke to you of Marjorie? He loves her?"

"He spoke to me of Marjorie if you want to know," he replied with annoyance. "Of course he loves her. He'd be a chump if he didn't, wouldn't he?"

"He's got energy enough to know a good thing—" "Edward!" Mrs. Mann's voice was not "gentle." "And you made him promise not to tell her?"

"Regular Sherlock Holmes, eh? That's just what I did and I'm glad of it."

Mrs. Mann's reply was to resume her work. Silence is not given its due appreciation as a woman's weapon. Her air of finality as to the conversation was disconcerting as it was intended to be.

Mr. Mann picked up his evening paper but he was not as happy as he had been. Marjorie came in presently and tossing her hat aside took a chair by the window.

"Mother," she said quietly, "will you help me start a nurse's course?" "A what, dear?" queried Mrs. Mann.

"A nurse's course—a Red Cross home-nursing course. Mrs. Chapman tells me she had a talk with Ted Spear the other night when Crane brought him home after the lecture and he says that Red Cross workers are badly needed. We should have a branch here and learn emergency nursing and the making of surgical dressings. The French and English girls who never before have had a real task are working in the fields in England. If they can do that, have we a right to be comfortable and taking life easy here?"

"We're not in the war but it seems to me we must help the others who are in distress. A lot of city girls—girls who can afford to bear their own expenses, you know—are getting into training to go overseas."

"Bally nuisances they'll be, too," put in Mr. Mann. "That's the trouble with a time like this. It gives a lot of feather-brained women a chance to—"

"Do something for their country and so be of use," interrupted Mrs. Mann. "Go on, Mother. Untrained girls will be nuisances—so are untrained soldiers. But if the boys can get ready to defend us, the girls can get ready to take care of them. They're sending over trained nurses to work with the doctors—nurses as capable in their line as Dr. Bacon is in his; but what they are asking of us who are untrained is who can prepare us for emergency. Why, it takes more than nine thousand dressings for one bad case! Those must be made. We've got to be the background, the workers, the servers, anything, that we may be props if we are needed. I'd like to get up a class in Red Cross work. Mrs. Chapman will help and I don't believe it will take very long to get the girls and women of Clinton interested. We've some one come down and organize our unit. You will? I know you would. I'll write Ted Spear."

"First thing you know she'll be wanting to go to France," remarked Mr. Mann from behind his paper as Marjorie mounted the stairs to her room.

"Well?" "Do you mean to say that you'd let her—? After he's gone over?" Mr. Mann's anger was rising. "Annie, I don't know what to make of you. I honestly believe you'd like her to marry Crane Chapman."

"Edward, I want the best man in the world for Marjorie but most of all I want her to marry the man she loves."

"All I have to say is, I have spent my life trying to protect Marjorie from this very thing, Annie. I've educated her and filled the coffers for her. Now she wants to go out into the world—"

"To fill her place just as she has a right to do, Edward. You can't direct Marjorie's life as you have directed the business of Clinton. That belongs to her."

"Well, I'll be—!" began Mr. Mann. "If I live to be a thousand, I'll never understand you fool women!"

But what Mr. Mann really did not understand was that in this war of wars, women was destined to play such a part as never in history she had played.

The fact that Marjorie Mann started the Red Cross assured its success. Most of the girls and women of the town entered the classes. Marjorie went on to Chicago to prepare herself for Clinton's supervisor, for while many the work was the next "new thing under the sun," to Marjorie it was a serious, sacred service she was undertaking.

Somewhere within her she felt that some day, somehow, somewhere the knowledge was to serve her and serve her well. Only her mother knew that down in Washington her name already was registered among those of other girls of wealth who had volunteered not only to give up home and comfort to do their part in the world disaster but to ask not a penny's return for the doing.

Then came the April day when America awoke to find she was at war. The expected had happened. Prepared? Who ever is prepared to meet the expected? The boys, hurried into training camps, looked shy in their new uniforms and only the elders whose minds turned back to oth-

er war days or whose memories were of stories told vividly before the grate fire by bereft grandmothers, realized fully that war brings more than glory in its wake.

The fame of Clinton as a Red Cross centre had gone abroad. Marjorie found herself called upon to direct the "drives" for the women just as Mr. Chapman was directing the work for the men. Then came the Liberty Loans, the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. drives.

Over the top again and again, Marjorie's cheeks grew thinner but the brightness in her eyes told her pride in her work. Clinton was awake.

"By George, Annie," said Mr. Mann one evening, "I didn't know Marjorie knew so much about public things! Where did she learn 'em?" "I don't know, Edward. Sometimes I think the spirit-to-do is a splendid teacher."

They had just settled themselves for the usual wait for Marjorie. Now-days dinner was served an hour later than she might give the added time to her Red Cross duties. She came in a bit breathless.

"Father! Mother!" she said, turning to them both. "What would you say if I left for France to-morrow night?"

Mrs. Mann's heart pounded. Mr. Mann laid down his paper. "I told you so!" he muttered. "What's this next thing, Marjie?"

"Some of us are well known as supervisors, Father. The Government can use us. Please say I may go. We're to be a Red Cross unit and we're to go to France to supervise the making of surgical dressings and look after the unpacking of ours when they come. They must have girls who can pay their own expenses. Father—Daddy," she went to him in the old impulsive way, "I never was proud of your money before! Let me have part of my share now."

"It's for your mother to decide," Mr. Mann reverted to his old time method of avoiding difficult family decisions.

The real friendship of mother and daughter needs no words. "If you'll send the telegram saying I'll join them in Chicago to-morrow, Daddy," replied Marjorie, "Mother and I will do some packing before dinner."

Many of the old "crowd" were at the station to see Marjorie off on her way to France. Marjorie wondered if soldiers felt as she was feeling—of how small she was in relation to the need of that for which she was called.

Days of nerve-wrecking ocean voyage brought the unit finally to France. They journeyed on in Paris where through long days they labored over the little and big pads of gauze that were to stay the wounds of brave poilus. If Crane had learned that Marjorie had reached France, he had had no opportunity of communicating with her. From Dr. Bacon, busy at one of the hospitals, she had had a line of greeting but friendly visits had no part in his day's work.

(To be continued.)

NEW USE FOR THE TELEGRAPH

How the Turks Regarded This Western Invention

When Western civilization first began to make its way into the Ottoman Empire, it provoked some very interesting reactions upon the Oriental mind. One story that Sir William Whittall tells in Turkish Stories and Parables shows how unquestioningly even the wisest of the Turks attributed the triumphs of Western invention to magic or diabolism.

During the Crimean War, says Sir William, the first Telegraph was established in Turkey. This wonderful invention created tremendous astonishment among the Turks, who were quite unable to understand its workings. Among the more intelligent the discussions were not concerning the scientific principles that lay behind it, but whether it was good or a bad thing for humanity.

To solve the question it was at last decided to have a full debate by the ulama of the province of Smyrna, over which at that time a very wise old mullah presided. The meeting was held, and fierce was the contention. Half of the ulama declared that the telegraph was a good thing, because it quickened communication; the other half asserted that it could not be good, because it was an invention of the devil.

There seemed to be no way of arriving at a conclusion, when some of the Turks perceived that their chief, the old mullah, had not yet expressed an opinion. Both parties, therefore, eagerly pressed him for his view on the subject and agreed to abide by his decision. The old mullah replied: "My children, the telegraph is a good thing."

"What?" said the conservatives indignantly. "Do you mean that it is not a work of the devil?" "Oh, yes," replied the old man. "Assuredly it is a work of his; but why are you so dull of understanding, my children? Can't you see that, if the devil is occupied going up and down the wires with each message sent, he will have less time to trouble us mortals on earth below?"

All the ulama acknowledged the wisdom of their chief.

Canada Food Board ordered the Union Confectionery, Calgary, to cease making candy forthwith.

A FAMILIAR TRICK

When King Albert, Then Heir to Belgian Throne, Visited the Congo

Two incidents that occurred during the trip to the Congo that King Albert made while he was still the heir to the Belgian throne are entertainingly described by a contributor to the London Field.

On state occasions the prince and his staff always donned their uniforms. Albert was a general, and consequently appeared in a very dark frock coat and dark trousers, while his principal aide-de-camp, Col. de Moore, of the Guides, was adorned with the gorgeous uniform of that regiment: short green tunic, covered with gold braid across the chest and on the sleeves, red breeches, high boots, and a bushy with an egret.

One chief, when led up by the master of the ceremonies, looked round, stared at the colonel, and then said to the prince, with a smile:

"Young man you can play your tricks on others, but you can't catch an old, experienced man like myself."

The prince inquired what he meant. "I mean that you can't play a game on me that I have played so often on others. When the district commissioner comes to my village I never know what his visit has in store for me; maybe he comes to give me a present, maybe it means trouble. I don't want trouble, and so I have a slave who impersonates me on those occasions. If he receives a gift, he has to hand it over to me; but if there is trouble, he can keep it to himself. Now you are up to the same trick, but you don't know how to do it. Look at yourself; look at that dark, ugly coat of yours; do you think anybody but a fool would take you for a prince? Why, there is the son of Bula Matari!" he exclaimed, pointing triumphantly at the colonel. "I know when I see him!" And notwithstanding all the eloquence of the interpreter he stuck to his opinion.

But not always did the interpreter serve so faithfully as that one did, and many a blunder was disguised by careful editing. One troublesome chief refused to shake hands with the prince, and muttered excuses that were translated by an official as follows:

"Mighty prince, I am your slave. Trample me under your feet, take my life if so unworthy an object can be of use to you, but ask me not to presume to touch your august hand."

What he really said was this: "Your minions, those thieving rascals who ought to be chopped to pieces as food for the hogs, prevented my warriors from coming with me to you. They have stolen my bow and arrows, and dragged me here unarmed. Do you think I am going to be such a fool as to put myself entirely at the mercy of such a big chap as you, by letting you grasp my right hand? Now you look sharp!"

In the second he had disappeared in the bushes.

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NEW TEST OF PROOF OF DEATH.

French Academy of Medicine Will Use a New Experiment.

Uncertainty as to whether a person be alive or dead is especially great on the battlefield and prompt decision in such cases is far more important than in civil life. Dr. A. Terson has just recommended to the French Academy of Medicine a new test, those already known having proved insufficient. The best of these latter has been the injection of fluorescein, as devised by Icard. But even this is uncertain, for in some cases men who are still alive do not show the green coloration of the whites of their eyes following injection, which the test is supposed to produce.

Dr. Terson recommends placing in the eye a minute quantity of 33 per cent. solution of diionin (ethyl-morphine), glycerine. If death has already taken place, nothing happens, but if the man has the slightest trace of life still in him the white of his eye will immediately turn purplish-red and swell, but this inflammation will disappear rapidly and leave no ill effect.

Canuck BREAD MIXER



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EXPENSES.—In order to encourage young men to attend the college, the fees are fixed at the lowest possible figure. Board, \$4.00 per week; Tuition Fee, \$20.00 per year. Public School Education is sufficient for admission.

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