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## About the House

### THE DANGER IN INK.

A wise woman once removed the label "Poison" from an empty bottle and pasted it on the family ink bottle. "Why, mother, ink isn't poisonous, and besides, no one ever thinks of drinking it." "I know; but if the label leads us to give a second thought to what we write, it will serve its purpose. Ink, my dear, has often proved to be a deadly poison to the affection of relatives, to friendship, to love. It will kill every affectionate impulse if used indiscriminately." If it were possible to gather statistics on such an intimate subject, it would be found that seventy-five per cent. of the letters in the postman's bag are uninteresting, stupid, unnecessary, and are read only once by those who receive them. The letters of sweethearts and those of children to their mother do not come into that class; but even they are not above criticism, for the sweethearts write too many, and the children too few. When you are away from home what kind of letter pleases you most? Here is one received by a woman many miles from her kinsfolk and set aside as the one letter received in six months that did the most to make her heart glad: Dearest Big Sister, We miss you very much. This morning I wore my blue and white gingham to school, and the teacher admired it. We had waffles for breakfast. Mrs. Sparks' tiger lilies are in bloom. Oh, what do you think? You could never guess. Minnie's gray cat has six kittens, and Minnie's mother says I can have every one of them. Won't that be just grand? Last night when we had lemon pie Father said you ought to be here because it is your favorite kind. He has a new hat. Mother is in the dining room mending a hole Uncle Jim burned in the table cloth with his cigar. Mother didn't say anything. I guess she wasn't glad about it. Auntie Green comes to wash to-morrow. Mother says I can put my doll clothes in. The new family across the street has a girl my age, and a baby. Mother says maybe they will let me take turns in wheeling the baby. The baby buggy is light blue. I think I shall be busy with my kittens. I haven't told mother about them yet. She seems too upset about the table cloth. It was her best. The one with the poppy pattern. I have on my blue hair ribbon. Father says I look like a butterfly. The kittens' eyes are shut. With love and a big kiss.—Alice. There were letters from other members of the family. An older sister told of a party to which she had not been invited and the letter was in the nature of a wail; mother's letter,



### Dusty hands are germ-carriers

Everywhere, every day, the hands are touching things covered with dust. Countless times those dust-laden hands touch the face and the lips in the course of a day. Consider—dust is a source of infection and danger.

### Lifebuoy Protects

Take no chances—cleanse your hands frequently with the rich, creamy lather of Lifebuoy. Lifebuoy contains a wonderful health ingredient which goes deep down into the pores of the skin, purifying them of any lurking infection. The clean, antiseptic odour vanishes in a few seconds, but the protection of Lifebuoy remains.

## LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

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though dear, was devoted to suggestions to the recipient for safeguarding her health. Father's letter was a homily on the need of saving her money; brother wrote three lines, two of them about a new baseball mitt. Only one letter contained the news that her homesick heart longed for, and that was written by a child of ten! Guileless, sincere, loving, newsy, it was an ideal letter. "I laughed over it, and I cried over it. I read it when I was depressed, and I read it when I was happy, because of the steady influence it had on me. I really felt that I could not do anything that was not generous and kind, because of the influence of that letter. It visualized home."

In writing a letter put yourself in the position of the person who will read it. If you are writing to one who is resentful or quick-tempered, avoid jokes; never make comparisons; leave out all criticism of the recipient or of others who are common acquaintances. Never write, "Burn this." It is a long way to the furnace downstairs. Never write, "Don't show this to So-and-So." If you must give a confidence, don't label it as "secret," "private" or "personal." Slip it in casually, as you would slip in a comment on the weather.

Never write your troubles; the reader may have greater ones. Do not mention your ill health; it may cause needless anxiety, and you may be better when the letter is received. Never write a criticism. You might say the same thing with a disarming smile, but the smile doesn't appear in the ink. If you have won a great success, only mention it when you write to your mother. If you have failed, say nothing about it. Never seek praise or sympathy through the mails—or in any other way.

Don't write too many letters. If the recipient—unless it be your mother—is able-bodied and has had a good education and fails to answer your first letter and your second letter, take a lesson in pride and do not write a third. If your letters are welcome, they will bring replies. When you fail to receive a letter don't blame the postman. The government is not interested in keeping your mail from you. When you read a letter that hurts put it away until you are in a more philosophical frame of mind. Never go near the ink bottle when you are angry. Don't make excuses for not having written before. There are few reasons for procrastination that ring true. Devote no space in your letter to disappointment because the recipient waits so long to reply. Perhaps there is a reason you do not guess.

Answer promptly the letters from your father or mother and those of a business nature. Do not glory in the number of your correspondents; limit the list to those you sincerely like, and who you know sincerely like you. To reckon your popularity by numbers is a childish thing. Remember that old friends are more interested in the little intimate affairs of your life than new friends are. If a married brother does not write, do not blame his wife. When a man marries he sometimes shifts the duty of writing to his relatives to his wife's shoulders. She may not want to take his place in a matter like this, but she learns that unless she writes to his family they will never hear. Respect her for her attempt to make up for his omission. There is the paper; a clean sheet of paper. There is the pen. There is the ink. And there also should be the label on the bottle in red and white—"Poison." For ink is poison unless you write in a spirit of helpfulness and understanding.

### OUTDOOR STUDY.

The best kind of outdoor study is contemplation. Get a notebook, a book on botany, a book on birds, if you will, and pack your mind with fixed and irrevocable facts. But do not teach your child on that principle. A curious ignorance, gilded with a happy enthusiasm, is better than the labeling, pressing, analyzing knowledge that plays a large part in modern "nature study."

Let the children "run wild" without at first teaching them even rudimentary truths about the trees, grass, flowers, birds, animals or fishes. Teach them one or two things at a time and encourage them by letting them see that you appreciate their memories when they repeat the next day what they have learned about outdoors. Do not let them memorize names only, but teach them to memorize sensations. Teach them the sureness and

beauty of nature, not merely the individual marks of her heraldry.

A bright small boy had been taught at school that the crawfish was an invertebrate. He showed little enthusiasm about the fact, but when he was taken to a stream and the queer clay-celled home of a crawfish was pointed out to him, when he saw the way the crawfish has of moving backward, the strength of its pincerlike claws, its waving prehensile beard filament and its strange surroundings, he became greatly interested and on his return to the class astounded his fellow pupils with his newly found and to him marvelous knowledge.

Enthusiasm is the very marrow of nature study. And the more you delve in nature's storehouse the more your enthusiasm grows. As you point out the things outdoors that are strange or beautiful the child will take them into its mind and repeat them without much appreciation. But by and by appreciation will come, and presently the child will conceive new and surprising ideas and startle you with an original train of thought.

"Were all these shells made in a shell mint?" asked a little girl. "What put that into your head?" was the reply. "Well, you told me that dollars were made in a mint." A mighty mint indeed wherein the world was cast; a mighty Sovereign whose seal is stamped thereon!

### Church Incense Comes from Cannibal Isle.

Socotra, isolated island off the north-eastern point of Africa, where a lighthouse keeper is rumored to have been the victim of cannibals, has always been associated with much pleasanter thoughts than man-eating savages," says a bulletin from the headquarters of the United States National Geographical Society.

"For it is the Isle of Frankincense" from which once came most of the pleasant aromatic gum burned as incense in the churches and temples of both the west and the east. It is even possible that one of the gifts of the Magi to the Infant Jesus came from Socotra, for in the past the island was almost the sole source of this highly prized gum.

"The suggestion that there are cannibals on Socotra is somewhat surprising. The island people became at least superficially civilized ages ago through the influence of gum traders. They were at one time Christians, but since the seventeenth century have been Mohammedans. They are ruled by a Sultan under British protection. Nor is the island small; it is nearly half as large as Crete or Porto Rico. Socotra is not often visited by westerners, but this is rather because of the religious jealousy of the Sultan than because of any danger from the natives. The latter were described a few years ago by a visitor writing for the National Geographic Society as 'a kindly folk, hospitable and quite harmless.'"

Continuing, he wrote: "Hadibo, the capital, or Tamarida, as the Arabs call it, from tamar, the date fruit tree, is a collection of flat-roofed white houses scattered among the palms.

"The Sultan's palace" is a large mud structure with flat towers, and the two prayer houses are suggestive of the graceful Arab mosques only by contrast. The poorer population, chiefly of African descent and much older in the history of the island than its Arab aristocracy, lives in huts of thorn and plaited grass, invariably overrun with luxuriant gourd vines.

"Surrounded by tiny garden plots, in which tobacco, or native tobacco, lentils, melons and yams grow abundantly, they are more picturesque outside than inside.

"There is not much to be seen in Hadibo. The principal amusement afforded the visitor is that of being seen. "Nothing could be lovelier than the sight of slender Socotran cattle grazing knee-deep among the grass and palm branches that line the banks of the lagoons near Hadibo. Clouds massed above and mountains near behind; long shadows dappling the water, and the sun turning to gold the tawny flanks of the cattle make a picture of pastoral beauty rare to behold in this part of the east.

"Socotra exports nothing except ghee, a rancid butter, made from goat's milk and highly prized in Zanzibar. The inhabitants number about 5,000, and the bulk of them are of African descent, though Bedouins live in the mountain caves, and the ruling class is Arab.

"The language is distinct in itself, though possessing many Arabic and Mahri words. It has a wondrous wealth of gurgles and impossible noises in the throat. There are no words for horse or dog, because these animals are not found on the island.

A fine breed of camels and donkeys, which are the tamed sons of the wild asses roaming in thousands on the interior plains, are the beasts of burden.

### German Traffic Dangers.

Street traffic is stated to be more dangerous to pedestrians in Berlin than in any other European city. This is due to the lack of proper police control and to the "road-hog" manners of German motorists.

## Is Your Wife Still Your Sweetheart?

If so, treat her to a meal at Mumby's Dining Room, west end of Grand Stand, Toronto Exhibition.

## A NEGATIVE RESULT

BY WALTER E. GROGAN.

### PART I.

"You will be all right here, Uncle Fred?" the boy asked. "Right as rain," the man answered without looking up. He sat propped against a granite boulder. Beside him were a hand camera and a satchel.

"Then I'll run down to Coombe Regis and get some more plates." He scurried off across the moor in the direction of the valley.

Two men stood on the edge of the cliff. Below them a rough and broken but perfectly negotiable path led to a scrap of sandy beach buttressed on three sides by the cliff. On the beach, run up above the high water line of seaweed, was a small dinghy. Behind them was the desolate furze and heather of the moor stream with granite boulders. One was a Political Magnate, the other was the representative of an allied nation, a general whose much-photographed features were well known to the pictorial press-loving British public.

"It was not a bad choice of a spot, General," the Political Magnate said, waving a hand toward the moor. "Quite deserted."

"Admirable," the General agreed. "You can manage the path?"

"But, yes." He exercised his arm playfully. "I shall be what you call stiff when I reach the yacht. It is a long pull."

"You are sure that no one on board the yacht guesses?"

"No, no. It is lucky that I am known to have a mania for sea fishing." He smiled. "I am a—what is it?—oh, yes, a crank. They will laugh at me when I arrive with nothing. I was so certain that there was red mullet. I left the yacht the other side of the head. She is anchored. There is a band and they will dance. They will give me no thought."

"It is lucky that I can drive a car," the Political Magnate mused.

"You stay far from here!" The General was being idly polite.

"Thirty miles. Beasty roads. I came alone—I speak in the House to-morrow night, and if they are intelligent enough to guess at all, they will imagine that I wanted solitude in order to fashion my speech. The car is hidden in a coppice. Even if any one stumbled on it, which is very unlikely, there is nothing in it to betray my identity. I think we have arranged it all very circumspcctly." The Political Magnate's smile was eloquent of self-satisfaction.

"Very," the General agreed. "This meeting can be known only to our two selves." For my part I am enchanted to have been able to come to so complete an understanding with you."

"Yes. It is a gain. To be able to speak freely unwatched by a multitude of censorious eyes." He laughed shortly. "I wonder what iniquities would be credited to me if it were known. How hotly the opposition would take up the scent, what a babble when they gave tongue! The Minister meets the most blatant militarist of the allied representatives! The Minister is embarking on an enterprise that is as deadly as it is secret! Imagine the questions in the House, my friend! Imagine the leading articles in the opposition press! Imagine the nervousness of the public. Yet it was necessary to meet. We have spent a profitable hour."

"It was most necessary," acquiesced the General gravely. "Now when you oppose me at first I shall understand."

"And you will marshal your arguments in the sequence I have indicated? If I can appear to oppose, and then reluctantly bow to the force of your overwhelming logic, I shall carry my public. I can say 'Only the conviction that the General's attitude is the correct one, only the knowledge borne in upon me at the last hour that the General's arguments are invincible, could induce me to pledge my country to this further effort!'" "I shall deal roughly with you at first, my General."

"Monsieur, so long as we understand each other, what does it matter?"

"We meet again at the Conference in six days' time." They shook hands smilingly. "Good fishing, my General."

"No engine trouble, Monsieur." The Political Magnate watched the General scramble actively down the path, run the dinghy down the beach, jump into it, settle himself on the thwart and commence his long pull back to the anchored yacht. A hundred yards out the General shipped a scull and waved a hand. The Political Magnate waved back.

The Political Magnate turned his back to the sea. The moor stretched miles in front of him and beyond a few ponies, some cattle and three or four wheeling curlews, there was no sign of life. The meeting had been adroitly arranged and most successfully carried out. He had arrived at a complete understanding as to his line of action in a very delicate matter apart from the confusing cross-currents of an unwieldy conference. No one knew. There was not a single prying eye that had watched, not a single sensitive ear that had heard. They had met, hammered things out

and parted, and no one else was one whit the wiser.

He looked at his watch. He would have ample time for the run home. With luck he would arrive before the house party had dispersed after tea. He rather wanted to catch Parlyb, his secretary, and dictate a few notes he had made the previous evening. Parlyb would think he had evolved them that afternoon. He chuckled, thinking of his astuteness in conveying a can of petrol secretly from his own place. So it would appear that he had not gone more than twenty miles—if any one were inquisitive enough to pry.

Upon the quiet of the cliff head, somnolent beneath the afternoon sun, came the sudden loud noise of a human sneeze.

The Political Magnate jumped as though the report had been that of an automatic. The blood forsook his rather florid cheeks. He peered round in an alarmed way. The landscape was still empty of human life. Not a soul in sight—if you deny souls to the humbler members of the animal kingdom. Yet the sneeze was unmistakable, a very human evidence. And it sounded close, quite close.

(To be concluded.)

### Who Found America?

While Columbus is usually credited with the discovery of America, it is certain that Cabot, sailing out of Bristol, beat him to the mainland, and it has also been claimed that the Norsemen, sailing via Greenland, had reached the American coast some centuries before that.

A new theory, to the effect that it was the Irish who discovered America, has now, however, been advanced by Father Devine, a Canadian antiquarian, and Monsignor Evers, of New York.

According to Father Devine, maps discovered in the Vatican show that the whole coast of North America, from Nova Scotia to Florida, was known as Ireland the Great in the year 1000.

Monsignor Evers, also basing himself on Vatican records, ascribes the discovery of the New World to St. Brendan, the navigator, an Irish bishop of the ninth century, who, he says, passed down the New England coast as far as Delaware in the course of a missionary voyage.

Supporters of the new theory also point to the similarity of the famous Round Tower at Newport to the ancient towers in Ireland.



Just the Thing.

Shark—"I'm thinking of going into some kind of business."  
Fish—"Why don't you go in the real estate game?"

### For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Discretion.

A sergeant was instructing a squad of recruits in the use of the rifle. He had been explaining to them the course taken by a bullet when fired at an object some distance away.

"Now, Private Doolan," he said, turning to one of the rear-rank men, "perhaps you'll answer a few questions. Supposing I was standing a thousand yards away, by yonder farmhouse, and a body of men were firing at me from here, and you were half-way between us, what would happen to you?"

"Why, sergeant," replied the recruit, "the bullets would pass over my head!"

"Quite right; and what would happen to me?" asked the sergeant.

"I scarcely know," said Doolan, with a grin; "but I think you'd be dodgin' behind th' house!"

### Parts Wanted.

Irate Customer—"I bought a car of you several weeks ago, and you said if anything went wrong you'd supply the broken parts."  
Dealer—"Yes."

Irate Customer—"I'd like to get a nose, a shoulderblade, an da big toe."  
Moths do not usually attack dyed furs.

### Exhibition Notice

Don't buy your Electric Fixtures or Appliances until you have seen our fine display of the latest designs, in the Manufacturers' Annex Building, under the Grand Stand, Booths 16 and 25. Special prices on all goods sold during the Exhibition. If not convenient to call, send for our New Electric Fixture Catalogue, larger and better than ever. Any other information or advice we can give you will be gladly supplied either by mail or at the Exhibition.

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### Gunners of the Insect World.

There are few animals better known than the skunk. Every woman has admired its handsome fur.

In its wild state the skunk roams the whole of North America from Canada to Florida, and although it walks about in broad daylight it is rarely molested. The reason is that, if annoyed, it can discharge from a special gland a spray, the odor of which is extremely obnoxious.

The writer speaks from experience when he says that there is nothing else to compare with it, and that a whiff of it will make any human being deadly sick. A sporting dog, if "skunked," is useless for days, losing all power of scenting game.

There is a small beetle known as the bombardier, which defends itself, when attacked by discharging an acrid fluid. But this beetle's ammunition is not only offensive; it is also volatile, and actually explodes with a sharp little report when it meets the air. A bombardier can fire a dozen charges of this kind in succession.

There are other insects which have this peculiar habit, one kind of antlion in which a specimen can be seen in the London Zoo. The spray is formic acid, and the range is about twelve inches.

Another insect gunner is the peripatus, which is something between a scorpion and a worm. It is about three inches long, and has legs and powerful jaws. Crawling up to its prey, it shoots out a pellet of intensely sticky stuff which renders its victim incapable of movement.

### Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

### An Alpine Village.

Their world stands all on end; no place at all

Is left for even the little fields to lie That they have hung aloft like tapestry Upon the granite reaches of the wall That towers around them. There they cling and crawl

And still contrive between the earth and sky To reap the fruit of their brief industry Before the snows and the swift silence fall.

Then in the church the meager women pray,

And in the huts the patient cattle sleep,

And earth the vow of her white peace fulfills,

And heeds them not who with such passion pay

Into her icy breast the faith they keep

And still lift up their eyes unto those hills.

—Anne Goodwin Winslow.

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