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TEA

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How About Your Linen?

Good linen nowadays is almost as precious as jewels, and every scrap of it is worth saving. The high price of linen makes an entire new stock almost prohibitive to the ordinary housewife, and there is nothing in sight to indicate lower prices for some time to come.

The first point to be considered is where and how to keep it. This may sound far-fetched, but it has a lot to do with the wearing qualities of linen and also the health of the family. The ideal linen store-place should be a well ventilated cupboard in a warm, dry position and in a good light. And yet I have seen housekeepers tuck linen, fresh from the ironing board and not perfectly dry, away in a dark, airless drawer.

Recently I saw a linen closet that was ideal. The shelves were just wide enough to admit one layer of linens, and in order that the articles might have proper air and always be perfectly dry, these shelves were made of lattice work, the whole being white enameled. A little ventilator at the top of the door admitted air freely and was covered with fine white muslin, which, while it let in the air, kept out the dust. Each shelf was labeled, and on the door hung a linen book in which was listed the entire household linen stock, the date of its purchase and the price. Linen gives better wear if used uniformly. The clean linen may be put at the bottom of the pile, and the daily supplies taken out from the top. In this way each article gets its turn at wear and washing.

The life of linen may be prolonged twenty-five per cent. by laundering. It is a scientifically known fact that hard water is ruinous to clothes, therefore the water should be softened. Many a laundress adds caustic soda to the already prepared soap solution when washing, and this gives excessive alkalinity and ruins the strength, color and wearing qualities of the fabrics. Leaving clothes overnight in a dirty soap bath also rots them; and insufficient rinsing makes them yellow and leaves soap which in time eats the linen.

Always before going to the wash, linen should be carefully examined. Small holes should be darned, for if left as they are liable to catch on the board, washing machine or wringer and become very big ones. Stains, too, should be removed. Tea and coffee stains are most easily removed while still wet. Place the table cloth over a basin and pour boiling water through the spots. If this does not entirely remove the stain, rub on a little borax, rub it in well, and try boiling water again. Some use salts of lemon. Fruit stains are removed in the same way. For mildew spots rub the stains with soap, sprinkle with chalk and bleach in the sunshine. Butter milk will also work fairly well. Wet ink stains should be washed immediately in milk. Put a pinch of salts of lemon on iron mold stains and pour boiling water through the spot. Be sure to rub the salts of lemon in well and repeat until stain is out. Paint on linen should be removed with a mixture of ammonia, turpentine and paraffin.

I have found that it is always best to have all linen marked either by a large monogram or a small embroidered initial. It adds to the distinction and beauty of all household linens to have them individualized by your "trademark." It takes only a few minutes to do the work, as on towels an outline stitch is pretty, and even on sheets you can use outlining and a darning stitch to fill in. The close embroidered initials, while prettier, take more time.

Having looked after the storing, darning, mending and washing of your linen you may find that some of it seems too badly worn to be useful. But don't throw it away without a second look. Every scrap can be utilized. Sheets and table cloths seem to wear out in the middle faster than about the edges and this is natural as they get more wear in those parts. If the sheets are thin in the middle, and the "sides" are good and strong, cut them through the centre and then join the outer or salvage edges together, making a seam down the middle, and hem the outer edges. If the centre of the sheet is too badly worn, parts of it can be cut off and the sheet made to fit a three-quarter or a single bed. Oftentimes, an old sheet badly worn in places will have enough good in it to make a pillow slip or two, and when past all use the ironing board can claim the old sheet for a cover.

Worn pillow cases are most useful for protecting fancy waists and blouses or children's dresses from dust, when they are kept hanging in closets. Cut a hole in the middle of the end of the case just big enough to let the hook of the hanger slip through. Place the blouse on the hanger then slip the case over and you have a splendid protector without cost or time.

If a table cloth is too much worn to make darning worth while, convert it into smaller cloths that may be used for lunch, tray or carving cloths, and the smaller pieces into doilies. If the centre is badly worn, cut large squares from the corners of the cloth which is apt to be good, and set together with lace insertion which can be bought cheap at sales, and if you wish, edge with lace. Crochet insertion and lace is pretty if you care to take the time. You will have in this way a handsome lunch cloth. Oftentimes I cut napkins for everyday use from worn table cloths. These I hem and they last a long time. Centre pieces, small doilies and carving cloths all may come from scraps. I made an entire breakfast set from a fine old table cloth. After getting out a lunch cloth from the four corners and crossing with imitation cluny lace, I cut a centre piece, several plate doilies, and the smaller doilies from the end left in old moments buttonholed the edges in blue merized cotton. The clippings too worn to use, I put into the medicine chest for "First Aid."

From one cloth I made a very handsome luncheon set by using bits of fine old lace curtains to combine with the design being fine and dainty, on the linen, buttonholed around it and then cut the line from underneath. Bureau scarfs may be made the same way, and right here let me diverge long enough to say that bits of fine old curtains may be used to applique on children's dresses, make yokes, and cuff and collar sets. Of course, it goes without saying, that only very fine curtains are useful for this work.

Old bath towels may be cut up into wash cloths—the better parts being used for this, and a quickly-made crocheted edge in color worked around the four sides. The worn parts made good cleaning cloths and fine dish cloths. Linen towels should be carefully darned and patched at each washing. It is a good plan to keep one old one on hand to patch the others with. Worn out the best parts may be converted into little doilies to put under plants or the like, and several old ones stitched together to form a big new towel will make a good cloth for drying glassware.

One thing more, remember it is no economy to store linen for long periods without using it. If starched, the starch rots the fabric and gives it a bad color which left undisturbed for some time. It is the "best linen" which is most likely to suffer in this way and if you seldom use it for "company" then give it an occasional turn on the family table, so that it may go through the wash and keep its color. If you do not use it often, be sure that you keep blue paper about it.

Traveller and Wolves.

In the game of traveller and wolves the smallest person or the slowest runner must be the traveller. His object is to reach the end of his journey without being caught by any of the rest of the players, who are the wolves. Some distant spot should be chosen for a goal. Before setting out the traveller is provided with a number of white balls or other objects. The wolves then give him a fair start and chase him. When the "traveller" finds a wolf dangerously near him he must throw one of his balls in such a way that the wolf will see considerable ground by stopping to pick it up. Of course the wolf is required to get the ball before he returns to the chase.

The more balls the traveller carries the better is the chance of escape.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, etc.

The Rattletrap Gun

By SAMUEL A. DERIEUX.

II.

The roar of a train on the railroad three miles away brought her back to her situation. Sometimes after this train Ben closed the station; sometimes he had to wait until the ten o'clock passenger; sometimes he had to work over his yellow express book until midnight. Her hand slipped into her bosom and closed over the note that an old negro had brought her secretly that morning. Somebody had told Ben her father had gone to town, and he was coming out after supper. He wanted to talk to her, he wanted about the cottage he had bought near the station. She could see it now, with the small barn behind, the trim garden palings, the cool water oak in the front yard. Ben was going to paint the house and barn white—if she liked white.

There was another note, too, hidden in her dress—the note she had written in answer, begging him not to come, telling him that it would only make things harder, that her father would never give in, that he must never come any more. All day she had watched the road, sure there would be someone who could take it in to Ben. But nobody had passed, and the day had worn away, and then her father had driven into the yard.

He had been worse than he had ever been, since he had the quarrel with Ben at the station about some express. She had not heard it, but neighbors had told her. It was terrible, they said. Ben had lost his temper at least. "Get out of this station, you snail!" he had cried.

Men had rushed between them and dragged her father away. But at the door he stopped. "If you ever step foot on my place, young man," he said, "I'll kill you!" She would never forget his face when he came home that day.

"Don't you never let him come on the place again, Tess," he said. "Never again!" The distant puffing of the train as pulled out from the station startled her. If Ben left now he might be here in half an hour. Sometimes he came on horseback, sometimes he walked. If she knew when he was coming she would run out and warn him. But he might be detained at the station; her father might come up here while she was gone, looking for her.

The night had grown silent, the moon shone down on the road, and he was singing. He thought her father in town, and there he sat on the porch in his tilted chair, watching the stars. She could not stay here. She jumped to her feet. A sudden dryness in her throat gave her an idea. Her father was thirsty when he was this way. She slipped down the stairs, into his room. She picked up the pitcher from the washstand, and hurried by the back porch, across the yard to the well.

The creaking of the chain as her white arms pulled hand over hand in the moonlight filled the air with an alarm scream, made the night alive. Maybe Ben, if he had reached the well, would hear the splash, and run to the edge; then she would run to him quickly, warn him, run back. She waited in the stillness that followed the screaming of the chain. No sound. She filled the pitcher and hurried up the back porch. A moment she stood panting, looking toward the woods, then she went in, the water splashing on the floor of the hall. She hurried into her father's room, set the pitcher in the basin, and turned.

The moonlight falling at a sharper angle through the window than it had done formerly shone on her father's new doorknob. She leaned against the wall, near the bed. Her father would come after this, if he saw Ben. It glowed dull, satiny, sinister, there against the wall. She ran out as if she had seen a snake.

Her father still sat glowering on the edge of the porch. He looked at her underneath his eyebrows, and she tried to smile. It was too hot to sleep. She sat on the edge of the porch, and she fetched some nice cold water in her room, Pa.

He filled his pipe and lit it. "Bring me a drink."

He gulped down the water she brought him, then handed her the glass. "More," he said.

He was holding the dipper out to her, his big, blunt face raised to hers. She could touch his bristly hair, thin at the top; he must hear her heart pounding above his ear. She brought him another drink, then she walked over to the steps and sat down, her head against the post, her hands clasped about her knees. Breast rising and falling, she studied his face furtively. She would tell him boldly. Ben was coming, she would plead with him, if only he were not as he was to-night. He had liked Ben, at first, had bragged of him to her.

"He's a fine, sober young feller, Tess," he had said, "with no bad habits."

She knew, everybody knew, that her father was a kind enough man when he was right. He was generous, for his own good, impulsive, susceptible. But, better than anybody else, she knew how far to go with him when he was like this. She knew how the animalities of one drunken man reminded of stubbornly over and the next, how more and more, since her mother died, his worst moods guided his life. She had tried every way she knew to help him. Just once he looked at her with strange eyes. "I get lonely, gal," he said.

Everybody was afraid of him when he looked as he looked now, sullen

heavy, flushed. She was seized with a sudden loathing of him as he sat there, his cock feet up on the rungs of his chair.

The match was struck in the edge of the woods opposite them. It flared quickly up, it was jerked quickly out, but it seemed to light the whole side of the house and her own face like the flaring-up of a rocket.

She looked at her father. He had not stirred. Perhaps, if he had seen, he thought it was a smoker passing along the road on the other side of the pines. They were thin here. But around them the road turned at right angles and passed in front of the house. Her father would watch for the appearance of the smoker. She sprang up—sprang up too quickly, and remained standing. She must not seem to hurry; she must not make any more mistakes; but Ben must not strike another match. She must warn him—now. She crossed the porch, her eyes straight ahead. When she spoke her voice was unnaturally calm.

"Guess I'll turn in. Good night, Pa."

She ran up the stairs, pressing heavily on them so they would creak. At the top she paused, sick with fear. Then she tiptoed across the hall. She stepped out of breath, in the hall.

Through the window of the front room she could see his broad head back into which the head was sunk without a neck. The back was moving. Deliberately he was easing himself to the floor. He held his pipe in his hand as if he had just taken it guardedly out of his mouth. He was leaning forward, like a man about to spring.

She went swiftly down the hall and stopped at the bedroom door. Her father would come after that new gun, glistering against the wall. She don't other gun. She left the old one, the rattletrap, on the table where she had placed it. After she had run out of the room she wished she had hid behind that other gun. But it was too late now; he might be coming; he had thought she heard him rise.

(Concluded in next issue.)

Failure's Compensation.

I fail sometimes at something that I try. And does this break the struggling heart of me?

Beside life's roadway do I sit and cry?

No, I am glad as any soul can be!

Despite my failure? No, because of it!

For should I cringe supinely in a groove,

Success might crown my labor, every whit.

Perhaps no effort should a failure prove.

I love my failings—not because I lack

The proud man's yearning to achieve success;

But that they prove I have not lost

The knack

O "trying times"—a steady

YOUTHFULNESS!

My failures—they shall not be failures

long!

Proclaim to me convincingly that I

Know yet the urge of youthtime,

dauntless, strong;

That wider fields I'll conquer, by

and by.

Why Our Teeth Chatter.

The little muscles which close the

jaw are acted upon by the cold in

such a way that they pull the jaw up

and then let it fall by its own weight.

This, repeated many times, causes

the teeth to click together and pro-

duce what we know as "chattering."

We think of it in connection with

the teeth because it is the teeth which

make the sound, but the cause lies in

the muscles which we use in chewing

or in opening our mouth when we

speak.

The chattering occurs in spite of the

will or brain. We have little control

over it, and can stop it only by clen-

ching the teeth. It is really a mild

variety of spasm caused by the cold,

which acts on the jaw muscles in

much the same way that some poisons

produce muscular spasms which can-

not be controlled.

Women! Use "Diamond Dyes."

Dye Old Skirts, Dresses, Waists,

Coats, Stockings, Draperies,

Everything.

Each package of "Diamond Dyes"

contains easy directions for dyeing

any article of wool, silk, cotton, linen,

or mixed goods. Beware! Poor dye

streaks, spots, fades, and ruins ma-

terial by giving it a "dye-look." Buy

"Diamond Dyes" only. Druggists have

Color Card.

To-day and To-morrow.

To-day is my vital hour

Under the sweep of the

sky;

To-morrow I'm but a flower.

Or the dust blown by.

NOT A GOOD TIME NOW TO EMIGRATE

WARNING TO BRITONS IN LONDON NEWSPAPER.

Every Part of the Empire Has Its "Unemployment Problem"—Best to Wait a While.

War always stirs up the desire to emigrate, for a man who has been fighting in foreign lands is apt to become discontented with his lot at home, says an English writer.

After the South African War nearly half of the quarter of a million men who had formed the expeditionary force emigrated about half went to other parts of the Empire, but a great many settled in the United States, and were lost to the flag.

Never before in all the world's history was there so great an impulse to migrate as there is at present. With soaring taxes, doubled prices, and the famine in houses, it is safe to say that there are at least a million people in the kingdom whose main idea is to get out of it.

On the face of it this seems all to the good. We know that the great Dominions need settlers to develop their resources, and that our big population it might seem that we could well spare them the men they require.

On the face of it, I say; but come down to hard facts, and the truth of the matter is that this is no time to think of leaving the country.

The reasons for this statement are not such as would occur to you casually, but if you will take the trouble to read this article they will become clear enough.

In the first place, Europe is not the only part of the world that has suffered from the war. Those four years of struggle upset the trade balance of the whole world, and the great Dominions, though producing quantities of raw material, have lost half their markets.

The Natural Result.

The natural result is a certain amount of unemployment, and with a scarcity of work for their own people, it is plain, on the face of it, that they don't want outsiders.

Canada has openly announced that she cannot take more than forty to fifty thousand immigrants during the coming year, and in order to check the flood she has made fresh regulations. Formerly she would take any able-bodied immigrant who could show ten pounds in cash, and carry him free from the steamer to his destination.

Today each arrival must have at least fifty pounds, and also money to pay his railway fare to the place he is making for.

In 1913 Canada took nearly 200,000 immigrants from the Old Country. Now, owing to trade difficulties, and partly owing to the fact that she has her own demobilized men to settle on the land, she can only take a quarter as many, and it will be some years before she is in a position to handle immigration on the pre-war scale. In any case, she does not want unskilled labor.

Domestic Servants Only. Australia is in the same fix. Every State in the Commonwealth is busy with big schemes for settling her own ex-soldiers. For another thing, Australia's nation debt has increased so greatly through the war that money is lacking for the huge schemes of irrigation which are so necessary to increase the farming area.

Western Australia, it is true, is taking some immigrants, but these are all ex-Servicemen and picked men. As for New Zealand, she is equally unready for immigration on a large scale. She asks for at present is a certain number of domestic servants.

Numbers of people turn longing eyes towards South Africa, with its splendid climate and huge areas of uncultivated land. But South Africa, let me tell you, has no use whatever for the ordinary type of immigrant. She welcomes men with money who can buy farms outright, but the unskilled white man has no chance there. The reason, of course, is that all that type of labor is done by colored men.

The Union of South Africa has the stiffest entry laws of any Dominion. She won't have anyone who cannot read and write, and all immigrants, between the ages of sixteen and sixty, are liable to be called upon for military service.

Just the same objection applies to Rhodesia and to East Africa. The Rhodesian agent in London informed me that £1,000 was about the least sum that was needed to start life as a colonist in Rhodesia.

As for the United States, she, for the past year, has been struggling with a rushing river of immigrants from Central Europe, who have been pouring in every day.

Labor Market Upset. Her own labor market is completely upset, and thousands are out of work. Now she has got the wind up, and proposes to pass a Bill closing down immigration altogether for at least two years. The only people admitted will be blood relations of those already in the country, and all will be compelled to take the oath of allegiance, and become citizens of the United States.

The only other part of the world, besides those mentioned, which is open to immigration, is South America. There are fair chances in the Argentine Republic for men skilled in cer-

R. A. F. - ARMY DON'T BE MERELY A HALF SUCCESS

"DOING RIGHT THING IN THE RIGHT WAY."

Play the Game, and if Your Chance Doesn't Come Along, Go and Look For It.

Someone once said that success is "doing the right thing in the right way."

I go a step further and say, it is doing everything in the right way, and that failure is as much a disease as typhoid fever, only it is a mental disease.

There are men and women who complain they have "never had a chance." Everyone has a chance, and many of them are self-made chances. Some of our greatest self-made men (including Shakespeare) had very little chance of education, yet they rose and towered above the unsuccessful and the semi-successful rank and file.

Don't be one of the semi-successful! It is almost worse than being unsuccessful, for you will have learnt the joys of success without having the vim and courage to struggle farther up the ladder.

What is success? Does it mean money and great possessions, and a wide-world fame? Not always. I have known so-called successful people who are in reality the most dismal failures, for they have not learnt how to live. Living does not mean riches and fame without contentment and happiness.

There are many success rulers. Perhaps the first of them is to learn to think. We do not think enough. We rush through life, and we work and struggle and strive and argue, and we have no time to think. Everyone should find time to think. We could even give up half an hour of our sleep and use it for meditation. It is a glorious thing to look back on a day and feel we have overcome something, a slight trouble, a little worry, a small task, anything that has lifted us on to another stepping-stone.

One half-hour of meditation may help us to know the pleasure and glory of achievement.

Another thing we need is initiative. We are all apt to follow meekly in the footsteps of someone we admire, but if we want success we must strike out for ourselves. This is not always easy, but nothing worth having is easily obtained.

Be yourself. Remember, if you are doing your duty you are quite as good as anyone else, but don't make the mistake of thinking you are so very much better! Real courage and perfect self-confidence come from the depths of a wise humility. Take stock of yourself. Are you doing your very best? No second best is any good if you want to be really successful.

Develop Your Powers. Don't be too sympathetic with yourself. Self-pity, like self-deprecation, will be among your greatest enemies, while self-censure will be the other extreme which will lead to disaster.

Try and put away all jealousy and meanness. Small thoughts narrow the vision, and mean jealousies act like a boomerang and strike back with cruel force.

Try and think and expect the best from everyone and everybody. After all, it is only what you want everyone to do about you.

Don't forget also to think the best of yourself. I read somewhere the other day this golden sentence: "The weaker man living has his powers of a genius folded within his organization; and they will remain folded until he learns to believe in their existence and tries to develop them."

Think of it! "The powers of a genius." Yet why not? Other men have done great things, men who have started life equipped with nothing better than poverty and hunger and misunderstanding. They have risen out of an unenviable environment. Let us, too, make a new environment for ourselves.

We should not have any money in the savings bank unless we put our savings by. We must put our capital of strength, wisdom, and courage and endeavor into the bank of life. It will pay us far larger dividends than the post office savings bank. Try it and see; give up whining about other people's luck and find your own. As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is.

To find the great secret of true and real success we must turn as ever to the Book of Books. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

If the riches of the world were not ours to seek and enjoy, we should never have been placed in such a world; but if we try to attain them without entering the Kingdom of Righteousness, we shall erect our House of Life on shifting sands of greed and self-seeking, and they will in time be washed away by the waters of Bitterness and Disappointment.

Coal Gas Oust, Gasoline. The use of coal gas instead of gasoline for motor fuel is rapidly increasing in English cities, and the fact that engines that are driven by it develop but 50 per cent. of the power claimed from gasoline.

Never look the other way, even to find a remedy; you might miss a chance.

REEVE & CO.

658 1/2 BLOOR ST. W. TORONTO

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Blankets Genuine All Wool Army black stripes down the centre. None genuine without it. These are not Mill Blankets, some are selling for Army Blankets. These were purchased from the Government. Only a few left. Do not miss this opportunity to purchase at \$8.75 and \$9.50 per pair.

Pants Imperial (Slacks) Pants, made of Pure English Wool, Worsted. Will give more warmth and outwear any two pairs of ordinary pants made. Ask the overseas man, to clear sizes 32 to 38 \$5.95 per pair sizes 40 to 46 \$6.50 per pair.

Underwear Heavy All Wool Army equal it, at \$2.50 a garment.

Army Boots Canadian Issue, sold any two pairs of ordinary boots. A bargain at \$6.90 per pair.

Shirts Imperial All Wool Khaki Shirts, \$3.50.

Deck Shoes Government Deck of Hospital Shoes, \$2.50.

Riding Breeches Fatigue Breeches, \$2.75.

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Army Mitts Made in 1916, at \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75 per pair.

Army Gloves Work Gloves, (lined), \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75 per pair.

Sheets Imported from England, fine English Twill Sheets. Will wear for years. None others to be compared with. 70x90 inches, \$6.90 per pair. 60 x 80 inches, \$5.85 per pair.

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