

You may be deceived some day by an imitation of "SALADA"

and possibly you will not detect this imitation until the tea-pot reveals it. Demand always the genuine "Salada" in the sealed aluminum packet, and see that you get it, if you want that unique flavour of fresh, clean leaves properly prepared and packed.

PUT CREAM IN NOSE
AND STOP CATARRH
Tells How To Open Clogged Nostrils and End Head-Colds.

You feel fine in a few moments. Your cold in head or catarrh will be gone. Your clogged nostrils will open. The air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more dullness, headache, no howling, snuffling, mucous discharges or dryness; no struggling for breath at night.

Tell your druggist you want a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream in your nostrils, let it penetrate through every air passage of the head; soothe and heal the swollen, inflamed mucous membrane, and relief comes instantly. It is just what every cold and catarrh sufferer needs. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable.

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UNIVERSITY BILL

By Courier Lensed Wire.
Winnipeg, Feb. 27.—After a debate lasting many hours, the University bill, introduced into the legislature by Hon. R. S. Thoraston, minister of education, last night was given its second reading. A division was taken and resulted in twenty-eight votes being cast for second reading and four against. R. B. Bennett, K.C., M.P., director-general of national service, addressed the house on national service, and made an appeal for greater production.

Boquets From Tener For Old Pop Anson

Head of National League Praises Former Chicago Manager, One of the Greatest Men the Game Has Produced

By John K. Tener, President of National League

When Pop Anson was in the height of his glory as batting king, he hired a tall, muscular youth as a pitcher. This youth accompanied him around the world, later entered politics, was elected to congress, became governor of his state and is now president of the National League. John K. Tener was the name still thinks his old manager was the greatest batter in the world.

The following bit of praise is taken from an article by President Tener, appearing in the current issue of the Baseball Magazine—a special Tris Speaker number.

Pop Anson was the greatest batter who ever lived. You may look up his record, compare it with others and draw your own conclusions. When Ed. Delehanly, Hans Wagner and other great hitters, I give them all due credit, but in my opinion Anson was the greatest of them all.

He was, first of all, a free hitter. He loved batting. Even when he grew old he would take his place on the field and get the boys who hung around the lots of Chicago to pitch to him. He loved batting for its own sake. He had that true eye which enabled him to hit the ball squarely on the nose. His hits were line drives. They were solid smashes with the full force of his muscular shoulders behind them. Usually, as I remember him, he would drive the ball between right and center field, well over the infielder's reach. He never pulled the ball, he never hit too quickly. He was an excellent judge of the precise fraction of a second that he needed to swing that heavy club over his head. He didn't exactly place his hits, but he contrived to drive the ball behind the base runner

about where he wanted to drive it. And he rarely struck out. The statistics for the years when he was in his prime are not so complete as they might be. But I am confident there were seasons when he struck out not more than two or three times and I believe I am safe in saying that he struck out less frequently than any other major league player.

Anson's batting was batting pure and simple. He was the typical slugger. He was big and strong and heavy. Some batters of the present day fatten their averages by their nimbleness in reaching first. Anson drove the ball solidly into the outfield and took his time in going to first.

It was my good fortune to serve as a player under Anson. I found him a bluff, hale, honest and likeable old man. He was exacting with men who knew the game from A. to Z. He expected the best of service from them. But toward the beginner he was extremely lenient.

As a manager he was optimistic itself. "The defeat of to-day never clouded the horizon of to-morrow. We lost the game but we would appear in the club house with the well known cheery remark: "Well, boys, we lost this one, but it's the last one. So, but I do not think there is the same basis in fact for the statement which is frequently made that the National League was ungrateful to still hale and hearty. He is sturdy independent, and wishes to be so. I know that the National League will never see Anson suffer."

At present Pop, assisted by his two daughters, does a turn on the stage which is deservedly popular. I

trust his business proves prosperous. For the same sterling independence and fearless honesty which characterized him in his prime as a ball player are still his leading and most conspicuous traits.

It was my good fortune to accompany Anson on the celebrated tour around the world. This was the first far-reaching attempt to establish baseball as a world sport.

WATERLOO FIELD IS NOW SCENE OF SLAVE RAIDS

Historic Battleplace of a Century Ago Now Devastated by the Huns

"Oh cruel and heart-rending morning. Thus the Antwerp correspondent of a Belgian paper published in Holland begins a description of Germany's latest slave raids in Antwerp and the historic Waterloo.

"I hesitate to describe the horror of the separation of those fathers of families to be sent to Germany from their wives and children who could not bring themselves to submit to the parting. The families were for as 200 metres from the station. The Avenue du Sud and all the streets leading to it were black with people, all of them in tears at the heart-rending scenes at every hand.

"When the hour of separation came German soldiers appeared and picked out the unfortunate ones from among the weeping masses. There was inevitable pushing and rough handling between the workmen and the soldiers. The former wanted to embrace for the last time their wives, children and their aged parents who were crying aloud. The latter brutal and nervous were always ready to display their Teutonic brutality.

The same scenes, alas, were repeated the next day, and up to date 5,000 Antwerps have taken the road to Germany.

To this account is added the description given by a Brussels gentleman of exactly similar scenes which occurred in Waterloo. Slave raids in Waterloo, whose very name is consecrated in history as synonymous with the freedom of Europe.

All the quiet, stricken families from whom the fathers and brothers have thus been torn are doomed by Germany to starvation, falling the active and unceasing ministrations of outside nations. The Germans have seized the food, the raw material and machinery of the Belgians. So far from giving a cent or moving a hand for the relief of the people they imposed on them a war levy of 40,000,000 francs a month over and above all ordinary taxation.

By the above large levy alone they have taken between \$150,000,000 and \$200,000,000 from Belgium since the occupation. If the Belgians are to be saved alive the outside nations must save the machinery exists in the Belgian Relief Commission. All that is wanted is sufficient money to meet the increasing needs. Canadians can help in this great work by sending contributions to the Central Relief Committee, 59 St. Peter St., Montreal, or to any local Belgian Relief Committee. A special meal can be served in the schools to Belgian children every day at a cost of \$1.00 per child a month.

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MANY careful people have found that Red Rose Tea is very economical—that it yields more cups to the pound. That is because it consists largely of Assam-Indian teas, which are famous for their full-bodied richness and strength. They make Red Rose Tea go farther.

Try the Indian Economy of this distinctive tea.



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Rippling Rhymes

SELFSH.
The night is fierce and windy, all frozen is the world; the storm kicks up a shindy that makes my blood run cold. My chair is lined with leather, my fire is burning bright, and I enjoy the weather, the long, cold winter night. I live in peace and plenty, no famine have I felt, and I have eight or twenty mince pies beneath my belt. My wife is always saying, "How can you sit at ease, while hungry folk are praying for veneral wurst and cheese? How can you smoke your cutty, and read your magazines, while men are driven nutty by lack of bread and greens?" "I help the poor and needy," I say, "when'er I can; I clothe and feed the needy, and cheer the also ran. If any man shall holler of want, when I'm around, I'll hand him out a dollar, a shilling or a pound. But when the day has vanished, and night brings peace and rest, all painful thoughts are banished—I shoo them galley west. So, Julia, please be quitting your wearisome harangue; sit there and do your knitting, and let the poor go hang."

SIDE TALKS

THESE WONDERFUL WORDS.

What wonderful things words are. Is it not marvellous, when you stop to think of it, that you can read that sentence and know what I am thinking.

"Talk about the wireless telegraph. Here I am sending my thoughts to you without even knowing who you are or where you live.

The wonder of this medium, its flexibility, its strange contradictions came over me the other day after two little misunderstandings about words.

What Does "Bulbs" Mean to You. The first was this: I said I was going to give my nephew some bulbs as one of his Christmas presents. "For the tree?" asked someone. "For the tree?" I echoed, completely puzzled.

"Why, yes," she said, "you mean those little colored electric bulbs for the tree, don't you?"

And what I had really meant was some narcissus bulbs. It had never happened to occur to me before that the word had two meanings.

The second misunderstanding happened a day or two later. I have an Armenian friend who, with the wonderful ambition of his race, is trying to put himself through college while at the same time working in a butcher's shop. He brings his compositions to me for help in Eng-

lish. One day he was describing an old man and he said, "His white buckles hung down over his shoulders."

I was puzzled for a moment and then he made descriptive gestures. "Oh, you mean curls," I said. "Yes," said he, happily. "But buckles doesn't mean curls," I corrected.

"Oh yes," he persisted. We turned to the dictionary and I actually found that "curls" was one of the meanings given for buckles.

A queer confusion, wasn't it? But when I fell to musing about this misunderstanding I began to think how marvellous it was, not that we should have such confusions, but that we should have so few of them. Why Don't we have more confusion.

Here we are with just twenty-six letters out of which we make? If you turn to the dictionary you will find that most of these words have two meanings, some as many as seven or eight.

And yet how seldom we misunderstand each other because we don't take the word in the way it is meant!

Of all the miracles of civilization, is there, after all, anything more wonderful than this concerted action by which million of people agree to use these symbols in approximately the same way?

OUR DAILY PATTERN SERVICE

Valuable Suggestions or the Handy Homemaker—Order Any Pattern Through the Courier. Be Sure to State Size.

LADY'S FOUR GORE SKIRT.

For style and sturdy service a better model than this in a separate skirt would be hard to find. It is cut in four gores and has the front and back gores and the yokes all in one.

The popular straight-line idea is carried out with the panel effect front and back; the side gores are gathered where they join the yokes to give a little fullness, and a pleat is introduced where each side gore meets the front. The closing is at the left front side and a few buttons and loops provide a little trimming if one favors it.

This is an excellent design for wear with a practical style blouse. It shows that skirts are a bit longer and a bit more conservative in width also—the lower edge of size 24 being 3 yards. Black and white striped worsted is a great favorite for sports skirts, and mannish serge, diagonal cheviot and the novelty mixtures are largely used also.

With the front and back gores and yokes all in one the making of this garment is greatly simplified, and no one size will deny the saying that a pattern means 24 requires 3 3/4 yards of 44 inch material. To obtain the pattern send 10 cents to the office of this publication.



THE FIRST HAIL STORM.
The Sun as you know draws up water to the sky. But did you know that he puts it in a huge tank of gold? Of course you didn't. The Wind told me. And did you know that when it's time to rain again sunbeam elves sprinkle the rain from golden water-pots? Well, you know it now and I tell you the rest—how Jack Frost and his frost elves called upon the Sun King and what happened.

Jack, you see, could only call upon his friend the Sun when the air was pretty chill, for Sunland isn't much of a place for any member of the Frost family. And so when Jack Frost finds a day to his liking, up he goes with his frost elves at his heels, to call upon the Sun King.

And that's how matters stood when one day Jack was ushered into the cloud palace of His Majesty King Sol.

"Hum!" said he. "You look pretty bleak and wintry, Sol! And you've got a cloud over your face."

"Well for you," rumbled King Sol with a laugh, "that I have or you'd melt. What did you do with those rascals the elves that are always romping along behind you?"

"Oh," said Jack, "they're scampering around outside with the sun elves. And a merry old time they're having. I'll be bound."

"Well," said King Sol, "they won't be merry long, for those sun elves have to work. There's rain

scheduled." And King Sol blew a blast upon a trumpet.

Outside the sun elves scampered off for their golden water-pots, and after them—oh, dear, oh, dear!—went flying the frost elves, too.

Now, I know and you know that they shouldn't have followed, but nobody up there dreamed what would happen.

The sun elves flew to the golden tanks, filled their water-pots with rain and began to sprinkle. And the frost elves, shrieking with glee, climbed to the top of the golden tank and dipped up handfuls of rain. What for? To throw at the sunbeam elves.

In no time there was a battle raging in the land of the Sun. The frost elves threw handfuls of rain at the sunbeam elves and the sunbeam elves, chuckling, sprinkled the frost elves from their golden watering pots, and not one of them noticed for quite some little time that the rain that left the fingers of the frost elves was frozen, which isn't to be wondered at, say I! And the rain the sunbeam elves sprinkled on the frost elves froze as soon as it touched them.

Hail! As sure as you're alive. And down below mortals were staring in wonder at the clouds.

And after this when it hails you'll know for yourself that Jack Frost is calling on His Majesty King Sol and these frolicsome elves are battling with the rain.

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