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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 I.

Wide streets with old elms and maples; big, roomy homes set in rambling yards; gardens, where flowers vie with good things to eat; prosperous business houses grouped about an imposing white stone courthouse; a peaceful brook caught a growing centre and made into a river as it strayed from its woodland; the whirr of family motor cars; the wave of friendly hands; this is Clinton.

A youth, just turned into a legal man, sat at the window of his father's law office and looked out across the town to the tops of trees beyond a country road. Then he closed the book he had been endeavoring to read, placed it carefully on his shelf and wandered out of the room and on to the street. Automatically he turned to one of the maple-shaded thoroughfares, stopped at the gate of a house and gave a friendly whistle.

A girl, reading in her sunny room, jumped to her feet and, book in hand, ran out to the upper verandah. The youth thrust his hands in his pockets and looked up at her balcony.

"It's a gorgeous morning, Chuck the book and come for a hike."

"To the country?"

"Yeh."

"Sure thing."

Two minutes later the girl, her soft hair fluttering about her face, her eyes alight with the joy of life, clattered down the stairs and thrusting her head in at the open door of a room where a matron sat tatting, called:

"I'm going for a hike in the country with Crane, Mother."

On the steps she ran into a stout gentleman about to enter the front door.

"Frights are supposed to side-track for limited!" he cried. "Never mind, Daddy, I'll forgive you this time." She turned only long enough to blow a kiss in his direction.

The boy at the gate laughed as she joined him. He was a slender youth, through his tousled hair as if to tip it, that that never was worn.

As they fell into step, the swinging, dashing step of those accustomed to walking together, Crane said, "I can't study on a day like this. I suppose the law's a necessary evil and that there must be lawyers but—Marj," he broke off, "it must be some job to be a father! My dad wants me to be a lawyer because he's one and I'll make as good a lawyer as that goose waddling off there. And your dad, say, the way you chum up to him is great. He scares me pink. When he turns that dignified, behold-a-man glance on me, I shiver. I'm more afraid to speak pleasantly to him than I'd be to pull the Kaiser's nose."

The girl threw back her head and laughed.

"Yes, you'd pull the Kaiser's nose, you would! You'd get spanked."

"Oh, I don't know! Maybe you think I couldn't!"

He put up a healthy-looking right arm and drew the muscles out to their fullest. "I guess that ain't so worse. Oh, wow, look at that cardinal! Did you see him? Catch his coat going through the leaves! Sh-sh-sh! Don't scare him. Let's go over and watch him."

With one of youth's quick changes in interest, they forgot all about the Kaiser and men and sat waiting for a glint of scarlet against the green of the trees or the blue of the sky.

On the top-step of his front porch, Edward Mann had turned to watch his daughter walk off with the young man. Then he shook his head and entered the house. Mrs. Mann met him at the door. "The bank smelled stuffy and I thought I'd browse about the yard," he explained. "I met Marjorie going off with Crane Chapman. Where they bound?"

"Just a stroll in the country."

"Seems to me it might be better if that young chap strolled to work more often. I suppose if I were a lawyer like Fred Chapman I'd want my son to be a lawyer, too, but by gad when I set him to reading the law I'd keep him at it even if it was in my own office."

"I don't think Crane likes the law," explained Mrs. Mann quietly as she watched her husband slip out of his brilliantine office coat and roll his sleeves back over strong arms.

"Humph!" came the response. "I guess if it was slimmered down, taking strolls in the country is about the only thing Crane does like—except laughing. He does that very well. Don't you think he and Marjorie are together a good bit?"

"I don't think so," Mrs. Mann answered looking up quickly. "They've been brought up together and always have been friends. I don't see anything unusual in their being together now."

"Maybe not, Annie, only sometimes I wish Marjorie'd stick to some real man for awhile. I've worked like a stoker building a name for Marjorie to be proud of. I don't want her to add a name that doesn't stand for something. I wish she'd settle

down on Doc Bacon. He's a real fellow. Nice practice and all that. We've got to watch out, Annie. Marjorie isn't a child any more."

Mrs. Mann laid down her lace.

"Crane and Marjorie are playmates and that is all. It isn't fair to compare Crane with Dr. Bacon. Crane is just twenty-one and Dr. Bacon is almost thirty. Marjorie finds Crane good fun but as to—"

"Mother, there isn't a man in town who wants Crane for a son-in-law. He's Fred Chapman's son and I've known Fred Chapman since we were knee-high to ducks but I haven't much use for a boy who's content to be father's son. There's nothing to Crane but good nature. Every one likes him. Why shouldn't they? He never interferes with the other fellows' plans. He never does enough to ruffle his own temper. He doesn't do anything. I'd rather a son of mine would spill a few beans now and then and do something."

"Well, there's enough to worry about without crossing bridges, Daddy. Get out to your roses," and she returned to her tatting.

Mr. Mann smiled. Mrs. Mann and Marjorie were the only two people in the world of Clinton who refused to treat him as a child. As president of Clinton's leading bank he occupied the financial throne of the town. His word was law in the city council and in the affairs of the school where long he had served as president of the board. His home with its splendid gardens was the show place of the section. Every one, except these two women, bowed before him.

"The papers this morning say Germany has declared war," he remarked as he passed through the room on his way to the gardens.

"That so? It won't last long. It can't—these days. People are too civilized for war." She held up her threads to catch the pattern.

"I'm not so sure, Annie," he paused again to say. "Civilization is a queer animal, to bank on. I'm not so sure."

"Daddy!" There was concern in Mrs. Mann's tone. "What's the matter with you, to-day? Better get Dr. Bacon to fix you up a good tonic. You're blue. What's the use worrying about a war in Europe? Let them fight it out. Then maybe they'll be content to settle down and live as they should."

Mr. Mann did not answer. With his gardening tools in his hands he went through the big double doors of the sun porch and down the steps to rows of growing things.

Crane and Marjorie, returning two hours later, stopped at the gate to finish the reading of the city paper which had just arrived.

"What you know about that?" exclaimed Crane. "Those old duffers going to war in this day! Look here! The Record is sending across Ted Spear, its best reporter. Remember him? Yeh, old Spear's son. Ted's made good all right. Would I like to go? Peach of a correspondent I'd make! It takes me a week to write a letter! Oh, you mean to fight? Nix on the war stuff for me. Tisn't our fight anyway."

Was that a grunt or just a throat being cleared? Crane lifted his eyes and caught sight of a garden hat behind the rose bushes.

"No, I won't come in." In fact I think it's time for me to be moving. So long. Go driving to-night?" he called back. "Took the flivver all apart and cleaned it and now it's as good as new."

"I'm sorry—no. Dr. Bacon's coming to dinner."

"Aw—the mischief with Doc Bacon," replied the youth, thrusting his hands deep in his pockets but going whistling down the street.

The girl watched him for a moment and then turned toward the garden. "Daddy!" she called, holding out the paper. "Germany's declared war."

"I know, Daughter. Bad business."

"Looks so to me. War's always bad business."

"Oh, well, we should worry! It's three thousand miles away. Two men discussed with some anxiety the return of war and two women wondered at their concern."

"There'll be need of doctors," added Dr. Bacon.

"Would you go?" asked Mr. Mann, recalling the words at the gate.

"Would I go?" The young doctor looked up in surprise. "Could I stay away if I were needed?"

Mr. Mann glanced meaningfully at Marjorie but she was looking out of the window where an automobile chugged up the street.

(To be continued.)

"Set me some great task, ye gods, and I will show my spirit! 'Not so, ye gods, the Good Heaven, 'plod and plough.'—Emerson."

FISHERS' SUPERSTITIONS.

Omens That Daunt the Gallant Trawlers of the Old Land.

"Haul the trawl, my lads; we'll have to try new grounds. He's swept all the fish out of these waters."

So cries the skipper, and the nets are hauled aboard, and away we steam to try our luck elsewhere, simply because one of the deckhands has used a brush to clear the deck of refuse, instead of shovelling it overboard. No matter how good the catches have been, no skipper will waste time longer in a locality which has had its "luck swept away" in this fashion.

All sailors are superstitious, but none is so completely under this influence as the old deep-sea fisherman. He puts the deepest faith in "signs" and omens of all kinds. Nothing would induce a skipper of the old school to sail on a Friday. One intrepid unbeliever who dared to leave the docks at Grimsby on a Good Friday was hooted through the lock-gates by the scandalized populace. In spite of this challenging the fates, however, he returned safely with ship and crew.

If a man's hat blew overboard while leaving port, many skippers would turn back and delay sailing until the next day. It was an omen that one of the crew would be lost over the side during the trip. This sign, however, became discredited, as wily deckhands, desirous of another day ashore with their wives and families, contracted the habit of going aloft and assisting the wind to foretell disaster.

To speak of pigs aboard a fishing trawler is fatal to success for that trip. Poor catches and split and torn trawls will be the inevitable consequences. Similar misfortunes will result from taking off a hatch cover and laying it on the deck upside down. A new moon on Sunday which reaches the toll on a Saturday always brings bad weather. To kill a "kitty," as the fishermen call the smaller kind of seaulls that follow in the wake of the trawlers, is a most dangerous act, liable to imperil the safety of the ship itself.

If a man is ill at sea, his most critical time is when land is first sighted. If he survive an hour after the sighting of land, he will recover. On some trawlers whistling is forbidden—it scares away the fish. Other skippers believe that to wash your face in the middle of a trip will break a spell of calm weather.

HOW SHE REACHED INDIA

British General's Wife Hires Out With Japanese Woman

Since the opening of the submarine campaign the British authorities have refused permits to women to travel abroad unless the journey has been absolutely necessary, says a London correspondent.

One woman to whom had been refused a permit to rejoin her husband in India decided that she would go anyhow. At first she tried to get a job as a stewardess, but found that she would have to sign for the return voyage as well.

Reading a newspaper one day she came across the advertisement of a Japanese woman, an invalid, who required a nurse to return with her and her little girl to Japan.

She immediately answered the advertisement and threw herself on the mercy of the Japanese woman, telling her the facts and begging for the post. The Japanese woman agreed on the condition she remained with them on arrival in Japan until she was suited with another nurse. The English woman remained in Japan three weeks and then completed her journey to India, where a British General was surprised one day to find that a handsome nurse had arrived at his bungalow—his own wife.

French Honor Two Queens.

Two queens have been paid graceful compliments by the Academy of Fine Arts, Paris. Queen Elizabeth of Belgium is elected an associate member. King Albert's consort is an artist herself, and in happier times was a generous and enlightened patron of the arts.

Queen Marie of Rumania has agreed to accept membership of the academy as a foreign correspondent. In the old Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, of which the Present academy is the continuation, there were seventeen women members, including Mme. Vigee Lebrun, the celebrated portrait painter.

FIGHTING ESKIMOS.

The Tribes of Alaska are a Sturdy and Healthy Race.

Much has been written about the physical deterioration of the Alaska Eskimos and the prospect that their race will soon become extinct, but these observations are not in accord with present-day facts.

The Eskimos of that Arctic territory (now numbering about 10,000) are holding their own numerically, and their condition, social and economic, has been so greatly improved within recent years that before long they are likely to show an increase in the census returns.

Their seems to be a case of the survival of the fittest. For, according to tradition, the Cape Eskimos of long ago were fighters, constantly waging war with their neighbors, and welcoming to their hand tough characters and outlaws from other places near and far.

They seem to have flourished long before Columbus landed in America; and, in regard to their warlike history, archeologists are not obliged to rely wholly upon their own more or less hazy legends for information. Deep in the ancient glacier—a river of ice that never melts—have been found, under the accumulated debris of many centuries, quantities of their weapons of war, proving that long ago the Cape fighting man had the tools of his military profession.

Judging from the physique of his descendants, he was able to handle himself in any company. He laid the foundation of a sturdy and healthy race. Constant warfare and the rigorous climate (in which only the constitutionally sound can survive) eliminated the unfit, and his posterity today stand by themselves as a distinct and superior type among the Eskimos of Alaska.

Like the other Eskimos (though less willingly) they are absorbing the elements of civilization. They are even accepting the Christian religion, while clinging to many of their old beliefs and customs—as, for example, in their method of disposing of the dead, whose bones are scattered, with ceremonial rites, from the top of the lofty mountain that marks Cape Prince of Wales, just as were those of their ancestors hundreds and probably thousands of years ago.

It Has To Be

The Pessimist—I do hope the war will be over this year.

The Optimist—"Ope? It's bliakin' well got ter be. I've written to Margate an' booked my diggin' for the summer holidays."

Cardston Alberta, celebrated the sixteenth anniversary of its incorporation on July 1st.

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When the War Will End.

Absolute knowledge, I have none. But my aunt's washerwoman's son, Heard a policeman on his beat, Say to a laborer on the street That he had a letter just last week Written in the fines Greek, From a Chinese in Timbuctoo, Who said that the negroes in Cuba knew

Of a colored man in a Texas town Who got it straight from a circus clown, That a man in the Klondike heard the news

From a gang of South African Jews, About Somebody in Borneo Who knew a man who claimed to know Of a swell society female fake, Whose mother-in-law will undertake To prove that her seventh husband's sister's niece

Had stated in a printed piece, That she had a son who had a friend Who knows when the war is going to end.

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Excellent Training

Harold, the only son of a wealthy widowed mother, was selected for service by his local board and duly arrived at the camp where he was to receive instructions in the many art of warfare. Imagine his surprise and chagrin when he was detailed to what is known as K. P. duty. In this he became quite proficient, however, as the following quotation from his letter shows:

"Dear Mother, I put in this entire day washing dishes, sweeping floors, making beds and peeling potatoes. When I get home from this camp I'll make some girl a mighty fine wife."



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The refined way to banish oiliness and shininess of nose and forehead induced by perspiration, is to apply a light

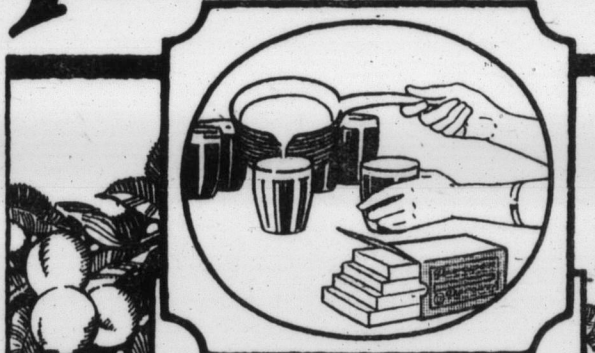
touch of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder, 50c. It also contains the minor blemishes. Included in the complete line of Ingram's toilet products at your druggist's is Ingram's Zedenta for the teeth, 25c.

A Picture with Each Purchase

Each time you buy a package of Ingram's Toilet Aids or Perfume your druggist will give you, without charge, a large portrait of a world-famed motion picture actress. Each time you get a different portrait as you make a collection for your home. Ask your druggist.

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Preserves so sealed can't lose that delicious, freshly-picked quality.

Parowax imparts no taste or odor to preserves, and completely bars out mold and fermentation. At your grocers or druggists—in inexpensive 1 lb. and 1/2 lb. cartons.

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FROM OLD SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HER BANKS AND BRAES.

What is Going On in the Highlands and Lowlands of Auld Scotia.

Sister Isabella Mackintosh of Glen-dyon, Nairn, has been awarded the Red Cross medal.

Back garden concerts for patriotic purposes are quite common now in the town of Elgin.

The estate of Kincaith, Forbes, has been purchased by R. A. Mackintosh, of Nairn, for £12,000.

Lieut. W. H. N. Glossop, Canadians, who recently died in a London hospital, was a son-in-law of the late Dr. Henry Bulst, Perth.

Lieut. Robert Whyte, Royal Scots, who was killed in action, was the youngest son of the late Captain Whyte, Highfield, Dollar.

The Bishop of Edinburgh recently dedicated memorials to St. Andrew's Church, Kelso, in memory of Lieut. Hugh Reginald Stanley Clarke.

The Military Cross has been awarded to Lieut. Charles S. Marshall, King's Royal Rifles, son of William Marshall, Kirkcaldy.

The American Red Cross will construct a monument in Islay in memory of the American soldiers who lost their lives by the sinking of the Tuscania.

The £7,072 raised in Rothes during War Week works out at five guineas per head of the population.

Dr. Agnes Cameron, James Paxton and Dennis Hegarty have been elected members of the Glasgow Parish Council.

Major Robert Campbell, formerly of the Aberdeen militia, and for many years a J.P., is dead at his home at Cloghill.

The Military Cross has been awarded to Lieut. William Chassels, son of the late M. Chassels, Clyde Hotel, Bothwell.

The death is announced at Govan, of Lady Pearce, widow of Sir William Pearce, of the Fairfield Shipbuilding Company.

The Military Medal has been awarded to Driver Jack McLaren, R.F.A., son of J. McLaren, Newlands road, Cathcart.

The D.S.O. has been awarded to Major J. Kyle Mackenzie, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Mackenzie, Southwood, Inverness.

Mole skins bring from eightpence to ninepence each in Aberdeenshire and Morayshire, and women are being trained as mole-catchers.

A banner to commemorate the services of the Cameronians has been placed in Glasgow Cathedral beside the old colors of the regiment.

In recognition of his being awarded the D.S.O., Major D. K. Mielche, H.L.I., has been presented with a silver cigarette case by his colleagues.

Captain Ronald Charters Macpherson R.F.A., who died of wounds, was the youngest son of the late Sir John Macpherson, Creag Dhu, Olich.

Lieut. Arch. M. Woodside, H.L.I., dead of wounds received in action, is the third son of Rev. David Woodside, Woodlands road, who has given his life in the war.

Among the gifts at a sword gift sale at Banchory was a sword which had been in use at Culloden.

Brig-Gen. Lord Lovat, who has been awarded the Croix d'Officier of the Legion of Honor, succeeded his father in 1897.

Many congratulations were tendered to Henry Solomon, 5 Teviot Place, Edinburgh, on the celebration of his 100th birthday.

Lieut. John Frater, M.G.C., who has died of wounds received in France, was the youngest son of ex-Battle Frater, Inverness.

Must Stop Candy Manufacture.

The Canada Food Board, on July 23, ordered the Union Confectionery, 284 8th Avenue East, Calgary, to discontinue the manufacture of candy forthwith, and not to purchase any sugar to manufacture candy until permission has been granted by the Board. The Company must return the sugar which it has on hand, to the dealer from whom it was purchased, and must cancel all orders for sugar. The Union Confectionery was using sugar in the manufacture of candy, despite the fact that it had not been in business last year, and consequently was not entitled to an allotment of sugar. The Chief of Police at Calgary has been asked to see that these instructions are observed.

Large Supplies of Haddock.

A bountiful harvest of haddock is being reaped by the Maritime Provinces fishermen these days and the shore fishing fleet is landing heavy catches daily, according to advices just received by the Canada Food Board. These boats go out to sea at sunrise and set their lines from five to ten miles offshore. Returning with their fish in the afternoon, the haddock, in splendid condition, are dressed and packed for shipment as soon as landed, and the Sea Food Special of the Canadian Government Railways transports cars to Toronto three times per week. Haddock is being sold in Toronto stores at ten cents per pound and the Food Board is urging that it be used freely as a summer diet while plentiful.

Sweeten rice pudding with raisins. Quit yourselves like men. Quit wheat.