

Your Guarantee

is the name

"SALADA"

It insures tea that is fresh, fragrant and pure — Try it.



PLAY VS. RESPONSIBILITY.
When the discussion of Mary's or Johnnie's behavior is current at the club, one often hears a mother say, "I let my children play, for when they grow up they will have to work hard enough to make up for it." Such statements always cause me to wonder if that mother is considering the future life training of her child.

The childhood spent in play does not give adequate preparations for the work to be done in manhood or womanhood. Childhood is indeed the time for play, and we should not expect a child to do things as grown-ups do. But if he is not trained to assume certain responsibilities gradually, he will not be prepared to share his part in the game of life when he leaves the paternal roof.

A very successful experiment in child education has been conducted at the Lincoln School in connection with Columbia University, New York. The average child's school curriculum is planned upon the principle that school training prepares a child for the life they will live in after years. But at the Lincoln School, the pupils are encouraged to feel that in school they are already living their own lives with opportunities and responsibilities that will naturally flow on as time passes. They are taught to think and observe for themselves. By many of our noted educators, this plan has been pronounced as highly successful.

Mother may think she is helping her children by waiting upon them, but in reality she is harming them. When the time comes for them to depend upon themselves, their training is inadequate, and they fail.

A child's training with regard to responsibilities should begin in babyhood. As soon as he is old enough to walk across the floor and play with a ball he should be taught to put the ball in place before he goes to bed. As his playthings become more numerous, gradually he will learn to take care of them when he is through with them.

As he grows older he is brought to realize that each one in the family has his work to do, and that for the love of the home he must do his part. If a child is active in doing his part of the work at home, he will not shirk when he takes up his responsibilities in the outside world.

OUR BACK-PORCH SINK.
A sink with running water is a great convenience on a porch near the garden. Our sink is on the back porch, which is screened in summer and glassed-in in winter above a three-foot waistcoat. It is easily reached from the garden.

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.
More than Soap—a Health Habit.
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
TORONTO
ISSUE No. 22—24.

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From minds the sagest counsellings depart."

CHAPTER XIX.—(Cont'd.)
"Dear Alice, you must control these fantastic ideas. Your Uncle John is a delicate old man who's overworked and overstudied. He needs taking care of, just like a child, and I'm afraid it's my duty to look after him." Suddenly she broke off, taken with an unpleasant suspicion. "Perhaps Dr. Ardeyne thinks—has he said anything to you? Can it be possible that Dr. Ardeyne has got hold of this outrageous idea and put it into your head?"

"No, mumsey, Philip hasn't said a word. It's my own idea. I'm ever and over so sorry. Of course, I believe in my mumsey, but you must try to forgive me."

"My child, don't talk nonsense. There's nothing to forgive." Jean managed an elaborate yawn. "Oh, how tired I am! Can't we go to bed? I'm getting quite spoiled having a room all to myself. One has so much more elbow room—hasn't one? Tomorrow we must drive over to San Remo and choose the material for your wedding dress. I'm sure this woman can make it quite satisfactory. That Mrs. Parker at the Mimosa Palace told me about her. I've got her name and address somewhere."

Alice retired, baffled. She believed her mother. Her mother would not lie to her, of that she felt sure. Undoubtedly there was something queer about Uncle John and his past, but she had every right to expect his secret to be kept, and no one could keep secrets better than her mother. Alice had been troubled mainly by that name "Hugo" slipping off her mother's tongue now and again. Her father's name had been Hugo. But she called to mind the mother of a school friend whose three daughters' names were always hopelessly entangled. Old Mrs. Crank invariably said Elsie or Evelyn first when speaking of Mabel, and vice versa. Perhaps it was the same with her mother, although she had never noticed the failing before.

Jean had satisfied her that Uncle John was not her father—a father who must have disgraced himself in some way to make a disguise necessary. He was just a queer old man, a relative who had to be looked after, and she felt that she had not been nearly sympathetic enough in considering what this burden must mean to her mother. She had been absorbed in her own love affair, selfish to a degree and so egotistically thin-skinned that she had never thought of anything but her own desires. She was a sort of satisfaction to kneel on the disagreeably cold tiled floor and petition for greater humility. She had so much for which to be thankful. A little straggly gleam of triumph peeped out of Hugo's pale eyes. He had scored off her—but did he understand how? That was what puzzled her. He had scored off her—but did he understand how? That was what puzzled her.

A little straggly gleam of triumph peeped out of Hugo's pale eyes. He had scored off her—but did he understand how? That was what puzzled her. He had scored off her—but did he understand how? That was what puzzled her.

The morning brought more cheerful feelings. Philip was leaving for Genoa late in the afternoon, and naturally he wanted to see as much of Alice as he could. Mrs. Carnay did not mind when he suggested that just the two of them—Alice and himself—might motor over to La Mortala and lunch at Claudia's, that charming little restaurant perched on the edge of the cliffs looking down upon Montone. By all means let them go. It was as much as she could do, however, to persuade Hugo that they would not be desolate without the pleasure of his society.

Hugo waved them away dolefully, his face pressed close to the grille gate like a woe-filled prisoner's. When he turned back to the car he saw Nemesis in the person of his wife, who had been holding in her emotions

with great difficulty until after the departure of the happy couple.

Hugo heard what Jean thought of him in terms which could by no means be called measured. It was a great surprise to him. His jaw sagged feebly, and although he did make some slight attempt to defend himself, it was anything but successful. To begin with, he was in the wrong and he knew it. In that Place he had often been in the wrong and always someone had pointed it out to him as forcefully, as if less personally, than Jean was doing it now. He had broken his word to her; he had roused her and ever so sorry. Of course, I believe in my mumsey, but you must try to forgive me."

What precisely had he said to Alice which had made her guess the truth about her "unhappy father"? Jean could not quite say. She was merely in possession of generalities. Alice had asked her if Uncle John was not had asked if Uncle John were not her father.

"Thank Heaven, I didn't need actually to lie to her," the distressed Mrs. Carnay exclaimed. "I could honestly say that you were not her father." Hugo, though contrite, allowed himself a little sulkiness, a faint show of sarcasm.

Jean's pursed lips trembled. Her eyes widened with vague fear. Here it was again, Hugo pretending he did not know that Alice was Hector Gaunt's daughter. She was a matter-of-fact woman, mostly content in this midsummer of her life to accept things as they came. There had been about her no trace of awkwardness, when all four of them were together yesterday, her husband, her daughter, her daughter's father and herself. It had all happened so long ago, and Hugo, by the power of his Sancho Panza attitude to Don Quixote in the person of Hector Gaunt, had made their tragic-comedy seem a normal thing of course. Hugo had loved her, but his adoration of Gaunt had been a bigger thing in his life. Jean had accepted this curious mixture of friendship with the even more vital relations of love.

But now that she was alone with her husband and he tacitly defied her on such an important point, she was overwhelmed with self-consciousness. A little straggly gleam of triumph peeped out of Hugo's pale eyes. He had scored off her—but did he understand how? That was what puzzled her. He had scored off her—but did he understand how? That was what puzzled her.

The gleam faded into mist. Hugo went and blew his nose and begged for a fresh handkerchief to polish his bedewed eye-glasses.

"I'll be so careful, Jean, indeed I will. I'll think of every word before I say it. May I choke if—"

And Jean could only forgive him. He was really sincere, and afterwards, most pitiful when he began to talk blithely of the fortune he was going to get from Carrie Egan, and all he meant was to tell her and Alice. She could not tell him that Mrs. Egan had fled from Bordighera, and that doubtless he would never hear of the woman again.

CHAPTER XX.
Philip Ardeyne had departed for Genoa, and in consequence Mrs. Carnay drew in the full sweet breath of liberty. She was so glad to have him out of the way. It simplified her problems, removed many perplexities. And there was no sadness in his departure. He had gone to make arrangements and obtain the necessary legal residence for the hurried wedding.

Mrs. Carnay found her lack of friends and close relations a positive boon just now. There was nobody to wag a head and forefinger and tell her that she was foolish in permitting Alice to marry upon so short an engagement, so short an acquaintance even. Explaining to the Christopher Smarries was a simple matter. One need not explain to them. Her life and Alice's had become so vague to people at home that they were no more than shadows. Even Hector Gaunt did not know how briefly Alice and Philip had known each other.

But the mother, with her deeper insight, realized that it seemed to the couple most concerned as though they had known each other all their lives, and perhaps before that. Love is the one thing which takes no measure from time. Indeed, they often spoke of their brief meeting in Rome two years ago as the beginning of mutual understanding, and Mrs. Carnay, in mentioning it to Gaunt or to Hugo, dated the attachment from Rome. She felt guilty about it, of course; she passed her whole life in feeling guilty about something or other.

(To be continued.)

Six Cravens and Seventh.

Of what are you afraid?
I am afraid of the light
That dazzles and overpowers
And strikes me blind.

Of what are you afraid?
I am afraid of the darkness,
It glooms, it engulfs me,
It drives me mad.

Of what are you afraid?
I am afraid of the thunders
That crash and shatter
And confound my hearing.

Of what are you afraid?
I am afraid of Beauty,
She lures and fascinates
And leaves me mute.

Of what are you afraid?
I am afraid of the devils
That haunt and tempt
And trap my spirit.

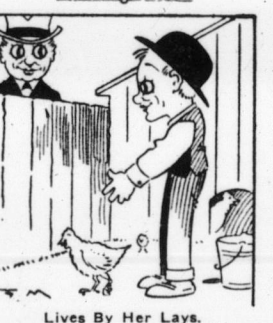
Of what are you afraid?
I am afraid of God
And His terrible vengeance
On a sinful man.

And what fear you, friend?
Myself alone
Within whom there is all—
The light and the darkness.
The thunders, the devils,
Beauty and God.

—Basil Thompson.

CRISP SALADS.

I use the cloth sacks that sugar and salt come in to keep celery and lettuce crisp. The sack is wrung out of cold water, the celery or lettuce put in it, the whole is placed in a paper sack and then it goes into the refrigerator. Green vegetables handled in this way will keep fresh several days if the cloth sack is wet occasionally.



Lives By Her Lays.
"So your hen's a poet, you think?"
"To be sure she is—doesn't she live by her lays?"

WHEN MAKING JELLY.

Use a tea strainer to remove the scum that forms while jellies and preserves are cooking. The fine wire of the strainer catches the scum but allows the liquid to run through, hence no jelly is wasted. Try the tea-strainer method and you will be quite ready to discard permanently the old way of taking the scum off with a spoon.

A silent man's words are not brought into court.

GERMAN MONEY for sale—100,000 marks, 25c; 500,000 marks, 90c; one million marks, \$1.25; ten million marks, \$6.50. Specialty Import Co. (Dept. S-W) 3 W. Dundas St., Toronto

CHEVROLET

—is easily within the reach of all

NEVER before in the history of the automobile industry has such car value been possible. And it is possible now, only because the Chevrolet Car and Chevrolet business principles have been so universally and so favorably received. Chevrolet production has, as a result, rapidly grown in volume until now Chevrolet is the world's largest manufacturer of quality automobiles.

Chevrolet quality is more than apparent. For, the more closely Chevrolet is examined and the more severe the tests demanded, the more convincingly is Chevrolet quality demonstrated and proved.

Moreover, day by day continuous service brings out another economy equal, if not greater in importance, than Chevrolet's remarkably low first cost. Chevrolet is more economical to operate than any other car built, and its maintenance cost is the lowest in the world.

Investigate Chevrolet yourself. Have us demonstrate the model that suits your needs. We can arrange terms that will surely fit your circumstances.

Ask About The G.M.A.C. Deferred Payment Plan
for Economical Transportation.
Chevrolet Motor Company of Canada, Limited
Oshawa, Ontario
Dealers and Service Stations Everywhere.



VAST FISHERIES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

DESCRIBED BY MEMBER OF VANCOUVER BOARD OF TRADE.

Employment Given to 15,000 Workers Directly, and Indirectly to Thousands More.

The conformation of the coast of British Columbia is especially suitable for fisheries; the shore line is made irregular by many deep bays and estuaries, and from the coast a feeding ground for fish in the shape of a sea ledge runs out from 50 to 100 miles before dropping away to ocean depths. writes A. A. Milledge, Manager B. C. Products Bureau. The Pacific Ocean and the large rivers along its 7,000 miles of coastline abound in fish of all kinds, of which the most noted is salmon of various varieties, bred in British Columbia rivers, matured in the Pacific, and which regularly return after four years to the parent streams in immense numbers to spawn.

For the eleventh successive year British Columbia has produced more fish than any other province in the Dominion of Canada; the fishery products last year having a total value of \$18,921,100, or 51% of the total fishery products of the Dominion.

Engaged in making the catch of this vast quantity of fish are 14 steam trawlers of 90 tons or over, ten steam vessels of 30 to 125 tons, 172 sailing and gasoline boats 10 to 40 tons, 3,271 sail and row boats and 3,074 gasoline launches, making a total of 6,621 fishing vessels representing an investment of \$4,857,373.

Tributary to the taking of fresh fish is the Canning Industry, which gives employment to thousands of workmen. Engaged in the canning and curing of British Columbia fish are 14 canneries, 56 salmon canneries, 4 fish oil plants and 42 fish curing plants. The capital invested in these plants amounts to \$13,607,000.

The first canning on a large scale took place in 1873, when two canneries on the Fraser River packed 3,580 cases of salmon. Since then the pack has risen until in 1922 it totalled 1,290,326 cases. The past year has seen an even greater increase in the amount of salmon packed, no less than 1,841,681 cases being produced.

Industry Begun in 1899.
About 1890 the fishery for halibut was begun, and from 6,877,640 pounds in 1899 the catch has risen to 25,500,950 pounds.

The coast of British Columbia also bids fair to rival the North Sea in the catch of herring. One firm last year having caught in the neighborhood of 50,000 tons, or about 400,000,000 fish.

Whaling also plays an important part in the fisheries; 187 of these mammals being killed in 1922, with a yield of 283,314 gallons of oil valued at \$129,954. Among other by-products obtained were 326 tons of whale-bone and meal valued at \$15,060 and 230 tons of fertilizer valued at \$13,800.

Unlike other industries, care has to be exercised in regulating the annual catch of fish in order to conserve the supply. This is accomplished by the Government curtailing the fishing season, restricting the number of licenses and establishing hatcheries.

It will be seen from the few preceding remarks that British Columbia stands possessed of a vast natural wealth of fish the equal in quality of any in the world.

Music in the Nation's Life.

Music is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech which at times leads us to the very edge of the infinite, and bids us for the moment gaze into the far off and the eternal. It is sometimes deeply mysterious and strangely innate. No tribe, however low and degraded, has ever been found which has been indifferent to music. It is said that even the African pygmies are innately musical. Nature is full of music; the rustle of sweeps across the meadows, and in minor key touches the pine tree and the cypress. The mountain brook sings its song on its way to the sea, and the birds are vocal with their Creator's praise. Yet it is not in nature itself save through the chords it reaches in the human soul. Music is from within the mind and heart of man. As such its powers are beyond comparison and its influence beyond measure. It enters into man's soul, in his joys and his sorrows, his hopes and his fears.

Music gives expression to the joys of the wedding feast. It interprets the soul's grief as man stands at the open grave. He lifts his heart to the Eternal God in hymns of praise, and pleads for forgiveness in the Miserere of penitence. The development of this precious gift and talent we should covet for every child in home, and church, and school.

The home is the centre of a nation's life. The cornerstone of the state is the hearth stone. What a wonderful influence good music has in the home? It gives a spiritual atmosphere which forms an unconscious nurture to the unfolding life of the soul. Let us bring therefore into the home the best of music. Each child should be taught to play some instrument.

"Life will yield its own to each; let nothing slip beyond your reach."