

You cannot begin to measure its goodness alongside of others, the quality being INCOMPARABLE.

"SALADA"

Black, Green or Mixed... } Sealed Packets Only.



The Housewife's Corner

Which Saves the Babies. The difference between head belief and heart belief is shown strikingly in Britain to-day. There has never been a time in the modern history of the island when any one would attempt to argue that babies were not entitled to all the food necessary and of the best quality. That is head belief. The proof that head belief alone is not a guarantee of baby welfare is furnished in the fact that for the first time in the modern history of Britain there is milk enough for all the babies and good milk.

Those people who believed with all their hearts that babies must be fed on the very best and in sufficient quantity have managed to compel the rest of their fellow men to allow this obligation to be translated into concrete form. They have simply commandeered the milk. They have secured the passage of a bill whereby any adult portion of an eating house who uses milk as a beverage is fined \$5 and the proprietor is subject to a similar fine. Mathematical proof in favor of a heart belief in baby welfare consists in the fact that the death rate among children under five years of age has been reduced one-half during the time the law just quoted has been in force.

If one were to collect all the "convictions" the expressions of head belief, that have been formulated in Canada as to the desirability, the necessity, the patriotic duty of conserving child life the total would fill a good sized volume. But the real, practical working out of these so-called convictions is easily computed and takes the form of local baby welfare stations, more or less efficient, more or less generously supported according to the completeness of the heart belief that exists locally in regard to baby welfare.

If all goes to show that baby welfare work if it is raised to a level where it belongs must become a patriotic undertaking and every factor which is necessary to conservation of child life must be commandeered. No one must be allowed to use anything which belongs by the natural process of things, to a baby. It will never be possible to compel every one to work wholeheartedly for baby welfare because the world is too full of selfish people who will never exert themselves in any way for another's comfort or well-being. But these dead weights must be moved away from the place they now occupy. They must be taken from the highway of progress and made to contribute to the welfare of the nation by being compelled to "eat at the second table."

Concerning Certain Domestic Affairs.

The recent epidemic convinced us that a very useful person in a community neighborhood would be a community nurse, who could give her services where needed, as the district nurse does in cities. Many an ailing child could be helped, many a woman with her burden of work could be saved from suffering or permanent breakdown by the help and counsel of a wise trained nurse. If some farmer's daughter fitted herself for such work, she would be a blessing in her neighborhood, and with profit to herself.

Those who nurse grief month after month, as many do when they have lost loved ones, do wrong to themselves and their families. The one who is gone would not have wished to cast enduring sorrow on loved ones left behind; and continued mourning causes depression and injury to all around. The happy memory of the loved one and the happy reunion still remain. When grief seems too oppressive to be borne, take it out in the open air—seek change and work; in justice to yourself and others take advantage of every pleasure you can find. By taking a persistent, hopeful view, depressing emotions can be overcome and hopeful ones made dominant.

The warm school lunch is not a lunch served during the morning and afternoon sessions of school, as is sometimes imagined. Neither is it a course in domestic science. It is one or more warm dishes served with the noon meal to supplement the cold lunch brought from home. We are familiar with the care which farmers exercise in preparing and balancing the rations of their stock. It is not unusual for them to have heaters in-

stalled to warm the water which their cows drink in cold weather; they realize that under these conditions the cows will produce more butterfat. Heaters are also employed in winter for cooking hog feed. And yet some of these same thrifty people will let their children walk two or three miles in the cold and snow to school, eat a cold lunch at noon, and make the cold return trip home before supper. We are slow to realize that our boys and girls must be well and properly fed in order that as men and women they may give efficient service.

Caring for Jewelry.

When you put on your favorite necklace do you ever stop to see if it is in first class condition? No jewelry tarnishes as quickly as chains that are worn around the neck. Silver chains grow black, perhaps, the quickest.

Look over your jewel case and see what needs cleaning and mending. Gold and silver chains will usually look like new after a bath in warm soapy water, with a good rubbing with chamois afterward. The pendants, crosses or brooches that are worn with the chains cannot always be washed, especially if they are set with stones such as opals, turquoise or some kind of pearls that are changed in color if they are wet. A careful rubbing with a piece of silk velvet will be sufficient for these pendants. Link chains will become worn with the break easily if they are knotted, and they so often become snarled if kept in the same jewel case with other jewelry.

If your jewel box has not separate compartments for rings, bracelets and necklaces it is better to keep your chains separately. The covers of small jewelry boxes, placed in your dressing table drawer, make handy compartments. A bit of cotton should be put in each little cover to keep the chains from being scratched. Rings need frequent cleaning around the setting, particularly those like the Tiffany setting. Small parcels of dirt, soap and so forth collect around the prongs. A sharpened toothpick will remove the dirt and not injure the setting.

Even your hatpins will be improved with cleaning. Whiting, moistened with just enough water to make a creamy paste, will make a splendid polish for silver hatpins.

Jewelled hairpins, barrettes and combs should be cleaned with a fine brush and soap suds. Too hot water, however, should not be used on the real shell hair ornaments, as it will dull them. A little sweet oil will give a lustre, if it is applied very sparingly, to the shell.

Penny Savers.

When molding bread save the scrapings of the bread board to thicken gravies.

Save food and save the patient's appetite by putting only small portions on the tray going to the sick room.

Table cloths and napkins will wear longer if when ironed they are folded in three parts one week and four the next.

Soiled crochet hats should be ripped apart, the wool washed clean, then made into infant's socks, mittens or squares for blankets.

The scuffed leather on a shoe should be flattened in place with a little glue and allowed to dry. When blackened the surface will look as well as new.

Sharpen up the blunted points of machine needles on an emery wheel. Tighten the old loose leather band by putting a few drops of castor oil in the groove of the wheel.

Rip open an old pillowcase if your supply of needles is running low. You will, no doubt, be able to replenish your stock from its contents and learn, incidentally, "where all the needles go."

Turn back—right now—and read all the advertisements. Otherwise you may miss many special offers meant for you.

"The art of agriculture is extremely profitable to those who understand it; but it brings the greatest trouble and misery upon the farmers who undertake it without knowledge," wrote Xenophon many centuries ago. What he wrote is still as true as steel.

The Road to Understanding

BY Eleanor H. Porter

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CHAPTER III.—Cont'd.

"Well, Helen, we're in for it," he flung out, dropping himself into the nearest chair. "What do you mean?" "Father has cut off my allowance." "But you—you've gone to work. There's your wages!" "Oh, yes, there are my wages." Something in his tone sent a swift suspicion to her eyes.

"Do you mean—they aren't so big as your allowance?" "I certainly do." "How perfectly horrid! Just as if it wasn't mean enough for him not to let us live there without—"

"Helen!" Burke Denby pulled himself up in his chair. "See here, dear, I shan't let even you say things like that about dad. Now, for heaven's sake, don't let us quarrel about it."

"But are you sure—do you now it's true?" faltered the young wife, too thoroughly frightened now to be angry. "Did you see your father?"

"No! I saw Brett." "Who's he? Maybe he doesn't know."

"Oh, yes, he does," returned Burke, with grim emphasis. "He knows everything. They say at the Works that he knows what father's going to have for breakfast before the cook does."

"But who is he?" "He's the manager of the Denby Iron Works and father's right-hand man. He came here to-night to see me—by dad's orders, I suspect."

"Is your father so awfully angry, then?" Her eyes had grown a bit watery.

"I'm afraid he is. He says I've made my bed and now I must lie in it. He's cut off my allowance entirely. He's raised my wages—a little, and he says it's up to me now to make good—with my wages."

There was a minute's silence. The man's eyes were gloomily fixed on the opposite wall. His whole attitude spelled disillusion and despair.

The woman's eyes, questioning, fearful, were fixed on the man.

Plainly some new, hidden force was at work within Helen Denby's heart. Sorrow and anger had left her countenance. Grief and dismay had come in their place.

"Burke, why has your father objected so to—to me?" she asked at last, timidly.

Abstractedly, as if scarcely conscious of what he was saying, the man shrugged—

"Oh, the usual thing. He said you weren't suited to me; you wouldn't make me happy."

The wife recoiled visibly. She gave a piteous little cry. It was too low, apparently, to reach her husband's ears. At all events he did not turn.

For fully half a minute she watched him, and in her shrinking eyes was mirrored each eloquent detail of his appearance, the lassitude, the gloom, the hopelessness. Then, suddenly, to her wonder came an electric change. As if throwing off bonds that held her as she flung out her arms and sprang toward him.

"Burke, it isn't true, it isn't true," she flamed. "I'm going to make you happy! You just wait and see. And we'll show him. We'll show him we can do it! He said you'd be mad good; and you must, Burke! I won't have him and everybody else saying I dragged you down. I won't! I won't!"

"But—but—" "We aren't going to hang back. We're going to do it!"

"But, Helen, how? What? I demanded the man, staring into a show of interest at last. "How can we?" "I don't know, but we're going to do it."

"There won't be—hardly any money." "I'll get along—somehow."

"And we'll have to live in a cheap little hole somewhere—we can't have one of the Reddingtons."

"And you'll have to—to work." "Yes, I know." Her chin was still bravely lifted.

"There can't be any maid now." "Then you'll have to eat—that I cook!" She drew in her breath with a hysterical little laugh that was half a sob.

"You darling! I shall love it!" He caught her to himself in a revulsion of feeling that was as ardent as it was sudden. "Only I'll so hate to have you do it, sweetheart—it's so messy and doughy!"

"Nonsense!" "You told me it was." "But I didn't know then—that they were saying about me. Burke, they just shan't say I'm dragging you down."

"Indeed they shan't, darling." "Then you will make good?" she regarded him with tearful, luminous eyes.

"Of course I will—with you to help me." Her face flamed into radiant joy. "Yes, with me to help! That's it, that's it—I'm going to help you," she breathed fervently, flinging her arms about his neck.

Her face, from the dear stronghold of the other's arms, at the moment, the world looked, indeed, to be a puny thing, scarcely worth the conquering.

could not have an apartment in the Reddingtons, they would prefer a house. "For," Burke said, "as for being packed away like sardines in one of the abominable little cheap flat-houses, I won't!" So a house they looked for at the start. And very soon they found what Helen said was a "love of a place"—a pretty little cottage with a tiny lawn and a flower bed.

"And it's so lucky it's for rent," she exulted. "For it's just what we want, isn't it, dearie?"

"It'll cost too much dear—in this neighborhood. We can't afford it."

"Oh, that'll be all right. I'll economize somewhere else. Come; it says the key is next door."

"Helen, darling, I tell you we can't afford even this one. The rent is forty dollars. I heard her tell you when she gave you the key."

"Never mind. We can economize other ways."

"But, Helen, I only get sixty all told. We can't pay forty for rent."

Helen, convinced at last, tossed him the key, with a tearful "All right—take it back then. I shan't. I know I should cry right before her!"

The next minute, at sight of the abject woe and dismay on her husband's face, she flung herself upon him with a burst of sobs.

Such was Mr. and Mrs. Burke Denby's first experience of home-hunting. The second, though different in detail, was similar in disappointment.

So also were the third and the fourth experiences. Not, indeed, until the weary, distracted pair had spent three days of time, and the patient and most of their good nature, did they finally arrive at a decision. And then their selection, alas, proved to be one of the despised tiny flats, in which, according to the unhappy young bridegroom, they were destined to be packed like cardines.

After all, it had been the "elegant" flat, the one with the "big grand" tiled and tasseled entrance, that had been the determining factor in the decision; for Burke, thankful that at last something within reach of his pocketbook had been found to bring a sparkle to his beloved's eyes, had stifled his own horror at the tawdry cheapness of it all, and had given a consent without a murmur.

Measure of relief born of the three long days of weary, well-nigh hopeless search.

To Burke Denby himself, late of Denby House, the most abject of all the "old colonials", the place was a nightmare of horror. But because his wife's eyes had glinted, and because he was a lip had curled a joyous "Oh, Burke, I'd love this place, darling!"—and because, most important of all, if it must be confessed, the rent was only twenty dollars a month—he had uttered a grim "All right, we'll take it."

And the selection of the home was accomplished.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD CLOCK

As a Safe Place for Money the Bank Is to be Preferred.

Once upon a time there was a man who had just received \$87 in bills. His wife urged him to put it in the bank. He wouldn't listen, however.

"No bank for mine," he replied. "I'll put it where I'll know just where it is."

As his wife left the room he quickly stuck the money in an old clock that hadn't run since the terrible fire. He had no sooner completed the act when the old clock began to strike, which brought his wife to the door with a look of amazement on her face.

"For the land sakes—that's the first time that clock has struck in seven years!" she said. "What do you suppose is the matter?"

"I don't know," he answered in an offhand manner, trying to appear unconcerned as he sat down. "Prosperity, I guess—I see fertilizer is going to be mighty high this spring."

A few weeks later his wife remarked: "I made a good bargain to-day."

"How's that?" he inquired. "I sold that old clock that was on the kitchen shelf to a junk-dealer and got \$1 for it."

"You—you—" he tried to stammer, but fell over against the kitchen sink. When he regained consciousness he was lying on the sofa with his wife standing by him holding a bottle of ammonia in her hand.

"The money," he gasped, "was in the clock you sold."

"Don't worry about that money," she replied, calmly, "that's been in the bank for weeks. After you went out that morning I looked to see what made the clock strike."

Moral: "Never hide \$87 in an old clock unless your wife is looking."

If the post timber is not to be used for some time, it may be sawed and split and piled out-of-doors. By laying the posts a few inches off the ground, and crossing them tier upon tier, the air will circulate through them and cure them up nicely in a few months.

MINER WINS NINE DECORATIONS

ENGLISH MINER QUALIFIES AS EXPERT MEDAL COLLECTOR

Colliery Worker's Array of Decorations Includes Those of Five European Countries.

Nuneaton is one of the few towns of England boasting the proud record of numbering among its citizens two soldiers who won the V. C. during the war, says a recent despatch. Warwickshire men who obtained the coveted honor may be numbered on one's hand.

Apart from actual V. C. heroes, Warwickshire numbers among her residents men who have returned to their civil employment with many war honors.

In the forefront of this gallant band must be placed Private James Perkins, of the Sixteenth Lancers, a coal miner, who has been released to resume his work at the Stockingford Colliery.

His home is of a humble type, being located in the Cotton Mill Yard, Atherstone, a few miles north of Nuneaton.

Private Perkins's decorations are as follows: Distinguished Conduct Medal, Russian Order of St. George (4th class), Military Medal, French Croix de Guerre, Belgian Croix de Guerre, Italian Ordine Decorato, French Médaille Militaire and Serbian Silver Medal.

How He Won Them. The first-mentioned was bestowed upon Perkins for dispatch-carrying under heavy fire, in May, 1915, in connection with which he also received the Russian decoration. The Military Medal was awarded him for carrying ammunition under heavy fire; the French Croix de Guerre for bringing a French officer out of the lines. The French Médaille Militaire was won at Cambrai, and the other decorations at varying periods during the last four and a quarter years.

With regard to Perkins's D. C. M., it should be mentioned that he succeeded when five other men who essayed the task of getting an important dispatch through had been shot by the enemy.

Perkins was called up as a reservist in the opening days of the war and as he was in the retreat from Mons he is to receive yet another decoration, bringing his aggregate up to nine. He has been wounded upon two occasions, and was on a boat which was torpedoed within sight of the British coast. After being in the water for an hour or more he was rescued.

FOUR YEARS' WAGES English Ship-owner's Generosity to Repatriated Sailors.

In view of strikes and rumors of strikes it is interesting to record for the benefit of those who still see "no good in the world" that benefactions are by no means a myth; in fact, on the contrary, very such a reality, says a London despatch. At least one small section of the community is congratulating itself to-day not only for monetary benefits received, but on the fact that Britain still holds the sway of the seas.

The majority of the crew who sailed in the steamer Edwin Hunter, belonging to the Yorkshire Coal and Shipping Company, which left Goole recently on her first voyage, after four and a half years' internment in a German port, had been prisoners at Ruhleben. Before the vessel's departure the directors of the company handed each one of them a cheque for the full amount of his wages during his period of captivity.

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BATTLE OF VERDUN LASTED 8 MONTHS

THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF OPENING OF GREAT STRUGGLE

When the Memorable Battle Cry, "They Shall Not Pass," Stood French Defence of Their Soil.

On March 6, 1916, at 1 o'clock in the morning, enormous masses of German howitzers concentrated their fire on a six-mile length of trenches held by the French north of Verdun, and obliterated the trenches. The battle of Verdun had begun. It was to last until the November following and end in the humiliation of Germany.

Verdun, the place, is a dead calamity. Verdun died that the cities of Alsace should live—that France should live, and the "frontier of freedom" stand impregnable.

"Passant par là—the memorable battle-cry, staid the French battle line, when Petain arrived in the sector to assume command on the fifth day of the blasting assaults. Fort de Douaumont, key to the ring of Verdun's fixed defences, had just fallen.

Four of the eight miles to Verdun had been crossed by the enemy. An exultant Kaiser watched from a distant hilltop, had telegraphed to Berlin that the battle was won. Germany saw the war about to end, with one swift triumph. The Crown Prince, titular commander of the mightiest army that had ever been assembled, was decorated by his proud father, Falkenhayn, chief of the general staff, who had planned the battle, was acclaimed the successor of Moltke. In fact, Verdun was to be the graveyard of their reputations, as it was the graveyard of hundreds of thousands of their soldiers. They broke through the French defences not once but several times—but they did not pass.

Germany lost the war at the first Marne. France won it for the world at Verdun.

Taught Valuable Lessons. The battle of Verdun will always be instructive for the study of military men. The technique on both sides established certain principles which proved invaluable to the Allies throughout the remaining period of the war. At the outset it was a contest between heavy artillery and machine guns. Germany's idea was that she could blast through to Verdun, making the concentric series of intrenchments untenable by the massed fire of a thousand huge guns, sparing her infantry. The French responded with machine gun nests concealed in flanking positions, or rushed up to cut down the German infantry as it paraded onto the abandoned ground.

All the munition resources of Germany could not feed the guns fast enough to carry on the battle after the Falkenhayn plan for any length of time. After a couple of months the baffled Huns were compelled to fight pitched battles, and Verdun became a succession of sanguinary engagements over a wide extent of country, until the French stormed and recaptured Fort Douaumont and German failure had to be confessed. As the war moved to its end the Germans, in their turn on the defensive, came to depend on the machine gun. But the Allies took over the German plan. They acquired a preponderance of heavy artillery, and saw to it that their factories were able to feed it limitlessly. And, in the closing stage, when the enemy was driven from his trenches, the Allied infantry defied his machine guns—rushed them and overwhelmed them.

Appealed to Love of France. When General Petain appealed to the French army at Verdun the battle was lost. The Germans outnumbered the French three to one. Petain could not appeal to guns, munitions or anything of the sort. He appealed to the only thing possible, the only thing left, the love of France.

The love of French soil by the French people is something we can hardly understand. Their life for a thousand years has been ingrained in it. As with the English, they have lived so long with their land, have so literally watered it with the sweat of their brows and so lovingly tended it through the years that something humanizing seems to have passed into it.

And when all the forges of hell and destruction were flung against them at Verdun they stood, in the face of overwhelming odds, and won—because they were ready to die to the last man rather than yield another foot of their beloved France to the invader.

Metal Thimbles Scarce. The war is responsible for a dearth of metal thimbles. France, Italy, Spain and Portugal are absolutely without supplies. Before the war Lille, Nuremberg and Vienna manufactured thimbles for all those countries, and there are only four manufacturers in England—three at Birmingham and one at Redditch—but the metal shortage has brought their business almost to a standstill. The trade does not consume a great weight of metal, but the number of thimbles on order looks formidable enough. France alone is in want of 450,000.

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