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The Rosary of Mr. Nimrod Briggs

By WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY.

PART V.
Mr. Nimrod Briggs took the lad into the boarding house just as the widow was rising to prepare early breakfast.

"I hardly know which of the two of us is the sickest, Sam or me," he said, with an attempt at a smile, as motherly Mrs. Mathers, with an exclamation of amazement and pity, helped him to get the almost unconscious lad to bed. "You call Doctor Johnson, Miss Mathers," ordered Nimrod. "Me—I'm going up right away to see Sam Hod."

He got Sam out of bed and made him come down. The editor flung a bathrobe over his right shirt, and faced Mr. Nimrod Briggs across the table of his chilly dining room. Mr. Nimrod Briggs took a fat little wallet—fat like himself, yet frayed and battered with life like himself, too—from his coat pocket. He counted out nine ten-dollar bills and shoved them across to Sam. And there were more bills in the fat wallet even with the ninety dollars gone.

"What's this?" demanded Sam. He was not fully awake. "It's your pay roll, Hod. I made the boy give it back," announced Mr. Briggs stoically. "He's given it back; he's restored your money; now you can't hold him any longer or prosecute him—"

"Yes, I can," declared Sam. "Even if he gave it back, the fact remains that he committed a felony—"

"No, no, Sam Hod; you won't prosecute him!"

"Why won't I, Nimrod Briggs?"

"Prosecute him, Sam Hod, and I—I quit you cold!"

Sam smiled weakly. Finally he said: "Of course if you feel that way about it, Nim, I'll take the money—"

"And you'll take the boy back?"

"Oh, no! I couldn't do that!"

"Then I quit you cold, Sam Hod! I quit you cold!"

"But, Nimrod—"

"I ain't much use in this world, Mr. Hod. I won't never set the world on fire—now. All my life lies in the past. Ain't got no youngster like you. I've got a little money, and I might as well use it to help someone else make a success of his life, if I ain't made much of a success of my own."

Sam was fully awake now, and staring speechlessly at his old employee.

"I'm going to send for his wife and baby, Samuel Hod. I'm going to loan him the money to furnish a little house. Then, if it doesn't cost too much, I'm going to send him away and see if the city doctors can't take that film off his eye. When he comes back, Samuel Hod, I want you should give him a regular job in the ad alley—not a boy's job, but a man's job at man's wages."

Then, to Sam's questions, Mr. Nimrod Briggs told the Robbins boy's story, producing the pitiful letters in proof, and concluded:

"You see, it's this way, Sam Hod: I'm old and played out and my life's gone. I'm nothing but a cane printer who's wasted his substance in riotous living. I've figured it out, as I sat by his bed this night, that it's a sort of duty I owe the old world somehow to take a youngster like him under my wing and make a man of him, to take my place—only a better place—when I am gone. That's what I'm up to, Samuel Hod, and I—I ask you very sincerely—not to hinder me in my duty now!"

"All right, Nim. If that's the way you feel about it," replied Sam. "Of course I'm not one to stand in your way!"

Well, the next morning the charge against the Robbins boy was withdrawn. He had a good room in Mrs. Mathers' house. The news that his wife and a baby would be with him by the end of the week was greater than any physician's medicine. He began to mend.

And the next Saturday, on Nimrod's money, the boy's wife arrived.

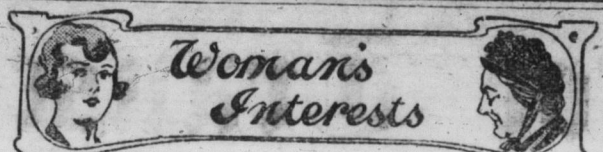
Nimrod Briggs rented the furnished bungalow belonging to Fred Osgrout on Cedar street, and had it ready for them that Saturday night.

The girl got off the train with the baby in her arms. She was an emaciated girl, pretty in a pale, starved way, and her baby showed the effects of poverty and malnutrition. But you'd have thought that the little red wheeled-up thing was worth five hundred or a thousand dollars, the way the half-blind Robbins boy handled it.

Mr. Nimrod Briggs saw them safely in the bungalow, and then he fled. He left them to their child and their reunion and their explanations.

"I got to hustle back to the office and set an ad," he fibbed.

Mr. Nimrod Briggs went home in the early evening to his boarding place. Slowly he mounted the steep, narrow, creaking stairs and opened the door into his stuffy little chamber. Having reached his room at last, he



Woman's Interests

Relation of Food to Good Looks.
Human nature longs for things that are remote and expensive. Supplies produced daily on the farm, or which are found in abundance at our doors, rarely receive the esteem which they deserve. Surely it is thus we may account for the general tendency to avoid the use of that most wonderful beverage, water.

If you weigh one hundred pounds, eighty of these are water, which is a part of every body fibre. The process of life causes a daily loss of some of this; in the breath, in perspiration, through the kidneys and the bowels a large amount of water passes off. This water must be constantly replaced, if the individual is to be kept healthy and attractive.

Tea and coffee are used by many persons instead of water. In the digestive tract the pass through a process of separation from the fluids of the coffee, the tannic acid, the cream, and the sugar, before the water is ready for use, consequently neither of these beverages can take the place of nature's beverage, which is ready for use and can be absorbed as soon as taken.

Nor can tea and coffee be taken in the quantity in which water is essential. Six or eight glasses of water every day is none too much for the healthy individual. Water aids in overcoming constipation; in regulating circulation; in making digestion easy; in giving us power to work; in keeping us cool; and in building a beautiful body. No one can afford to pass it by. Let's all have more of it.

Another common food material abundant on the farm is milk. This is the only known food, capable alone of sustaining life in perfect condition, for months. Whole milk is necessary to the health of children and investigations carried on among the children of our rural and city schools during the past year reveal that many of them, in some places as high as seven out of every ten, are suffering from insufficient milk.

Many children have sore eyes, because they are given neither whole milk nor butter, many children have poor teeth because they are given neither milk nor any vegetable except the potato. Bones, muscle, red blood, healthy glands are all improved in quality when milk is a part of every day's diet.

It is true that many children do not care to drink milk. Too often they are following the example of the older members of the family, who would be the better for use of this liquid food. Eaten on cereals, in puddings, custards, soup, bread, as egg nog, cocoa, cereal gruels or "coffers," it is not difficult to give each member of the family at least a pint of milk a day.

It takes careful planning to include in the day's dietary all the foods essential to perfect health and to keep these within our means and within our possibility of supply. The effort, however, is so soon repaid in the improved appearance of the different members, in their clear skin, bright eyes, glossy hair and springing step, that a time set aside for weekly planning of meals soon becomes a pleasure.

A Credible Witness.

A Kansas City grocer named Tony Grinick was arrested by the food inspector, after a housewife had complained that Grinick had sold her some bad eggs. The grocer pleaded not guilty.

"Is anyone here a judge of good and bad eggs?" the judge asked, after hearing the evidence. No one responded. The inspector, who was prosecuting Grinick, took with an egg above the judge's desk.

"I guess we had better give Tony the benefit of the doubt, and—" began the judge. He was interrupted by a loud "pop." The inspector had dropped the egg.

"You're fined twenty-five dollars!" shouted the judge.

Working from right to left, first wash the glasses and place them in the pan of clear hot rinse water setting in the sink bottom on the left. Next wash the silver and rinse. Use a tea towel for drying the glasses and silverware because they will not shine if merely allowed to drain until dry.

All the other dishes need only be washed, rinsed, and then put in a big drainer to dry.

Place cooking pans, egg beaters and other cooking utensils in a smaller drainer and set the drainer on the range shelf, over a warm burner or in the sunshine. By the time the tables and shelves are cleaned and the dishes hung up, the dishes and utensils in the drainers are dry and ready to be put away. It saves one handling of the dishes to set the table for the next meal and then place a cheese cloth cover over the table.

Dish washing can be beautiful or simply horrid, according to what our attitude of mind is. If we bring clean and orderly thoughts to bear upon work, it will be clean and orderly.

Marshmallow Icing.

Almost any kind of cake will pass muster if it be thickly coated with the smooth, creamy kind of icing which literally melts in the mouth. Many housewives fail to master the art of making marshmallow icing that remains soft and creamy merely because they fail to learn three very simple secrets of its preparation. The

Annual Meeting of the Royal Bank

Reports Show Bank in Strong Position—Total Assets
\$594,670,013—Profits for Twelve Months
\$4,253,649.24.

The statement presented to the shareholders of the Royal Bank of Canada, at the Annual Meeting, held at the Head Office of the Bank of Montreal, on Thursday, January 13th, was a most satisfactory one, as the year brought to a close on November 30th last was one of substantial growth and the most successful in the history of this institution.

The Directors' Report was read by the General Manager, Mr. C. E. Nall, as follows:

Profit and Loss Account.	
Balance, November 29, 1912	\$1,096,418.74
Profits for the year, after deducting Charges of Management and all other Expenses, Accrued Interest on Deposits, full Provision for all Bad and Doubtful Debts and Rebate of Interest on Unmatured Bills	\$4,253,649.24
Appropriated as follows:	
Dividends Nos. 120, 121, 122 and 123 at 12 per cent. per annum	\$2,152,129.11
Bonus of 2 per cent. to Shareholders	492,680.20
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund	100,000.00
Written off Bank Premises Account	400,000.00
War Tax on Bank Note Circulation	180,295.47
Transferred to Reserve Fund	1,567,605.26
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward	\$46,928.20

The assets of the bank have been, as usual, carefully revalued, in order to make ample provision for all bad or doubtful debts.

The total assets of the Royal Bank are now \$594,670,013.45, an increase over last year of \$61,022,928.58. The total deposits are \$455,017,387.02, the growth being \$61,462,229.74. While a shrinkage is shown in free deposits, accounted for by the fact that on November 30th, 1913, there were on hand large special deposits in connection with subscriptions to the Victory Loan, there is shown a substantial increase in interest-bearing deposits, which is a particularly satisfactory feature.

An increase of not less than \$52,951,830.00 in current loans is the result of the policy of affording legitimate Assets to clients of the Bank during a period of great trade expansion. The percentage of current loans, and the capital and a very satisfactory increase in earnings has been made, the net profits being \$4,253,649.24, equal to 23.70% upon capital or 12.1% of combined capital and reserve. The usual dividend and an additional bonus of 2% has been paid to shareholders and a balance of \$46,928.20 carried forward in profit and loss account.

During the year seven new branches were opened in Alberta, seven in British Columbia, five in Manitoba, two in New Brunswick, nine in Nova Scotia, twenty-seven in Ontario, three in Prince Edward Island, nine in Quebec, one in Saskatchewan, two in Newfoundland, twenty-two in the West Indies, two in South America.

The Muslin Festival at Tarare.

Tarare, in east-central France, is a little village lost in the Beaujolais Mountains, but now it is the centre of a thriving industry. For more than half a century it has conducted a world-wide trade in the finest muslins, the secret of making which originally came from India; and as a result of that trade the little village has become famous. Each year, in honor of Simonet, the founder of the mills, the people celebrate the Muslin Festival, which calls forth the liveliest holiday spirit in all of the inhabitants.

Last year the festival lasted three days, during which the little village was truly a city of muslin. Everywhere houses, balconies and facades all but disappeared under the light and colorful decorations, which were always pretty and sometimes ingenious. Above the middle of the streets were suspended domes, from which long streamers of muslin were draped in graceful curves to the second-story windows of the houses; reeds, cream, ivory and rose predominated, gay and beautiful colors, like garlands of flowers hanging from immense corals. Vehicles of all kinds were adorned with fancy muslins and gave the scene a brilliancy such as bright flowers give to the festivals of southern California.

A woman architect drew up the plans. Mrs. Strachey acted as her own contractor, and female labor was used throughout almost the entire operation. Women rammed the walls, shovelled the earth, plastered and painted and plumbed! Unfortunately, men had to be brought in to build to lay the bricks for chimneys and to make the doors, but women bricklayers and women carpenters have since been secured and no man can be found about the pressed brick house on which the Women Builders are at work at present in a London suburb.

The purpose of the company is to undertake the building of houses on a large scale next spring. The new woman proposes to throw herself into the breach and make the shortage a thing of the past. Being a woman she will build houses very much better than men have been doing it, for she knows what women want and need, and what men architects and contractors have not been giving them! The personnel of the force employed by the Women Builders is interesting in the light it throws on after effects of war work. All the female labor employed thus far got its training during the Great War, either in munition factories, automobile shops or while serving in France. Most of the

Women Building Houses in England.

At last the house shortage is to be alleviated in England! Women are going in for house building—"home making" they call it, pertinently borrowing a phrase from Lady Astor in her agitation for more and better housing before Parliament.

A firm called Women Builders has established itself in Victoria Street, London, with one house built to its credit and several others in course of construction or in prospect. Mrs. Oliver Strachey, an exceptionally able woman, with a war record acquired with the Waacs, is in charge of the new company.

Her first completed building was a stucco house of Hartcliffe, in Surrey. A woman architect drew up the plans. Mrs. Strachey acted as her own contractor, and female labor was used throughout almost the entire operation. Women rammed the walls, shovelled the earth, plastered and painted and plumbed! Unfortunately, men had to be brought in to build to lay the bricks for chimneys and to make the doors, but women bricklayers and women carpenters have since been secured and no man can be found about the pressed brick house on which the Women Builders are at work at present in a London suburb.

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A Fight With a Baboon.

Several years ago a naturalist named Windhorn was taking a large male sphinx baboon to England on a steamship from Capetown. The ship had been out about a week, says Mr. John G. Rowe in the Wide World Magazine, when the baboon broke loose. The men started after him at once with netting and ropes.

While the keeper continued to coax the animal forward, Mr. Windhorn warily edged round, so as to get to closer quarters with him. When he thought he was near enough he sprang forward and tried to cast his net over the animal's head. The net, however, did not envelop the baboon's muzzle, and with a quick jerk the animal threw it off, but not before Mr. Windhorn had seized the baboon by the hair on the back of his neck.

With a furious snarl, the creature twisted his head to shake him off. He fell across the brute's back and tried to seize him by the throat, but the animal savagely fastened his teeth in one of his legs. Nerved by the agony of the bite, the naturalist grabbed the baboon by the muzzle and by sheer strength forced open his jaws and freed his leg. Then the animal seized his hand. Happily for Mr. Windhorn, the keeper and the sailors sprang at once to the rescue, and the maddened creature, releasing his hand, scrambled swiftly away.

They now decided to try to drug the beast. Pouring a bottleful of whiskey into a pannikin, they placed it in the hold. After a time they entered the hold again and found the pannikin empty. The baboon was crouching in a corner, still very wide awake. Again the sailors advanced upon him with netting and ropes, but could not capture him. The whiskey had apparently had no effect whatever on the beast. Once more they left the animal to his own devices.

Then they refilled the pannikin with lemonade, to which they had added opium.

"There's enough opium there to kill ten men," said the ship's doctor.

For the second time the animal drained the pannikin; but, strange to relate, the drug had no perceptible effect on him.

At their wits' end how to deal with the brute, the seamen fastened the hatch once more and left the baboon undisturbed throughout the night and the whole of the next day. They hoped that hunger would subdue him.

At the end of the second day they opened the hatch, but placed an iron grating across the companionway. Against the grating they set a tray of food, and some of the seamen concealed themselves behind screens on either side of it. At last the baboon came out into the companionway and approached the grating; and the keeper retreated up the stairs, so as to encourage him.

The ruse was successful. Presently the baboon stretched his arm through the grating and seized the meat. But they had purposely chosen a piece with a large bone in it, and the animal was unable to draw the food through the grating. Before he had time to drop the meat, the men in hiding seized his arm. Then they passed ropes through the grating and over the baboon's head; it was easy to tie the animal securely and convey him to his cage. Mr. Windhorn congratulated himself on the baboon's recovery, but four days later he died.

Christening the Tank.

The name "tank" as well as the tank itself originated at Foster's Works at Lincoln, England, and was not in any governmental deliberations at Whitehall. But adopting the name with a view to misleading the enemy about the real nature of the machines was the clever idea of the government.

The name originated thus: Sir William Tritton, the managing director of Triton, Foster & Co., Limited, who, in collaboration with Maj. W. G. Wilson, actually prepared the design, decided that the best way to secure secrecy while the machine was building was to make no secret at all of the matter. So two independent orders went through the shops; one order was for an "experimental chassis," a phrase that might mean anything, but that actually referred to the propelling mechanism of the tank, and the other order was for a "water carrier for Mesopotamia," a phrase that referred to the body of the vehicle.

The men in the boiler shops where the tank was built regarded the design for the "water carrier for Mesopotamia" as some freak idea of the managers; and, since the title of the drawings was too long and cumbersome for everyday speech, they were soon speaking of it as "that bloomin' tank."

The government recognized the admirable inappropriateness of the name and promptly adopted it. Thus the word "Tank" acquired a technical significance that may puzzle the future etymologists to explain.

The work of preserving St. Paul's Cathedral has already been proceeding eight years, five years being spent on one job alone.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, etc.

Fifty miles of drainage ditches have been constructed in the Sperling and Morris districts of Manitoba this year, at a cost of \$140,000. These ditches will bring much waste land under cultivation.

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Stockholders Must Be Natives. Stockholders in private banks in Sweden must be natives of Sweden.

Spain a Beggar's Paradise. Spain is said to have nearly a quarter of a million professional beggars.