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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 whirl of friendly hands; the wave of 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 its shelf and wandered out of the room and on to the street. Automatically he turned a face toward 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.
"Freights are supposed to side-track for limited," she 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 ran his fingers through his tousled hair as if to tip the hat that never was worn.
As they fell into step, the swinging, dancing 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 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 about 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.
"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 brilliant office coat and roll his sleeves back over strong arms.
"Humph!" came the response. "I guess if it was simmered 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

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 full on a Saturday always brings bad weather. To kill a "kitty," as the fishermen call the smaller kind of sea-gulls 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 survives 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 anyway. 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 Alaskan 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 band 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 to-day 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 blinkin' well got ter be. I've written to Margate an' booked my diggin's for the summer 'olidays."
Cardston Alberta, celebrated the sixteenth anniversary of its incorporation on July 1st.

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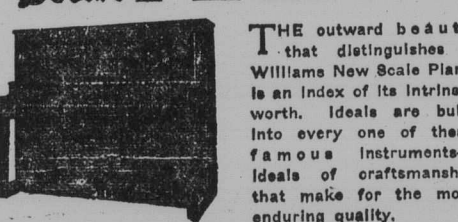


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THE outward beauty that distinguishes a Williams New Scale Piano is an index of its intrinsic worth. Ideals are built into every one of these famous instruments—Ideals of craftsmanship that make for the most enduring quality.

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 of the street That he had a letter just last week Written in the lines Greek. From a Chinese in Timbuctoo, Who said that the negroes in Cuba knew
Of a colored man n 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
From a mother-in-law will undertake To prove that her seventh's 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 manly 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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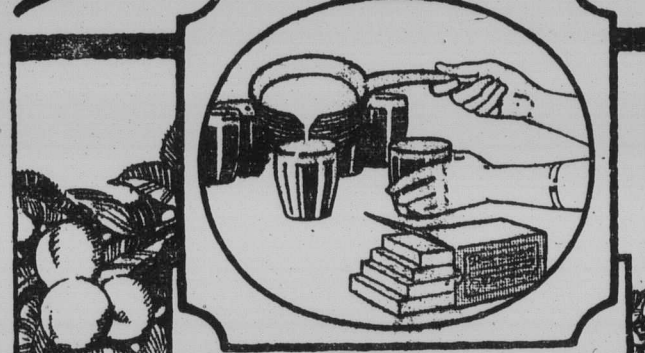
touch of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder, 50c. It also conceals the minor blemishes. Included in the complete line of Ingram's toilet products at your druggist's is Ingram's Zodenta for the teeth, 25c.

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