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## SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

## WHEN MOTHER WAS RIGHT.



Margaret, my young neighbor at the beach, came by the porch with her mother the other day. She had on a new dress of canary yellow linen. Her mother came up to sit with me while Margaret went on to the store and I commented on the new dress.

"It does look pretty well," said Margaret's mother "but I think rose would have been more becoming to her than yellow. She has rather a sallow complexion, you know, and green and yellow aren't her colors. But she was very anxious to have a yellow dress because they were showing so much yellow in the shops in New York when we were down there last month and so I let her have it. I'm just as willing that someone else should tell her that rose is more becoming," she added with a smile. "She'll be more likely to agree with me next time."

## A Course In Experience.

In other words, Margaret's very wise mother is letting Margaret make her own mistakes in minor matters like this, where mistakes aren't vital.

If Margaret is mistaken with that dress later on she will have herself to blame. Just the other day I ran across her again. I side of a story like this, a young friend of mine, "I don't care much for it," she said with an indifferent shrug. "I wanted that new

bright shade of green that's all the rage, but my mother wouldn't let me have it. She said I'd get a lot more wear out of this grey linen."

## Too Much Rightness.

Now I know "mother," and she doubtless was right. She usually is. She is an assertive type of woman who is forever forcing her rightness on other people and never wants to admit that they may have tastes of their own worth indulging.

Parents are so blind sometimes to that dividing line where the "brook and river meet,"—the border line between childhood and adolescence. Nor are the feet that have reached that line half so reluctant or hesitant as the poet would have us think.

## Sometimes They Will Surprise Us.

We've got to realize that these youngsters have grown to the age where they have opinions and ideas of their own that they are anxious to try out. And if we have done our duty to them in a way of wise preparation, we must be content to let them use their own judgment and taste about things of this sort. Often they will surprise us with original and clever ways of doing things when we give them a chance. And if they do make mistakes, we may be sure that they will have a lot more respect for our judgment if they find out for themselves, occasionally, that we are right.

As Pestalozzi, the old pedagogue, said, we must "learn to do by doing." There really isn't any other way.

## Sham Heroes

at the Seaside

## HOLIDAY-MAKERS FLEECE BY BOGUS THRILLS.

A sensation was caused at a certain seaside resort, when the holiday season was at its height, by a "man and shark fight." From the promenade could be seen a terrific struggle between a bather and some denizen of the deep, and when the man swam ashore, towing after him his vanquished adversary, there was a salvo of applause. When, too, a benevolent-looking visitor started a collection, his lead was promptly followed by others.

Later it leaked out that the whole thing was a "plant." The "shark" was a porpoise, and it was, moreover, definitely dead before it "attacked" the man, having been caught two days previously and cast from a boat at the "fight."

Rewarding the "Rescuer."

Similar deeds are often staged for the purpose of exploiting holiday-makers. Usually a man falls off a jetty into a few feet of water, whereupon another plunges to the rescue and brings him ashore. A third starts a collection for the "hero," with the result that several pounds are extracted from visitors. Then—quick exit! Just as the police come up the trio vanishes, to find a "pitch" elsewhere.

At Brighton two or three years ago a woman was so impressed by cleverly stage-managed representation of this comedy that she contributed a wad of Treasury notes to the collection. This gave the cue to her male companion, who added to the notes all the money he had in his pockets.

There are, however, numerous forms of the trick. One may occasionally be witnessed in a quiet resort, where policemen are few and far between, and where almost any incident now-over trivial, goes as far as a joke goes in a court of law.

A solitary bather—generally a woman—gives signs of distress, whereupon a man passing along the shore casts off boots, coat, and waistcoat, plunges into the sea, and strikes out for the bather, who eventually wriggles ashore in an apparently exhausted condition.

That the inevitable big-hearted rescuer starts first, cheering, is the collection. If contributions are a reference to the loss, the life-guard has sustained through the damage to his clothes, usually causes them to burn more freely.

Some boaters are not averse to this method of "padding." When a couple of them have a party, out one starts to his companion in a tone loud enough for all to hear that the

## Just Folks.

By EDGAR A. GUEST

## GRIEF.

I could not utter it last night  
Because the voice was dumb.  
But now alone I try to write  
The words which would not come.  
When all the bitter tears are dried  
Sometimes when you're alone,  
You'll find a calm to those denied  
Who never grief have known.

I know the hurt is keen to-day,  
I know the loss is great.  
But what if you should go away  
With no one there to wait?  
And oh how lonely heaven would be  
If all you loved were here  
And there was none you longed to see  
To welcome you, my dear?

If God had spared you every blow  
Which comes to us on earth,  
Had shielded you from every woe  
And filled your years with mirth  
And then at last he bade you leave  
Your place above to find?  
Throughout eternity you'd grieve  
For those you'd left behind.

Oh you have had a lovely child,  
And you have lost a son.  
But soon you shall be reconciled  
When life's brief time is done.  
For Heaven is made of those we love,  
The beautiful and true,  
And God has taken him above  
To build a Heaven for you.

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## Majestic Memorials

## NATURAL MONUMENTS TO THE GREAT.

To climb Great Gable in the English Lake District is regarded as excellent practice for such climbs as the Matterhorn or even Everest, and last year, it will be remembered, it was acquired by the Fell and Rock Climbing Club as a memorial of the members who fell in the war, and handed over to the National Trust for the enjoyment of the public for ever.

Now a tablet of bronze has been affixed to the crag, the centre of which is occupied by a relief map of the 8,000 acres of mountain area now vested in the Trust and containing the names of the twenty climbers who fell in the war.

## Fighters for Freedom.

An island as a memorial is something of a novelty, but it may be claimed that the island of Capri is the lovely and stately memorial of the great Italian patriot to whom King Victor owes his throne, Giuseppe Garibaldi. This island was purchased and presented to him by some of his English friends. He is buried in an olive grove on the island, which lies off the coast of Sardinia. Thousands of Italians and Sicilians make pilgrimage there.

The power of simplicity to be effective is shown at Cracow in the memorial to the Garibaldi of Poland, whose struggles and death for the cause of his country's freedom have at last borne fruit. Looking along a straight street one sees a grassy mound, a winding path leading to the top. On the top lies a mighty boulder stone, hauled from the mountains, and inscribed upon it is one word, the name of the national hero, "Kosciuszko."

On the peak of Majuba Hill in South Africa are many scattered boulders strewn about with Nature's profusion, but there is one which stands out from all the rest by reason of its enormous bulk. It is the giant boulder of the historic hill upon which a battle was fought between British and Boers, who are to-day associated to the government of the Dominion of South Africa, and it contains the words, "Here Colley Fell."

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## London, New York &amp; Paris Association of Fashion.

The Fields is not the only memorial to Edith Cavell, for the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies, in the great national reservation called Jasper Park, is called Mount Cavell; whilst David Livingstone, the pioneer missionary explorer, not only has his name and fame inscribed in Westminster Abbey, but he also has his name bestowed upon a whole range of mountains and upon a great waterfall on the River Congo.

Mount Evans, on the fringe of the great Antarctic continent, is the memorial to a gallant seaman who went with Scott and was the first of the party to succumb, but the most majestic thing in all the frozen land is the simple cross in memory of Lieutenant

Oates, the "very gallant gentleman" who went out to die in the blizzard lest he should be a hindrance to Scott and the others fighting their way back to the base camp.

A very finely chopped chicken liver gives a nice flavor to drawn butter sauce.

As a cereal, rice is good served with brown sugar and thin cream.

Richard Hudnut  
Three Flowers  
Vanishing Cream

Gunnery of the  
Insect World

There are few animals better known than the skunk. Every woman has admired its handsome fur, and to-day there is a skunk farm on Dartmoor, where the animals are raised to supply the fur market.

In its wild state the skunk roams the whole of North America from had slipp dand fallen, with the disallows about in broad daylight is rarely molested. The reason is that, if annoyed, it can discharge from a special gland a spray, the odour of which is extremely obnoxious.

Richard Hudnut  
Three Flowers  
Face Powder

The writer speaks from experience when he says that there is nothing else to compare with it, and that a whiff of it will make any human being deadly sick. A sporting dog, if "skunked," is useless for days, losing all power of scenting game.

Acid Spray for Enemies.

There is a small beetle known as the bombardier, which defends itself, when attacked, by discharging an acid fluid. But this beetle's ammunition is not only offensive; it is also volatile, and actually explodes with a sharp little report when it meets the air. A bombardier can fire a dozen charges of this kind in succession.

There are other insects which have this peculiar habit, one a kind of ant

Richard Hudnut  
Three Flowers  
Face Powder