

## THE DEMAND

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Reason Why?

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CEYLON TEAS "ARE DELICIOUS TEAS"

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## SAVES a Woman WORK, WORRY and MONEY

If a woman could tell exactly how many needless steps she takes in 'the kitchen without a cabinet', she wouldn't wonder why she was generally over tired.

Look for the Trade Mark



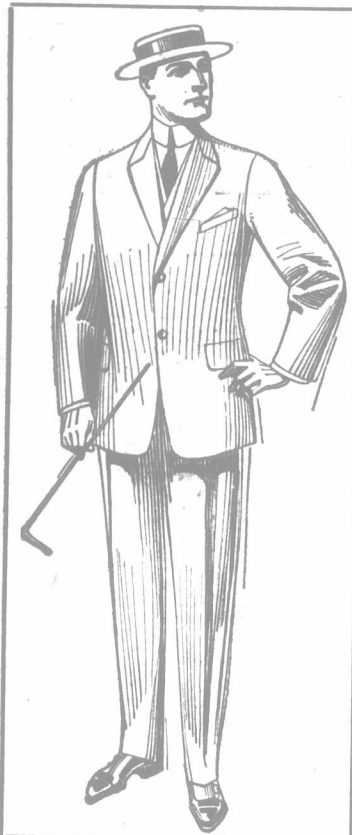
is a labor saver because everything a woman uses for cooking is at hand; it cuts out the hundred and one needless journeys across the kitchen and enables you to sit down and do your work quickly and tidily.

A K.K.K. saves money because groceries kept in it are perfectly kept and there is less danger of accidental waste. The Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet has flour, sugar and meal bins, spice jars, air-tight canisters, bread and cake boxes, plate racks, sliding shelves, and many other practical features.

Many styles and finishes are described in Booklet D. Write for it. The Cabinet, illustrated, is beautifully finished in oak.



The Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet Co. Ltd., HANOVER, ONTARIO.



**Your Local Tailor Couldn't  
Make a Profit if He Sold You  
a Suit Like This for \$25.00.  
We'll sell it to You for \$12.50,  
and Make a Profit, too.**

Learn why. Your local tailor buys goods in single suit lengths. Four profits come out of the cloth before it reaches his hands. You pay these four profits when you buy from him.

You save these profits when you buy from us, because we buy all our suitings direct from the mill, and give you the benefit of our tremendous buying power.

Here's a fair offer: Send us your name and address, and we will mail you, absolutely free, 72 pattern pieces of the finest English suitings you ever saw. With the patterns will come a booklet telling all about the successful Catesby "made-to-measure" tailoring system.

Read it. You'll understand why hundreds of shrewd, well-dressed Canadians buy their clothes direct from us in London, and save half of what they would otherwise have to pay their local tailor.

Don't put this matter off—you'll soon be needing a spring or summer suit. Send now, while the thought is in your mind.

Remember, your suit comes right to your door, all carriage and duty charges paid by us. And that every suit is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction. Orders are shipped five days after we receive them in London.

Address our nearest Canadian office.

**CATESBYS Ltd.,** Dept. 110 West Wellington St., Toronto.  
Coronation Bldg., Montreal.  
160 Princess St., Winnipeg.

Or write direct to CATESBYS LTD., Tottenham Court Road, London.

**HERE'S A GREAT TEST:** When you get patterns, take one to your local tailor. Ask him what he will charge you to make a suit of such an imported cloth. Then compare his price with that asked by Catesby.

When writing advertisers please mention this paper.

rich in deepest reality—rich in the sight of God—if our life has been poured out joyously in His service. "There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing: there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches."

"Don't you know it's the part of a brother of Man  
To find what the grief is and help when you can?  
Did you stop when he asked you to give him a lift,  
Or were you so busy you left him to shift?  
Oh, I know what you meant—what you say may be true—  
But the test of your manhood is WHAT DID YOU DO?  
Did you reach out a hand? Did you find him the road,  
Or did you just let him go by with his load?"

DORA FARNCOMB.

## The Roundabout Club.

Some more of the prize essays, Study III.

### A Book on Social Problems

To the most of us, the prospect of being cut off from civilization for the space of a year would be anything but enticing.

Human nature, in almost every instance, craves companionship. It is one of the necessities, or pleasures, if you will, that nature demands in order that each may give to the world the best that is in him.

We need our friends for the broadening influence they bring to bear on our lives; for the stimulus we receive through coming in contact with the opinions of others. A most valuable part of our education is received by mingling with other people—where we learn to sympathize with, and understand, that strange mixture of good and evil which we call nature. Even Thoreau, the recluse, recognized the need of a friend.

To be sure, there are times when solitude is welcome—times when we must get away from the hurry of life to think our own thoughts—to re-adjust ourselves. It was from solitude, we are told, that our greatest thinkers gave to the world those plans and ideas which have been of such untold value to their fellowmen. But it was for their fellowmen their thoughts were, and through their companionship these originated. Such terms of solitude, then, bear the same relation to companionship as the punctuation-marks to the composition. Separately their values are impaired; together they make a complete and perfect whole.

"How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!  
But grant me still a friend in my retreat."

Whom I may whisper, solitude is sweet."  
Next to our friends we must place our books. Judicious reading is in itself a liberal education. Through books, we may converse with the greatest of thinkers.

Channing tells us that "books are true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am, no matter how the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling, if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof—I shall not pine for my want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultured man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live."

A book which is to be our sole companion for a whole year, must be more than entertaining; it must be also instructive along some line in which we are interested.

We have been told to beware of the "one-book" man. Here is our chance to prove the saying. But the choosing is difficult. Rows of books rise before us. Books that we have loved and re-read; books that have left us with a better impression of mankind.

Because I have always been interested in economic questions, I would seize this opportunity to take with me, "Progress

and Poverty," by Henry George, and in my island retreat I would study the correct way to abolish poverty as taught by that most wonderful man, who suffered and died for the cause.

That wealth is not properly distributed, and that great injustices are perpetrated because of this, has been a long-known fact. Solutions without number have been introduced for the reduction of this evil, and all, while helping some, have failed to bring about the right result; because, not any of these plans have reached the root of the trouble. One almost wonders if a survival of the fittest means the survival of the crafty and selfish, and the extinction of those who are humane.

Henry George taught that "He who makes should have; he who saves should enjoy. He saw that all wealth had its origin in the land; that all monopolies, the real poverty producers, have their origin in the land. The remedy for poverty, he believed, lay in making all men equal before nature by letting any, who would, hold land, but compelling him to pay its entire rental value in the form of a tax to the public treasury. This would discourage the holding of lands for speculative and other purposes, with the result that enormous quantities of land, now idle, would be thrown open for occupation. Land being the base of all production, all production would receive a fresh impetus.

This, in part, is the theory taught in the book with which I would spend my island sojourn. A book which teaches so eloquently and sincerely the great brotherhood of man, the greatest good to the greatest number, and the earth for all, as surely the Good Giver intended.

A year spent on an island,—the most remote island, with such a book for company, filling our hearts with sublime thoughts, our minds with lofty ideals,—could not but be a year well spent, could not fail to help us, and through us, perhaps, make known the good work to mankind. SHERARD MCLEAY.

Perth Co., Ont.

### WHAT BOOK?

All alone on an island, with only one book, for a whole long year! Oh! cruel, cruel fate!

But, the fat has gone forth; we must bow to the inevitable; therefore, what book shall it be?

Listen! someone, is suggesting the Halton Women's Institute Cookbook!! Ahaunt, vile wretch, ahaunt!

Shall it be that universally admitted second-best book, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, written in prison, translated into many different languages, read and revered the wide world over, stimulating and inspiring humanity in the difficulties and perplexities of everyday life as lived in the companionship of our fellow-beings? But this year is to be unique, away from the fret and worry; let it be a year of forgetting, then. No, not that. Give me, rather, a book of natural history the most inclusive and comprehensive obtainable, treating of the soil, plant, and animal life, mineralogy, chemistry, astronomy, etc.

Such a book, large, and yellow with age, lay for a couple of months, during a very busy season, on our veranda table. It was the property of a most congenial young Englishman. Many of his leisure moments were spent in its perusal, and it absorbed also much of my time, which should, perhaps, have been otherwise employed. But, presto! Charlie and the book were gone! So sudden, so wholly unexpected was the leavetaking, that neither the title of the book nor the name of its author is known to me. Doubtless, however, our libraries contain many such works of later date, and, therefore, even more desirable, as an aid to reading the phenomena of nature.

Given a whole island as territory, free from all responsibility in regard, either to consanguineous or universal brotherhood, with a book such as this as companion, and a long year at my disposal, what a field of delightful study would be opened up before me!

An island full of the wonders and mysteries of nature, each proclaiming, in love, adoration, and obedience, the name of the One Father of all! True it is that the faculties of the human mind are inadequate to comprehend all the mar-