

Good Luck

is thought to go a long way, but
Good Judgment goes farther.
TO USE

"SALADA"

IS GOOD JUDGMENT.

"The Tea that is always Reliable."

Making a Man of Him

—BY L. H. ROBBINS.

PART II.

About the time the big clock downstairs chimed three, Teddy dreamed a dream, wherein his father appeared garbed as Magician Merlin, in a star-spangled robe, and holding a horned animal by a tether.

Up to the Magician strode Teddy, and spoke:

"Sir, the report that I am inferior is grossly exaggerated. Gimme my goat!"

"Your goat? Go on!" retorted Wizard Weeks peevishly. "It's my goat."

Thereupon they mixed and struggled; but the tether was in Teddy's hands at last.

Dreams are haunting things; they come back to a fellow and occupy his mind in the middle of a busy day, when he should be studying to propitiate his father.

It was a swift and resolute courtship that Al Acton waged against Mary Starr. Before long it has become so serious that Cunningham, Charters and Dailey stepped aside and let the master of the wire department have the field to himself.

When Acton would bend intimately over Mary's desk, Ted would pull his eyeshade low to shut out the sight.

There is no better aid to concentration than an eyeshade pushed low. Thus, accoutred one morning he was enabled to detect an astonishing discrepancy in a requisition upon the parent company in Pittsburgh.

"Acton, see here."

The big chap swung across from Mary's desk to Ted's.

"Where do you expect to store all this copper? Going to lease the First Regiment Armory, maybe?"

Acton gave appalled attention to the figures and muttered sentiments discreditable to typists.

"You can't pass the buck, Al. Here's the error again in your own copy."

It was too bad to annoy the moody and inflexible Acton in this manner; but a man who expects to become a big-game hunter in the near future has to practice on something. Teddy gave himself a tally and felt almost self-respecting enough to go across to Mary's desk and lean intimately upon it then and there. But Old Man

Weeks walked in just then, looking uncommonly austere, and the eyeshade came down.

Nevertheless, it occurred to him that it might be well to save Mary from the error of thinking there was only one rising young industrialist in Universal Electric. Hence Mary had occasion next morning to thank Mr. Acton for a superb bouquet of English violets that she had found upon her desk.

"Sorry," said the thanked one gloomily, "but I'm not the party."

"Then who is?"

Acton conducted cautious interrogations. Cunningham, Dailey and Charters pleaded innocence, and the dark horse was not disclosed.

Mary wore the violets at her work in the clubroom, where they received wide and favorable notice from some hundreds of sentimental young gum-chewers. When Mrs. Lormer dropped in to encourage the welfare department, the blooms were again admired, and Mary was again reminded.

"I don't know where they came from," she confessed. "No, they are not Mr. Acton's."

"Strange," said Mrs. Lormer. "I wonder—do you suppose Teddy Weeks—"

"Oh, I'm sure not, said Mary. At home that evening Mrs. Lormer gossiped. Was Ted Weeks still counted among Mary Starr's loonies?"

"I doubt it," Lormer answered. "He never goes near; just keeps his head in his desk and digs. He's a regular woodchuck these days. No, I guess Acton has the right of way there."

"I'd like to know," her husband mused, "if that persecuted cub is plotting something. I'd just like to know."

In the line of his duty, the general superintendent approached the third vice president a day or two later with a suggestion. It had to do with a marvelous economy heating system rumored as operating somewhere in Quebec.

"Sure, let him go," said Weeks. "He may as well be chasing wild geese in Canada as fooling around here. But why not send a practical man?"

"I'm sending one," said Lormer. The big hunting occurred promptly after Teddy's return. It took place in the Old Man's private office. The only eyewitness was Mr. Lormer. The auditors in the big room outside were many. Out there work was suspended by common consent while the sport went on.

"So," bellowed Weeks, Senior, "you expect to ask the general board to look at a fool recommendation like this?"

"That's what I expect, sir," answered Weeks, Junior, "unless you prefer to keep on wasting sixty-five hundred a year of the company's money in fuel. You say the first cost is ruinous. I show that the thing pays for itself in six years. You say it won't work. I tell you it has worked in Quebec since 1915."

Weeks brushed aside Teddy's papers. "If the scheme was any good, don't you suppose we'd have heard of it?"

"Aren't you hearing of it now? Has anybody had time since 'Fifteen' to hear of anything?"

"Don't stand there and argue," Weeks waved a dismissing hand. "I'll stand here and argue till I get a respectful hearing."

Ted's face was red, and his voice may have shaken a little.

"The company gave me this assignment. I've put a month of work on it, and I want it judged on its merits."

"That's only fair, Weeks," Mr. Lormer hinted.

"When I came here," Ted continued, "you told me to forget I was your son, and to expect no favors from you. All right. Suppose you forget you're my father, and expect no indulgence from me. Suppose you talk like a business man. This plant is no kindergarten."

Weeks should have taken warning and saved his face. But a fixed notion that has stood for years is not dissolved in seconds. Teddy, remember, had the advantage; he had trained for this clash for months.

"How do you dare talk fresh to me?" cried the Old Man, rushing to destruction. "How do you dare, you—you little runt?"

"I scarcely know," Teddy responded. "The way you've raised me, you haven't left me much nerve. But I have enough to tell you that I'm darn tired of this ancient delusion of yours, and I'm through with this hoodoo you've put on me. Pardon my frankness."

The Old Man's cheeks swelled and his eyes bulged. So many retorts crowded his tongue that they got into a traffic block and none came forth. Mr. Lormer turned his back, gazed out at the window, and quivered with emotion.

"You have loaded me," Teddy pursued, candidly, "with an inferiority complex big enough to founder an elephant. Before I was five-year-old, you began teaching me I was no good; teaching me I was a flivver and a flunker. I don't ask why you did it. The psychosharps say pretty rough

things about a man who bulldozes the spirit out of his son trying to put spirit into him. They say it tells a lot about the man's own hidden fears and weaknesses; perhaps he knows in his heart that he is in danger of being found out for a flivver himself."

"But we won't go into that, sir. I have to remember that you are my father. The point for you to note is that the bully-ragging has stopped. It stopped ninety seconds ago, and it stopped for keeps. It won't do any more."

While Mr. Weeks still struggled for words, Mr. Lormer pushed the young psychologist tactfully out of the private office. Then he returned to his superior.

That gentleman, having found voice at last, cried, "What in eternal thunder!" or words to that effect, and would surely have dashed himself against the ceiling if Lormer had not put out a saving hand.

"Shake, sir."

"Shake?" Weeks stared. "What for?"

"Chief, you ought to be proud of yourself. You've brought out his gumption. My gorry! Man, in ten years the lad will be running the corporation. You've turned the trick, old chap. I congratulate you. I certainly do. I never saw anything like it."

The thought was a perfectly new one to Mr. Weeks. The longer he considered it, the more entranced with it he became. Mopping beads of sweat from his flushed brow, he exclaimed weakly:

"If he only sticks, Lormer; if he only sticks!"

"It has taken years, Lormer, years. Nobody knows the fight I've had."

"Yes, Chief, but see what you've got at it."

"That's right," said Weeks. "See what I've got. Ask him in again, and let's look over his report."

The general superintendent opened the door. Across the big office Teddy

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

Weeks was seated intimately upon Mary Starr's desk.

"Oh, Ted."

"In a minute, Mr. Lormer."

Such are the rewards of big hunting. Thus casually did Teddy reply to the once stern call of Superiority.

The conversation itself, which went forward so vigorously, would have richly repaid the vainly listening ears of Acton.

The spectacle alone rejoiced the entire office. Without pretending to work they watched the drama unfold. The words that suited the action were heard only by the chief actors. But they appeared to be entirely satisfactory.

"Why, yes, Mr. Weeks," Miss Starr was saying, with a smile on her Jacqueminot lips. "It's lovely of you, and so nice of your sister, and I'll be ready at eight. Just think, I haven't seen the inside of a theatre since I came to town."

"And listen, Miss Starr, we'll have a box, you know, and so—would you just as soon wear that black velvet dress with the—er—the straps over the shoulders?"

"Really? Shall I? Some people don't approve of it, you know."

"Oh, well," said Teddy, "he won't be there."

(The End.)

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

About the House

THE PAY-AS-YOU-GO VACATION.

The girl who finds the matter of expense an obstacle to her vacation plans can perhaps get a valuable hint or so from other girls who have devised a way to a "pay-as-you-go" outing.

One girl in a northern lake region made use of her ability to amuse children. While the mothers went on fishing trips or visited the surrounding places of interest she helped to make sand villages, took small children on voyages close to the shore or on walks to the berry fields. Since the girl in charge really enjoyed children, the work was not tedious to her, and the problem of expense took care of itself.

One woman who owned a freless cooker kept its three compartments at work in the service of other cottagers who wished to spend their time on the water or in side trips and so was able to make the family vacation twice as long as she had expected it to be.

A girl who had had experience in teaching used her forenoons, or a part of them, in tutoring some children who had school work to make up. Her afternoons were free, and she spent all summer at the vacation resort instead of merely the three weeks that she had thought she could afford.

A typist sent cards to all the hotels and cottages saying that she would answer business correspondence, make out hotel menus or send out letters extolling the merits of the resort to prospective visitors. For the last-mentioned work her services were sought because she put human interest into her writing that did not appear in the usual descriptive circulars.

One girl and her brother gave swimming lessons. Every morning and every afternoon they had large classes of persons who were eager to learn from some one who was really expert.

Another girl met her entire vacation expenses by taking, finishing and selling small photographs. "Few vacationists get good pictures; either they don't know how to gauge the lights on the water or they fail to pick out the really beautiful points of interest; maybe they want to be in the picture themselves; so I am always getting commissions to take pictures," she explained. She did the finishing herself and found that good snapshots were usually in great demand.

Many resorts are a considerable distance from the small town on which they depend for their supplies. People on vacation dislike to make trips to town, and so one girl seized the opportunity to shop for the others. A slight payment from the cottager and a small commission from the merchants kept her in spending money all summer.

Candy makers need only set up shop to be successful, because all vacationists have a sweet tooth and the ordinary village store does not fill the demand for sweets. Baking small cakes or frying doughnuts is another way to earn enough to extend the holiday.

The right sort of girl can act as guide for a locality. If she knows the points of interest in the neighborhood,—the best fishing holes, the side trips and the berry patches,—she may find her services in steady demand.

When your vacation is done take stock of your abilities; plan your campaign for the next year and when the time comes go forth confident that, if

you are willing to give a part of your time to it, you can readily make a large share of your expenses.

TO-DAY'S MY FRIEND.

I don't know much about To-morrow; I've never seen her yet.

She may be very fair, To-morrow, but still I don't regret.

That we have never met.

To-day's my friend, my comrade; she's true blue.

And in my heart I haven't room for two. Have you?

EFFECTS OF COLOR.

Some conclusions of a Central European society which has made studies of the effects of color have been quoted in the Journal of the American Medical Association. Among them are the following:

In order to comprehend thoroughly the psychology of colors and to use that knowledge for the decoration of interiors and exteriors of dwelling places, one should familiarize himself with the effect on the mind and the emotions of the various colors.

WHITE makes a room appear brighter and larger but it gives a sense of coldness and emptiness.

SCARLET gives an impression of delicacy. In a room in which the walls and the curtains are scarlet, children work better than usual.

YELLOW suggests warmth and the light of the sun and produces a feeling of comfort. Yellow paper renders a dark room bright and habitable.

ORANGE has the same qualities as yellow. Curtains of this color in a bedroom have a stimulating effect on the nerves.

RED is the color which represents the spontaneous joy of youth but it is also a color most hard on the eye. A neutral red causes a feeling of enervation. Persons subject to melancholia under the influence of red have their dark thoughts dissipated, but nervous people should avoid this color.

VIOLET is depressing.

BLUE is calm and comforting. Those who are sick sleep better with a dim blue lamp or a blue lamp shade in their room.

GREEN has also a calming effect. GRAY, employed upon walls which are very large, produces a sensation of desolation and emptiness.

The sick are always depressed by obscurity and somber decorations.

While the conclusions of the Munich Association may not be altogether true they are interesting and can possibly furnish valuable indications for the interior decoration of houses, and of rooms in hospitals.

These of course are general conclusions and may not prove true in all cases. Reactions to color vary with individuals and depend to some extent upon one's previous association and experiences with color. But as a general rule bright colors excite and stimulate and dark ones depress.

HOT WEATHER DAINTIES.

RHUBARB SHERBET—Cup up a pound of young rhubarb into short lengths. Boil in three pints of water for twenty minutes, strain, sweeten to taste and serve cold. If liked, the thinly peeled rind of half an orange may be boiled with the rhubarb.

RASPBERRY AND CURRANT ICE—Boil two cups of sugar and four of water twenty minutes. Mash raspberries and currants separately and strain the juice through jelly bag. Add to the cooled syrup, and freeze. The addition of the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs or a tablespoon of gelatine softened in cold water, and dissolved in the hot syrup, gives more body.

Dogwood.

The ardent maple lights her altar fires, The steeped birch to the blue sky aspires.

The elm, the tulip and the oak, A restless crowd of forest folk, Beseech high heav'n to grant their Spring desires.

But the pale dogwood neither prays nor preaches;

As level as the tide upon the beaches She spreads her snowy loveliness Unfaded, untinted, passionless, And offers not to men, nor gods beseeches.

'Twill heav'n and earth her balance is exact;

She guards her heart with admirable tact, No prejudice or preference glows Beneath the silence of her snows, Though the pink apple pour a cataract.

Though the lush quince, the deutzia and the pear Bend their decked brows and laden hands to share

Their May magnificence with us, Indifferent and ungenerous The dogwood dreams upon the quiet air.

And yet our hearts against her cannot harden—

Her beauty is her argument and pardon,

Why should we smugly analyze her? No glory of the wood outvies her, Nor any pampered darling of the garden.

—Henry Robinson Palmer.

A Tasmanian Orchard.

People who are well acquainted with the appearance of an orchard in this country probably imagine that an orchard in Tasmania looks the same, having rich green grass growing under the trees. But this is not the case at all. I arrived in Tasmania in spring (autumn in this country), and proceeded straight to an apple orchard. At that time of year it looked like a veritable fairyland; all the trees were covered with pink and white blossoms.

The first thing that struck me was the cleanliness of the ground. There was not a weed—not a blade of grass even.

Every year the whole of the orchard has to be ploughed, cross-ploughed, and harrowed; and the ground round every tree has to be dug up.

Twice a year each tree must be sprayed as a preventive against insect pests. The owner of the orchard must be an expert, or must employ an expert, who thoroughly understands pruning, spraying, picking, sorting, and wrapping apples before packing.

Every apple that is packed must be perfect, with neither blemish nor bruise, and must also have the stem. Each apple has to be individually wrapped in paper before it is put in a case.

During the dry period orchards have to be irrigated by means of furrows. The horses used for ploughing in the orchards get to know their work thoroughly, and soon learn to duck their heads when passing under the branches of a tree, and so avoid breaking even the smallest branch.

The whole orchard must be surrounded by a rabbit-proof wire fence, rabbits being one of the worst pests. An orchard of a hundred acres is considered large, and will be found big enough for most people to look after. The trees are arranged symmetrically, in a straight line whichever way one looks. Each tree is about eighteen feet away from any other in every direction.

Looking at an orchard in full bearing, one can hardly imagine that it was originally dense bush, all of which had to be cleared at considerable cost before even ploughing could be commenced.

When the ground is all in order, and the trees are planted, one must wait about three years before they commence bearing.

Lighthouse Moves Inland.

The lighthouse once off Atlantic City well out to sea, is now 500 yards inland from the Boardwalk, and surrounded by paved streets and apartment houses. In fifty years the shifting sands have added millions of dollars worth of land to the northern end of the Island.

It does not matter what one learns so long as it is learnt well, and is worth learning.—Sir Robert Horne.

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Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

Picking His Place.

Two elderly Scots visited the town's new cemetery. One of them, who did not like its spick-and-span appearance, said, "I'd rather dee than be buried in sic a place."

The other said—"Would ye, man? W! me it's the very reverse. I wlnna be buried onywhere else—I'm spared."

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