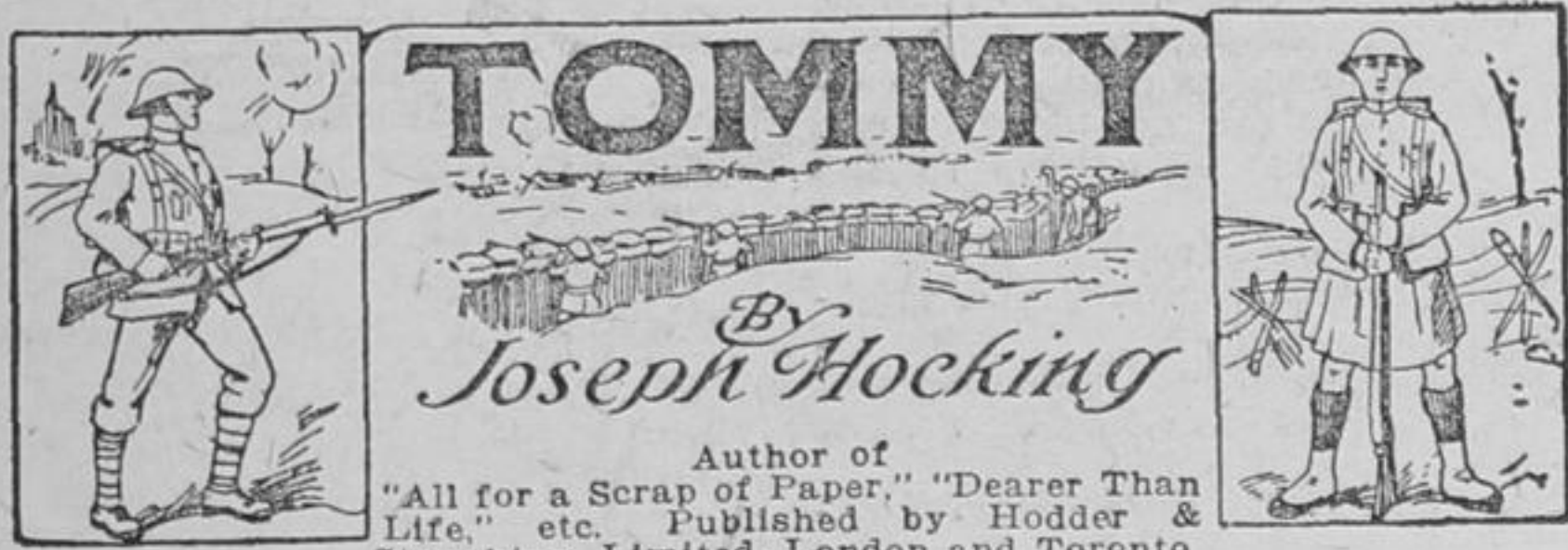


Fresh and Refreshing "SALADA"

B76
is composed of clean, whole young leaves. Picked right, blended right and packed right. It brings the fragrance of an Eastern garden to your table.
BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN



CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd.)

We who remain at home in safety, and talk about the heroism of the men going away to the Front, little realize the thoughts which pass through their minds. When the order to embark comes they don't say very much about it, and even when they do talk they speak of death almost lightly. "If I am potted," they say, "I am, and that's all about it." But that's not all they feel, as I have reason to know. They love their lives just as much as we do, and they long to go back and spend their days amongst their loved ones. It is only rare that cowardice is seen, and it is rarer still for them to make any boast; the average Englishman is not given to boasting; he has his duty to do, and he just does it, saying very little about it.

On the night before they were to embark for France, farewell meetings were held at the Y.M.C.A. huts, and Tom noticed that Alec McPhail found his way to the hut where he went. Perhaps eight hundred or a thousand men had gathered, and although high spirits prevailed, each man felt that he was breathing an atmosphere which was not usual. There was a look not common in the eyes of the lads; a set, stern expression on their faces. Afterwards when they had been to the Front and returned, they would go out again without such feeling as now possessed them. But these lads had never been to the war before; they were entering upon an unknown; they knew that in all probability a large number of them would never come back to England again. Each had a hope that he might escape, although the chances were against him.

Still they cheered at the old recitations, listened to the old songs, and joined in the choruses which they liked just as they had been doing for months: they were not going to show the white feather.

A special speaker had come to the hut that night. He had been working among the soldiers in the Y.M.C.A. tents on the Continent, and had come home for a short holiday; now he had come to this camp in order to speak to the men before their departure. It is said that months before he had been fond of telling humorous stories, and had delighted in making the soldiers laugh. He certainly had a sense of humor, and now and then could not refrain from some witticism which set the highly strung lads in roars of laughter. But the close of his address did not inspire mirth.

"My lads," he said, "you have done a brave thing; I don't say that you deserve much praise for it, because at a time like this if an able-bodied youth does not join the Army he fails in his duty; and you are only doing your duty. If you had not done what you have done, I should be ashamed of you. All the same you are brave lads. You have offered your all, your very lives, at the altar of duty. I am not going to try and describe to you what you will have to do, and possibly have to suffer; you will find out that soon enough. Possibly many of you are going to your death. I don't want to frighten you, but we have to face facts: I don't say it is an awful thing to die, but it is a tremendous thing. You know that you have souls as well as bodies. I am not going to argue it out with you; I needn't, because you know. I needn't try to prove to you that there is a God, because you know it, you feel it. There is no atheism out at the Front: some of you have tried to live without God, and you have made a mess of your lives. I tell you, my boys, it's a terrible thing to die without God. Some of you know what it is to believe in a personal Saviour; you have accepted Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who came on earth to die for us that we might know God; and you have found Him to be a strength in temptation, a joy in sorrow. My lads, you all want that Saviour, and especially do you want Him now. You are embarking on the Great Unknown, and you need a Captain, a Guide, a Saviour: I have come to tell you about Him."

I am not going to try to describe the close of his address. This man had seen hundreds die, he had come face to face with the great realities of life, of death, and of religion. He knew what he was talking about because he had experienced it, and he made the

men feel what he felt. That night when the meeting was over Tom Pollard found himself again with Alec McPhail.

"That chap was fair earnest," said Tom.

"Ay," replied the Scotchman, "he went right down to the bottom of things. Come we me to the canteen, lad, I feel I must have a drink."

"Not if I know it," said Tom, "no drink for me to-night."

But the Scotchman rushed away towards the canteen, and Tom, scarcely knowing what he was doing, followed him. When they entered, they saw a number of men standing there drinking.

"Yes," they heard one man say, "that chap was right; I know I'm making a fool of myself, but I'm going to have another drink. My God! What would my mother say if she knew I was off to-morrow morning!"

A lad with a pale, refined face, standing by his side, had a glass in his hand ready to lift to his lips. "Ay, and what would my mother say!" he said. "I know she would be praying for me."

At this some one uttered a coarse oath, but the lad threw the drink from him and left the canteen.

"Ay, he's right," said the Scotchman as he watched him go. "Tom Pollard, man, I hinna prayed for years, but I am praying to-night. I ought to be a different man, for I ken the fundamentals of religion, but I'm giving my heart to God to-night; I am for sure."

Tom followed the Scotchman out of the canteen towards one of the numerous sleeping-huts.

"I am giving my heart to God, Pollard," he said hoarsely, "and I'm writing to tell my mither about it this very night. Ay, man, something has come into my life stronger than the power of whisky!"

When Tom found his way to his own sleeping-hut that night, he was in a chastened frame of mind. "I'm noan going to turn religious," he said almost sullenly, "but I believe he's got the right road."

The next morning they were at Folkestone, where the big troopship lay in the harbor. Before mid-day the ship was crowded with soldiers. How many men were there Tom had not the slightest idea; but they filled every part of it. Generals, colonels, majors, non-commissioned officers, and privates were all huddled together. All over the ship officers and men were alike; they were going to the field of battle to die if need be for honor, duty, and the liberty of the world.

There were scarcely a score of civilians on board, and even they were in some way attached to the Army. Nurses wearing the Red Cross, religious workers with a look of wonder in their eyes, a few sent by the Government on some particular mission, but all were taking part in the great War which was staggering the world.

Perhaps a mile or more out at sea a great Destroyer proudly spurned the waves; she was to guard the troopship along her perilous passage.

Presently they landed at Boulogne. "Where are we going?" said one of the soldiers in Tom's company as they entered a waiting train.

"I don't know," said Tom, "but what does it matter? We have now to do with that, we have just got to do our job."

(To be continued.)

Plants For House Culture.

The following plants will do well in the temperature of an ordinary living room, where the plants will have the afternoon sun: Abutilon, ageratum, astilbe, amaryllis, asparagus plumosus nanus or asparagus fern, aspidistra, aucuba, azaleas, bouvardia, bougainvillea, callas, camelia, coleus, clivia miniata, a lily like plant; cobaea scandens, cyperus, farfugium, ficus, fuchsias, geraniums, including scented and ivy leaved varieties, heliotrope, hibiscus, lantanas, lobelia, palms, sanseveria, vinca, rex begonias and some of the annuals will do well, such as candytuft, alyssum, mignonette, gloxinias, primroses, &c. Of this list camelia and azaleas are the most difficult to grow; many, however, succeed with them in window gardens.

PREPARING THE BULB BED.

No Garden is Complete Without a Display of These Exquisite Flowers.

Tulips, hyacinths and other autumn bulbs should be set out in October, or November will do if the ground is unfrozen. It is well, however, to make a mental survey of the garden, decide where the beds are to be made, what the shape and size is to be, estimate the quantity of bulbs and varieties wanted and place the order for early delivery. A little later the beds can be prepared. Turn under a liberal supply of stable manure if it can be had, and make the beds deep and mellow.

Set tulips four or five inches apart and about five inches deep; hyacinths six to eight inches apart and about the same depth as for tulips. Crocuses and snowdrops are usually set two or three inches apart, and these also require a depth of about four or five inches.

Where the soil is rich and deep a pleasing effect is produced by setting the bed full of bulbs so closely together that there will scarcely be any space between them.

Careful planters make the beds early—that is, dig them up and work in the fertilizer and allow the beds to settle. At planting time four or five inches of the soil is removed, leaving a level surface on which to set the bulbs.

To fill the bed with bulbs first set a row of early flowering tulips, such as Pottelbakker scarlet, crimson scarlet or Artus, bright red. Set these six to eight inches apart. When the row of early tulips has been set in place set between each bulb of early tulips and in the same row a bulb of some Darwin tulip of a different color, such as Clara Butt, a soft pink. In placing the second row set the Darwin tulips first, so the Darwin tulips in the second row will be in the same position as the early tulips in the first row, a Darwin tulip in the second row placed exactly in front of an early tulip in the first row. When the Darwin tulips have been placed in the second row set an early tulip in the same row between the Darwins, so the early tulips in the second row will be exactly in front of the Darwins in the first row.

The first two rows of tulips having been set, place between the rows and between the bulbs in the rows crocus bulbs, and then tuck in as many snowdrops and scilla siberica as there is room for between the crocuses. Go on in like manner until all the rows in the bed are completed, then carefully replace the topsoil that has been removed so as not to disturb the position of the bulbs. After the ground has frozen a light covering of strawy manure or straw may be given.

The result will be that about as soon as the snow goes next spring flowers of the snowdrops and scillas will appear, beautiful little white and celestial blue flowers, followed by the crocuses, while the foliage of the tulips is breaking through the ground. By the time the crocuses have disappeared or before the bed will be a brilliant red or scarlet, according to the color of early tulips planted. These will gradually droop and fall about the time the early tulip beds fade, but suddenly the bed is aglow again, and this time instead of a brilliant red it has been transformed suddenly into a soft shell pink.

If a bed of this kind has not been tried make one this autumn.

PASSING OF THE MAN SERVANT.

Will Disappear From the Servants' Halls of Britain.

It is generally believed in England that the man servant has had his day, and that in the reorganization of the country after the war his place will be taken by the trim maid servant in a black dress, with white collar and cuffs. That the custom will, like others of British origin, spread over this continent, is not to be doubted.

However great the gain to the nation's economy, the disappearance of the man servant will prove a serious loss to the writer of fiction. The butler who looks like a bishop, save for his greater gravity of demeanor, and who knows more of the family secrets than the crusty old lawyer who draws the important wills, is a personage whom it will be hard to replace. It is difficult to imagine a maid servant capable of burdening her soul with the grim secret of Lady Harrowdale's lurid past or of holding her tongue about it. And with the butler will go the footman, in his gorgeous livery, and the quaint Scottish gardener, grudging the roses that are to adorn his master's table.

The novels that follow the war will reveal a scheme of domestic service in which women, some in skirts and others in trousers, will completely feminize the servants' hall.

Unprofitable.

Lott—One never loses anything by keeping an engagement punctually.

Scott—Except half an hour's time waiting for the other fellow.

Reducing Expenses

The war has so increased the cost of living, the housewife must make her money go further.

By using Red Rose Tea, which chiefly consists of strong, rich Assam teas, she can keep her tea bills down. The rich Assam strength requires less tea in the pot—and there's only one tea with the rich Red Rose flavor!

Kept Good by the Sealed Package



Manuring Market Garden Crops.

A little brochure has just been issued by the Agricultural Department at Ottawa, and that can be had free by addressing the Publications Branch of the Department, for which, at a time when universal attention is being paid to vegetable gardening, there should be a large demand. It is entitled "The Manuring of Market Garden Crops, with special reference to the Use of Fertilizers," has for its authors Frank T. Shutt, M.A., D.Sc., Dominion Chemist, and B. Leslie Emslie, C.D. & A., F.C.S., and is Bulletin No. 32 (second series) of the Division of Chemistry. As the title suggests, the bulletin is intended mainly for the information of market gardeners, but seeing that the rules for the cultivation of the soil and the seeding and growing of vegetables and plants are common to all, its contents are really of general import, despite the fact also that a good deal of attention is paid to barnyard manure. The importance of manure in market gardening can scarcely be over-estimated, the bulletin rightly remarks, adding "Stable manure has been and probably always will be the main standby of the market gardener. From this the Bulletin goes on to tell of the nature and composition of manure and of its influence. The nature and use of lime and its compounds next receive attention, followed by a disquisition on commercial fertilizers, their composition and methods of application. In this connection the section devoted to Potassic Fertilizers is especially interesting and valuable. Advice with elaborate tables is given on the value

of different fertilizers, and, finally, suggestions to meet the fertilizer requirements of special crops, in which are included all kinds of vegetables and fruits. An appendix gives the results of experiments in fertilization with carrots, turnips, parsnips, celery, onions, tomatoes and peas.

THE BEST THING FOR DYSPEPSIA

WHY PEPSIN, PANCREATIN, ETC., SO FREQUENTLY FAIL.

An international specialist whose articles on stomach trouble have been printed in nearly every language, recently stated that to treat the average case of stomach trouble, indigestion, dyspepsia, etc., by doctoring the stomach, killing the pain with opiates, or by the use of artificial aids to digestion such as pepsin and pancreatin, was just as foolish and useless as to attempt to put out a fire by throwing water on the smoke, instead of the fire. He claims, and facts seem to justify his claim, that nearly nine-tenths of all stomach trouble is due to acidity and food fermentation; and that the only way in which to secure permanent relief is to get rid of the cause, i.e., to neutralize the acid and stop the fermentation. For this purpose he strongly recommends the plan now generally adopted throughout Europe of taking a teaspoonful of ordinary bisulphated magnesia in a little water immediately after eating or whenever pain is felt. This immediately neutralizes the acid, stops the fermentation and permits the stomach to do its work in a normal manner and thus by removing the cause, enables nature to quickly restore the inflamed stomach lining to a perfectly healthy natural condition. For the convenience of travellers it may be noted that most druggists are now able to supply bisulphated magnesia in 5 grain tablets, 2 or 3 of which will almost instantly relieve the most violent attacks of indigestion.

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