RED ROSE TEA
"is good tea"
Next time try the finest grade
~~ Red Rose Orange Pekoe Tea.
80.

MEN AND WOMEN OF TO-DAY

A Scot's Prank on a "Brither."

The latest story about Sir Harry Lauder concerns another famous Scotsman, Lord Dewar.

Lord Dewar had Sir Harry staying with him for a fortnight. When the comedian was leaving his host presented him with six valuable homing pigeons as a farewell present. Lord Dewar's pigeon lofts are world-famous. But he cautioned Sir Harry to keep the birds penned for a fortnight, otherwise they might fly back. Sir Harry waited the prescribed time and a week longer, then he opened his loft, thinking it would be safe. Immediately the birds rose up and away for their old home. Even a Scot can't get the better of a "brither frae the Land o' Cakes."

From Poverty to a Palace.

The miracles of the Arabian Nights are not finished. I have just heard of a Russian doctor, living in poverty, who wandered into a cinema and saw the film of the coronation of the new Shah of Persia. He thought the Shah's face was familiar, and some days later recollected he had met him when the Shah was serving as a private soldier in the Russian army.

He wrote to the new Shah, and some weeks later received a letter appointing him Court Physician to the "King of Kings," and asking him to come immediately to Teheran, the Persian capital. Who said, "Put not your trust in Princes"?

Collapse of Douglas.

A good story is being told in film circles of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford and King Alfonso of Spain. The film couple were invited on their European tour to meet the King, and Douglas, in particular, was determined to make a good impression. He prepared in advance a pretty speech about American and Spanish friendship, and had it ready to trip off his tongue, when, to his amazement, the King stepped forward with, "How do you do, Mr. Fairbanks? How's Fatty Arbuckle?"

King Alfonso, who visits England nearly every year, is almost as keenly interested in films as he is in tennis.

Good-Bye, Melba!

Recently Dame Nellie Malba, easily the most popular of prime donne, sang her last songs in public to a London audience. She made her first appearance as an opera-singer at Brussels thirty-nine years ago. Her popularity is almost as much due to her unfailing kindness of heart as to her wonderful voice, and by her retiral Australia loses her best-known citizen.

The story about Melba which I like most runs thus: She was living in a hotel on one of her tours and sat down one morning to practise. A little boy happened to be in the room with his mother, and when the singer's liquid notes trilled out he jumped up with an excited, "Hist, mummie, birdie!" Melba regards that as the greatest compliment ever paid to her voice.

The Old Gate.

It was a boisterous day; the wind was tossing the tree tops into billows over the hills of the evergreen isle. A thick, cold mist was blowing, white caps rode the waves of the lake and crows shrieked from the top of an old fir tree; my dog sat shivering at my feet. "Let's be off to the woods, Beau," said I.

The road ran up a gravel hill, then wound along through the woods; hospitable maples in their gay spring green spread their arms in welcome, dignified firs wearing buttonhole bouquets of dogwood blossoms stood like ushers; frisky willows, nodding ferns and drifts of blue alder smoke lured me on.

After about a mile the road turned off mysteriously into the woods. I stopped to listen to water trickling down through the ferns. Beau had chased off into a thicket. Then it was that I noticed the old gate. It stood open, leaning back against the bushes. The road followed the ravine down the hill in persuasive way, but I did not venture in. I leaned on the old gate while I waited for Beau.

The wind has calmed into a breeze that set all the trees to singing and the mist had begun to lift. I heard a door slam down by the water's edge and a boy whistling; the ring of an ax echoed through the woods, a man called, then a woman's voice singing floated up to me with a message of content.

The next time I saw the old gate, the maples had changed their gowns of green to ones of soft yellow, firs were wearing dark velvet coats with boutonnieres of rich red burs that the dogwoods had pinned to their lapels. Adventurous sunbeams flitted through the trees and shadows lingered at the curves. The gate was closed, but I did not feel forbidden, for its weather-beaten boards hung from their hinges with the grace of an unspoken welcome.

Once again I passed that way. A battered car came chugging up the hill. The boy was driving, his dog sitting in the seat beside him; in the back seat sat the man and the woman, contented, serene.

And so the gate still calls me. Some time I shall wander down that ferny drive, sure to find a smile and a welcome hand to greet me. There will be flowers, there will be apple trees; and a tea-kettle will be singing in the kitchen.

No more blue Mondays! let Rinso The new kind of soap do the work

Rinse and that's all

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF LUX
R-465

Garden Hedges.

There are few flowers that tower above
The stately hollyhocks,
Or wear such dainty frills of pink,
Silk petticoats and smocks.

Nor can the nodding four-o'clock
Present a statelier spire
Than salvia, stiff and straight, that flaunts
A head of flaming fire.

The California poppies vie
With many-colored phlox;
Blue butterflies of larkspur hide
Behind the giant stocks.

But take me to the hedge-rows deep,
The hidden, lowly spots,
Where bloom the heart's-ease, softly shrined
Among forget-me-nots.

—Ada Borden Stevens.

Cricket Balls.

No color has been found so suitable for cricket balls as red, which naturally shows up to advantage against grass. Green balls have been tried, but they proved a failure. Other colors experimented with include yellow and blue.

Ask Him.

Science says that, of all sounds, a baby's cry has the greatest carrying power. And dad is the carrier.

Your Ear Sight.

If, for any reason, the authorities forbade music in cinemas, the film industry would die. Attendances would dwindle, not because the absence of music made for dullness, but because the pictures would "flatten" and lose "life." We should not be able to see them, without music, a quarter as well as we do now, with music.

It is a scientific fact that we assist our hearing with our eyes, and assist our sight with our ears. Do we not, when we wish to "listen hard," screw our eyes up? The act is involuntary, and has the effect of sharpening the hearing.

The reverse effect is obtained when our ears take in sounds. Our sight is quickened. By actual experiments it has been proved that those who could not read printed matter without spectacles have been able to do so, unaided, when music was played. The violin, on its high notes, is the instrument which produces the greatest increase in vision. Thus music in cinemas, even if it is selected to "fit" particular scenes, is really to help us to "see."

Cork is Cooked.

Cork is the bark of an evergreen tree which grows in Southern Europe. The bark is of great thickness and gets thicker every year, one layer forming over the other.

After about ten years the bark falls off naturally, but for commercial purposes the outer layers are striped before this and are strippel again every eight or ten years.

The bark is removed by making a deep cut in the tree, and then slicing off slabs with a curved two-handled knife. These pieces are boiled or steamed for an hour, in order to get rid of certain substances in the bark, and also to decrease it in size. The pieces are then scraped and finally pressed flat by machinery. The cork is then ready for the market.

The corks that are used in bottles are made by machinery, and the waste helps to make floorcloth.

GIVE CONFIDENCE TO YOUNG MOTHERS

By Always Keeping Baby's Own Tablets in the Home.

A simple and safe remedy for the common ills of babyhood and childhood should be kept in every home where there is either a baby or a young child. Often it is necessary to give the little one something to break up a cold, allay fever, correct sour stomach and banish the irritability that accompanies the cutting of teeth.

Experienced mothers always keep Baby's Own Tablets in the home as a safeguard against the troubles that seize their little ones so suddenly and the young mother can feel reasonably safe with a box of these Tablets at hand and ready for emergencies.

Baby's Own Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative that act without griping and they are absolutely guaranteed free from opiates or other harmful drugs. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Holiness.

A white bird in a dark-boughted tree
Gave to the rain-wet wood
A touch of holiness, a place
Where God had stood.

The weeping greenness of the leaves
Poised in the heavy air,
And hung, forgetting to fall, since He
Was standing there.

And the dark boughs bent, and swept together
Hushed words in an undertone,
Talking of one bright, beautiful moment
Long after the bird had flown.

—Marion Peacock.

Motorcycle Piles Up Big Mileage in Recent Economy Test.

Witnessed by representatives of the press and members of the Richmond, Va., Motorcycle Club, a new Harley-Davidson Single recently hung up a highly impressive record for economy in fuel consumption. A strictly stock machine, with no previous preparation, other than the sealing of the gasoline tanks, proceeded to pile mile upon mile, until it reached a grand average of 120.8 miles per American gallon.

Commenting on this, Walter Andrews, Toronto distributor for the Harley-Davidson line, stated: "While economy tests are very interesting and impressive, the real test of any motorcycle is in its every day constant use. Under such conditions the Harley-Davidson Single is piling up an impressive record, eighty miles to the American gallon and 100 miles to the Canadian gallon and better being the average report. Because of this, the motorcycle has found its place in modern business, and ever increasing number of stores and business establishments are installing motorcycles for rapid delivery service."

The Largest Library.

The world's largest library, the Bibliotheque Nationale, in Paris, which has 5,000,000 volumes, has just been equipped with artificial light.

Minard's Liniment for all pains.

GIRLHOOD DANGERS

Come Through a Weakening of the Blood—A Tonic is Needed.

In their early teens it is quite common for girls to outgrow their strength, and mothers should carefully watch the health of their daughters at this time. It is when the strength is sapped by rapid growth that anaemia develops. The first signs may be noticed by peevishness, langour and headaches. The face grows pale, breathlessness and palpitation become apparent, with low spirits and depression.

Neglected anaemia often leads to a decline, but if you see that your daughter's blood is enriched, there need be no cause for anxiety. The finest blood-builder ever discovered is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They will build up your girl's health and ensure for her healthy womanhood. In proof of this Mrs. George Justason, Black's Harbor, N.B., says:—"I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a wonderful medicine. My daughter, Margaret, was in such a badly run down condition that we feared she was going into a decline. Her face was pale, the least exertion would leave her breathless and she suffered from headaches. She had no appetite and lost a lot in weight. Up to the time we began giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, no treatment had helped her. But thanks to the use of this wonderful medicine she is again well and strong, showing no signs of the trouble that had so weakened her."

In all troubles due to weak, watery blood, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will be found a reliable remedy. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Still, Small Voice.

The voice of common sense, as well as of conscience, is not always assertive above the strident sounds of the day's work, the importunities of social claims or business. We have to learn to listen to what our better more deliberate judgment is ready to tell us, even though it speaks in a whisper, not in a shout.

In fact, the greater, purer inspirations of our lives never come noisily. They take possession of our horizons almost imperceptibly, like tides of a peaceful coast or clouds of a quiet sundown. We receive these ennobling and fortifying impulses, these clearer indications of the way to take, when we withdraw to the deep, intimate recesses of our being. It is there that we meet our real selves and encounter instincts that are shy and usually inarticulate, ready to be put to flight by churlish, inhospitable contacts.

As music cannot live on terms of fellowship with noise, so the essential refinement of a nature cannot survive constant discouragement. The inward mentor that is ready to show us the things in life that are not merely most beautiful but most sensible will cease to function as a muscle atrophies if we never give it anything to do, if we never listen when it speaks, if we rush onward in a headless and belligerent course, never pausing to listen to that most precious source of counsel that was given us when the soul was bestowed upon the body for a faithful, lifelong comradeship.

What is the use of the still, small voice that is within us if we never heed?

Early Railways in Canada.

On April 16, 1853, the Toronto Locomotive Works completed the first locomotive built in Canada; it was named the "Toronto." On June 13, 1853, the Northern Railway was opened from Toronto to Bradford. On July 18, 1853, the Grand Trunk Railway to Portland, Me., was opened. The Great Western Railway was opened from Niagara River to Hamilton on Nov. 1, 1853, from Hamilton to London on Dec. 31, 1853; from London to Windsor, on Jan. 27, 1854; from Hamilton to Toronto, on Dec. 3, 1855. The first passenger train went from Monereal to Toronto on Oct. 27, 1856. The railway from Port Hope to Lindsay was opened on Dec. 30, 1857. The railway from Goderich to Fort Erie was opened on May 28, 1858.

Living By His Taste.

Some boiling water, a little tea, and a china cup—with these a man can earn £2,000 a year, says an English writer.

Every day, in the City of London, near Mincing Lane, where hundreds of chests of tea are bought and sold, men are busy tasting samples.

The sampling and tasting is carried out in this manner. A sample of the tea is taken, and a preliminary opinion is based on the appearance of the leaf and aroma while dry.

Then tea to the weight of a sixpence is put into a tea-tasting pot made of the best white china. This is filled with boiling water and a china lid put on. For five minutes the tea is left to brew, and then, by almost inverting the pot with the lid still on, the tea is strained out into a china cup.

The taster now has two things before him, the tea itself, and the tea-leaves on the lid. In this state the leaves are known as the infusion.

If the infusion is light and bright in color it is a sign that the tea is good. Dark-brown leaves are a sign that, generally speaking, the tea is inferior.

As regards to the tea itself, the expert looks at it for color. The liquid may be what is known as "coloring" tea, in other words, of good color which, when blended later with a tea of good flavor but thin in appearance, will impart the color wanted.

Finally comes the actual tasting—just one teaspoonful.

Though the whole process boils down to personal judgment, the years of experience behind sound tea-tasters is such that three or four men examining the same sample would more than likely agree within a farthing a pound as to the worth of that particular consignment.

Minard's Liniment for Burns.

Where Go the Boats?

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

—From "A Child's Garden of Verses," by Robert Louis Stevenson.

A pleasant saline laxative

A clear head, bright eyes, an alert mind, a body full of healthful vigor—you can have them all *every* day if you are a normal being and keep your system clear of clogging poisons. How? A spoonful of Sal Lithofos in a glass of water daily before breakfast and at bedtime.

Sal Lithofos

Send 10c for generous sample.
WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LTD.
468 St. Paul St. W. - Montreal

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Genuine ASPIRIN
Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for
Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
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DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART
Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.
Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

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Elliott Graduates
For 20 years our employment department has been actively co-operating with business houses in this and other cities of our country.
For 20 years our graduates have attested the character and effectiveness of our work.
Your chance of success as well as your course of study is our problem.
Write Dept. "D" for particulars.
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Portrait of Virgin.

The only authentic portrait of the poet Virgil known to-day was found in Northern Africa in 1898.

No key to the Maya language, like the famous Rosetta stone which helped scientists to read Egyptian hieroglyphics, has yet been found.

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Handsomely illustrated with plans of moderate priced homes by Canadian Architects. MacLean Builders' Guide will help you to decide on the type of home, exterior finish, materials, interior arrangement and decoration. Send 25c for a copy.
MacLean Builders' Guide
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Oh, My Back!
Get someone to massage it thoroughly with Minard's. It relieves pain.
MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

RUN-DOWN AFTER BIRTH OF BABY

Ottawa Woman Made Strong by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Ottawa, Ontario.—"I was terribly run-down after the birth of my third baby. I had awful bearing-down pains and was afraid I had serious trouble. I was tired all the time and had no appetite. My sister-in-law is taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and cannot praise it too highly and asked me to try it. I have had splendid results and feel fine all the time now. Any one who needs a thorough pick-me-up soon learns from me what to take."—Mrs. RENE PAQUIN, 320 Cumberland Street, Ottawa, Ontario.

Terrible Backache

Hamilton, Ont.—"After my baby was born I had terrible backache and headaches. I could not do my work and felt tired from the first minute I got up. But worst of all were the pains in my sides when I moved about. I had to sit or lie down for a while afterwards. I could keep my house in order, but many things had to go undone at the time, because of my ailments. I was told by a neighbor to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as she said it would build me up. I was relieved before I had taken the first we bought and have not had any trouble like it since."—Mrs. T. MARKLE, 115 Ferguson Avenue South, Hamilton, Ontario.

ECZEMA IN FORM OF RASH

Lasted About a Year. Healed by Cuticura.

"My scalp started to get red and itchy and had a burning feeling. Later eczema broke out in the form of a rash and spread to my face and body. It was itchy all the time, and my woolen clothing made it worse. My face was disfigured, and my hair fell out and got dry. The trouble lasted about a year.

"I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after using one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Alice Bickell, R. R. 5, Woodville, Ont.

Daily use of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum helps to prevent skin troubles.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot: "Stenhouse, Ltd., Montreal." Price, Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.