A Positive Luxury in Infusion

Pure Tea, without admixture . . . of Any Kind, foreign to its growth.

"SALADA"

has the reputation of nearly a quarter of a century behind every packet sold——

B437

INTERNATIONAL BABY SAVING.

For once the civilized world is believing what Germany says when she speaks incessantly of the next war. For once the world being fore-warned by Germany's attempts to increase her birth rate by whatever means, is fore-armed and is starting out for the first time on organized baby saving. Instead of this work being conducted in isolated communities there is a conviction that if the future citizens of the world are to be saved all the the babies must be saved no matter where they live. There is a conviction that no one knows quite as much as he should know about baby welfare and that no one is doing all he should to secure fair treatment for this "little infant soldier" who has had to fight for too many of his battles unaided, in the past.

England is thoroughly roused on his subject. First of all she means to effect a radical reform at home. The Children's Jewel Fund has yielded £27,052 for baby welfare work in England. Added to this fund is a contribution of 4,000 guineas from the American Red Cross to go to the same work in England. The Baby Week Council in celebrating its organization this year intend to concentrate on getting its propaganda into otherwise neglected places and to levy on all available help—especially teachers and children.

Travelling movies will be used as helps and the climax will be reached in a great conference in London where all questions pertaining to baby welfare are to be considered with a view to instant adoption. It is intended to include the provinces in this conference by proxy, as it were. Sectional conferences in the provinces will link the whole English-speaking British world in one great body of Baby Welfare workers. An attempt will be made to help local authorities in all overseas dominions to organize far-reaching schemes looking to the preservation of baby life.

In view of this earnest effort in the motherland it is most gratifying to know of the splendid work that has already been accomplished in Canada this year. Three well organized Baby Welfare Week programmes have been carried out in our large cities. The work for summer should not end there and, in view of Germany's ceaseless activity along that line circumstances seem to warrant a repetition later in the summer of those some Welfare Weeks. What is really needed is a "Get Together Conference for the Dominion" with nation-wide, standardized warfare for the sake of Canadian babies.

An Iceless Refrigerator.

The woman who cannot conveniently get ice, or who cannot afford it, resorts to all sorts of contrivances to keep her milk sweet and her butter hard.

Here is a plan for a home-made milk house that will answer the purpose.

Make your framework the size you want the refrigerator, making the bottom a trifle larger than the top. Cover the framework with ordinary "bag" sacking—clean potato sacks will do. Stretch this covering tight and secure it with small nails. The door is made of the same material. The door can be made to open and shut or you can have a hanging door which simply drops over the opening.

Now set a vessel of water on top of the refrigerator. Of old woollen cloth make strips two or three inches wide and dip them in the water. Place one end in the vessel and lay the strips out over the sides of the refrigerator. These make wicks and gently draw the water on to the sacking. Evaporation immediately sets in, and you will be surprised to find in a short time that your butter is hardening and your milk growing cold. A few gallons of water will keep this refrigerator in operation throughout the day and night, but the vessel should be filled morning, noon and night.

This refrigerator will give good service if placed in the sun, but better service if placed in a shaded place. The water used may be either cold or warm, the object being to have free circulation of the air force evaporation and keep the sides of the refrigerator wet at all times.

Reading Matter For Our Soldiers.

Sir Douglas Haig, writing to Dame Eva Anstruther recently said: "Urge all at home to buy books and magazines and pass them on freely to the Camps Library for circulation among the troops. The demand that has now to be met is very great." The last sentence was underlined.

The Earl of Derby wrote: "We feel we have only to ask for every man, woman and child to respond to an appeal which will add so great a pastime to the life of his or her own belongings and friends at the Front. The matter is urgent." Here also the last sentence was underlined.

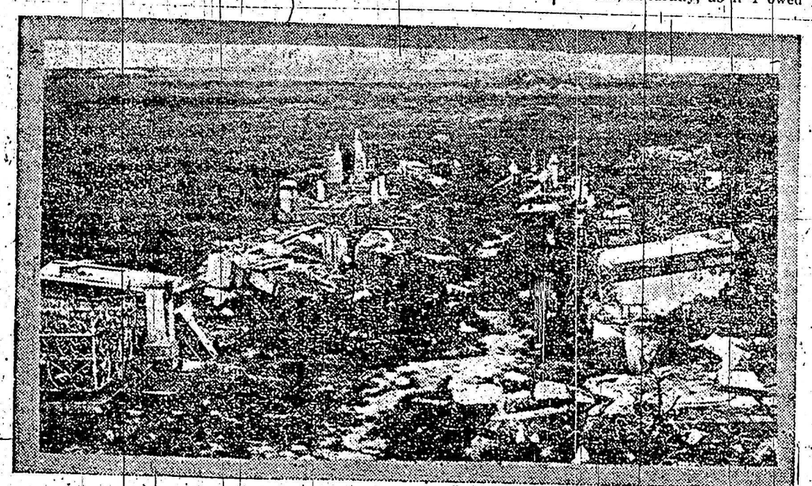
Do Canadians keep their boys supplied with papers and magazines? Do we share the good stories, the little poems that say what we would like to say and cannot; the jokes, the fun? "If not, why not?" as the dreadful examination questions used to say.

Another thing: Because we have gloomy solemn thoughts should we send them over there? Every one says: "Make your letters smile." Why not send smiling, rollicking printed matter—even the kind we do not like but know that our boy likes it? Why not?

The Gift.

You marched away and my soul was proud
For yours was the praise of the cheering crowd,
And yours was the chance to do and dare
And have in the conflict for right a share;
My boy, with a thousand women's sons
To go over the top with their eager guns.

But after that, in the dust alone
In the little room that we long had known,
My eyes were moist as the past returned
And the heart of the mother grieved and yearned,
Yet I still was glad with a holy joy
In the gift I gave when I gave my boy.



The Germans do not even respect the dead. Here is a photograph of a cemetery near Lens which the Canadians found with broken tombs and graves robbed both of the dead and of their jewels.—Canadian Official Photograph.

(Copyright)

CHAPTER XXV.—(Cont'd.)

Frightened, she clasped her hands beneath her chin.

His eyes demanded a reply.

"I—I told her what the doctors told me. Don't look at me so, Peter!"

"You tried to win her sympathy for me?"

"They told me if you stopped worrying, your sight would come back. I told her that, Peter."

"You told her more?"

"That if she could love you—oh I couldn't help it!"

"So that is why she listened to you, why she listened to me. You begged for her pity, and—she gave it. I thought at least I could leave her with my head up."

Beatrice began to sob.

"I—I did the best I knew how," she pleaded.

His head was bowed. He looked crushed. Throwing herself upon her knees in front of him, Beatrice reached for his clasped hands.

"I did the best I knew!" she moaned.

"Yes," he answered dully; "you did that. Every one has done that. Only—nothing should have been done at all. Nothing can ever be done."

"You—you forgive me, Peter?"

"Yes."

But his voice was dead. It had no meaning.

"It may all be for the best," she ran on, anxious to revive him. "We'll go back to New York, Peter—you and I. Perhaps you'll let me stay with you there. We'll get a little apartment together, so that I can care for you. I'll do that all the days of my life, if you'll let me."

"I want a better fate than that for you, little sister," he answered.

Rising, he helped her to her feet. He smoothed back her hair from her forehead and kissed her there.

"It won't do to look ahead very far, or backwards either just now," he said. "But if I can believe there is something still left in life for me, I must believe there is a great deal more left for you. Only we must get away from her as soon as possible."

"You have your eyes, Peter," she exclaimed exultingly. "She can't take those away from you, again!"

"Hush," he warned. "You must never blame her for anything."

"You mean you still—"

"Still and forever, little sister," he answered. "But we must not talk of that."

"Poor Peter," she trembled.

"Rich Peter!" he corrected, with a wan smile. "There are so many who haven't as much as that."

He went back to his room. The next thing he did was to write some sort of explanation to Covington. His ears burned as he thought of the other letter he had sent. How it must have bored into the man! How it must have hurt! He had been forced to read the confession of love of another man for his wife. The wonder was that he had not taken the next train back and knocked down the writer. It must be that he understood the hopelessness of such a passion. Perhaps he had smiled! Only that was not like Covington. Rather, he had gripped his jaws and stood it.

But as it had hurt and he hankered for revenge, he was to have it now. He, Noyes, had bared his soul to the husband and confessed a love that now he must stand up and recant. That was punishment enough for any man. He must do that, too, without violating any of Marjory's confidences—without helping in any way to disentangle the pitiful snarl that it was within his power to disentangle. She whose happiness might partly have recompensed him for what he had to do, he must still leave unhappy. As far as he himself was concerned, however, he was entitled to tell the truth. He could not recant his love. That would be false. But he had no right to it—that was what he must make Covington understand.

Dear Covington [he began]: I am writing this with my eyes open. The miracle I spoke of came to pass. Also a great many other things have come to pass. You'll realize how hard it is to write about them after that other letter, when I tell you I have learned the truth; that Marjory is Mrs. Covington. She told me herself, when our relations reached a crisis where she had to tell.

I feel, naturally, as if I owed you some sort of apology; and yet, when I come to frame it, I find myself baffled. Of course I'm leaving for home as soon as possible—probably to-morrow. Of course if I had known the truth I should have left long ago, and that letter would never have had any occasion for being written. I'm assuming, Covington, that you will believe that without and question.

You knew what I did not know and did not tell me even after you knew how I felt. I suppose you felt so confident of her that you trusted her absolutely to handle an afair of this sort herself.

I want to say right here you were justified. Whatever in that other letter I may have said to lead you to believe she had come to care for me in the slightest was a result solely of my own self-delusion and her innate gentleness. I have discovered that my sister, meaning no harm, went to her and told her that the restoration of my sight depended upon her interest in me. It was manifestly unfair of my sister to put it that way, but the little woman was thinking only of me. I'm sorry it was done. Evidently it was the basis upon which she made the feeble promise I spoke of, and which I exaggerated into something more.

Now for myself. In the light of what I know to-day, I could not have written you of her as I did. Yet, had I remained silent, all I said would have remained just as much God's truth as then. Though I must admit the utter hopelessness of my love, I see no reason why I should think of attempting to deny that love. It wouldn't be decent to myself, to you, or to her. It began before you came into her life at all. It has grown bigger and cleaner since then. It persists to-day. I'm talking to you as man to man, Covington. I know you won't confuse that statement with any desire on my part—with any hope, however remote—to see that love fulfilled further than it is fulfilled to-day. That delusion has vanished forever. I shall never entertain it again, no matter what course your destiny or her destiny may take. I cannot make that emphatic enough, Covington. It is based upon a certain knowledge of facts which, unfortunately, I am not at liberty to reveal to you.

I don't suppose it's in particularly good taste for me to talk to you of your wife in this fashion; but it's my dying speech, old man, as far as this subject is concerned, and I'm talking to you and to no one else.

There's just one thing more I want to say. I don't want either you or Marjory to think I'm going off to pine and die. The first time she left me I made an ass of myself, and that was because I had not then got hold of the essential fact of love. As I see it now, love—real love—does not lie in the personal gratification of selfish desires. The wanting is only the first stage. Perhaps it is a ruse of Nature to entice men to the second stage, which is giving.

I'm going away, Covington. That will leave her here alone. Wherever you are, there must be trains back to Nice—starting perhaps within the hour.

So long.

Peter J. Noyes.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Freedom

With the departure of Peter and his sister—Peter had made his leave-taking easy by securing an earlier train than she expected and sending her a brief note of farewell—Marjory found herself near that ideal state of perfect freedom she had craved. There was now no outside influence to check her movements. If she remained where she was, there was no one to interrupt her in the solitary pursuit of her own pleasure. Safe from any possibility of intrusion, she was at liberty to remain in the seclusion of her room; but, if she preferred, she could walk the quay without the slightest prospect in the world of being forced to recognize the friendly greeting of any one.

Peter was gone; Beatrice was gone; and Monte was gone. There was no one else—unless by some chance poor Teddy Hamilton should turn up, which was so unlikely that she did not even consider it. Yet there were moments when she had met Teddy, she would have smiled a welcome. She would not have feared him. There was only one person in the world now of whom she stood in fear, and he was somewhere along the English coast, playing a poor game of golf.

She was free beyond her most extravagant dreams—absolutely free. She was so free that it seemed aimless to rise in the morning, because there was nothing awaiting her attention. She was so free that there was no object in breakfasting, because there was no obligation demanding her strength. She was so free that whether she should go out or remain indoors depended merely upon the whim of the moment. There was for her nothing either without or within.

Here was the whole thing in a nutshell. There were some who might consider this to be an ideal state. Not to care about anything at all was not to have anything at all to worry about. Certain philosophies were based upon this state of mind. In part, Monte's own philosophy was so based. If not to care too much were well, then not to care at all should be better. It should leave one utterly and sublimely free. But should it also leave one utterly miserable?

There was something inconsistent in that—something unfair. To be free, and yet to feel like a prisoner, bound and gagged; not to care, and yet to feel one's vitals eaten with caring; to obtain one's object, and then to be marooned there like a forsaken sailor on a desert island—this was unjust.

Ah, but she did care! It was as if some portion of her refused absolutely to obey her will in this matter. In silence she might declare her determination not to care, or through tense lips she might mutter the same thing in spoken words; but this made no difference. She was a free agent, to be sure. She had the right to dictate terms to herself. She had the sole right to be arbiter of her destiny. It was to that end she had craved freedom.

(To be continued.)

Food Control Corner

Arrangements have been completed by the Canada Food Board with the United States Food Administration by which 15,000 tons of linseed oil cake and meal will be supplied to relieve the conditions which prevail in Canada owing to the scarcity of feed and fodder.

The Food Board will be responsible for the allocation of the oil cake and meal. All dealers who wish to import these commodities must attach to the regular import application blanks a sworn statement of the quantities sold during the three years prior to July 1st and distribution will be made on this basis. Applications should be sent direct to the Canada Food Board.

Every city, town and village in Canada should have a farm employment agency in charge of some good, live local man. Farmers want help and it is the duty of the towns and cities to provide it if there is no other source of supply. Able bodied young men of all classes have been enlisted for the army, and the factories had already drained the country of regular farm laborers. There is no immigration to help the situation. The United States wants about a million or more men for its own harvest. Some of those men will doubtless be available in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba for the Canadian wheat after the American crop is in, but the great bulk of the extra labor required on Canadian farms this year, will have to come from Canadian towns and cities.

To enable those men to be distributed when they do come forward, as by their registration cards they have promised to do, there should be machinery ready and well organized. In some Provinces the local Government has established employment agencies. Every province might well have similar offices supplemented by voluntary organizations in every centre. Business men in every other Canadian town, should become active in this matter because it vitally concerns them. Employers of labor should do everything in their power to arrange their work so as to release men who are willing to go to the aid of the farmers. Every encouragement should be given these men, for this work is of first importance. Farmers, of course, prefer experienced men, and men who have been brought up on farms or spent some years on the land should be specially encouraged to devote a few weeks of their time and the capital of their experience to the harvest of 1918. Extra men for the harvest are wanted in every province—in British Columbia 3,000; in Alberta 6,000 to 7,000, in Saskatchewan 20,000, in Manitoba 10,000, Ontario 12,000, Quebec 12,000 New Brunswick 2,000, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island all the men locally available.

Leading business men of every centre should get together in a committee and open up a farm labor bureau where there is none already. There should be no trouble for the farmer in learning where to find such an office and there should be no trouble for the man who is willing to go on the farm to find out where to go and leave his name and address for the farmer looking for him.

We are in receipt of two very artistic posters issued by the Canada Food Board. One reads: "Fish and Vegetable Meals will save wheat, meat, and fats for our Soldiers and Allies." The other represents a child on his mother's knee at breakfast saying: "Remember we must feed Daddy too." The mother's eyes see in vision her husband on the battlefield.

"Three parts of good conversation consist of good manners."—E. F. Benson.

Cream Wanted

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COLLEGES ON THE FIELD

Canada is the Pioneer in Establishment of Soldiers' Universities

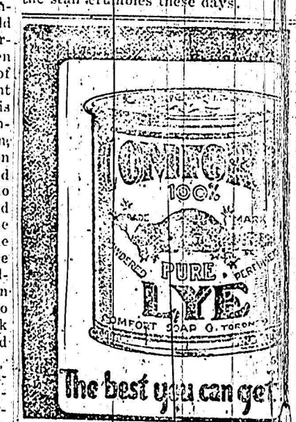
We are glad to see that field colleges are gradually being established in all our armies at the Front, the Manchester Guardian. The first was, we think, first put into practice by the Canadians, whose "Universities of Vimy Ridge" was so popular with the men that the United States Government at once followed the example and introduced as a component part of the American army an organization known as the Soldiers' University. Now the Australian forces have a similar institution, one, in fact, even more ambitious than the others.

The British Army is also planning an educational scheme which doubtless adopt as its foundation the Y.M.C.A. camp classes, whose teaching staffs have for a long time deserved adequate official recognition and encouragement. The scope of these field universities is large and will accommodate the needs of the student, the professional man, and the craftsman not only during the war but in the period of demobilization. Germans have had similar institutions for long enough.

It is a scheme that will be welcomed by nobody so much as by the men themselves. Every one of us has heard the lament of young soldiers their only lament. In fact—that are growing more and more conscious of a widening gulf in their careers the war prolongs itself. For must long, it must be confessed, our soldiers have been without any systematised opportunities of maintaining some point of contact with civilian habits of mind and vocation, and is a thousand pities that there were no soldiers' colleges for the men who went through the first weary months of trench warfare.

Still, though these educational substitutions may have come late in the day, the future before them is still considerable. There is no reason why they should pass away until the business of arms itself is obsolete. Life in barracks must be a vastly different thing in the days to come from what it was in the past. These soldiers' universities, in fact, are an overdue official recognition that the old professional soldier no longer exists and that the modern fighting man is a civilian first and last.

Bread is the staff of life, but the staff crumbles these days.



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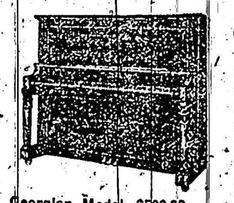

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Printed in ... ness of photo... the delicate ... prove a great ... orgies.

The book ... plan the pur... sugar, the ... cacao, brown ... which may be ... retailer purposes.

A special ... for children, and ... ration books for ... work it is ... touched to ... of ration books.

With the coming ... new books may come late in ... day, the future before them is ... considerable. There is no reason why ... they should pass away until the ... ness of arms itself is obsolete. Life ... in barracks must be a vastly different ... thing in the days to come from what ... it was in the past. These soldiers' ... universities, in fact, are an overdue ... official recognition that the old ... professional soldier no longer exists ... and that the modern fighting man is a ... civilian first and last.

CHINA AND THE BEAR

The bear plays an ... nose domestic ... ding to East and West ... the cordially detested ... the Chinese matrix, the ... there provinces ... cent from bears ... how these staple ... nese know as well ... the bear seldom ... nese table wholly ... red as 40 per ... is reduced to its ... in the form of bear ... fatty, which are ... side foodshops ... fe are of prodigious ... foods, which are ... per, as to the rural ... what the making ... is to the Cockney ... the large cities ... of that sort is a craft ... activity, just as the ... and butter is in the ... ties ... to West; but it can hardly be ... called an industry, since it is still ... without organization. The beans ... be crushed, soaked, baked, ... boiled, strained and so on, before the ... essences appear.

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