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"SALADA"

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ELIZABETH'S LETTER

By IDA M. BUDD.

The house seemed a bit lonely as Mr. Mason came in at tea-time. He wondered where Mabel was. Then he remembered that she was to stay all night with her sister, who was ill.

The maid had tea ready and he sat down with his thoughts full of business, as they usually were. It was lonely without Mabel and the meal was soon finished; then he went up to his room.

Mabel had laid out the coat and vest he would wear to wear to the lodge that evening, and a clean handkerchief. She was not a lodge-walker herself, her spare time was given to church activities. But she never forgot or neglected anything pertaining to his comfort or convenience.

He donned the garments and thrust the handkerchief into his pocket. His head was in a daze with something else on his mind. It was Elizabeth's letter.

Mabel had told him a week ago if he had answered it, and he had promised to attend to it right away. It was not the first time she had inquired; the letter had been received at least a month before. But Mr. Mason was a very busy man. His business life was a veritable Nero in its tyranny but, well, if you were going to succeed you simply had to submit to it, that was all there was to it.

Still he did not feel quite comfortable about the letter. He knew he would have answered it before only that it contained a request which he had not quite decided how to meet. Elizabeth had asked the loan of a few dollars to enable her to buy a sewing machine, the old one having, after many years of use, gone out of commission.

She explained that, within the past year she had earned enough with her pen to buy several machines, only that it had been necessary to apply it in other ways. She was sure, however, that if she could get the family sewing done she could find time for her writing again, and could return the money in a few months.

Mr. Mason stood for a moment in deep thought. With Elizabeth's responsibilities in the home—mother in her eighty-sixth year and Livy, at life-long cripple, to be cared for, and practically all the household tasks to be performed by her own hands, it was unlikely that she could find much time for writing.

And then there was the possibility that the granting of this request might open the door for others and he would see no end of annoyance. Well, he would see. He couldn't write before to-morrow anyway, as the lodge was to install that evening. And with this relieving thought he laid the letter on the dresser and went down stairs.

It was very late that night, or rather very early the next morning, when Mr. Mason, having borne with much credit to himself, his part in the installation ceremonies, retired. But he did not sleep. He tossed and turned, adjusted and re-adjusted the pillows, and was wider awake than ever.

When at last he fell into a light sleep he was suddenly aroused by the tantalizing flutter of a letter. He recognized it at once—Elizabeth's.

He remembered that he had left the red letter on the dresser. It might be wise to take care of it. Mabel would find it and it might lead to renewed inquiries.

He secured the letter and put it into the pocket of his business coat. Then he went back and this time he slept.

But he dreamed. Not that there was anything disturbing in the mere fact; he frequently dreamed. Moreover he did not attach any importance to the visions, pleasing or grotesque, of his head upon his bed.

But this dream impressed him rather strangely. He seemed to be walking along the old familiar road leading to the old weather-beaten farmhouse from which he had gone out, years before, to make his own way in the world.

He strolled leisurely up the long path, sunning how pleased and surprised mother would be; noting the fragrance from the apple trees his father had set and cared for, and the whiteness of their clustered blossoms through the deepening twilight. The light from the kitchen lamp streamed out in long rays over the path and the grape-trellis beside it.

With stealthy step he neared the window. Elizabeth sat sewing on

something black. He was shocked to see how frail and weary she looked. Livy sat by the stove in a dejected attitude. Mother was not with them; perhaps she had retired.

He was conscious of a sense of disappointment. He had not realized before how eager he had been to look into the dear, wrinkled face and to see the faded eyes brighten with the joy of meeting him.

He stepped softly to the porch and rapped. Elizabeth opened the door. She looked at him strangely as he entered.

"Don't you know me, Elizabeth?" he asked, reaching for her hand. She inclined her head affirmatively without a word; the hand he took was unresponsive to his cordial clasp. Elizabeth had never seemed resentful before.

He walked over and held out his hand to Livy with a word of greeting and then asked: "Where is mother?"

"Yes," Elizabeth's voice answered; "come and look at her."

She rose as she spoke and, although he tried to say that he would wait and see her in the morning, he seemed powerless to do so. There was something so strangely compelling under that quiet manner; in fact Elizabeth was so unlike Elizabeth. He followed her with a peculiar feeling as of something oppressive in the air.

As she opened the door leading into mother's room he closed his eyes for an instant with a sudden dread that they might meet a sight he could not bear to look upon. Then turning hastily, he passed through the outer door of the living room to the front porch. Something swelled out on the evening breeze and swept his arm; he grasped it; it was the streamer of black crepe.

(To be continued.)

CAPTURING A MINE-LAYER

Clever Ruse of a Diver Resulted in Surrender of German U-Boat.

Extraordinary things happened to the U.S. destroyer *Itolia* as they hunted the German submarine, but the strangest adventure of all came in a British port where some of the U.S. ships were tied up. A German submarine mine-layer had wormed its way in and was letting out its mines when the crew was startled by a tapping on the conning tower. Some one with a hammer tapped out this message in International code:

"Rise and surrender or depth charge will be exploded against your hull." The commander of the submarine was too confused to act, and again came the dashes and dots spelling out a warning: "Depth charge has been wired and lowered."

Then up came the submarine, and a thoroughly frightened commander surrendered to the destroyers. The man who hammered out the message was a diver at work on a sunken ship in the harbor.

"I saw this fellow," he said, "I used to know the International Morse code in the navy, so I tapped him the message with my hammer."

"Was there a depth bomb, as you told him?"

"No! That was bluff. I figured that if I could scare the submarine to the surface, the destroyers would have no trouble in taking care of it."

THE LAZIEST OF BIRDS.

An Inhabitant of Australia and Indian Ocean Islands.

The laziest of birds is the frogmouth. He sleeps all day, and at night, instead of flying about in search of food, he sits on a limb and literally waits for the insects to come and feed him. He is such a sound sleeper that you can push him off his perch with a stick and not wake him. He inhabits Australia and the islands of the Indian Ocean.

In size the frogmouth resembles the whippoorwill, and gets his name from his wide mouth, which serves as his insect trap. Too lazy to fly for his food, like other birds, he crawls along the limb of a tree, opening his wide mouth and snapping it shut, catching what flies and gnats come within his range. At night he perches with his mate on the roofs of houses, on fences or stumps. Only after the sun goes down does he show any inclination to move about. All day he sits with feet glued to the limb of a gum tree, indifferent to the rain or the tropical sun.

About the HOUSE

Will the Lesson Stick?

We have recently passed through a trying time, which brought new experiences and which taught us many things in the way of economy and thrift. Now that the war has been won many people seem to think there is no longer any necessity for self-denial and are speedily falling back into old habits of extravagance. In such cases the lesson has surely been in vain so far as the individual is concerned.

Quickly, indeed, do we forget. Never again will a similar opportunity present itself for getting a start in the right direction. At least it is hoped and expected that the terrible experiences in battle-torn Europe will never be repeated. The hope of the nations lies in the direction of peace for all future years to come. So prone are we to follow along the beaten path of habit that it requires something to arouse us to make an effort in a different direction.

So with the self-denial made necessary by the war, with everything possible done to encourage economy in food and in dress, with stamps and bonds to the limit of our ability as a means of gaining the victory, it gave us a splendid start on the right road. Shall we allow ourselves to drift back into our old habits of extravagance and selfishness? Shall we not rather, with our newly acquired mental equipment for service, determine from now on to devote less thought to self and more to the great Brotherhood of Man? Shall we not be broader-minded, more sympathetic and charitable, less ready to criticize and find fault, more generous with time and means toward the unfortunate of all lands, and less inclined to limit our efforts to those with whom we are more intimately associated?

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

Swat the Fly.

The blow-fly becomes active at the first signs of settled weather, and its progeny soon numbers thousands. It visits every place that smells favorably for depositing its eggs and developing the larvae, for the fly is impartial and will follow an odor no matter whether it comes from a palace or a hovel. Piles of decaying manure, decaying animal and vegetable matter, etc., are all ideal places for fly breeding, and it is in such places that eggs are laid.

They can follow an odor as ably as any four-footed animal, and it is like a foul smell, best of all. Its sense of smell is a very reliable guide to food and breeding places. It is plain, then, that cleanliness about the house, barn and the whole outdoors determines how many flies one is likely to have. Garbage pails, pig-pens, rotting vegetables and the uncovered outhouses should receive attention in order to forestall the fly's activity about your house.

Without going into details about the various diseases they are said to carry it is known that flies leave germs by the wholesale wherever they walk. Admirably adapted for carrying microbes on account of certain hairs and spines on the outer parts of his anatomy, the little pest which holds him in the ceiling also carries germs. When crawling over filth of any kind this little cup-shaped pad never fails to gather a large number of microbes, which are deposited later on other surfaces. Flies love filth, and it seems almost impossible to exterminate them if nothing is done to put an end to their breeding places.

Essentials to the Child.

The absolute necessities for the child, if he or she is to be healthy and strong, are these:

1. Happy spirits, born of sympathy and understanding and loving kindness on the part of the parents or guardians.
2. Several hours of vigorous play and work outdoors every day.
3. At least two hours of quiet happiness with older people daily; directly after the noon meal, with little periods of quiet happiness with older persons the first thing in the morning and the last thing in the evening to key their minds so that sleep can do for them its proper work of regeneration.
4. A scientific diet in which fresh vegetables and fruits (not too much fruit on account of the acid) form at least 50-50 part of the entire intake of food, with a corresponding increase in proteins, carbohydrates and sugar, dessert, etc.
5. Long and regular hours of sleep with the windows wide open.
6. A cold shower and rub-off the first thing every morning.

You know what happens to a watch if you wind it three or four times a day one day, and let it run down the next day, and never wind it twice at the same time; well, just so much more can any child's life be made discordant and out of rhythm with the world and with his own nature by irregularity in sleeping and eating, and by inordinate or unbalanced diet.

Start the Baby Right.

From the instant a mother hears that first significant cry which proclaims to the world the birth of a new life, she is confronted by a problem which increases in complexity with the passing of the years.

Upon the early habits of the baby will depend her ability to fulfill her many duties. She can train the baby to be entirely dependent upon her during his waking hours, and thus let him become the spoiled child who develops into a family nuisance, or she can begin even when he is in his tiny crib to sow the seed of self-reliance, which will make him the responsible and desirable citizen. She would not be guilty of pulling up the sprouting plant to see if it was growing; why carry her baby about in her arms or hold him in her lap when he can kick and crawl so much more freely in his own bed?

The baby who is bathed, fed, given his nap regularly, allowed freedom in which to grow and not hampered by too much attention will develop into a healthy, happy, helpful child and be a joy to his parents and a pleasure to their friends.

Two Women.

She kept her dwelling as spic and span. As the shining sides of a nice new pan. And prided herself she had done her best. Though she never sat in the shade to rest, Her children's clothing was always clean.

And never a hole by chance was seen. She thought she surely was doing it right. Though she never sang them love songs at night. Her husband's wish was her law and creed.

She'd never neglect his slightest need, Though she felt too weary to talk with him. And her form grew stooped and her eyesight dim. Now her shiftless neighbor across the way.

Would leave her dishes to talk or play. Her babies rompers were plain and cheap. But she held them close when they went to sleep.

And her husband found her, companion, sweetheart and wife at the long day's end. Which of the women do I admire? Which in your home would you desire?

Martha, the toiler, was not denied. But Mary sat at the Saviour's side.

WORK EXPECTED OF MACHINE. What Hawker's Airplane Would Have Accomplished if Trip Completed.

The following calculation by an engineer of a company supplying motors for a majority of British airplanes shows what Hawker and Grieve expected their machine to accomplish in the transatlantic flight covering a period of at least twenty hours:

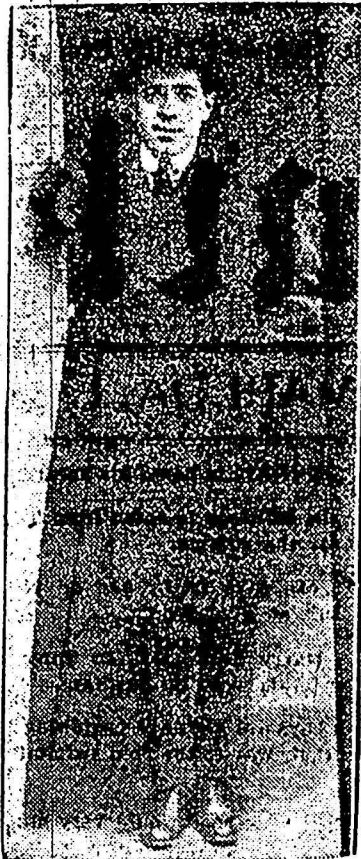
The blade of each propeller to travel 12,000 miles. The pistons in each cylinder to travel 40 miles, so with four motors of twelve cylinders each the pistons' distance would be 21,120 miles. The engine to make 2,160,000 revolutions. The valves to be operated 25,320,000 times. The pump forcing water through the radiator to have a lift of 38,000 gallons.

The actual work performed by the engine would represent approximately 4,500,000 feet tons, which is sufficient energy to lift the steamship *Olympic* of 45,000 tons, 100 feet in the air.

TORONTO HAS NOW HER OWN CREATOR OF FASHIONS.

Toronto has made another step towards becoming the recognized centre of fashions for Canada, for it will now have its own Creator of Fashions in the person of Suzanne Barup, who has been established in Paris for some years and who enjoyed the patronage of many of Paris' foremost society women, including many Americans. The following are some of the leaders she was privileged to dress:

La Baronne de Bethune; La Vicomtesse de Sempignit; Madame Vanderbilt; Madame de Castane; Mademoiselle Harpign, etc. Temporary apartments have been secured at 405 Bloor St. West, Toronto, where she will open an establishment catering to the very highest class of dressmaking in all its branches, including ladies' lingerie, gowns, mantles, etc. She will create new models or design special gowns for any person desiring exclusiveness. In order to protect her art and patrons from unscrupulous persons who would falsely claim to wear her creations, a trade mark and serial number in sewn in every garment and a complete record of same is kept. Hours, 2 to 5 p.m. Please write or telephone for an appointment. For no consideration nor for any money will new creation or especially designed gown be duplicated for any one else. She will be to Canada what Worth is to Paris.



MISSING

Captain Grant A. Gooderham, returned flying officer, missing from home since noon of Friday, May 2. Was suffering from loss of memory. Age 27, short, height about five feet four inches; broad shoulders and walked very erect; clean shaven; cleft in chin (may possibly have grown a beard by this time); grey eyes, heavy brown hair. Was wearing dark grey suit, blue overcoat with belt, green fedora hat and tan boots. Any information as to his whereabouts would be gratefully received by his parents, at 40 Madison Avenue, Toronto. Telephone College 1107.

Thirty thousand fur seals will be destroyed at St. Paul Islands, Behring Sea, this spring. Every part of the seals will be utilized.

Canada has to remit to foreign countries a sum of well over half a million dollars a day simply to pay our indebtedness abroad, according to the Canadian Trade Commission. Dominion trade is rapidly running back to pre-war standards. Yet the largely increased debt which war brought us makes it imperative, says the Canadian Trade Commission, that this should be prevented, and that peace-time work can be on a wartime scale.

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Salt in the oven under a lid will prevent scorching of tomatoes.

The favorable trade balance of \$72,000,000 of 1917 has dropped to half that figure in the fiscal year. The Dominion may face an adverse balance of next fall, and that is why the Canadian Trade Commission wishes enormous importance of exports to be grasped even by children.

SOME NOVEL HONEYMOONS
ROMANTIC BEGINNINGS OF NEW DEED LIFE.

Trip Through Cleared Canyon Mountain Peak Journey in Dunes Forests Are Among These Novel Experiences.

The honeymoon of E. L. Adams and his wife who returned from their honeymoon in this novel manner, was not the first of a series of wedding trips.

As four years ago, when plans and arrangements were even decided, the honeymoon was in Colville, then a little town, but now a city of 10,000 people, started to build a new town, and the honeymoon was in the heart of it.

Probably the most novel and unusual honeymoon ever known in the world is that of a young man and woman who have just returned from a honeymoon in the mountains of the Pacific Northwest.

The honeymoon was a trip through the cleared canyon, a mountain peak journey, a trip through the dunes, and a trip through the forests. These are among the novel experiences that the young couple had.

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