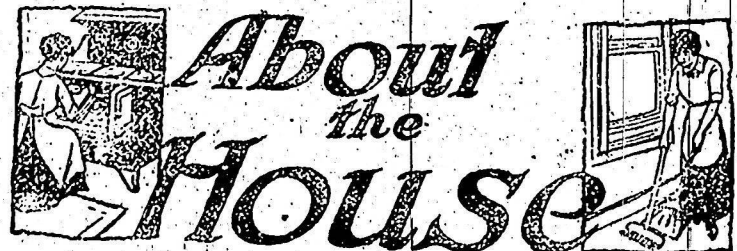


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Keeping Ants From the Home.

Nearly every one is familiar with ants and knows something of their habits, structure, mode of living, etc. They vary in size from the tiny red ant that is so frequently found in the kitchen and pantry, about one-sixteenth of an inch in length, to the large, black carpenter-ant that lives in decayed stumps or old timbers. They occur in all parts of the world from the dry and arid deserts to the damp, tropical forests, and from the torrid zone to the arctic circle.

The housewife goes to the pantry, some summer's day, to get some cake and finds that the frosting is covered with tiny red ants. Further investigation reveals them in the butter, sugar and jamming all over everything apparently. Sometimes it is the larger black species which carries its love for sweet things to the sugar bowl. How can I get rid of them? It is, of course, useless to try and kill them one at a time, like "swatting the fly."

The first step is to take everything out of the infested place, clean every thing, burn papers, and throw away or clean out any infested foods. Any foods that are likely to attract this insect like cake, bread, sugar, meat and similar substances, should be placed in anti-proof metal containers, or covered with a dish of water in which the ants will drown in trying to get at the food. The source of the colony should be located. If it be under the floor or in the wall the liberal use of carbon bisulphide will soon kill the queen and attendant ants. An old wood-box may be the seat of the trouble or its nest may be in the ground near the back porch. In using the carbonyl bisulphide care must be taken that no light or fire is near, as it is very inflammable.

If ants like the sweet things in the cupboards one of the best remedies is to mix one part of tartar emetic with twenty parts of extracted honey. Syrup may be used in the small jars and place where the ants are inaccessible to it, but where it is accessible to the children or household pets. If the ants are green, enteric use grease instead of the honey in the same proportions as above.

If ants are troublesome in lawns or in the garden, where they are building their nests, they can be killed even more rapidly than in the house. Drench the nests with boiling water or pour into them a small quantity of kerosene or coal oil. Another method is to inject bisulphide of carbon into the nests, the quantity of the chemical depending upon the size of the nests. After this fluid has been poured in, the entrance to the nest should be closed by a blanket or inverted pan placed over it in order to retain the chemical. The fumes of the bisulphide will penetrate slowly through the underground channels and kill the ants.

Child Laborers.

Does the compulsory school attendance law protect children from heavy work and long hours in the fields? There are interested and vigorous school officers who do their best to enforce the law, but even at best the period of attendance required is meagre. There is always a loophole through which children may be piped to work.

If Canada is to be a country of healthy and intelligent people, both parents and children must realize that school is better than work for children until they are sixteen. It is quite true that the more you learn the more you'll earn.

Most of us think of the farm as an ideal place, and no one can question the wholesomeness of much in farm life. But we have learned that

CENTURY-OLD JEWS.

"Chosen People" Enjoy an Average Longer Life Than Any Other Race.

A marked distinction between the Jew and his neighbor is his longevity. This is attributed to the strict dietary laws of the "chosen race," and to the frequent ablutions which their religious ceremonial demands.

It is a truly significant fact that those Jews who abstain from eating pork are practically free from cancer. Apparently, if the Jews know how to accumulate money, they also know

it is not wise to take if granted that all country life in Canada makes a child happy and healthy. It must be admitted that too much farm labor interferes shockingly with the child's schooling, overtaxes his strength, and impairs his future usefulness.

Again—The Fly.

With Germany disposed of, our thoughts can again turn to the at-home problem of disposing of that ever-present menace—the fly.

The swatter—to be sure, no house is home without a fly swatter and a baby and where there's a baby there ought to be two swatters, one for father and the other for mother to use.

Poison—any and all kinds, but it should be kept high enough to be well out of the reach of children and domestic animals. If insect powder is used be careful not to scatter it about the room and then close the doors, forgetting, Dickie the canary. Birds are very susceptible to anything that shuts off their supply of pure air.

Tanglefoot—plenty of it. Hang the kind that comes in rolls from the gas jet and if sister runs against it and carries the ball off attached to her backhair, never mind, you are waging a great war, and who can stop to think of trifles. The kitten may wrap herself in it, to her terror, and father may sit on the sheet you have laid, for just a moment, in his favorite chair, but it catches, flies as well, and that is the real issue.

Formaldehyde—that is perhaps the best of all. In an old saucer put a mixture composed of ten parts of formaldehyde, eighty-eight parts of water and two parts of sugar in the centre of the dish put a small sponge and set where it will not be disturbed. The flies drink the mixture and die almost immediately. With this careful to keep well out of the reach of domestic animals, children and carefree people. It's the fly you are after.

Love's Labor.

What have I done to-day, now let me think.
I haven't read the book I should have read.
I didn't make that call on Mrs. Brink.
Nor spend the youth-restoring hour in bed.
Nor massage out the wrinkle in my neck.
I didn't take the fruit-cake, 'but may-be.
I wrought as well—I sang my son to sleep.
Close cuddled and content upon my knee.

What have I done to-day?—I missed the Guild.
And quite forgot my shopping trip to town;
My music rack with treasure amply filled.
I left the cover of my organ down.
I didn't sew the new flower on my hat.
But son and I played marbles on the floor,
And there was virtue quite as much in that.
Perchance though I had accomplished more.

What have I done to-day?—now let me see,
I've put the paltry things from out my soul,
I've mothered Laddie and he's played with me.
And we've been happy, making that my goal.
I've learned why God, creating human kind
Made Mothers to be guarded safe from harms,
To train a baby's active, eager mind,
To hold a little lad in loving arms.

how to preserve good health, for they enjoy remarkable immunity from consumption, cholera, and typhus. In 1348, when the Black Death was raging throughout England, the Jews were exempt from the plague. Jews are, of course, subject to the ordinary ailments of life, but they can boast of an average longer life than any other race.

Not among the Jewish community it is not uncommon to hear of a co-religionist who has "lopped the corner."

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

A PRACTICAL JOKE

By C. A. STEVENS.

Practical jokes all belong to the same, somewhat disreputable family; they have a way of causing real trouble when you expect something quite different from them. The old squire used to say that it was better to avoid them altogether, and we agreed with him after a certain incident that occurred in March, 1870.

Addison and I were getting out bird's-eye maple lumber from one of the forest lots of the old farm to defray school expenses. The lot was five miles from the farmhouse, and we camped out there in the woods for ten days, with one helper, a young man named Asa Doane. A younger brother, named Abner, was working for the old squire on the farm. This Abner, then about twenty years old, and very bright in his own conceit, had been much given to playing tricks on Addison and me, as well as on his older brother, Asa.

While we were up there at the lot we killed an old bear that had just emerged from his winter den; and when we left the camp we hauled the carcass home on a sled.

It was after dark that evening when we reached the farm; the barn chores for the night were done, and the folks all in the house, though the lighted windows we could see them in the sitting room—Theodora reading a story and the rest listening, Abner Doane among them.

"Shall we call them out to see the bear?" Addison asked.

"No," said Asa, with a glance inside. "I know something better to do. We'll play a joke on Ab with it. He has to go out early mornings to feed the cattle, you know. Let's put this bear in the barn where Ab will run on to him in the dark!"

Addison and I had no objection; and so, going quietly through the yard, we opened the barn door easily, and after some thought selected as the most favorable place the narrow passage that led from the wagon house to the barn floor. There we propped up the old bear so that she appeared to be standing on her hind legs. It was not very light in the passage at any time of day.

That done, we went in to greet the folks as usual, had our supper, and after leaving for an hour retired to bed—leaving things nicely fixed, as we supposed, for Abner!

But as we might have mistrusted the bear, and about twelve or one o'clock two or three of the Jersey cows that had calves in a pen from which they were separated began a low, distressed lowing.

The plaintive sounds roused grandmother, and after listening for a time she waked the old squire and told him she feared something was wrong at the barn. The old gentleman was now getting a little deaf and, being tired from the day's toil, persisted in falling asleep again.

Grandmother, however, grew anxious for her Jersey, and at last, rising quietly, lighted her bedroom candle and went to the kitchen to get the barn lantern. But as it chanced, the oil in the lantern had burned out; and so she went on in her slippers with her candle, picking her way out through the wood house and wagon house to the passage that

led to the barn floor. There was a slight draft here that feared, her candle. To shield the blaze she placed her hand in front of it, and that, of course, prevented the faint light from shining ahead; but she knew the way well.

In consequence, the dear old lady ran squarely against that bear before she saw the black object there in the dark!

It frightened her nearly to death, for she felt the creature's shaggy hair on her hand and arm; in fact, she stumbled against it! She screamed and turned to run back, dropping her candle, which, fortunately went out; but in the dark wagon house she ran into a pung that stood there, bruised herself severely, and bumped her forehead against one of the supporting posts of the floor, raising a large contusion that showed black and blue for a month afterwards.

Finally, she got back into the house and had just strength enough left to wake the old squire again and say, "Joseph, there's a bear in your barn!" when down she fell in something quite like a faint, from which the old gentleman had no little ado to revive her with the camphor bottle.

The moment she had regained her wits she exclaimed again that there was a bear among the cattle.

"You must be mistaken, Ruth!" the old squire said to her. "You've had a nightmare, I guess. You have a night mare, I guess."

"No, I haven't, Joseph!" she cried. "You must go out—but take the gun and you will have to fill the lantern," she said. "Wholly incredulous, the old squire filled the lantern and went out, but when he reached the passage in the barn floor he stopped short and beat a retreat. For he had caught sight of that old bear, standing up there large as life! Rushing back into the house, he came upstairs for our old army musket. It was the noise he made on the stairs that waked Addison and me.

"Something is wrong below," Addison said, for we plainly heard the sound of a ramrod driving down a ball cartridge. With that we rose in haste and, going down, came upon the old gentleman in the act of capping the gun.

"Gramp, what is the matter?" we asked at once.

"Boys, there's a bear in the barn!" he exclaimed in considerable excitement.

Addison gave a shame-faced look at me—and then of course we made a clean breast of it.

As a rule, the old squire was very patient with all our youthful follies; but this time he was angry. His faded blue eyes snapped. For a moment he said nothing, then set the musket carefully away and remarked:

"If studying Latin and going to school are teaching you nothing better than to play pranks on your grandmother at dead of night, you had better hire out on a farm! And now one of you hitch up and go get the barn lantern. I am afraid your grandmother is seriously hurt."

Fortunately for our peace of mind, the old lady's injuries did not prove serious. And that Abner Doane slept through the whole of it and came down smiling the next morning!

PRAYING BY PROXY

Government of India Safeguards Native Religious Customs.

Praying by electricity is practiced by the Buddhists in India. The prayers, written on long paper bands, are wrapped round a wheel, and each turn of the wheel is equivalent to one repetition of the prayer. The pious native believes that the greater number of revolutions of his prayer-wheel the better will his prayers be answered, and he either turns it by hand, or lets the wind or water turn it.

The watercourses of India are now being harnessed for the purpose of producing electricity, and but for the thoughtful care of the Government the native would be deprived of one means of turning his prayer-wheel, especially in the hot weather.

The Government, to overcome this difficulty, and safeguard the religious customs and traditions of the natives, compels the electric companies to equip the wheels with motors, and supply the necessary current to turn them during the dry season. This is to be done free of all charge to the natives.

Beware of the Plane.

To the curriculum of elementary schools, particularly those in rural parts, might usefully be added instruction on the habits of aeroplanes, says a writer in the London Daily Chronicle. It sometimes happens that a pilot, owing to engine trouble or mist, is obliged to make a forced landing. Any children in the neighborhood take it for granted that he is doing this out of the kindness of his heart for their entertainment, and flock to the spot, prepared to give him a warm welcome. In that case his choice is between a slaughter of the innocents and a crash. The young idea should be impressed with the knowledge that an aeroplane is a thing to be free from unless it is at rest on the ground.

King Minard's Apartment in the house.

A COLORED SOLDIER'S FEAT.

Won Renown by Stopping a German Raid Single-handed.

Standing off a German raiding party of 100 men, the hardest fighting of the war, but it called for quick action and, in the experience of one colored soldier, a struggle against tremendous odds. When Sergt. Johnston of the 368th U.S. Infantry, who wears the French war cross, landed in New York he told the following story to a reporter of the Evening World:

"You see, it was this way," he began. "I was on post with Needham Roberts. Along 'bout two o'clock I said to myself, 'I hear some snippin' of their wires out there, and I called Roberts, but while he was a-comin' I reached out and slid the lid open a box of hand-grenades. He didn't come; so I put 'em in a row up in front of me."

"They kept on snippin' my wires, and I let go with a grenade. Then I grabbed my rifle and let go with thirty-one clips of bullets. Some German bullets, come flyin' back, and I yelled down to Roberts, 'Better come on up here! Every Dutchman in the woods is out here, and I'm goin' out and take 'em all!'"

"Roberts rushed up, but he went right down, shot in the hip and through his arm. I was suah tossin' out 'dem hand grenades, boss, but Roberts, a-funblin' with his arm, got in my way. 'Get on! down in youah hole!' I yelled to him. 'Fass me them grenades and get away from mah feet. And pass 'em quick!' Then I grabbed mah gun and was a-pumpin' it to 'em when the thing stuck. So Ah jes' jumped up and started after 'em with mah gun, a-swingin' it hard and heavy. Soon as Ah cracked a few it busted up, too."

"Ah didn't stop to ask no introductions or excuse myself, but jes' sailed in, a-agrabbin' out mah French bolo, when mah gun went bad. One yelled in English, 'Oh, that black brute has got me! Rush him—Rush him!'"

"Yes, you-all rush me and Ah'll sure try and git you! I sez to myself, I saw one guy that looked like a looter, 'at and I made for him, 'Boss. Ah was a-goin' strong and suah made 'em stop some. But then some German got me down on mah knees, when he done whang me with the butt of his gun. Whew! it suah hurt, but Ah jes' kept on a-agrabbin' one and tossin' him right over my shoulder."

"Ah guess that row musta lasted a half a hour before they got rellef out to me. Ah was pretty well mused up, and so was Roberts. But the kum-nee-look good care of us and kept me with the regiment, and Ah knowed Ah had tried hard to be a good soldier, so Ah was happy."

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A Ready Explainer

"Tommy, your head is wet. You've been in swimming against my orders."
"No, pa, I was just standin' on the bank watchin' the other boys who had that little Tompkins kid did a 'beller' buster 'em splashed me."
"Then, why wasn't your hat wet?"
"I had it in my hand, pa, fannin' myself."
"Umph! I guess I'll have to make a lawver out of you, son."

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WHEN TOMMY SETS OUT ON THE FINAL HOME TRIP.

A Happy Little Sketch of a Boy's Incident "Over There" During Demobilization.

"En route," the boy's mother had said, "be sure to get a good night's sleep. You've been so busy over there, and you'll need it when you get home."

"I'll be home in a week, ma," Tommy had said, "and I'll be home in a week, ma."

"You'll be home in a week, ma," Tommy had said, "and I'll be home in a week, ma."

Down the street, Tommy had seen a sign that said "Home Sweet Home." He had seen a sign that said "Home Sweet Home." He had seen a sign that said "Home Sweet Home."

Here and there, Tommy had seen a sign that said "Home Sweet Home." He had seen a sign that said "Home Sweet Home."

Tommy had seen a sign that said "Home Sweet Home." He had seen a sign that said "Home Sweet Home."

"The starting point of the war," Tommy had said, "was the first time I saw a Russian soldier. He was a big fellow, and he was a good fellow. He was a good fellow."

"You are a good fellow," Tommy had said, "and you are a good fellow. You are a good fellow."

"You are a good fellow," Tommy had said, "and you are a good fellow. You are a good fellow."

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is published on Wednesday by
C. W. RUTLEDGE.

Subscription:—to subscribers in Canada, \$1.00 a year; in the United States \$2.00. Twenty-five cents when not paid in advance. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

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C. O. C. F. N. Markdale Council, Chosen Friends, No. 10, 1st Monday in the month, Hall at 8 o'clock. A. J. C. Carr, W.M.; H. C. Carr, Sec.

SAUGHEN LODGE, I.O.O.F.
Meets first and third of the month at 7:30 p.m., in Main street. Visiting brethren welcome. Herb. M. Irwin, McEneaney, Sec.

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