

Its Sale is Phenomenal  
Its Quality is Irreproachable

# "SALADA"

TEA

Is the Purest and Most Cleanly Prepared Tea in the World

## About the House

### THE JENKINS BABY.

"I have only a minute to spare," said Janice, running lightly up the steps of her cousin Rachel's piazza, "but I just had to have a glimpse of you and your enchanted garden. It's the only place in the world I know where things seem really to rest. I shouldn't believe it existed. I should be sure I was dreaming, except for the Jenkins baby across the way."

"I see the grandfathers on duty this afternoon. Don't they ever stop jouncing that baby day or night?"

"Cousin Rachel, she knows too well without looking. 'It's not in a position to speak concerning 'the nights,' she responded, 'but I am sure about the days. That baby carriage is jounced or rocked or jiggled or swung every moment from the time it is put out after breakfast till it is taken in after dark—with brief intervals of course when the little nidget is carried into the house.'"

"I don't know anything about babies," Janice remarked meditatively, "except what I've seen of Helen's, but little Helen is left so still, and when she's awake she does her own jouncing and makes a great noise of it. It is so much better that being jounced."

"Exactly," Cousin Rachel agreed. "Janice flashed about, 'Nobody,' she declared, 'may say 'exactly' in that tone without explaining. Why 'exactly'?"

"I was merely agreeing with you," Cousin Rachel asserted innocently. "That is precisely what you were not doing," Janice declared. "Not much more than I mean. Now precisely what are you insinuating?"

"I was only wondering whether the Jenkins baby will still want to be jounced when she grows up—have something done to her every minute—or whether she'll leave that much of the best of life can come only in quiet hours, and that the gift of creating her own existence makes living a hundredfold more wonderful than being jounced and round in a perpetual whirl of being and being, and getting nowhere in the end."

"I'm afraid my time is up, dear. Wasn't it sweet of me to open the door for you so nicely? And with a first-class visit like you gave me a holiday. Cousin Rachel smiled and sighed over at the 'Milkmaid' the youngest girl had come out to relieve the grandfathers. She opened a magazine and peeped it against her knee with one hand; with the other she began jouncing the carriage.

### AT LEAST THIRTY BLOSSOMS

is not too hot. The blossoms grow on spikes, and each plant may be expected to have five or six spikes.

**Zinnias**—From the time zinnias begin to bloom at least twelve flowers to each plant should make their appearance before frost.

**Poppies**—Poppies are such riotous bloomers that it is difficult to determine an average number of blossoms for one season. Six is not too many to expect, and with the new shoots coming up, almost daily new blossoms (one or two) can be expected from each shoot.

**Nasturtiums**—If you pick nasturtiums daily each plant will reward you by generously putting forth new buds. Thirty or more flowers should appear on each plant in one season.

**Forget-me-nots** are considered by some as frail and pale, but quite the contrary is true. Each plant can boast of at least fifty stalks if properly cared for and picked.

**Forget-me-nots** will be very blue, faintly fragrant and ideal in height for table use with sweet peas, yellow daisies and other companionable blossoms.

### A CHARMING AFTERNOON DRESS.



4342-4379. White and black foulard is here combined with black georgette. This model shows the new hip band blouse, and fan plait bodice. It supplies a style that is very becoming to stout figures, and one that may be developed in silk, cloth or wash material. In plaid and plain ratings combined, it will be very smart.

The Blouse Pattern 4342, is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Skirt in 7 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35, and 37 inches waist measure. The width at the foot with plaits extended is 2 1/2 yards. To make the dress as illustrated will require 3 1/2 yards of figured material, and 1 1/2 yard of plain material 40 inches wide. To make of one material will require 5 1/2 yards of 40-inch material.

TWO separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

### A WASH-PIECE.

I will wring my linen out of clean water,  
I will hang it out to the clear red sun;  
I will bring my linen in  
White and dried-hot before  
Dew-dusk comes on.

Blue and cream blankets,  
Sheets and eased pillows, too;  
I will spread them all round me  
When stars fill my window;  
And wrap in sweet covers  
Breathe deep a sky-fragrance  
The wind poured through them,  
The sun burnt in on them  
Before the dusk-dew  
Fresh linen, pure linen,  
Sweeter linen than new!

—Martha Webster.

### Oh, Easily!

At the end of a lesson dwelling on the roles played by carbohydrates, proteins and fats in the building up and maintenance of the human body, the nutrition teacher asked the usual questions:

"Can any one tell me the three kinds of food required for a nutritious balance of diet?"

"Yes, teacher," cried a confident one, "for breakfast, for dinner and for supper."

### A Happy People.

Bliss—"They say the Eskimos are the happiest and most contented people in the world."

Jinks—"Why shouldn't they be, with no income tax or motor cars to dodge?"

Optimism parts the clouds and sorts out the tangles and costs nothing.

# The Magic Rug of Friendship

—BY MRS. JOHN ALMY.

### PART II.

The next day Mrs. Lester went shopping in the city, and the next morning she and Grandmother Lester all went to work. There were quinces to be peeled, cans of choicest pineapple, apricot and cherry to be opened; nuts to be cracked; exact portions of honey and other delectable sweets to be measured out. Then came cooking. By the end of the afternoon there were two kinds of preserves, a delicious golden-clear marmalade, and a deep-red, translucent quince conserve.

"Oh, Mother, I smelled our house two blocks away!" Ina cried, bursting riotously into the house. "I hope that you've made lots and lots of whatever it is!"

"Why, Mother, where did you get all of these quaint little brown jars?" Myrtle asked, spying a dozen squat, brown, stone jars, filled with preserves.

"I found them down town. I thought that they would be just the thing for well—just little friendly, neighborly tasteful preserves, you know. I admit, Myrtle, buying so many luxuries but wait—"

"What do you mean?" Then, catching the sweet expression on her face, Mrs. Lester said to her husband: "Have you forgotten how to rhyme, dear? I wish that you'd write a verse for me, suitable to go with a little gift like a pot of preserves."

The next afternoon, Mrs. Lester lifted the knocker on the door of the Hardy home. A maid informed Mrs. Lester that her mistress could not see callers.

"Mrs. Lester, one of Mrs. Hardy's neighbors," "I'll tell Mrs. Hardy."

The maid, appearing again, bade Mrs. Lester accompany her upstairs to the room where Mrs. Hardy was. The presence of Mrs. Hardy, a charming young woman whose big brown eyes were dim with crying.

Mrs. Hardy started to rise, but Mrs. Lester got up first and sat down. "I've only come to make a little call." Then, remembering the young mother's sorrow she slipped an arm about her, saying softly, "My dear child! I've been wanting to come to you. I couldn't stay away any longer."

Mrs. Hardy smiled wanly in spite of her tears. "It is kind of you. I'm not ill, Mrs. Lester. I haven't been caring to get up."

"It's the kind of weather to be out of the doors. Dear, I've brought you a pot of marmalade, like some I made yesterday. Myrtle, my daughter, she's just about your age, dear—put that sprig of bittersweet on top."

Mrs. Hardy discovered the card with the original verse and reread it over twice. She began to laugh and then to cry and then to laugh happily. "Why—why, it's just for me! How did you know that especially for me, Mrs. Hardy. I can't say how it does it, but it somehow knows the way. When you come to know him—"

"I wish that you could tell me how you know him," Mrs. Hardy interrupted Mrs. Hardy. "I wish that I could have known you before."

"This is the city—I was a stranger," Mrs. Lester said gently.

As they talked, Mrs. Hardy discovered that her new acquaintance understood all that she had gone through.

The time flew by until Mrs. Lester exclaimed, "I must be going! The family will be home in an hour. Will you come to see us, Mrs. Hardy?"

"We'll both come, Mrs. Lester! You see, we've been living here on't two years since Mr. Hardy started out for himself—he's an architect—and built our home. I've been lonely sometimes for real friends, especially since the baby died. The other night, when I saw your house all lighted up and ever that I knew you all. You looked like such a homey family. Mrs. Lester, sometimes, when I've seen you come out of the house and hang your rug out to air, as Mother used to do, I've just longed to know you. I almost fancied that you were calling to me with that cheery rug."

So, after all, friendship was to come by way of the oriental rug and the delectable jam-pot!

The next afternoon, Mrs. Lester went to call upon Mrs. Pettibook. Mrs. Pettibook was not at home. "Please give her this," said Mrs. Lester, handing the maid something neatly wrapped in white tissue paper. "Mrs. Pettibook will find my card inside."

A few minutes later, Mrs. Lester again issued from her door, accompanied this time by Grandmother Lester. They went directly to the house where faded little Mrs. Heatherly lived. "Of course, I know, Grandma," said Mrs. Lester, "that it is entirely out of form for us to make the first call, but suppose we didn't—suppose—"

The imposing door, presided over by a liveried servant, swallowed up the two callers. When they emerged, fully two hours later, they were talking eagerly. "To think that she too came from Manitoba and was a pioneer out West just as you were!" Mrs. Lester exclaimed.

"Wasn't she humorous, Agnes, when she told about that ride with the ox team? And the time the Indian actually stayed all night at her house! We didn't half finish our visit!"

The stormier and the snowier it was outside, the cheerier the fire burned on the Lester hearth, as it did the evening when Mr. and Mrs. Hardy called. In the broad daylight the furniture might have appeared frayed and shabby but in the soft radiance of the light, the sitting room looked brightly mellow and friendly. It happened that they were all home that evening and the family became acquainted with their neighbors in the characteristic Lester way: the simple way to them into their comradeship with sincere hospitality.

The next day Mrs. Pettibook called, when Mrs. Lester and Grandmother Lester were at home alone. She came to acknowledge the jar of marmalade, she said. "It's unique, absolutely. It's like rare, oriental perfume. I want to thank you for it. How did you happen to give it to me, Mrs. Lester?"

"I admit that it was rather informal, Mrs. Pettibook. I gave it to you

### An Anniversary, 1889-1923.

Time's finger may have traced some lines upon your brow  
And woven gray strands in your nut-brown hair  
If love's cause is lover now—  
Why need you care?

The winsome eye may seem to some more dim  
And cheeks less round maybe less firm;  
Yet if the face is fair to him—  
Why need you care?

Years tell, perhaps, has bowed the one-proud head  
And in its train brought burdens  
Hand to hand;  
I love still lives and is not dead—  
Why need you care?

Time's hand may be brushed aside  
Youth's charms  
And let but one, the one you least could spare;  
The loveliest smile that won a lover's arms  
Why need you care?

—Clarence H. Eppelsheimor.

### Golden Words.

Huge sums of money have been paid in recent years for the memoirs of certain celebrated people. But this is not an innovation in the literary world.

Winston Churchill was reported to get \$40,000 down for the life of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Lord Morley got a cheque for \$50,000 for his 'Life of Gladstone.' Rudyard Kipling has often been paid as much as a quarter of a word for a short story. It is said that Hall Caine parted with the rights of 'The Christian' for \$43,000, and it is certain that Marie Corelli has not at least as much for a novel.

Lord Macaulay got \$100,000 for his colossal 'History of England,' the demand for which was so great that the publishers carried it from the publishing office blocked the street. Lamar got \$200,000 also for his history, 'Victory Jugs' \$50,000 for 'Los Miserables,' and Daudet cracked the record with \$200,000 for 'Sapho.'

Even poets have made money. Tom Moore asked and got \$40,000 for 'Lalla Rookh,' and Tennyson for many years made \$20,000 a year.

### Living on Air.

Perhaps 'living on air' will not, in the near future, be as impossible as it sounds.

We are told that the huge nitrate deposits of South America cannot last for an indefinite period, and that the world will soon have to search elsewhere for nitrate with which to fertilize its cornfields.

For years past, chemists and scientists of all countries have been seeking a cheap method of manufacturing 'nitrate.' It is a well-known fact that the air which surrounds us is mostly composed of oxygen and nitrogen, while a 'nitrate' is also a compound containing these two elements. Scientists are working to find a means of which these two gases will be separated from the atmosphere and made to combine to form nitrates in large quantities. The method, to be a commercial success, would have to be extremely cheap.

When this comes about, and the world draws its main supply of fertilizers from the atmosphere, we shall be able to say with perfect truth that we are 'living on air!'

### Couldst Swindle Her.

Young Mrs. Newlywed went out shopping determined that the grocer should not take advantage of her youth and inexperience.

"These eggs are dreadfully small," she said critically as the shopkeeper served her.

"I know, madam," he answered. "But that's the kind the farmer brings in. They are only just in from the country this morning."

"Yes," said the young bride wisely, "that's the trouble with these farmers. They are so anxious to get their eggs sold that they take care of the nest too soon."

### Strategy.

A tramp stopped at a farm wife one evening and asked for a job in return for a night's lodging and meals. The farmer put him to milking the cows, but a few moments later the tramp reported that the flies were so bad that the cows would not stand still long enough to be milked.

The farmer looked at his watch and replied: "Wait about half an hour, till supper time. The flies will all be in the milking room then and you can milk in peace."

I know no greater man except those who have rendered service to the human race.—Voltaire.

### IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME



# SMOKE OGDEN'S CUT PLUG



15¢ per packet  
80¢ a tin  
1/2 lb tin

### ADVENTURES OF WAR CORRESPONDENT

#### MEETS THRILLS IN MANY LANDS.

Strange Customs of Madagascar—Testing a "Swedish" Captain of Artillery.

Having travelled in many strange parts of the globe, Mr. E. F. Knight has many interesting and exciting adventures to recount in his "Reminiscences."

During the Spanish-American War, Mr. Knight was given permission by the Spaniards to go to Cuba and report the war from the Spanish side. When he got to the United States, he found that the Americans refused to land him on the Cuban coast, nor could he get a neutral vessel to take him, so he decided upon a bold enterprise.

An American journalist had a tug, and the author arranged with him to take a small boat on the tug in which Mr. Knight could be put off near the Cuban coast. The only boat available was a home-made affair, but the author decided to risk it, and was duly launched from the tug into a rough sea. He had gone some distance, and the tug had steamed away, when the small boat capsized.

Arrested as a Spy.

He managed to right it again and clinging to it, but with almost every gust of wind the craft turned over. The water was infested with sharks. All night he clung to the boat, falling asleep now and again to be awakened by being thrown into the water as the craft capsize once more.

He succeeded in reaching land that day, only to be arrested as a spy, for he had lost all his papers when his boat capsized. He was kept in prison for some time, but ultimately established his identity and was allowed to remain as war correspondent in Havana.

Mr. Knight also succeeded in landing in Madagascar while the French war against the island was in progress. He managed to get his despatches to this country by persuading native carriers to hide them in their snuff-boxes and smuggle them through. When the French were victorious, they deposed the Prime Minister and appointed a new one, a very fat old man.

It was the custom in Madagascar that the Queen should marry the Prime Minister, and so change husbands with each successive Government.

"Is it true that you have appointed 'Raimimbazafy' as my Prime Minister?" The Queen asked the French general.

"Ah, yes is he," my first husband was a fat old man; my second husband whom you have deposed is very aged, and now you are going to give me a Prime Minister and husband an older and fatter man than either of them."

The author served for "The Times" in several campaigns with Kitchener against the Dervishes. Once, in want of some money, he exchanged a "cut" of "The Times" with an Arab merchant for some local currency notes.

Lord Kitchener's Cauliflower.

"In the more remote and wild parts of the world," the author writes, "it was then always easier to cash a cheque or a bill than in more civilized countries. If an unknown person professes a cheque in an English city, the banker or hotel-keeper refuses to cash it, whereas in Albania, Cuba, the extreme north of India, or Madagascar, I had no difficulty in getting money in exchange for an order to pay written on any scrap of paper. The people of such parts have had experience only of straight Englishmen."

"Looking up my accounts once with Mrs. Cook, they told me that these drafts drawn upon them in remote countries often had not come in to them for several years to be redeemed. For example, my Arab merchant in Ferber would probably hand my draft to some other Arab in payment of a debt, attaching his own guarantee to the foot of the draft. The Arab in turn would give it to some other Arab pasting on it his guarantee, and so on until the document would become a yard or more in length.

"It would astonish the cashier of 'The Times' to have presented to him one day my thirty-year-old draft with its fathom-long 'leg' of Arab guarantees."

A story is told about Lord Kitchener.

# The Markdale STANDARD

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