It Will Delight You "SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

T31

Perfectly balanced—superb in flavour.

THE PLUMMERS' WORKROOM

Caleb and his daughter work together in their usual working-room, which served them for ordinary living-room as well; and a strange place it was. There were houses in it, finished and unfinished, for Dolls of all stations in life. Suburban tenements for Dolls of moderate means; kitchens and single apartments for Dolls of the lower classes; capital town residences for Dolls of high estate. Some of these establishments were already furnished according to estimate, with a view to the convenience of Dolls of limited income; others could be fitted on the most extensive scale, at a moment's notice, from whole shelves of chairs and tables, settees, bedsteads, and upholstery. The nobility and gentry and public in general, for whose accommodation these tenements were designed, lay here and there in baskets, staring straight up at the ceiling; but in denoting their degrees in society and confining them to their respective stations (which experience shows to be probably difficult enough for the makers of these Dolls, and far from good on Nature, who is often perverse and perverse for they, not resting on such arbitrary marks as skin color, print, and bits of rag, had superadded strikingly personal differences which allowed of no mistake. Thus the Dolls of Distinction had waists of perfect symmetry, but only she of the [illegible] next grade in the [illegible] made good show, and the next of course than [illegible] As to the common Dolls, they just [illegible] out of the box [illegible] their arms and legs and there they [illegible] established in the sphere of once, beyond the possibility of getting out of it.

There were various other samples of the handiwork [illegible] Dolls in Caleb's Parlour [illegible] There were Noah's Arks, in which the Birds and Beasts were as uncommonly tight as [illegible] though they could be [illegible] out in earthquakes, at the roof and [illegible] were at and shaken into the smallest compass. By a bold poetical license, most of these Noah's Arks had knockers on the doors; inconsistent appendages perhaps, as suggestive of morning callers and a Postman, yet a pleasant finish to the outside of the building. There were scores of melancholy little carts which, when the wheels went round, performed most doleful music. . . . There were little tumblers in red breeches, incessantly swarming up high obstacles of red tape, and coming down, head first, on the other side; and there were innumerable old gentlemen of respectable, not to say venerable appearance . . . . . flying over horizontal pegs, inserted, for the purpose, in their own street doors. There were beasts of all sorts; horses in particular, of every breed, from the spotted barrel on four pegs, with a small puppet for a name, to the thoroughbred rocker on his hight metttle. As it would have been hard to count the names upon scores of grotesque figures that were ever made to commit a crime of absurdity on the turning of a hair . . . . for very little handiwork will move men and women to as strange performances, as any Toy was ever made to undertake. In the midst of all these objects, Caleb and his daughter sat at work. . . .

The care imprinted in the lines of Caleb's face, in any manner, which would have set well on some alchemist or abstract student, wore at first sight an old contract to his companion, and the peculiarities about him. The trivial things, invented and persued for bread, become very serious matters of fact; and, apart from this consideration, I am not at all prepared to say, myself, that if Caleb had been a Lord Chancellor, or a member of Parliament, or a lawyer, or even a good speaker, he would have done it in toys some what less whimsical. Still, I have a very great doubt which he they would have done as well as. From Dick Tinker, in "The Cricket on the Hearth."

A Song on the Water.

Seems a time on my way sailing home
I heard the call of your flute.
The song took me captive, and left my lips mute.
The song, O Boy, from your silver flute,
As about I [illegible] toward home.
The [illegible] me and went and your song from afar.
O Boy, with the silver flute,
It haunt [illegible] ear, made me pensive and mute.
The song, O Boy, from your silver flute,
As my boat bore me wide and far,
And now as my boat again turns to port home
I hear the call of your flute.
No rift is there in it to make its song mute,
The song of praise from your silver flute
To Him who made heaven our home.

From your self-sought solitude, Boy, play anew,
Oh, play on your silver flute;
Open wide all hearts which earth's sorrows made mute
With the song of praise from your silver flute,
Praise of Him, who makes all things new.

T.M.B.

Life and Breath.

The majority of people never give breathing a thought until they are what is called "out" of breath. They regard it as a natural function that takes care of itself, and so it usually does. At the same time there is nothing in life that gives such generous return for a little thought and labor as does that act of breathing by which we live. To begin with, it is the duty of each one of us to discipline our breathing. We let ourselves go or from year to year breathing with a tiny fraction of our apparatus till by and by comes the "cold that settles on the lungs," the attack of pneumonia or of bronchitis, some crisis when it is a life and death matter that we should be able to control our power of breath, and it is too late—we have never been its master and we cannot be its master now.

You need only watch people as you see them in the shops, at the motion pictures, on the cars, on the pavement, to recognize that the world is full of people who are half alive for want of proper breathing. You can see them walking with half-opened mouths, slouching in their seats, lops-sided, round-shouldered, with no color in cheeks or lips unless it be from the rouge pot, vacant, undervitalized in expression. Then listen to them talk: "The winter is one cold after another," or, "If I could only get through one winter without grippe," or "I seem to be a little below par all the time." If you dared to reply, "Ah, but you probably never do [illegible] five minutes' honest breathing from month's end to month's end," they would be offended but not convicted.

This matter of breathing does not mean a lot of apparatus, trained instructors, special gymnasiums; it only means standing erect, drawing the shoulders back and remembering to breathe. Breathing is a matter of the will; the breathing muscles are voluntary muscles and are controlled by the will. You cannot have your stomach, and heart only when you remember to attend to them. If you have always been a sinner in this respect, probably often when [illegible] habitually conscious of have a sensing weak and a heavy chest alone. To you we say, Go and watch in children. [illegible] open window often and breathe deeply and slowly, stand and sit erect through the day and breathe deeply and slowly, and when you settle to sleep at night breathe deeply and slowly.

Indigestion.

The term does not imply the complete failure of digestion, but rather imperfect or faulty digestion. The symptoms of indigestion are not always clear, and uncomfortable sensations or even [illegible] in the stomach may be present when digestion is normal. Indigestion results from one or more of four conditions. Either the stomach acts too rapidly and passes the food on into the intestine before it is ready for the second part of digestion, or it moves too slowly, so that the food does not reach the intestine promptly for the completion of its digestion there, or else the secretion of gastric juice is at fault, too much causing acidity, and too little requiring a long time to digest the ordinary meal. Sometimes the stomach is of improper shape, and the unfortunate possessor of such an organ will be more or less of a dyspeptic all his life, since the misshapen stomach is unable to pass the food along promptly, and its secretion is also usually defective.

Pain is one of the most common symptoms of indigestion, but it is also an unreliable one, for it may be due to a variety of conditions. Some of them entirely independent of the stomach; thus, a displaced kidney, an ulcer of the intestine or even chronic appendicitis may cause intermittent or continuous stomach ache. Nausea or vomiting is also a prominent symptom in many cases of beginning indigestion.

In all long-standing cases a very painstaking and thorough examination should be made to determine the underlying fault and to make sure that the trouble is really in the stomach and not in some other abdominal organ. Chronic dyspeptics are nearly all of low vitality, and they usually suffer from an insufficiency of lime in the system, in consequence of which they are likely to fall victims to infectious disease whenever it appears in epidemic form.

The treatment of dyspepsia depends so entirely on the nature of the casual condition that it is impossible to give an outline of it that would apply generally; but naturally it is largely dietetic. Sufferers usually know from sad experience what sort of food to avoid and what they can take with comparative freedom from pain and discomfort.

Longer Pilgrimage.

Men and women live longer now than did those of half a century ago. The life span has been increased by seventeen years. The gain is the result of knowledge.

Chinese fishermen paint an eye on their boats to enable the boats to see their way.

Sneezing?—Use Minard's Liniment.

Vincent Richards, "Babe Ruth," Suzanne Lenglen and Walter Hagen on the roof garden of Vancouver hotel just before Hagen played his exhibition match on the new "Langara" golf course at South Vancouver.

WORK WORN PEOPLE

Find New Health by Improving Their Blood.

If you feel run down, it means that your blood is thin and watery, that your vitality is low. You do not sleep well and are tired when you rise in the morning. You find no pleasure in your meals and are listless and dispirited at your work. You have no energy to enjoy yourself.

Thousands of men are run down by anxieties of work. Thousands of women are broken down by their household toil, with tired limbs and aching backs. Thousands of girls are pale, listless and without attraction. It all means the same thing—thin and watery blood, vitality run down, anaemia, poor appetite, palpitating heart, short breath.

Do not submit to this. Get new blood and with it new vitality. There is no difficulty in doing this. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build up and enrich the blood, which brings with it new health and vitality. The man, woman or girl who takes Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is never run down. Their friends notice how energetic they are, what a good appetite they have and how much they enjoy life.

You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50c a box, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Serving Maids of England.

The serving maids of England,
From parlor maids to kitchen maids,
[illegible] and so carry us
[illegible]
[illegible] so pink and eyes so bright,
[illegible] aprons and caps of white,
[illegible] maids of England,
[illegible] to them [illegible]
[illegible] hands at night
[illegible] shining bright,
[illegible] for charging in array—
[illegible] they work,
[illegible] known to shirk,
[illegible] maids of England
[illegible] bear away!

The serving maids of England
Are part of England's charm.
Though it may seem laborious,
They make their service glorious,
With the rubbing and the scrubbing
Of each willing, sturdy arm.
They contribute ample share
To the backbone of the nation,
Far beyond all computation,
The serving maids of England,
Are not bettered anywhere!

Amy Smith.

Minard's Liniment for chapped hands.

He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear.

The Sisters.

The Martha-in-me filled her days
With tasks devoid of joy and praise:
She polished well the furniture;
She made the locks and bolts secure;
She rubbed the ivory of the keys;
She filled the lamps with barren ease;
She made the windows shine and glow;
She washed the linen clean as snow.

The Mary-in-me did not stay
At home, as Martha did, each day;
She held aloof like some wild bird
Whose music is half seldom heard.
My Martha felt a little shy
Of Mary, as she passed her by,
And one day hid the cloth and broom
With which she garnishes my room.
When Mary saw, she paused and pressed
A kind of Martha to her breast,
And whispered: "We must learn to do
Our labors side by side, we two."

So have the sisters found delight
In doing fireside tasks aright;
Together they have come to see
The meaning in mahogany,
Which now they rub that there may pass
A pageant in its looking-glass;
They shine the windows that the bloom
Of earth be brought within my room;
They polish the piano keys
In readiness for harmonies.

Mary and Martha in sisterhood
Dwell in me as sisters should;
They fashion a garment and kiss its hem,
And my house is in order because of them.

Louise Ayres Garnett, in "Eve Walks in Her Garden."

An Old-Time Inn.

At such a place, the little roadside inn, snugly sheltered behind a great elm-tree with a rare seat for idlers encircling its capacious bole, addressed a cheerful front toward the traveler, as a house of entertainment ought, and greeted him with many quite significant assurances of a comfortable welcome. The ruddy signboard perched up in the tree with its golden letters winking in the sun, ogled the passer-by from among the green leaves, like a jolly face, and promised good cheer. The horse-trough, full of clear fresh water, and the ground below it sprinkled with droppings of fragrant hay, made every horse that passed prick up his ears. The crimson curtains in the lower rooms, and the pure white hangings in the little bed-chambers above, beckoned, Come in, with every breath of air.

Dickens.

Last Should Be First.

"Is it not peculiar that the encores are so much more enjoyable than the listed numbers on the program?"

"So much so that I think they should sing them first."

Canadian World's Grain Champion

When Herman Trelle, of Wembley, Alberta, commenced homesteading in 1920, he confessed that he knew very little about farming. But when the awards were made at the 1920 International Live Stock Exposition and Grain and Hay Show at Chicago, Herman Trelle had broken a world's record; he had won the grand championships in both wheat and oats and was the first exhibitor to win both of these crowns.

The new wheat and oats champion was born at Kendrick, Idaho, 31 years ago and came to Alberta with his parents in 1900. He was educated at Edmonton and graduated from the University of Alberta as a civil engineer. During the war, he served with the Canadian Air Force, and in 1920, while on a survey in the Peace River country, northwest of Edmonton, he located on his original homestead of 160 acres. He now farms 800 acres and in ten years has made him self-independent, in this new agricultural area where millions of acres of good land still await settlement.

In the sixteen years of the International competitions at Chicago, this is the fourteenth time the award of the grand championship has come to a Canadian. Trelle's prize-winning wheat was of the Marquis variety, which was originated at the Canadian Government Experimental Farm at Ottawa, by Dr. Charles Saunders in 1904. It was a sample from a 58-acre field, which yielded about 4,000 bushels or approximately 70 bushels to the acre. His prize-winning oats were Victory strain which yielded about 150 bushels to the acre.—Canadian National Railways photograph.

EIGHT YEARS ON THE EDGE OF DEATH

BY F. N. PICKETT

Mr. Pickett is a young Englishman who has been aptly named the Dump King for his work in clearing the ammunition left in the war areas of France and Belgium.

When the last shot was fired in the war and the troops began to demobilize, most people thought that the whole business was over. But the task of clearing up after four years of death and destruction was only beginning, and though it is eight years since the signing of the Armistice it will require still another year of dangerous labor before the fighting areas of France and Belgium can be treated as safe for habitation.

It was a crazy idea of mine that took me to France shortly after the war. I had invented a magnet with which I hoped to be able to handle the huge stocks of metal in the ammunition dumps. Once in the war zone, however, I abandoned my original scheme and devoted all my energies to solving the problem of clearing up the battlefields.

Order Out of Chaos.

At that time the breaking up of the huge ammunition dumps, with their hundreds of thousands of "live" shells, bombs, and cartridges, was in the hands of the British, French, Belgian, and American Governments; and it was soon apparent to me that their methods were unsystematic and wasteful of material and human life. Twenty fatal accidents a day occurred at that time. The British Government was in most cases merely collecting the shells and dumping them into the sea. Much the same wasteful policy was adopted by the Belgians and Americans.

I believed the task could be handled in a more business-like way, and persuaded the respective Governments to give me sole charge of the operations. The British Government demanded an initial payment of £250,000, and regular instalments of large sums to follow. However, by selling the brass and copper which I knew the dumps to contain in large quantities to British and French manufacturers and persuading them to make a part cash payment in advance, I was able to meet my first bill for a quarter of a million pounds. Now, after eight years' work, I have paid the British Government nearly two million pounds, the French a million, and the Belgian half a million.

The scenes of my activity were just behind the old Front Line, and no two in Boulogne and Etaples. The dumps consisted of the stores of Germany, the fighting forces, including English, French, Belgian, American, and a few German dumps left behind after their last retreat. One dump consisted of 50,000 tons of ammunition covering an area of thirty square miles, or approximately the size of London. These miniature counties of explosives were dotted about the country, and the task of clearing them up necessitated the employment of thousands of laborers.

A Modern Poo-Bah!

My first labor was indentured—that is to say, the workers were bound to stay with me for a fixed period. After the war I employed a motley collection drawn from all the races including Germans, Chinese, a few hundred Negroes, Nigerians, Swedes, Poles, Portuguese, and a fair sprinkling of the "down-and-outs" of Europe. When the work was at its height over ten thousand men were engaged.

The problem of controlling them was a difficult one. At a place where the shells were numerous that there was scarcely a field that didn't contain two or three and half buried, we had to form our own dump, and, in fact, a small town. We made roads across the shell-pitted areas, laid a railway for transporting workers and supplies, installed electric light and a water supply, generated our own current, built sheds, factories and dwellings for a thousand people.

To maintain order, I formed a police force and set up my own courts. The cases I tried were usually of two kinds, petty theft and attempted murder. The former were usually dealt with by my assistant, the superintendent of the dump, who, besides filling that position, was also Lord Mayor, Chief Magistrate, Counsel for the Crown, Judge, Home Secretary, and Director of Public Prosecutions!

When a case was more serious it was brought before me. Such cases were frequent, and our justice was rough and ready. If guilty the man was clapped into the prison he had helped to build, where he served his term on bread and water and a blanket!

My Life of Thrills.

If, however, a death occurred in the dumps, whatever the cause, I was rested by the French authorities and "hailed our" popular hero. It was a Gilbertian situation, for the official inquiry had effected no release, I was called upon to make an other as being the only man who knew anything about the affairs in my kingdom."

At one time my wage bill was 600 a week! Just after the French experienced a shortage of Treasury notes, and by arrangement with the Chamber of Commerce I was allowed to issue my own notes. These were printed bearing the words: "Good for One Ten Francs." . . . They were accepted throughout France.

The dangerous parts of the work were left to the Germans. Prisoners were employed in the dangerous parts of the work, and generally he was, as Mr. Pickett of Fate, running back to my hut at the end of the day's work, with the dust of the posts. I have [illegible] Germany Company [illegible] a large pile of shell pieces, then up on to the [illegible] the fuse in his hand, [illegible] holders to the [illegible] them up [illegible] the machine ordinarily used for the purpose, and about [illegible] more dangerous, it was [illegible] that saved the whole [illegible] being blown up.

The Steading.

Day slowly passes from the hushed grey world
That sinks, with gloaming, to a deeper dream.
On the brown fields the mist, austring broods;
The highway paddles like their silver stream
In all the woods, in all the wayside trees,
Sounds no one whisper of a restless breeze,
Or tap of falling rain drop; all is hushed.
Yet gloaming has two voices: there the stream
Murmurs its tale of silence; there the owl
Greets his old melancholy friend, the night.
But here the steading has its quiet stir.
Where two great horses, weary from the plough,
Pace, steaming, to the trough to quench their thirst;
A dog springs out; a heavy booted hind
Moves with a swinging lantern in the byre.
Where lows some hidden beast in warm content;
Within the house there laughs a happy child,
The kitchen window, crimson-curtained, glows,
Calling to warmth and comfort and repose.

—W. Kersley Holmes in "In the Open."

Fishing Through Ice.

The Eskimos have a novel idea for comfort. They build their igloos on the ice, then cut a hole through the floor, and have fresh fish for supper.

This is where a number of us got the idea of fishing through the ice in more comfort than ordinarily is possible in cold weather. We construct a house of canvas or old grain-sacks, large enough to hold a bench or two, and have it on runners. The roof must slope well to carry off rain. A hole is cut in the floor of ice and everything is set for the party. If one wishes, a small stove may be kept in the house to make fire for warmth and to cook fish while catching more. Frequently the best fishing comes during windy or stormy weather, but the fisherman who is equipped like this can keep right on. Six or eight lines can be hooked to the edges of the benches for each man. If the wind moves the house, anchor it to the ice by catching a hook in a hole cut for the purpose.

Happiness lies in the absorption of some vocation which satisfies the soul. —William Osler.

Minard's Liniment—ever reliable.

CHILDHOOD CONSTIPATION

Constipated children are [illegible] through the use of Baby's Tablets. The Tablet is a thorough laxative which never [illegible] Mrs. Gagnon's [illegible] driving out constipation and [illegible] colds and simple fevers [illegible] Mrs. G. Gagnon, Daigle Quebec, writes: "Baby's Tablets have been a great help to my little boy, who was suffering from constipation and indigestion. They relieved him and now he is in best of health." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

True Giving.

Nellie was not only the smallest child in the second grade, but she seemed to have less of material supply and comfort than the others. In fact, sometimes she had not enough clothing to keep her warm.

One day Nellie arrived at school dressed in a good school dress, a lovely little hat and a pretty coat. Everyone spoke about how she looked in them, but it seemed a mystery how she came to have them. Nellie seemed to want to keep an apparently had promised not to tell.

Several days afterward the teacher and the mother of Elizabeth, one of Nellie's classmates, were discussing the children. The teacher spoke of how nice Nellie was looking the few days, and how happy she was that she was able to have such warm clothing. The mother then told the following incident: She had sewed some pieces of Elizabeth's outgrown clothing and had asked the child if she had seen them. Elizabeth said quietly though she were passing along a secret: "Why, yes. I gave them to Nellie. I couldn't wear them more and they just fit her."

Expensive Look.

Wife: "Haven't you noticed my new hat? What does it look like?"
Husband: "A large bill!"

Sifting the Evidence.

Lawyer: "Have you any [illegible] for sustaining the points in this case?"
Witness: "Only to make it [illegible] clear, sir."

AGENTS WANTED

Exclusive Agents wanted everywhere for very profitable household necessity. Write quick for territory.

Goldsmith Bros.
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Classified Advertisements.

GRAMOPHONE.

VICTROLA STYLE, FULL CABINET, plays all records, 48 selections, automatic. Value $95.00 for $35.00 guaranteed. Poisson, 340 Mount Royal East, Montreal.

Wild Grapes for Jelly.

I saw them, among peaches and melons and early apples, on the fruit stand of a Greek. They were set humbly at one side of a brilliant display—straggly, leaf-strewn heap. Pyramids of domesticated fruits, with their lily red-and-yellow glaze, put to shame those unkempt clusters, and tame grapes, packed so neatly in their fresh tissue that bask is cast scorn upon them. . . . I sniffed their spicy fragrance, sighed a dusky bunch in my hand, picked off a longless scrambling atop of the pile, and ended by transferring it I dared of it to my kitchen table.

Now if I were to advise any one as to the best of all ways to make wild-grape jelly, I should say begin by gathering the grapes yourself. This will give you a start in blooming time, when you can locate your vineyard by its smell, for not all vines that look thrifty bear grapes. You [illegible] and occasion to pass that way now and then during the summer to take a wary glance at those swinging balls of jade beneath the leaves. At length comes a golden day, which year heightened consciousness tells you is the very time; while the sun is still hot in mid-heaven, the first kind blows cool against your cheek, with a foretaste of frost. And you [illegible] to make in your [illegible] Perhaps you will make the occasion a little family festival, with divisions in baskets, and a boat for the half-hour [illegible] It will be quiet morning [illegible] with a friend, either case the world [illegible] the time [illegible] your harvest [illegible] the sense of [illegible] [illegible] in 1679, [illegible] suggestible that he [illegible] "Pipe [illegible] Clancy [illegible]

"Pips," "Peeps," and "Pep-pis."

[illegible]a Woman, Chemist, Holds Post as Sugar Scientist.

[illegible] Williams, of Cheriton [illegible] rare position for a woman [illegible] chief director [illegible] governmental [illegible]

Colds—Minard's Liniment.

Father to Son.

"Pa, the teacher [illegible] a schoolmaster using [illegible]"
"What's tradition?"
"Tradition is something [illegible] one generation to another [illegible]"
"Well, [illegible] My [illegible]

Plans For Homes

Last word in builders' aid. Practical, up-to-date suggestions on planning, building, furnishing, decorating and gardening. Profusely illustrated. Scores of actual dollar-saving suggestions. Send 25 cents for current issue.

MacLean Builders' Guide
201 Adelaide St. W.
Toronto, Ont.

[illegible]hroat Husky?

Minard's Liniment gives quick relief. Rub it on the throat and chest.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT