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## Unto This Mountain

By MARIANNE GAUSS.

### II.

Now Margaret felt creeping over her the first fear again. But she held herself still; she would not let herself struggle; but she could not be still without something to think about.

She remembered first, a story about some English officers who tunneled their way out of a German prison, working by night. Of course they were men, and she was a girl; they had a week to do their digging, and her chance at best could last only a few hours. She had nothing with which to dig. But she was thinking.

She knew the interior of the old gold hole. In one place a tunnel, barely large enough to admit a man's body and now partly filled with earth, bent at a sharp incline toward the interior of the earth. Near the opening of the tunnel she had once seen the remains of an old shovel. It was rusted, and the wooden part of the handle had decayed, but it was still a digging tool. She began to hunt for it.

It was a great comfort to be doing something; the wild feeling went away as she crawled on her knees round the hole and groped with her hands.

Suddenly they went off into space, and she knew that she had reached the tunnel. Groping round it, her hand at last closed on the shovel.

She sat down to think. It was really not very bad now; she almost forgot that she was under the mountain. Probably no great amount of debris had rested on the slope, in front of the hole; were it not for the boulder that closed the entrance; it would be best to tunnel in that direction. But she decided to begin several feet from the fallen rock, at the side.

Some measurements taken at the old gold hole remained in her mind.

It made a problem in mathematics—how far to the light? At what angle should her tunnel go?

She selected her place and began to work.

An hour passed. The earth was very hard; she had made scarcely an impression.

At that rate, she should need a week to work. This thought came to her with a shock, and she felt sick. But she did not think long about it, because digging was much pleasanter than idleness.

Once, when Margaret was in high school, the county school commissioner had sent in some questions to test the cleverness of the pupils. Her report had been so bad that she had cried all night; yet in the morning she had gone to work again at her mathematics. None of her people had ever attended college; her aunts were washerwomen or factory hands at forty or fifty years old. No one except her mother thought Margaret would ever go to college. It was worse because she had somehow to get a school to teach and earn the money. Still she kept at her task.

So now she worked with her shovel. She wished for a light. But if she had had a miner's lamp, Margaret thought, it would hardly have been right to use it. There was a considerable air space, and she was not yet feeling oppressed for lack of oxygen; but she knew how much a lamp consumes.

When she had made a very little tunnel into the side of the hill she sat down to rest and thrust her hands into her pockets. One of them touched a small, round thing. It was a pocket flashlight.

She had on her brother's milking coat, and he always kept his flashlight in the pocket. She ought to have

known that it would be there.

The little light revealed dark earth and rock. In one place—drop by drop, with the infinite patience in which nature does things—in a mass of lime deposit had been formed. Just beside her poor effort at a tunnel a round head lifted, and a black, pudgy face met her eyes.

She did not scream. She was almost glad to see another living creature. It was only a child of earth, disturbed in its hiding; and it scurried quickly out of her sight.

She went on with her work, although at the rate of her toil it was impossible that she should escape from her prison while she lived.

She came to loose ground soon, and for a time her tunnel grew fast, as if she might escape. But her tool soon struck something that rang with the metallic noise of rock in a shut-up place. First, a shock of fear ran through her. Then she took her flashlight from her pocket.

Slowly the calamity came upon her. It seemed, as it frequently seems to one in sudden trouble, that she ought to have known that her effort was quite useless from the first. She got out of her tunnel and crouched on her knees, with her face in her hands. She had wasted all that hard toil. She must begin again, and no doubt she again would soon strike the vast ledge of rock.

It was as still and dark round her now as a place of the past should be. It was Apache country, and near her in the ground perhaps some warrior or Indian princess was lying, who had been there since centuries before the white man—when the woods overhead were full of deer.

After thinking awhile, Margaret crawled back into her tunnel and struck the hard barrier. What had seemed to be rock gave way to her shovel. It was hardened earth and inclosed the underground galleries of some little wild thing. Her light showed a handful of last year's acorns and some dried frass for a bed. She could hear, scampering up a hallway, the tiny paws of her fellow digger.

Eagerly she pushed on. The whole place here had been honeycombed by patient little toilers. Her tunnel grew rapidly now. She ceased to follow the angle of her planning, but took the way of the little beasts.

Suddenly, though her flashlight was turned off, she perceived in her tunnel a faint light. Miners had tunneled from the north years before in an effort to reach quartz that contained gold. She had broken into this avenue, because the little wild diggers had selected it for their starting place.

The way was easy now, though the old tunnel was partly choked with debris, washed down by the rains, and before long she pulled herself from the mouth of it and, taking a deep breath, stood upright on the mountain.

Stars were out, and a round moon rode over Old Patience; it was moonlight. She heard the wild noise of water below her, and now from some black canon near the summit of the

### A Business Man's Motto

I know a business man who has this motto hanging in his office. "How can I improve my business to-day?" It is a constant reminder and inspiration to him. Every morning he makes a little study of his ways of doing business and walks about the establishment to see where he can make any improvement in his methods.

Now, that is not only a splendid motto for every business man to adopt during the year, but for all the rest of us, modified to "Where can I improve myself to-day?"

How can I make myself a little broader, a little better informed and better educated and a little better trained? How can I make myself a little more efficient in every way? How can I do everything I undertake to a finish and in a more business-like manner? I certainly ought to be a little further on than I was in the morning; to have a little better character, have more self-control, be a little better poised and a stronger and more efficient man.

"How can I improve myself to-day," will make a splendid motto for all of us to adopt.

mountain came the sharp yell of a catamount.

On her way home she met the searching party that had come with dogs and guns to find her.

"You dug your way out—you!" exclaimed the men incredulously.

"Why, no," Margaret answered. "I dug for a while, and then I found the light—quite suddenly. Or at least so it seemed to me."

Margaret did not think much at the time of her experience under the mountain. She went back to her work. Against everyone's expectation, she got a position and filled it well, and after a number of years she found herself in the state university. Nor was she a dull student.

One day a very clever girl looked wistfully at her and said, "O, Margaret, I wish I could go to college—but I haven't the faith to try. I suppose if you have faith you can move mountains."

A light broke on Margaret's face; it had grown to be a thoughtful face, and it was almost beautiful. Still, her speech was slow. She thought a long while; then she smiled and said: "Well, we don't always have to move the mountain in an instant. All we need is to feel that it shan't be impossible for us to move it."

(The End.)

### She Took Her Chance.

There is a story told concerning a careful mother whose three children horrified her one day by producing for her inspection three exceedingly billious-looking appetites.

"They are very pretty, my dears," she said, "but really you mustn't eat them. I've heard of little children dying from eating colored toffee apples."

Then she took the sweetmeats away and put them out of reach—as she thought—on a shelf in her dressing room.

She was sure that that would end the matter; but early the next morning she heard a sound on the landing and, going to see who was astir so early, found Elsie trotting along the passage.

"Where are you going, dear?" she asked. "It's not six o'clock yet."

"Going to see if Dick and Arthur are dead yet," replied the eight-year-old miss. "I'm not."

### A Great Waterspout.

Particulars are published in the Meteorological Magazine of a great waterspout that a correspondent observed south of Cape Comorin on a day when the weather was fine and the sea smooth. The waterspout formed between a russet-gray cloud and the sea nearly five miles from the ship. At first the distance between the base of the cloud and the surface of the sea was 4,600 feet, and the width of the column tapered from 500 feet at its juncture with the cloud to 150 feet at the sea. The vortex appeared to be a tube with tapering sides and a central column. The walls seemed to consist of water moving downward and the central column of water ascending. The phenomenon lasted for thirteen minutes; then the walls broke and the central column appeared to ascend into the cloud.

A skilled workman is much more regular in his output than the worker who is less qualified.

Domestic economy was introduced as a lesson into English schools in 1874.

The world's consumption of sugar is estimated at between 14,000,000 and 15,000,000 tons a year.

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And your trousers frayed like an old doormat;  
You're not hard up when your bills fall due  
And you haven't a shilling to see you through;  
You're not hard up till you see the day  
That you haven't a cheerful word to say.

You're not hard up when your coin is gone  
And you whistle a tune as you journey on;  
You may walk the streets while others ride  
And your pockets have naught but hands inside;  
That's not being broke you may depend,  
For your not hard up while you have a friend.

But you are hard up in sorry way,  
If you haven't a cheerful word to say;  
If nothing on earth appeals to you  
And you can't see charm in the skies of blue;

And you are hard up if you've reached the end,  
And can say in truth that you have no friend.

### You Will Live to Laugh.

I remember that when with laugh a terrible catastrophe befell me, when the future looked very black, indeed, and it seemed as if there was no chance for me to get on my feet again, a friend said: "You won't believe it, but the time will come when you will laugh at this calamity, think of it as being a good thing for you."

I have lived to prove the truth of this man's prophecy; I have lived to think that all the misfortunes that have ever happened to me have, in a way, helped me. Each unfortunate experience has made me wiser, more careful, more determined to compensate for the mistakes and blunders and failures, and I can't help feeling that my life is richer for these trials, as painful and humiliating as they have been, apparently, irremediable.

All things work together or those who try to do their best, who are honest and earnest. Through mistakes we arrive at the goal of comparative perfection. If we are in earnest and intelligent, and do our level best to win out, we shall do so in spite of the multitude of mistakes and blunders, the mortifying errors we make.

I once heard an editor of a great magazine say that his publication had risen out of its mistakes; that it had won out over a multitude of schemes and experiments, very few of which had ever proved successful in themselves. But the perpetual effort to better the publication, the perpetual effort to get ahead, had resulted in a real success.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Room for reproach.

The pastor of a country had a hobby for nature study and he possessed quite a knowledge of fungi. So keen, indeed, was his interest that he sometimes neglected his parish in his quest for specimens for his collection. One day he ran into the home of a bedridden old woman and she immediately reminded him how long it had been since he last called upon her.

"If I'd been a toadstool," she declared, "you'd have been to see me long ago."

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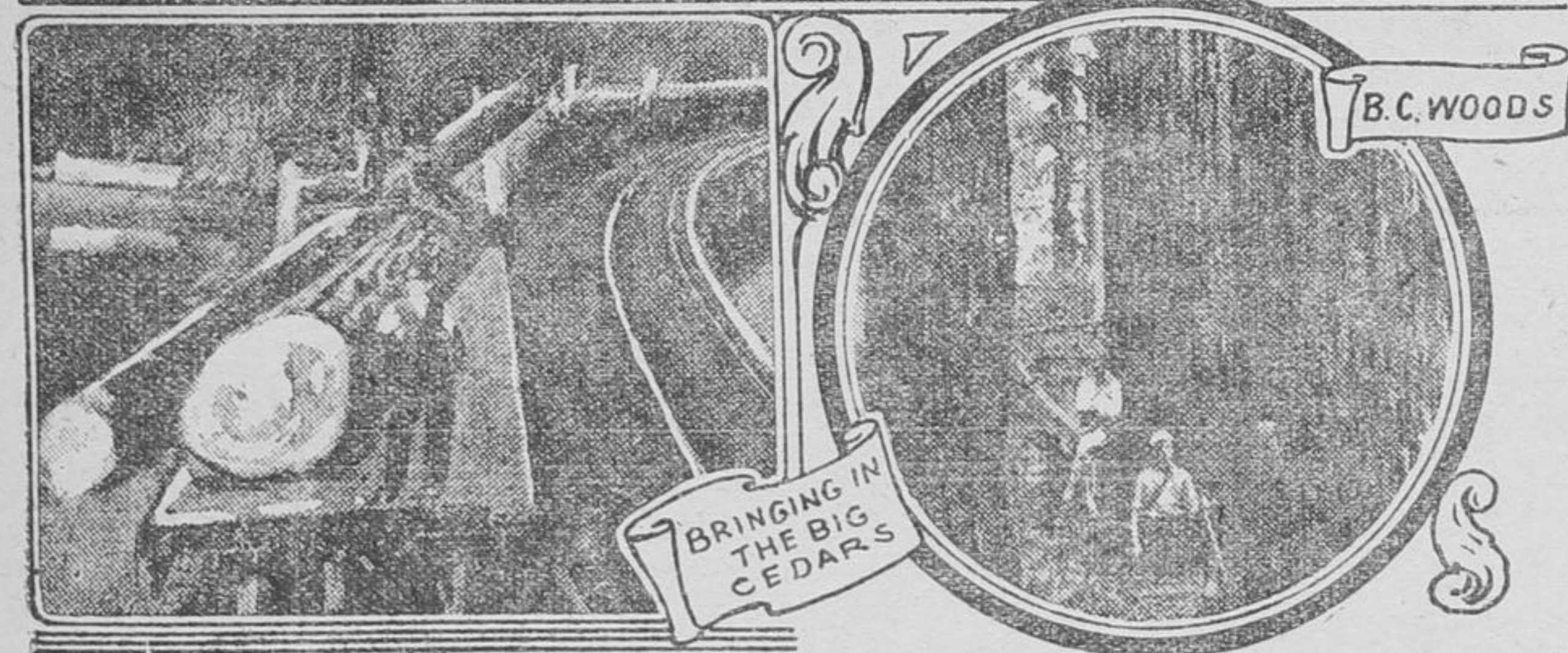
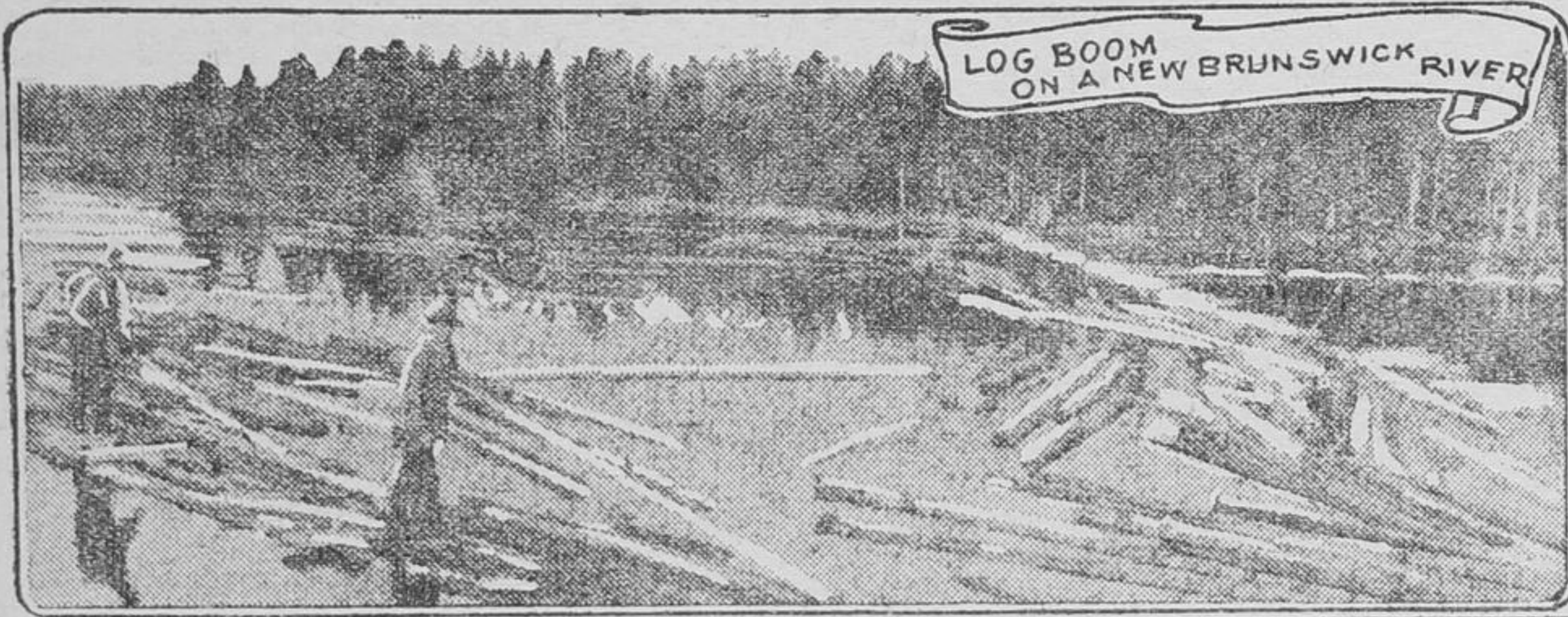
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## FORESTS OF CANADA ARE SOURCE OF RICH REVENUE



Canada's 225 million acres of merchantable timber is the second largest asset of her natural resources wealth. The bulk of this timber is within easy reach of the tidewater. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and British Columbia can almost dump their logs in the oceans, while Quebec and Ontario have the St. Lawrence River for a path to the sea.

In 1908 the greater part of Canadian lumber exports went out in the raw state, only a little over one-third was manufactured in Canada. The next ten years saw a strong and continued increase in industrial development and by 1917 the tables had quite turned. In that year more than 70% of Canada's lumber exports were manufactured and less than one-third left the country in a raw state.

Ever increasing demand for pulpwood and paper is responsible in large measure for this rapid development. American imports of Canadian pulpwood (all kinds) for four months, ending July 31st, 1920, amounted to \$20,839,881. According to latest statistics Canada's available supply of pulpwood is 901,000,000 cords and covers 350,000 square miles. Over a third of this spruce and balsam stands in the eastern provinces, convenient to the eastern states with their many newspapers and publishing houses. It is estimated that, at the present rate of cutting, this supply will hold out for 62 years. Strict cutting regulations, wise conservation and reforestation plans are looked to prevent the annihilation of Canadian forests and lumbering industries.

British Columbia's woods are attracting much foreign capital. American money is going into new pulp and paper mills on the Pacific Coast. Approximately, 85% of all capital invested in the paper pulp industry in Canada is American. An English syndicate is building a \$250,000 furniture factory in British Columbia. Box factories flourish all over the province. The small fruits, vegetable, honey and poultry ranches of the southern part of the province need countless crates and boxes for getting their produce to market. British Columbia's strategic situation for shipping to Pacific Coast ports and the Orient, its numerous good harbors and the fact that the climate permits all the year round lumbering have not been overlooked by capital seeking investment.