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BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN

About the House

Useful Hints and General Information for the Busy Housewife

Learn Art of Concentration.
 "Oh, but I must wash on Monday!" exclaims the methodical housewife, "and of course we must have a hot dinner on Sunday noon. We've always had it."

And so it goes. The average housekeeper is quite convinced that such and such things must be done, and that she must spend a certain amount of time (registered only in her own mind) on certain household tasks. She may wonder why other women seem to have more time; why others, in fact, have "a career," when it takes her every minute of her waking hours merely to manage the home. Now, if there is one fault greater than others which we lay against women in their present state we would say it is lack of power to concentrate. How they can "fritter time away!" Take two women, each with two babies and supposedly identical tasks in their respective homes. One woman is able to carry on club work or take subscriptions for a magazine or sell home-made bread, thus increasing the family income. The other woman is constantly trying to wind up the household red tape and come to an end of her complex household duties.

The sole reason for difference between these two women is undoubtedly that the former can concentrate, and that she has in mind something over and beyond her housework, worthy of concentration. She wanted to take the subscriptions, she wanted to develop her difference between the two women is undoubtedly that the former can concentrate, and that she has in mind something over and beyond her housework, worthy of concentration. She wanted to take the subscriptions, she wanted to develop her difference between the two women is undoubtedly that the former can concentrate, and that she has in mind something over and beyond her housework, worthy of concentration.

Any woman, yes, any homemaker, even with children, can do something outside of her home if she really wants to. We have no patience with a fairly wide circle of ladies who grumble that other women have careers or work outside the home and that they cannot. The chances are that they are not willing to make the sacrifices necessary to stride both horns of a career and matrimony. They may not be willing, for instance, to give up an excess of telephoning to friends, gossip and to spend fewer hours running from shop to shop looking for a waist 50 cents lower and spending in doing it three valuable hours in which at concentrated work they could certainly have earned several dollars. They may not be willing to give up an undue amount of amusement and social life which eats more time out of the average woman's day than any one has estimated. We all want to be neighborly and to have friends, but that does not mean telephoning for an hour after breakfast to find out what so-and-so wore, or what she said, or where they are going.

We know several women who, with children, have met success in work outside of the home and at the same time managed a beautiful family life. One woman, with three little children, managed to support the entire family when her husband was crippled. Another, with two children and a baby, finds she can devote at least three hours a day to literary work. Another has sent children through college by representing magazines, and in no case was the home neglected. But in very case the women were willing to put their work definitely before "society" dress and detail. Any woman can find that she can spend 18 hours a day in a home if she wants to, but that does not mean that the home needs 18 hours of her time in order to be well run. The reason some women have both a career and a home is because they are sensible enough to cut down household red tape, concentrate and stop frittering their time away.

Dainty Dishes
 Potatoes with Carrots.—Peel and

two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar to the white of one egg.
 To keep moths out of the piano, rub the woodwork inside of the case frequently with turpentine.
 Delicious extract of either orange or lemon can be made by paring the rinds off as thin as paper and putting them into a bottle of alcohol.
 A good recipe to follow in making this white sauce for vegetables is a tablespoonful of butter and a tablespoonful of flour to one cup of milk.
 The apron with two enormous pockets is a great convenience when putting the house in order. So many things can be stuffed in the pockets.
 It is a pretty notion when arranging the butter for a luncheon to form each portion into a cone and stick a sprig of parsley in the top of each cone.
 No flour jar that has been standing for weeks is free from germs. Before putting fruit in them they should be thoroughly sterilized by boiling in soda water.
 When making egg custard pies, always beat the milk to the boiling point before mixing it with the eggs. If this rule is followed the undercrust will always be crisp.



REVERED AS SAINTS.
 Where Lunatics Are Looked Upon as Wonderful Beings.

It appears there are places where lunatics are not shut up and kept away from the rest of the world, but are revered as saints and far superior to the ordinary run of mortals. This is the queer state of affairs that exists in some of the interior cities of Persia. A British traveller named Fetter, recently returned from the Orient, brings back some interesting tales of the mentally-damaged men who are looked upon in the light of wonderful beings.

One particularly crazy man, according to Mr. Fetter, the craziest man he ever saw or heard of, does nothing all day long but race up and down the streets crying at the top of his voice: "AII! AII! AII!"

This is not a temporary form of madness, either, for he has kept it up for twenty years or so. He started it when he was still a young man, and his idea, of course, is to venerate the name of the God he knows by ceaselessly shrieking his name.

Everyone venerates him. The richest men in the city have presented him with rare gifts. One of them gave him a horse and saddle, and with that he gallops through the streets when he is not walking. He is privileged to break up any kind of a meeting or assembly, and all stop and listen to his cries as long as he is in the notion to stay in their midst.

At his death a huge monument has already been promised, on which will be carved the word "AII," so it will tell to generations to come the story of the man who spent the best years of his life and all of his waking hours shrieking the name of the deity he worshipped.

Unreasonable.
 A stranded traveler reluctantly took a room at a somewhat shabby village inn in England recently. He retired to rest, but ten minutes later came downstairs again, with anger in his face. "I must insist on having another room, sir," he informed the innkeeper sternly. "What's the matter with the one you've got?" asked the latter. "Matter!" snapped the angry man. "Why there are a couple of mice fighting—actually fighting in the corner of it!" "Well, sir," replied the innkeeper, "and what d'ye expect for two shillings a night—a ball fight."

High Finance.
 "Another new hat? You should really save your money with the price of everything going up."
 "But why? The longer I save it, the less I can buy with it."

THE CABLEMAN

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

BY WEATHERBY CHESNEY

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)

The inlet for which she was steering lay a little more than two miles from the shore, with deep water close up to its flanks. It was ring-shaped, like a Pacific atoll, but its formation was different. Not the slow, quiet growth of coral insects had made it, but a convulsion of nature. It was the summit of a deep-water volcano, whose crater raised a brim, a hundred yards across, out of the sea. There was one place on the West, where for a few feet this brim had been broken down, leaving a gap by which a boat might enter; and the water inside made an almost circular lagoon.

Local tradition said that it was bottomless.

It was a place where a ship might have ridden out in safety the heaviest hurricane that ever blew, if it had been possible for any ship to enter. But the opening in the circular wall was hardly more than ten feet across, and underneath there was a broad sill, which rose to within two fathoms of the surface. It was a dangerous entrance, even for a small boat, and when the wind blew from the west, impossible; but Elsa knew it well, and thought that she could manage it, even alone.

She was an expert and fearless boatwoman, but she was not accustomed to having to depend altogether upon herself in her expeditions. The boat was a present which her father had given her a little more than a year ago; but with the present, he had coupled a stipulation that she should never go out in it alone. The irregular coasts of San Miguel breed treacherous currents, and wind squalls are sudden; but even had the waters been as safe as the Solent, Elsa's boat was too big for one girl to manage.

This, therefore, was the first occasion on which she had been out in it alone; but to-day a companion was impossible. For she had work to do which no eye but her own must see.

Did she still believe in her father's innocence? She was acting as though she did; and, for the rest, she tried to force herself not to think.

She had not kept her faith without a struggle. Misgivings had arisen in her mind, but she had strangled them remorselessly at their birth, and by an effort of will made herself believe that she had never been born. There was, however, one moment when the doubts had been too strong to be stifled; they had cried clamorously, and had refused to be choked; and for half-an-hour she had tasted a misery more bitter than that which had come when she first knew that her father was dead.

That moment was when she listened to Scarborough's tale of the embezzlement of Margaret Ryan's inheritance, and had told him passionately that since he believed it, he might go—for almost the thought she had had him. She had thrown herself on the couch, and sobbed hysterically; for at that moment the knowledge was in her heart that what he said was true.

Later had come the reaction. She took up her faith again, the more reasonably because reason had forced her to lay it down; and she despised herself for the weakness in allowing the calumny to influence her even for a moment. There was something of obstinacy in this—the obstinacy of a tenacious nature which fights the more tenaciously when facts and common sense alike are against her. She knew quite well that it is in the wrong; and there was even more of the beautiful loyalty with which every true woman will always, at whatever violence to her own judgment of right and wrong, defend those whom she loves.

Elsa will be remembered that when she set out to go to the circus at Ponta Delgada, her father's last words to her had been that if—unlikely as such a chance seemed at the time—she was not at the Chinelas when she returned, she would find in his desk, in the second small drawer on the left, a paper that would tell her what she was to do.

This paper was marked, "To my daughter, Elsa, to be opened by her to-morrow at noon, if by that time I have not returned to destroy it."

Elsa opened it an hour after Scarborough had left her. This was what it contained:

"My dear daughter,—I told you this morning that when you returned from Ponta Delgada you might possibly find that I was not at home to greet you, and to hear your report of what and whom you had seen. I might have told you that the possibility was a certainty, but I did not wish to alarm you. By the time you return I shall have succeeded or failed, in an enterprise, the success of which is so essential, that to ensure it I am voluntarily putting myself in some danger. While you are doing your best at Ponta Delgada to discover who the unknown enemy is, I shall be engaged in a similar contest with an enemy who of late has taken to using threats. Now, little girl, between the known enemy and the unknown, I run a double risk of failure, and this is what you must help me to avoid.

"The sealed packet which you will find with this letter contains documents which must at all costs be kept out of the hands of people who would use them to your and my injury. I do not trust to my own ability to safe-guard them, nor is it possible for me, until as I believe I am, to put them into any place of safety. That must be your task. Those who are shadowing me will not consider it necessary to watch you also. Take the packet, and put it in the safe place that you know. When I return, if I do return, I shall not ask you where it is.

"I am not a fanciful man, Elsa, but



the fissure, and stood up in the boat, listening with a strained intensity of concentration. She was quite sure that they were men's voices; that she had heard; but were the men along way off or close to her? She knew in a fog on the water. Probably some boat was passing in the distance. She heard the voices again, and this time they seemed quite close. She could almost distinguish the actual words, and she could hear plainly that the language was English. The fog swept down upon her again in a thick blanket. She could not see three yards ahead. The thickening of the gloom was sudden, and probably only local. But while it lasted she was safe from observation.

She must finish her work before it lifted to betray her.

She lowered the stone jar into the fissure, and pushed her boat quickly away from the side. Hardly had she done so, when by some caprice of the air currents, the fog cleared away so completely, that from the middle of her little harbor, she could see the whole circle of the basalt walls. It was only a local clearing; in the gathering dusk of the evening she could see through the narrow entrance that the heavy billowing masses of whiteness were still twisting and heaving on the sea outside.

She put an ear in the stern-notch, and began sculling towards the entrance. A voice from close at hand rang sharply on her ears.

"Rocks dead ahead—Starboard!" (To be Continued.)

GEN. HINDENBURG'S FACE.
 Neither Kindness, Justice Nor Humanity Are Seen.

"My face is my fortune," is a little phrase most of us have heard; but recent events have demonstrated that one's physiognomic expression may also be one's ruin.

Take the case of the Huns. Look at the generals who are leading the atrocity-army in the trenches in France and Russia—study the portraits of Von Bulow, Hindenburg, and Mackensen. Can any sane person really see in their features any semblance of kindness, of justice or of humanity? Forgetting for a moment all that has happened; is it possible to find in their sunken, staring eyes any expression of love or pity?

That there are numerous traces of handsomeness there can be no doubt, and specially is this so in Hindenburg's face, but it is a handsomeness of its own kind—that, indeed, which seems strangely akin to beauty of pre-civilized days. There are, too, marked qualities of cleverness. But is there anyone who could study their short, clipped hair, and tightly-closed mouths, and not believe it is a ruthless cleverness?

Now have a look at the Kaiser's portrait. Not the searching, almost piercing eyes, his sneer-like mouth, his irregular scattered mustache. Watch, too, his pose when he is laughing—that peculiar mocking grin that seems to scorn all treasured traditions.

Then study photographs of our own generals. Can you discover those crafty, cat-like glances, that animal type of head, that relentless, sneering mouth? Do not the photographs of Kitchener, of Haig, and of Jellicoe inspire confidence? Is there not something about their look akin to the human mind?

Study, also, the portrait of General Joffre. Is there not about this man a look of sympathetic understanding? True, there are traces of emotion about the eyes, but it is an emotion which seems to ring true. "A happy, folks!"

Crushing.
 It was the morning after a visit from the Zepps, and a certain street "somewhere in London" was sprinkled with broken glass.

There was the usual crowd of spectators, among whom was a timid-looking man in spectacles, who at last ventured to speak to the constable on duty.

"I 'this the result of the air-raid?" he asked nervously.

The policeman looked pityingly down at him as he replied: "Well, now, and d'ye think a stone done it?"

Associations.
 A few days after a farmer had sold a pig to a neighbor, he chanced to pass his place and saw his little boy sitting on the edge of the pen, watching its new occupant.

"How d'ye do, Johnny?" said he. "How's your pig to-day?"

"O, pretty well, thank you," replied the boy. "How's all your which seems to ring true. "A happy, folks!"

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