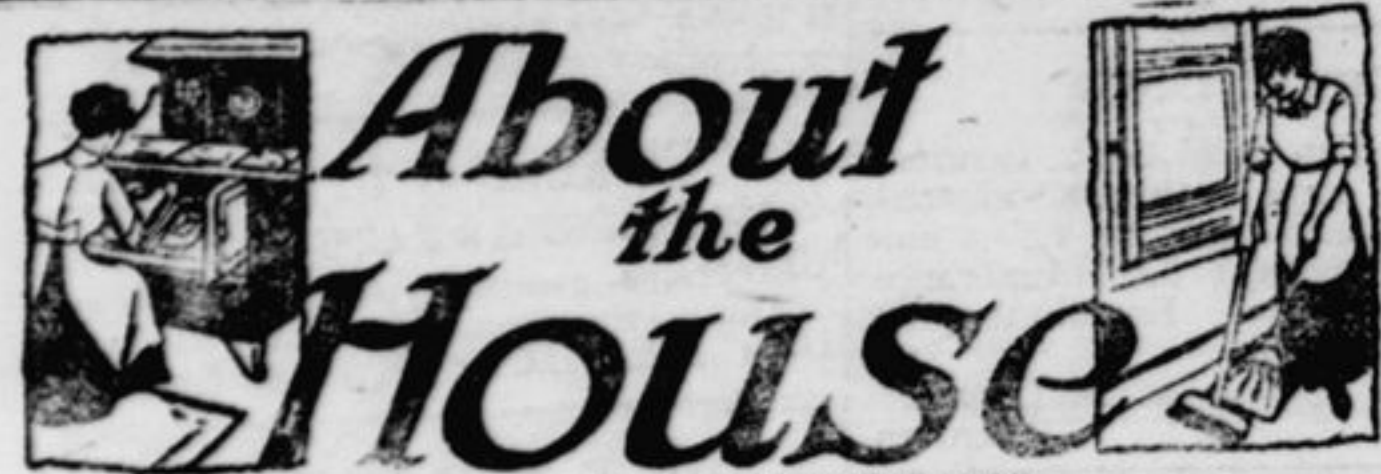


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INTERNATIONAL BABY SAVING.

For once the civilized world is believing what Germany says when she speaks incessantly of the next war. For once the world being forewarned by Germany's attempts to increase her birth rate by whatever means, is forearmed and is starting out for the first time on organized baby saving. Instead of this work being conducted in isolated communities there is a conviction that if the future citizens of the world are to be saved all the babies must be saved no matter where they live. There is a conviction that no one knows quite as much as he should know about baby welfare and that no one is doing all he should do to secure fair treatment for this "little infant soldier" who has had to fight far too many of his battles unaided, in the past.

England is thoroughly roused on this subject. First of all she means to effect a radical reform at home. The Children's Jewel Fund has yielded £27,052 for baby welfare work in England. Added to this fund is a contribution of 4,000 guineas from the American Red Cross to go to the same work in England. The Baby Week Council in celebrating its organization this year intend to concentrate on getting its propaganda into otherwise neglected places and to levy on all available help—especially teachers and children.

Travelling movies will be used as helps and the climax will be reached in a great conference in London where all questions pertaining to baby welfare are to be considered with a view to instant adoption. It is intended to include the provinces in this conference, by proxy, as it were. Sectional conferences in the provinces will link the whole English-speaking British world in one great body of Baby Welfare workers. An attempt will be made to induce local authorities in all overseas dominions to organize far-reaching schemes looking to the preservation of baby life.

In view of this earnest effort in the motherland it is most gratifying to know of the splendid work that has already been accomplished in Canada this year. Three well organized Baby Welfare Week programmes have been carried out in our large cities. The work for summer should not end there and, in view of Germany's ceaseless activity along that line circumstances seem to warrant a repetition later in the summer of those same Welfare Weeks. What is really needed is a "Get Together Conference for the Dominion" with nationwide, standardized warfare for the sake of Canadian babies.

An Iceless Refrigerator.

The woman who cannot conveniently get ice, or who cannot afford it, resorts to all sorts of contrivances to keep her milk sweet and her butter hard.

Here is a plan for a home-made milk house that will answer the purpose. Make your framework the size you want the refrigerator, making the bottom a trifle larger than the top. Cover the framework with ordinary "bag" sacking—clean potato sacks will do. Stretch this covering tight and secure it with small nails. The door is made of the same material. The door can



The Germans do not even respect the dead. Here is a photograph of a cemetery near Lens which the Canadians found with broken tombs and graves robbed both of the dead and of their jewels.—Canadian Official Photograph.



The TRIFLERS

Frederick Prin-Darrell

(Copyright)

CHAPTER XXV.—(Cont'd.)
Frightened, she clasped her hands beneath her chin.

His eyes demanded a reply.
"I told her what the doctors told me. Don't look at me so, Peter!"
"You tried to win her sympathy for me?"

"They told me if you stopped worrying, your sight would come back. I told her that, Peter."

"You told her more?"
"That if she could love you—oh, I couldn't help it!"
"So that is why she listened to you; why she listened to me. You begged for her pity, and—she gave it. I thought at least I could leave her with my head up."

Beatrice began to sob.
"I did the best I knew how," she pleaded.

His head was bowed. He looked crushed. Throwing herself upon her knees in front of him, Beatrice reached for his clasped hands.

"I did the best I knew!" she moaned.
"Yes," he answered dully; "you did that. Every one has done that. Only nothing should have been done at all. Nothing can ever be done."

"You—you forgive me, Peter?"
"Yes."

But his voice was dead. It had no meaning.
"It may all be for the best," she ran on, anxious to revive him. "We'll go back to New York, Peter—you and I. Perhaps you'll let me stay with you there. We'll get a little apartment together, so that I can care for you. I'll do that all the days of my life, if you'll let me."

"I want a better fate than that for you, little sister," he said.
Rising, he helped her to her feet. He smoothed back her hair from her forehead and kissed her there.

"It won't do to look ahead very far, or backwards either just now," he said. "But if I can believe there is something still left in life for me, I must believe there is a great deal more left for you. Only we must get away from her as soon as possible."

"You have your eyes, Peter," she exclaimed exultingly. "She can't take those away from you again!"
"Hush," he warned. "You must never blame her for anything."

"You mean you still love her?"
"Still and forever, little sister," he answered. "But we must not talk of that."

"Poor Peter," she trembled.
"Rich Peter!" he corrected, with a wan smile. "There are so many who haven't as much as that."

He went back to his room. The next thing to do was to write some sort of explanation to Covington. His ears burned as he thought of the other letter he had sent. How it must have bored into the man! How it must have hurt! He had been forced to read the confession of love of another man for his wife. The wonder was that he had not taken the next train back and knocked down the writer. It must be that he understood the hopelessness of such a passion. Perhaps he had smiled! Only that was not like Covington. Rather, he had gripped his jaws and stood it.

But if it had hurt and he hankered for revenge, he was to have it now. He, Noyes, had bared his soul to the husband and confessed a love that now he must stand up and recant.

That was punishment enough for any man. He must do that, too, without violating any of Marjory's confidences—without helping in any way to disentangle the pitiful snarl that it was within his power to disentangle. She whose happiness might partly have recompensed him for what he had to do, he must still leave unhappy. As far as he himself was concerned, however, he was entitled to tell the truth. He could not recant his love. That would be false. But he had no right to it—that was what he must make Covington understand.

Dear Covington (he began): I am writing this with my eyes open. The miracle I spoke of came to pass. Also a great many other things have come to pass. You'll realize how hard it is to write about them after that letter, when I tell you I have learned the truth; that Marjory is Mrs. Covington. She told me herself, when our relations reached a crisis where she had to tell.

I feel, naturally, as if I loved you of old.

She was free beyond her most extravagant dreams—absolutely free. She was so free that it seemed aimless to rise in the morning, because there was nothing awaiting her attention.

She was so free that there was no object in breakfasting, because there was no obligation demanding her strength. She was so free that whether she should go out or remain indoors depended merely upon the whim of the moment. There was for her nothing either without or within.

Here was the whole thing in a nutshell. There were some who might consider this to be an ideal state. Not to care about anything at all was not to have anything at all to worry about. Certain philosophies were based upon this state of mind. In part, Montaigne's own philosophy was so based. If not to care too much were well, then not to care at all should be better. It should leave one utterly and sublimely free. But should it also leave one utterly miserable?

There was something inconsistent in that—something unfair. To be free, and yet to feel like a prisoner

bound and gagged; not to care, and yet to feel one's vitals eaten with caring; to obtain one's object, and then to be remorseful there like a forsaken sailor on a desert island—this was unjust.

Ah, but she did care! It was as if some portion of her refused absolutely to obey her will in this matter. In silence she might declare her determination not to care, or through tense lips she might mutter the same thing in spoken words; but this made no difference. She was a free agent, dictate terms to herself. She had the sole right to be arbiter of her destiny. It was to that end she had craved freedom.

(To be continued.)

Food Control Corner

Arrangements have been completed by the Canada Food Board with the United States Food Administration by which 15,000 tons of linseed oil for use in the manufacture of margarine will be supplied to relieve the conditions which prevail in Canada owing to the scarcity of feed and fodder.

The Food Board will be responsible for the allocation of the oil cake and meal. All dealers who wish to import these commodities must attach to the regular import application blank a sworn statement of the quantities sold during the three years prior to July 1st and distribution will be made on this basis. Applications should be sent direct to the Canada Food Board.

Every city, town and village in Canada should have a farm employment agency in charge of some good, live local man. Farmers want help, and it is the duty of the towns and cities to provide it if there is no other source of supply. Able bodied young men of all classes have been enlisted for the army, and the factories had already drained the country of regular farm laborers. There is no immigration to help the situation. The United States wants about a million or more men for its own harvest. Some of those men will doubtless be available in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba for the Canadian wheat after the American crop is in, but the great bulk of the extra labor required on Canadian farms this year, will have to come from Canadian towns and cities.

To enable these men to be distributed when they do come forward, as by their Registration cards they have promised to do, there should be machinery ready and well organized. In some provinces the local Government has established employment agencies. Every province might well have similar offices supplemented by voluntary organizations in every centre. Business men in every other Canadian town, should become active in this matter because it vitally concerns them. Employers of labor should do everything in their power to arrange their work so as to release men who are willing to go to the aid of the farmers. Every encouragement should be given these men, for this work is of first importance. Farmers, of course, prefer experienced men, and men who have been brought up on farms or spent some years on the land should be specially encouraged to devote a few weeks of their time and the capital of their experience to the harvest of 1918. Extra men for the harvest are wanted in every province—in British Columbia 3,000, in Alberta 6,000 to 7,000, in Saskatchewan 20,000, in Manitoba 10,000, Ontario 12,000, Quebec 12,000, New Brunswick 2,000, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island all the men locally available.

Leading business men of every centre should get together in a committee and open up a farm labor bureau, where there is none already. There should be no trouble for the farmer in learning where to find such an office, and there should be no trouble for the man who is willing to go on the farm to find out where to go and leave his name and address for the farmer looking for him.

We are in receipt of two very artistic posters issued by the Canada Food Board. One reads: "Fish and Vegetable Meals will save wheat, meat, and fats for our Soldiers and Allies." The other represents a child on his mother's knee at breakfast saying: "Remember we must feed Daddy too." The mother's eyes see in vision her husband on the battlefield.

"Three parts of good conversation consist of good manners."—E. F. Benson.

Cream Wanted

We are in the market for cream all through the year. We pay the HIGHEST market price. Our plant is right up-to-date. In business since 1905. Drop us a postcard for particulars.
Western Dairy and Creamery Co.
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COLLEGES ON THE FIELD.

Canada is the Pioneer in Establishment of Soldiers' Universities.

We are glad to see that field colleges are gradually being established in all our armies at the Front, says the Manchester Guardian. The idea was, we think, first put into practice by the Canadians, whose "University of Vimy Ridge" was so popular with the men that the United States Government at once followed the example and introduced as a component part of the American army an organization known as the Soldiers' University. Now the Australian force is to have a similar institution—one, in fact, even more ambitious than the other.

The British Army is also undertaking an educational scheme which will doubtless adopt as its foundation the Y.M.C.A. camp classes, whose teaching staffs have for a long time deserved adequate official recognition and encouragement. The scope of these field universities is large and will accommodate the needs of the student, the professional man, and the craftsman not only during the war but in the period of demobilization. The Germans have had similar institutions for long enough.

It is a scheme that will be welcomed by nobody so much as by the men themselves. Every one of us has heard the lament of young soldiers—their only lament, in fact—that they are growing more and more conscious of a widening gulf in their careers as the war prolongs itself. For much too long, it must be confessed, our soldiers have been without any systematic opportunities of maintaining some point of contact with civilian habits of mind and vocation, and it is a thousand pities there were no soldiers' colleges for the men who went through the first weary months of trench warfare.

Still, though these educational institutions may have come late in the day, the future before them is surely considerable. There is no reason why they should pass away until the business of arms itself is obsolete. Life in barracks must be a vastly different thing in the days to come from what it was in the past. These soldiers' universities, in fact, are an overdue official recognition that the old professional soldier no longer exists and that the modern fighting man is a civilian first and last.

Bread is the staff of life, but the staff crumbles these days.

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8 RATION BOOKS FOR EACH FAMILY

BRITAIN ISSUES NATIONAL RATION BOOKS.

Ministry of Food Find the New Plan a Great Improvement on Former Card System.

Since the Ministry of Food began its work two billion forms have been printed and distributed. Out of this number only one set has had to be cancelled, the loss being less than \$200.

Of the new national ration book, which came into force on July 15, 63, 600,000 copies were issued. This number includes the individual books and the supplemental books granted to agricultural laborers, munition workers and those engaged on heavy work. Over 700 long tons of paper were used in their manufacture, while 3,000 persons were employed in the manufacture of the books.

The new book is a great improvement on the card system. It is of handy size, 5 inches by 2 1/2, and contains coupons for all the rationed foods—sugar, meat, bacon, butter and margarine—and lard, of which the Food Controller hoped to have sufficient to allow two ounces per head per week from July 14.

Printed in colors by a special process of photogravure and special ink, the delicate design of the book should prove a great deterrent to would-be forgers.

The book for the general public contains nine pages, orange color for sugar, blue for fats, red for meat and bacon, brown and blue for other foods which may be rationed and green for reference purposes.

A special book has been prepared for children, and with supplementary ration books for workers engaged in heavy work it will be possible for a household to have eight different kinds of ration books.

With the coming into force of the new books the coupons collected by retailers have to be forwarded to the local food office, where tests are taken by means of weighing the coupons, and if they do not reasonably come up to the weight corresponding with the rationed food supplied prosecution will follow.

Every book is numbered and bears a code or reference number so that it can be traced without difficulty.

Books will have to be surrendered before leaving the country, or in the event of the death of the holder the book must be returned to either the local food office or handed to the registrar of deaths at the time of registration.

MANY WOMEN IN SHIPYARDS.

Included Among Them are Riveters, Joiners, Engineers, Blacksmiths.

The introduction of woman labor into the British shipyards is one of the most striking developments brought about by the war in the field of woman's work.

To-day women are to be found among the riveters, taking the place of boys in the heating and conveying of the rivets to the men who drive them home. They are working in blacksmiths' forges; they red-lead iron work and do certain portions of the paint work. All over a shipyard they may be seen tidying up, shifting scrap iron, carrying baulks of timber, pieces of angle iron, and iron bars.

A more valuable part of their work is done with machinery. Their work in the joiners' shops is particularly valuable in all the various items treated, especially with the planing machines, with which women workers produce a noticeably large output.

For engineering work women are much in demand. Experienced ones are very skilful in the manipulation of such powerful machines as those used for cutting angle iron and for keel-bending. They even drive electric cranes and winches, work which demands the greatest steadiness and care, and a large amount of nerve, as the lives of others depend on them.

CHINA AND THE BEAN.

The bean plays an important part in Chinese domestic economy, and, according to East and West News, one of the specially desired qualifications of the Chinese matron, throughout the northern provinces, is her ability to concoct from beans—green, black and yellow—those staple dishes that the Chinese know as tau feun and lang fen.

The bean seldom appears on the Chinese table whole; it is not considered as fit for food until it has been reduced to its essences and put up in the form of bean curd, or bean gelatin, which are for sale in every roadside foodshop of northern China.

The art of producing these nourishing foods, which are the meat of the poor, is to the rural Chinese woman what the making of butter, cheese and jam is to the Occidental housewife.

In the large cities bean manipulation of that sort is a craft and a commercial activity, just as the making of jam and butter is in the large cities of the West; but it can hardly be called an industry, since it is still quite without organization. The beans must be crushed, soaked, baked, boiled, strained and so on, before the essences appear.

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