

Never known to disappoint
the Most Critical Tastes—

"SALADA"

A Tea-pot Test is better than a page
of Advertisement.

Black—Green or Mixed . . . Sealed Packets Only.



WAR-TIME CARE OF HOUSEHOLD LINEN.

The careful housewife looks well after her linens at all times, but in periods like the present when they can scarcely be replaced for love or money it certainly behooves us all to redouble our vigilance in this direction.

First let us see how certain conditions shorten the usefulness of such things as sheets, pillowslips, table cloths, napkins and towels. Much wear comes from laundering when by friction the dirt is rubbed out. Vigorous rubbing, such as is necessary when linen is badly soiled, wears it out much faster than when only partially soiled. Hence it is economy to wash it before the first named condition is reached. A gentle rubbing preserves the fabric longer than a vigorous one. Strong washing fluids cause disintegration of the threads and should be avoided even though they facilitate cleansing.

The careful housewife understands, too, how the wind can injure articles while hanging on the line to dry. An hour in a stiff wind will shorten the period of usefulness more than a month's wear. The rays of the sun and a gentle breeze are harmless, but avoid allowing the clothes to flap in the wind. This not only whips out hems, but actually breaks threads and does much damage to any fabric.

Hemstitching should be mended as soon as the first thread gives way. It is then easily repaired so the break will scarcely be noticed. Neglected it means a bad piece.

Each week the pieces should be gone over carefully and the tiniest break mended. Darn linen pieces back and forth with ravelings or threads drawn from the best parts of old linen. This becomes invisible after laundering. Don't leave it until a patch is required. A patch is unsightly while a darn is not.

A well darned table cloth, towel or napkin will wear twice as long as a neglected one and look none the worse for the stitches. Fold linen pieces differently from time to time to avoid wear in the same places.

Turn pillow slips before sits come in them. Rip the bottom ends and reweave with the corners as first made half way along the sides. This brings the wear in a fresh place. Single width sheets must have a seam in the middle if turned, but neatly folded in a flat seam this will not look badly, or the centre may be overhanded. The sides will have to be narrowly hemmed but that is a trifling matter in war time.

So far nothing has been said of underwear, but care will result in a saving here also. As suggested, washing of a garment becomes badly soiled saves wear, even though it means more pieces. Watch for breaks and mend them before they become large. Dry all colored clothes in the shade to prevent fading.

CONCERNING PASCAL.

Famous French Mathematician Invented Many Modern Conveniences.

When Blaise Pascal, the famous French mathematician, was sixteen years old, he wrote a treatise on conic sections. His sister, Jacqueline, at twelve years of age, was the author of a book of poems. In the French Ideal, Mme. Duclaux tells of the further triumphs of those wonderful children of the seventeenth century.

Etienne Pascal, their father, being compromised in a rising against the Chancellor Segulier, fled from Paris in 1633, leaving his children in the charge of a faithful housekeeper. But the children were already personages. Jacqueline, about twelve years of age, meeting Cardinal de Richelieu one day, asked her father's pardon so prettily in verse that Richelieu not only recalled him to Paris but soon afterwards gave him the important post of adjutant to the intendant of Normandy and sent him to Rouen in 1639.

Impressed into the business of his father's office at Rouen, young Pascal, at sixteen years of age, conceived the idea of a mechanical ready reckoner, independent of the will, and energetically gave himself to this invention, which occupied him for more than two years. He devised fifty different models, and personally managed the work of the artisans who were making the machines. Some one has happily termed him "the knight-errant of geometry, wearing neither sword and

thither in search of questions worthy of his steel."

The calculating machine of Pascal is the ancestor of all our modern multipliers, the little boxes that hand out change on the counters of shops, the mechanical computers of taxicabs and the mathematical machines used in scientific laboratories. Later, Pascal designed or perfected the barometer, the hydraulic press, the wheelbarrow, the omnibus and the drey.

Canada's Cold Storage Stocks

Canada's cold storage stocks of provisions, though large when measured in pounds, comprise but a very small fraction of the amounts required overseas. Canadian Companies reporting to the Cost of Living Branch of the Department of Labor, held on June 1st, the following stocks in storage:—Butter, 1,689,260 pounds; cheese, 2,190,098 pounds; beef, fresh and-pickled, 17,203,938 pounds; pork, fresh and pickled, 29,458,903 pounds; bacon, hams and smoked meats, 13,113,967 pounds. How shall these stocks compare with the British requirements may be understood by noting how long they would last as the source of total supply in Great Britain. The amounts mentioned would supply Britain's requirements as follows:—Butter, 21 hours; cheese, 2 1/2 days; beef, 21-5 days; pork, 14 1/2 days; bacon, ham and smoked meats, 53-4 days.

"Who speaks sows—who listens reaps."—Persian Proverb.



The TRIFLERS

Frederick Grim Bartlett

(Copy right)

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Cont'd.)

She was merely a woman now. The muscles in her arms and legs were not strong. Because of that she could not leave his side, nor order him to leave. She must look to him to fight for her if fighting were necessary. She must look to him to put his strong arm about her and help her if she grew weary. She must look to him to provide her with food and shelter for the night. Physically she was like a child out here on the open road. But he was a man.

He was a man because he had something to protect. He was a man because he was responsible for some one besides himself. It was that that the other half of him had been craving all these years. It was this that completed him.

Yet his attitude toward her, in this respect, was strangely impersonal. He was looking for no reward. He did not consider her as being placed in any way under an obligation to him. His joy in doing for her was not based upon any idea of furthering his own interests. He was utterly unselfish. He did not look ahead an hour. It was as if he were not here in a position where he could be of some service.

His love for her was another matter entirely. Whether she were with him or not, that would have remained the same. He loved her with all there was in him, and that was more or less distinct from any attitude that she might assume. It was a separate, definite, concrete fact, no longer open to argument, no longer to be affected by any of the petty accidents of circumstance. Not even she had now any control over it. It was within her power to satisfy it or not; but that was all. She could not destroy it. If she left, it would still be there; he must endure that, as Peter had. Peter was not sorry that he loved her, and Peter—why, Peter did not have the opportunity to sense more than the first faint beginnings of the word love. Peter had not had those weeks in Paris in which to get to know her; he had not had that wonderful ride through sunny France with Marjory by his side; and Peter had had nothing approaching such a day as this.

Monte turned to look at her. They had passed through Villefranche, and were now taking the up grade. The exercise had flushed her cheeks, giving her back the color she had lacked in the last few weeks. Her eyes were upon the ground, as if she did not dare raise them. Her face all ways seemed younger when one did not see the eyes. Asleep, she could not have looked over twenty. He marvelled at how delicately feminine her forehead and nose were. And the lips—he could not look very long at her lips. Warm and full of curves, they tugged at his heart. They roused desire, but he kept his eyes on the road. He had not the blessed privilege to touch them with his own, he would have been very gentle about it. A man must needs always be gentle with her, he thought.

That was why he must not utter the phrases that were in his mind. It would only frighten her, and he must see that she was never frightened again. To himself he might say as much as he pleased, because she could not hear. He could repeat to himself over and over again, as he did now, "I love you—I love you—I love you."

Out loud, however, he said only:—
"Are you tired?"
"No, Monte," she answered.
"We can rest any time you wish. We have all the time in the world ahead of us."
"Have we?"
"Days and weeks and months," he replied.
It was the old Monte she heard—the easy, care-free Monte. It made her feel easier.

"We should cross the border by tomorrow night, shouldn't we?" she asked.
"We could, if it were necessary," he admitted.
She quickened her pace unconsciously.
"I think we should get there as soon as possible."
"That," he said, "would be like hurrying through Eden."
She ventured to glance up at him. With his lean, strong face to the sun, his little body swinging rhythmically to his stride, he looked like an Indian chieftain. So he would have stalked through virgin forests. So under different conditions she might have been following his lead. But conditions had been following his lead. But conditions were as they were. That was what she must keep in mind. He was here merely to escort her safely to Italy and to the steamer in which she was soon to sail for home. He was being decent to her, as under the same conditions he would be to any woman. He could scarcely do less than he was doing. She was forced upon him.

That he apparently took pleasure in the episode was natural enough. It was just the sort of experience he enjoyed. It was another pleasant excursion like the motor trip to Paris, with a touch of adventure added to give it spice. Possibly in his present mood there was also a trace of romance. Monte had his romantic side, based upon his quick sympathies. A maiden in distress was enough to rouse this. That was what happened yesterday when he told her of his love. He had been sincere enough for the moment, and no doubt believed everything he said. He had not given himself quite the time enough to get back to his schedule. With that in good running order he would laugh at his present folly.

For she must remember that Monte had not as yet touched either the

Food Control Corner

The Canada Food Board, makes the following statement:
"Recent announcements that the food situation overseas has been relieved by the special efforts of Canada and the United States are being interpreted in some quarters as indicating that special food production and conservation efforts no longer are necessary."

"All optimistic reports relative to the easing of our Allies' food position are based on the assumption that the utmost effort to maintain and to increase production, and also to conserve food, will be continued on this continent as well as overseas."
"Fortunately, there has been an unusually large grain crop in the United States, leaving a surplus over present consumption which, with the available surplus from Canada, and with continued conservation in both countries, should meet our Allies' import requirements from North America this year. The large supply of food for live stock, which also seems assured in the United States, will be reflected in increased production of pork and to a lesser extent, of beef also."
"Hopeful though recent developments in the food situation have been, it will not be safe until enormous wheat reserves have been accumulated on both sides of the Atlantic, and such reserves are not yet in sight. A comparative crop failure on this continent next year would, in the absence of hold-over reserves, make our Allies' position almost as desperate as it was last winter."
"Canadians cannot afford to relax in food production or food conservation because all that can be grown or saved will be needed. Nothing could be more dangerous than to assume that our position is yet safe. The Food Board wishes to emphasize especially the necessity for the utmost effort to save this year's harvest from waste or loss. The responsibility resting upon city and town men to see that the farmers have sufficient help to bring in the crops is still pressing, and must not be ignored."

As an additional sugar conservation measure, the Food Board has ordered that, until further notice, manufacturers of canned fruits for sale must use more than an average of twenty-five pounds of sugar to one hundred pounds of prepared fruit. The Order is now effective. It does not apply to jams, jellies, or marmalade.

Insects as Aeronauts.
According to Lieut. Depret Bisio, of the French Army, who is a naturalist as well as a flying man, many insects follow captive balloons in their ascent. He has seen flies go as high as 2,970 feet, after which they die. Grasshoppers cling to the basket of the balloon until the air becomes too rarefied for them, when they let go and fall. He says the swallows have a glorious time catching these insects.

BOB LONG
UNION MADE
OVERALLS
SHIRTS & GLOVES

My Dad wears 'em

Known from Coast to Coast
R. G. LONG & CO. LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA

A Song of the Air.
This is the song of the Plane—
The creaking shrieking plane,
The throbbing, sobbing plane,
And the moaning, groaning wires—
The engine—missing again!
One cylinder never fires!
Hey, ho! for the Plane!

This is the song of the Man—
The driving, striving man,
The chosen, frozen man—
The pilot, the man at the wheel,
Whose lift is all that he can,
And beyond, if the need is read!
Hey, ho! for the Man!

This is the song of the Gun—
The muttering, stuttering gun,
The maddening gladdening gun—
That chuckles with evil glee
At the last, long drive of the Hun,
With its end in eternity!
Hey, ho! for the Gun!

This is the song of the Air—
The lifting, drifting air,
The eddying, steadying air,
The wine of its limitless space—
May it nerve us at last to dare
Even death with undaunted face!
Hey, ho! for the Air!

—"Observer," Royal Flying Corps.

Canuck
BREAD MIXER

MAKES BREAD IN 3 MINUTES

Eliminates all guess work. Makes light, wholesome bread, rolls, etc., without trouble. Saves flour and labor compared with the Nation's food supply.

Convenient, quick and clean—hands do not touch dough.

Delivered all charges paid to your home, or through your dealer.

Four loaf size \$2.75, eight loaf size \$3.25.

E. T. WRIGHT CO.
HAMILTON CANADA

Young Men on the Farm Who Cannot Go to War

CANADA Must Have Greater Agricultural Production. CANADA Needs Men Trained in the Best Agricultural Practices.

YOU will be of greater value to your country and to yourself if you acquire all available information regarding your business as a farmer. You can obtain this information during the Fall and Winter months at the

Ontario Agricultural College Guelph

THE COLLEGE TERM.—The College opens September 20th and closes April 12th. This is convenient for most farm boys, as the hardest work of the summer is completed before the commencement of the term and students can return to their homes for the spring seeding.

COURSES.—The Two-Year Course is particularly designed for young men intending to be good practical farmers. It includes studies which are of practical value in all the work of the farm. The Four-Year Course for the degree of B.S.A. is a two-year continuation of the two-year course.

EXPENSES.—In order to encourage young men to attend the college, the fees are fixed at the lowest possible figure. Board, \$4.00 per week; Tuition Fee, \$20.00 per year.

Public School Education is sufficient for admission.

COLLEGE OPENS SEPTEMBER 20TH
Write for a Calendar giving full particulars
G. C. CREELMAN, B.S.A., LL.D., President

WILLIAMS New Scale PIANOS

THE outward beauty that distinguishes a Williams New Scale Piano is an index of its intrinsic worth. Ideals are built into every one of these famous instruments—ideals of craftsmanship that make for the most enduring quality.

Bungalow Model, \$450.00

THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO., LIMITED, OSHAWA, ONT.
Canada's Oldest and Largest Piano Makers

THE TERRIBLE PHOSGENE GAS

ONE OF THE MOST EFFECTIVE OF HUN DEVICES.

At Armentieres the Gas Struck Down Women and Children Who Had Congregated in Cellars.

The newest chemical instrument of destruction employed by the Germans is the terrible phosgene gas, which has a delayed action. A correspondent at the front notes a case where a shell loaded with this stuff fell, and two men got a whiff of it. A surgeon immediately ordered them to the hospital and to bed; and they went off joshing each other that two strong men should be sent to bed with nothing the matter with them. Before day-break next morning both had died horrible deaths from the poison.

The Fate of Civilians.
Armentieres is the first town in the annals of history to have been literally poisoned to such a degree that its civil population had to be removed to save it from being wholly wiped out. While heavy shells were rained upon the houses, forcing the people to take refuge in the cellars, a multitude of small shells fell everywhere, in streets in courtyards and in gardens. The small shells contained a colorless liquid that spread over the ground, and which, being only slightly volatile, evaporated very slowly, leaving traces for hours after the projectiles had exploded.

The liquid, by its evaporation, was transformed into a heavy gas, which filtered downward and reached the cellars where the people had sought refuge. This was the new and deadly "mustard gas"; surely it must be admitted that even the Hun has contrived up to date nothing more diabolical than this carefully planned attempt to destroy the entire population of a town.

Mustard gas has found more victims among women than among men, because it penetrates the hair and clings there. Tobacco smoke, too, has proved to some extent an unexpected protection for men. Its odor has been described as resembling that of garlic, or even onionette, but the majority say it is like hot mustard.

Terrible Sufferings.
Inhabitants of Armentieres who breathed this emanation of frightfulness in the morning while walking about town were able to return home and felt no ill effects until five or six hours later, when their condition rapidly became serious. The bronchial tubes are affected first, the eyelids become swollen and little by little the sight is lost. All the mucous membranes are attacked, and the body seems on fire inside, while burns cover all the skin. Continuous coughing sets in, and in a large percentage of cases the sufferings of the victim terminate in death.

A British army surgeon, wearing a mask, exposed himself to the gas for a quarter of an hour, as an experiment. He was burned all over the body, except where the mask protected his head. The public has been advised that if, during an air raid, the smell of mustard essence be noted, the thing to do is to move to an upper story and breathe through a compress soaked with a certain solution. Women should wrap their hair in wet cloths. Sand or earth should be thrown upon any liquid that may be seen before it has evaporated.

Sneeze and Tear Bombs.
Phosgene gives no such warning; it has no odor. For this reason it was very effective when first used by the Germans. Troops could not know that they had been gassed until too late. Though developing no immediate symptoms, the men died in awful agony a few hours afterward.

It was observed, however, that the sound made by an exploding gas shell was slightly different from that of other shells. Men were trained to distinguish this difference, and to give a signal in time for green rockets (the gas warning and gas masks). Thus the Hun, for a while, was checkmated. But he met this with another move, which for a time seemed to baffle the Allies. He mixed gas and explosives in the same shell, thereby eliminating differences of detonation, and one of his first experiments in this line was made against the Americans.

The Allied fighting men were thereby compelled to wear their masks all the time while bombardments were in progress. It was a most uncomfortable necessity; but the Germans were determined to force the enemy troops to take their masks off, and invented sneeze bombs and tear-compelling bombs that discharged irritant gases meant solely to make the victims uncover their faces and breathe the odorless gases which carry certain death.

Answers to this and other new "wrinkles" introduced by the Germans have been found, but description of them is not permissible. All the lessons learned by the British and French troops at a cost of thousands of lives have been communicated to the United States forces, facilitating the purely defensive part of their work, and permitting them to concentrate upon offensive tactics which are likely to give the Hun something to think about in future long.

The neighbor's chickens see the Huns of the war garden.