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IF YE BREAK FAITH

Pausing for a moment before her mirror, Rosie Seldon consulted a tiny wrist watch which was quickly ticking the minutes away. She sighed impatiently and once more re-arranged the overcurled curls which hung on either side of her powdered face. She was proud of those curls; they made her look cute. It was only the day before that she had overheard Eddie Healy talk to her as "a cute little chicken," and she felt that it was up to her to live up to the reputation. It must be admitted that she dressed well, and, according to her kind, she deserved the praise of the admiring Eddie, for she spent every cent of her trivial salary on the finery so dear to the heart of her kind. And Eddie's opinion amounted to something, for his form-fitting clothes proclaimed him to be, in his own estimation at least, an individual of importance, and his condescending manner showed he realized how completely he held the weaker sex under his power. He had a car, too, and of late it had been his pleasure to take Rosie for moonlight rides, accompanied by others of the younger set. And he was smart! He used to brag continually of how he had "put it over the feds" and would flaunt his exemption certificate, knowing that no military government would get him to fight other people's battles.

As he thought of this the girl's eyes turned instinctively to a silver frame which held the portrait of a clean-looking boy in khaki uniform. She recalled with perhaps the slightest tinge of remorse that she had promised to be true to Dick Mellish when he went overseas. But that was nearly three years ago now, and surely there was no harm in going a ride with a boy friend. Besides, it was nearly two months since she had received a letter from Dick, and he had always written so regularly before. It was true that she had not written to him very often lately, but she had been so busy that she simply couldn't find time to write. There was a party, or the movies, or a joy ride almost every night, and so she was forced to postpone her letter writing.

She never pictured a war-weary boy in a foreign land anxiously waiting for a letter from home, and wondering when the mail was sorted, how it was that others should receive so much whilst he had none at all. It was the fact that he had not written to her that she dwelt upon and she endeavored to make herself believe that she was badly treated. Dick had no excuse for not writing, she argued. He had nothing to do all day but sit in a nice cosy dugout and he ought to be glad to write letters to his wife away the time.

Her reverie was broken by the sound of footsteps hurriedly mounting the stairs, and her bosom friend burst into the room.

"Ready, kiddo?" she inquired breathlessly. "I seen Eddie outside. He's got the car."

Rosie paused irresolutely, glancing at the photo.

"I ought to write a letter—" she began.

"Oh, shucks! You can do that tomorrow. You know Eddie don't like waitin'."

With a final glance at the mirror, Rosie followed her friend downstairs.

Corporal Happy Hurlbutt paused at the corner of the street and gazed about him. It was night, and he felt just a trifle bewildered. He had only arrived from the front that morning, and he had not yet become accustomed to the life at home. He looked almost in awe at the blazing electric signs which were silhouetted against the black sky, and at the glare of the brilliantly lighted stores. Automobiles filed past him in a steady stream, and the bustling crowd shouldered him roughly because he interrupted their path. His mind went back to the last town he had stopped at in France. A group of women had been standing on the platform. They were all dressed in black. He recalled the first night he had spent in London; London, the greatest city in the world, with dark and deserted streets. He had been awakened from his sleep that night by the crash of bombs and had seen the searchlights splitting the darkness and had heard the familiar crack of bursting strangel. He had gone out to see if he could help. He remembered carrying in his arms a little girl, clad in her nightdress. Her arm had been blown off. He wondered if she were still alive.

That was more than a month ago. The crowd carried him on, and he found himself in the vestibule of a motion picture theatre. He glanced inside. It was a full house. A procession bearing the flags of the allies was on the screen, and the audience was applauding vigorously. Hurlbutt wondered vaguely if he ought to applaud too.

The face of a girl just in front of



About the House

Milk-Fed Kiddies.

"Why don't you keep a cow?" asked Aunt Anne the morning after her arrival at her niece's house, as she heard the rattle of milk bottles—five of them—on the verandah.

"I would," gaily answered her niece, "if only we were back in the country. Instead of temporarily housed on a fifty-foot city lot."

"But who in the world ever drinks it all?" persisted the aunt.

As if in answer to her question, into the room bounced the two roly-poly youngsters, Teddy, the four-year-old, and two-year-old Belle, bright and smiling and ready for breakfast.

"My, don't these children look well!" exclaimed Aunt Anne, greeting them with a hug and a kiss. "I don't see whom they take after, Ruth," turning to their mother. "Neither you nor their father has any health to boast of. What's your secret?"

"I want my milk," shouted Teddy. "Milk! Milk!" echoed Belle. Their mother smiled.

"That's the answer," she said. "It's no secret."

"But do you mean," asked the Aunt, "that they drink milk in any quantity? I should think they were old enough to eat solid food."

"Oh, of course they eat solid food, Aunt, but their diet is based chiefly on milk. Here, kiddies," placing their chairs at the table, "your breakfast is ready."

With a merry scramble, the children were in their chairs, and the next moment, two little noses were concealed in the cups of creamy milk. Not will every drop was drained did they turn to the waiting cereal, toast and fruit. Before they finished each had demanded and received another cup of milk.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Aunt Anne. "Why don't you give them something to eat and stand regard- ing her dainty boots."

"He sent you a message."

"Eh?"

"He wanted me to give you his love and to say that he would never forget you."

"Oh," she said slowly. "Is that all?" she inquired.

Hurlbutt's lip curled. "I'm afraid it is," he said quietly.

"I—I thought he might send me a present or something."

"I'm sorry, but all the stores in the town were closed. The people were taking a holiday, I suppose. It was a place called Ypres. Perhaps you've heard of it?"

The girl became conscious of the irony in his tone and flushed uncomfortably. Her companion nudged her.

"There's Eddie," she whispered. "He's passed us twice now. Don't keep him waiting."

The girl took no notice. "Didn't Dick send any more messages?" she asked.

"He did say—something—about writing."

"Me writing? Say, I really meant to, I've been that busy every night. I bet he's got some nice little French girl now."

"I hardly think that's likely now," said Hurlbutt shortly.

"How d'yer know?"

"He's dead."

The girl looked blankly at him for a moment; then she commenced to giggle. "Aw, quit your kidding," she said. "You almost had me scared." The soldier looked at her in amazement, then struggling his shoulders he turned away his head without condescending to reply.

"Is he really dead? Sure?" she asked. "Poor kid. I'm sorry. Gosh! she added irrelevantly, "I nearly sent him a parcel last week. Lucky I didn't, eh?"

A young man in a form-fitting costume caught the girl by the arm and gave her a slight jerk.

"Excuse me," he said to the soldier kiddo, "he addressed the girl, "I'm not waitin' here all night. Who's your friend anyway? I might say I don't like my lady friends talking to every common soldier they meet. If you're coming, come on. The car's waitin', but I don't wait much longer, I'm telling you."

"But Eddie, I want to ask him—"

"Well, get busy then, only I'm not waiting long. So you know."

He walked towards the car and turned to see if she would follow. Corporal Happy Hurlbutt made no motion to interfere, but he kept his eyes on the girl's face as though reading her thoughts.

She looked irresolutely from one to the other. Her gaze wandered to the car, then back to the soldier. She looked into his face and read the contempt in his eyes.

With a defiant toss of her head she turned her back on him and walked towards the car.

(The End.)

For Muddy Boots.

The old broom has apparently outlived its usefulness, but saw off the handle eight inches from the broom, bore a hole in one of the back steps and insert the eight-inch stub; then trim the broom off square and you have an exceedingly satisfactory scraper for muddy boots and shoes.

July 1 is set for the date when it is hoped to have the Provincial stockyards at Prince Albert, Sask., in operation.



About the House

cut them in as long and thin strips as possible.

A wire brush with some gritty cleanser cleans the roasting pan in two minutes.

Save an old white kid or chamois glove if your corset steels and bones have a habit of wearing through. A mend with a bit of this will last a long time.

When the little girls' dresses of embroidered flouncing are too short, lengthen them without taking off the band, in this way: Stitch to the under side of the scallops a double fold of lawn or batiste about three inches wide. This gives the appearance of a hem.

The "notions" counter in most shops has readymade button holes to offer. They are sold in strips, and are great time and labor savers. But for pick-up work there is nothing like having a strip of button holes of your own making on hand.

NEW WONDERS EXPECTED

Marvelous Inventions Inspired by War May be Surpassed in Peace.

Subjects of increasing interest are telephoning without wires and flight by airship across the ocean. Both ideas are in such a hopeful way that they may be said to be virtually assured and likely to be soon put in operation. These matters are better worth thinking about and spending money on than is poison gas or cannon with a range of eighty miles, though guns of that calibre promote antimilitarism by rendering useless a girdle of fortifications around a city.

In the recent war Paris was saved twice by battles on the Marne, which was quite as near as hostile batteries could be allowed to approach. In proportion as the spirit of militarism is banished from the world the constructive forces of peace get to work. Their possibilities were never more interesting.

It is hard to say how rapid the march of important inventions will be when nations agree to go forward amicably instead of with deadly cross purposes. Carrying on a conversation audibly between distant points anywhere on the globe is an almost

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S BRIDEGROOM.

Hon. Alex. Ramsay's Family Dates
Back to the Twelfth Century.

The smooth manner in which the marriage of Princess Patricia of Connaught with the Hon. Alexander Ramsay, a mere Scottish noble, was accomplished, the apparent absence of any objection to such an "uneven" tie on the part of King George, may have surprised many continental Europeans who usually have a different conception as to how such things are looked upon in the spheres of royalty. In Great Britain, however, and more especially in Scotland, there was no such feeling of surprise. A correspondent writes to the Manchester Guardian: "No Scotsman seems to see anything remarkable or to appreciate the breach of custom in a princess of royal blood marrying a commoner. Scotland hugs its nationalism tightly and looks on those commoners who have married into the English Royal family as securing nothing more than their due. There is gratification, of course, but it is mixed with a spirit of independence and the severe consciousness that a Scottish line of Campbells or Ramsays is as long and exclusive as a Royal house in England. In Scotland the feudal relationship has persisted much longer than in England and developed a more intensely conscious aristocracy."

Regarding the history of the houses of Dalhousie and Maule—Princess Patricia's bridegroom unites both strains—we read:

"The Ramsays were a Lothian family, and have lived since the twelfth century at Dalhousie Castle. An early Ramsay was one of Bruce's knights, hero of the ballads. A later head fell at Flodden. The union of crowns, the first peaceful Scottish invasion of England, gave the Ramsays their first title. In 1618 Sir George Ramsay was created Lord Ramsay of Dalhousie, and in the next reign the baronetcy became a Scottish earldom.

"In the late eighteenth century the Panmure estate of the Maule family came to the Ramsays by marriage, and a younger son assumed the Maule surname and became in 1831 Lord Panmure. The eighth Earl of Dalhousie was a Waterloo general. His son was the famous Governor-General of India from 1847 to 1856, who received a marquisate. He died in 1860, and the Scottish honors for the marquisate, which had become extinct, passed to a cousin, Fox Maule, Lord Panmure, Palmerston's Secretary for War during the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. With him the Dalhousie and the Panmure lands became united, forming together one of the most valuable estates in Scotland.

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A JUNGLE ADVENTURE.

Quaint Customs of the Tree Lizards in British Guiana.

Seldom is a chance encounter in the jungle as delightful as this one that Mr. William Beebe describes in *Jungle Peace*. The quaint little adventure happened on a trail in British Guiana, along which Mr. Beebe was darning, tired from a long day of work in the laboratory.

For several weeks, says the author, the jolly little trail lizards had been carrying on most enthusiastic courtships, marked by much bowing and posing, and a terrific amount of scrambling about. The previous day—that of the first rains—numbers of lizards appeared, and at the same time the brown tree lizards initiated their season of love-making. I had often watched them battle with one another—combats wholly futile as far as any damage was concerned. But the vanquished invariably gave up so his conqueror the last thing he had swallowed, the victor receiving it in a gluttonous rather than a gracious spirit, but allowing the captive to escape.

I surprised one of these dark-brown chaps in the trail and seized him well up toward the head, to preserve his tail intact. Scarcely had I turned him from the ground when he turned his head, considered me calmly with his bright little eyes, and solemnly spat out a still living ant in my direction. The look he then gave me was exceedingly embarrassing. Who was I, not to be bound in chivalry by the accredited customs of his race!

With dignity and with certainty of acceptance he had surrendered; calmly and without doubt he had proffered his little substitute for a sword. It was, I felt, infinitely preferable to any guttural and cowardly Kamenad! Feeling somewhat shame-faced, I accepted the weakly struggling ant, gently lowered the small scorpion to the ground and opened my fingers. He went as he had surrendered, with steadiness and without terror. From the summit of a fallen log he turned and watched me walk slowly out of sight, and I at least felt better for the encounter.

The Hosts of April.

Behold young April's banners Upon the boughs of spring! In every glade and marshland Green flags are shimmering. The great blue armies of the Lord Thunder, and stir, and sing! Now every shy earth creature Advances in the dawn. For the black snooks of winter Have suddenly withdrawn; A glory marches through the world And camps upon my lawn.

If Arabia the horse is a favorite article of flesh food. The ex-Emperor William II. was the only king of Prussia who ever lost his throne.