

Good Quality Tea, properly brewed, takes away fatigue, and is absolutely harmless, as a daily beverage - TRY

"SALADA"

once, and you'll never forsake its use.

A Mile a Minute

PART II.

As the wheels warmed up, their click-clacking grew to a steady vibrant hum. The handles began to come up in quick little leaps. Seeing that he could not add to the speed of the car, Charlie sat down upon the shaking platform. As he did so, Larry turned and grasped the brake.

"Take your hand off that!" cried Charlie fiercely.

For a moment the Irishman hesitated. He looked down the track, the red hair blown back from his face, which had assumed a new shade of pallor.

"Are you mad, you fool?" he almost screamed. "The trestle's rotten as punk, and there's the curve! We'll be sent to kingdom come if we take 'em at this speed!"

"Then we'll go!" Take your hand off!" replied Charlie with a note in his voice that Larry could not mistake.

The coward found himself between two trestles. He cast a look back at the town. The Indians had fired a deserted house, and the pink glow shot up in broad, wavering fans against the blackness. Ahead pitched and rattled the wheels of the trestle, and the car lurched drunkenly, wrenching at the rails until he had to dig his finger nails into the wood to save himself from being "bucked" off.

In reality, the passage of the trestle occupied but a few seconds, although to Charlie it seemed an eternity before the steadier motion and diminishing noise told him that the car had reached solid earth again. He had passed the chasm safely, but ahead was the curve, the most dangerous point in the road. For a moment his heart failed him, and he considered the advisability of following Larry's example. Then he remembered his errand and thrust away the cowardly thought. But it would be madness to take the curve at his present fearful rate of speed.

He twisted himself slowly to one side and reached out for the brake. Even as his fingers closed on the handle the car yawed and flung itself violently against the outer rail. The wheel flanges bit with a jarring grind, fighting to keep the car from plunging over the edge of the cliff. He was on the curve, on one side was a towering shoulder of rock round which the track swept, on the other a sheer fall of a thousand feet.

He threw his weight quick and hard on the brake, but the speed of the car was so great that the shoe would not bite. There was an impatient scream as iron met iron, and a plume of red sparks tailed off into the dark.

From the vibrating brake handle electric-like shocks ran up his arms and over his entire body.

The inner edge of the platform lifted until the car was running on the outer pair of wheels alone. Yet Charlie felt in no danger of slipping. It was as if some powerful but unseen hand were pressing him against the planks, which bruised his flesh cruelly.

The danger was that the car itself might leap from the track. If one of the rickety rails should give under the strain, or any part of the running gear break—well, there was one grim consolation; death would be virtually instantaneous.

As Charlie clung mechanically to the useless brake, the car tilted under him until it seemed that the matter of a hair's weight would destroy its precarious balance and send it whirling over the cliff. He could do nothing but lie there, waiting, with that sick sensation at the pit of his stomach, holding fast with both hands, as helpless as a child on the back of a fear-crazed horse.

Every jolt of the swaying structure, every note from the screeching wheels, seemed to his tense senses to foretell the end. The darkness and the stinging wind in his eyes hid everything from him. He could not tell whether the car was still on the curve or had reached the last dip leading to the wood yard; but presently he noticed that it was running flat.

Suddenly, with a fearful crash, the car struck some obstruction upon the track. The shock tore his hands from the brake and flung him forward like a stone from a sling. For an agonizing second his body whirled through the air. Then he struck on the flat of his back on a mound of some damp, pungent substance that gave elastically under his weight.

Winded, but not seriously hurt, he pulled himself together and managed to get his breath and presently sit up.

The spicy odor that saluted his nose told him the whole story. The car had struck the sleeper the men had lashed to the rail to serve as a bumper. He had been thrown, fortunately, on the top of the great heap of sawdust that stood between the end of the track and the mill. There was the long, black building where the workmen slept, to the right. He slid from the heap, and in a moment was pounding at the door.

The woodcutters were able to reach Ravayee in time to prevent a massacre. Charlie's wild ride deservedly made him a hero in the eyes of the mining town. As nearly as could be estimated, he had run the seven miles from the village to the woodyard in that number of minutes.

with a rattle that woke a hundred voices from the iron-ribbed chasm.

The damp vapor rising from the stream below struck him in the face like a dash of cold water. The trestle swayed on its long stilts. It seemed to the terrified boy as if the ends must whip away from their fastenings. The car lurched drunkenly, wrenching at the rails until he had to dig his finger nails into the wood to save himself from being "bucked" off.

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About the House

Build for To-morrow.

"I would like to see the twelve-year-old boy I couldn't handle," the large, important-looking woman drew the attention of the entire car as she sniffed at her thin companion. "Catch me waiting till my man comes home at night to tattle on the children. I manage them myself."

"Yes, but you're big and strong. I never could lick Tom and he knows it."

"That's where you made your mistake in letting him know it," commented her companion. "You shouldn't have kept him scared. My kids know they got to jump when I speak, and I never have any trouble."

The little woman sighed enviously as she gathered up her packages. "Seems as if they've all got out from under my control," she said. "I wish I knew what to do."

It seemed too bad that someone had not told her what to do years ago, so she wouldn't to-day be envying her friend who ruled through fear of the "broomstick." Needless to say, the twelve-year-old child who persists only through fear of corporal punishment in four more years is going to be incorrigible. And the mother who prides herself on the fact that her children fear her, is due for some pretty rough sledding in a very short while. For of all incentives to good behavior, fear is the least to be depended upon. Love is far more dependable, and self-respect even better. For the child who goes right because he would despise himself if he didn't, is headed straight for all time.

I sometimes wonder why it is that so many women seem ashamed to admit they do not know just what to do with the problems that come up to every mother. Certainly we are not all-wise, and why not admit that we are frequently puzzled as to just what is the best thing to do in many cases. If we could only solve the thing which would make us all most comfortable right at this moment. But all too often the most comfortable thing to do is the very worst possible thing, while the course which means most unpleasantness is the one to take if we are to avoid future complications.

It would be an easy matter, for instance, to keep the furniture nice and unscratched, by making the children spend all the time in the kitchen or driving them outdoors to spend their time bothering the neighbors. But either course is not at all calculated to make them stick closely at home a few years from now, so the problem of unmarred furniture and children using it comes up for solution.

This is only one of the hundred and one things which puzzle the hearts of conscientious mothers. How to avoid the constant bickerings of brothers and sisters has turned many a mother's hair gray. Of course, you can peremptorily order them to be still, and they will for that time and while they are in your presence. But they may only step outside to finish the argument with fists, or an hour later start afresh before you on some other subject. How much better to find some way to work from within them, and get them to avoid the quarrels voluntarily.

Once in a while a solitary child seems to present no particular problem. He will be docile, studious, and thoughtful, obedient, kind—seemingly possessing all the virtues. But even he gives the wise mother thought for necessary for her to be constantly watchful that he give more time to study and outdoor life. So, even while allowing for great difference in temperament, the mother who claims that her children give her no anxious moments is either very ignorant of what a well-rounded life needs, or thinks her hearers are. Certainly real, live-wire, normal, healthy, average twelve-year-olds can make even the wisest educators sit up and take notice. How much more, then, must they puzzle a poor, half-prepared mother?

Don't be ashamed to admit that your children are sometimes beyond you. Your very admission may bring you help, by getting your neighbor's experience. But don't let your neighbor's boasting of her wonderful success worry you. He laughs best who laughs last, and child training is not for to-day, but for the many to-morrows. Twenty years from now you may see which of you has been more successful.

This Will Help You to Choose Pictures.

In a dining room the pictures should be conducive to happy thoughts. Cheap pictures and pictures of wooden looking fruit are not effective. Appropriate pictures for the dining room are "Spring," by Corot; "Autumn," by Mauve; "The Ford," by Corot, and "Autumn Gold," by Inness.

Pictures of general interest are appropriate for the living room. Here they should be conducive to deeper thought. Such as Burne-Jones' "Golden Stair," and "Spies," Titian's "Tribute Money," and Van Ruyssdael's "Windmill" are desirable. Many of

Rembrandt's and Millet's pictures are desirable, as are also Raphael's Madonnas. Landscapes are appropriate. In the bedroom, one's choice may have free sway so long as the effect produced is restful. Family portraits and photographs of one's friends are appropriate, and any other pictures of which the person is particularly fond.

Pictures in the boy's room should stimulate him to patriotism, chivalry, spirituality, and industry, and should foster kindness to animals. "Hosea," from Sargent's "Frieze of the Prophets"; "The Forge of Vulcan," by Velasquez; "Oath of Knighthood," by Abbey; "The Sower," by Millet, and "The Charge of the Light Brigade," by Butler are all good. Animal pictures, by Bonheur are also desirable.

Pictures suggesting noble womanhood are appropriate for the girl's room. Madonna and mother-and-child pictures are especially fitting. Other desirable pictures are Reynolds' "Age of Innocence," "The Strawberry Girl," and "The Broken Pitcher," as well as "The Dance of the Nymphs," by Corot.

Most pictures are best framed without a mat. The exceptions are a small print or etching and Japanese prints.

The color of the frame should harmonize with the color of the picture. Water colors and oils are usually best in dull gold.

A flat moulding is better than one with a decided height at edge. Frames should be lighter than darkest part of picture.

A picture with strong action, color, or composition needs a wide frame. Delicate scenes are better in narrow frames.

Frames of bright gold with much ornament are not good. Rectangular frames are better than round or oval shapes.

Frames of imitation circassian walnut are in poor taste.

The Reason.

The roses riot by her door
All through the summer,
And down her garden's fragrant aisles
Uncounted blossoms hide.

(The secret of their growth I know:
It is because she loves them so!)

The childish hearts about her glow
Like flowers in the sun;
Her home is rich with peace like that
Of dusk when day is done.

(The hidden secret I have guessed:
Her home by her great love is blessed!)

THE HUMMING BIRD

Ecuador, in South America, Abounds With "Feathered Jewels."

Not far from the northwest corner of South America is the small triangular republic of Ecuador. It comes pretty near to being the least important country in that continent, but in one respect it is the most remarkable. Nowhere else in the world are there so many humming birds.

Humming birds mostly prefer high altitudes, and some of them are found nowhere else than along a belt of the Andes close to the snow line. Certain species are restricted to single mountain peaks.

The Indians of Ecuador, Colombia and Brazil make profitable business of hunting humming birds, shooting them with small pellets of clay charged from "blowguns." These latter are weapons of great precision—long reeds deprived of pith—and do no damage to the delicate plumage of the tiny feathered creatures.

It is necessary for the hunter to know how to ski the birds; and he must understand the way they may reach the dealer in first class condition. They are sold to agents, who ship them to Guayaquil and other seaports, where they are exported to Europe.

London is the principal market, and in that city 400,000 humming bird skins have been sold at auction in a single week. But they are mostly prepared for millinery and other ornamental uses in France and Belgium—though in the latter country the industry has been interrupted by the war.

No white man ever saw a humming bird until after Columbus discovered America, this feathered tribe being unknown to the Old World. Tropical America has at least 500 species. The closer one gets to the equator the more numerous do humming birds become.

They are unlike any other birds in several respects. Their mode of flight is like that of a bee, their wings vibrate so rapidly (the rate is estimated at 500 times per minute) as to make a blur to the eye. Practically, they are unable to walk, relying wholly upon their wings for locomotion.

Their nests are built chiefly of plantdown, interwoven and strengthened with spiders' webs. In the forests of Brazil the "hermit" humming birds fasten their nests to the ends of long leaves, so that monkeys can not get at them. The nests of other

species resemble tiny hammocks attached to the face of rock or cliff with spider webs.

CLEANING BY DRY METHOD

A Simple Process That Can Be Done Cheaply at Home.

In earlier days every trade had its secrets. They were even called "mysteries," and were commonly handed down from father to son, generation after generation.

Nowadays there are relatively few of these, but among them is the process known as "dry cleaning." Odd, too, because it is perfectly well understood—except by the average housewife, who might gain much convenience and save herself no little expense by knowledge of it.

There are some things that will not stand washing with water. They have, therefore, to be "dry cleaned." Among them are furs, delicate laces and many other articles.

Mistress Housekeeper sends them off to a shop, whence they are returned beautifully "done up," but at a fancy price. The price is high chiefly for the reason that she is known to be ignorant of the inexpensiveness of the process.

Why should she not do her own dry cleaning? She can, if she wishes. All she needs is the very simple "know how."

A gallon of gasoline with four table-spoonsful of benzine, soap and two quarts of flour, will furnish the essentials. Stir thoroughly and work the mixture well into the fabric, giving special attention to spots. Let the dirty gasoline drain off; then rinse in clean gasoline and shake well until dry, brushing out all the flour. She will then have a "dry-cleaned"

SALT

All grades. Write for prices. TORONTO SALT WORKS G. J. CLIFF - TORONTO

THE PECULIAR ART OF CAMOUFLAGE DEVELOPED TO WONDERFUL EXTENT DURING WAR

Necessitates a Thorough Knowledge of Airplane Photography to be in Any Degree a Success.

The French were first to develop the art of camouflage in the war. In this line the Germans were prompt to imitate, and they did it with skill and ingenuity.

In the St. Mihiel sector the Germans constructed a wonderful piece of camouflage which the allies failed entirely to discover. It was not discovered, in fact, until the salient was captured.

It was an extensive area roofed with wire net at a height of fourteen feet above the ground, and covered (over the net) with scattered brush. Beneath it were a score of buildings, roads, ammunition dumps, and much other war material. Walking under the net, one could look up through it and see whatever was going on overhead, but viewed from the sky it looked like a piece of woods.

There was the point. The camouflage was so perfect as to deceive the cameras carried by scouting allied airplanes. The photographs they delivered showed only woods.

Problem to Deceive Camera. The great problem of camouflage is to deceive the airplane's camera. To accomplish this purpose, the most effective means was a "flat top" of chicken wire or fish net, stretched between poles and decorated with numerous tied strips of inch-wide, colored burlap or cloth, to flutter in the breeze and furnish shadows varying naturally with the time of day.

Photographed from far aloft, such an arrangement had the appearance of a wood or a field. A net thirty-seven feet square thus disguised affords protection for any gun up to the size of a 9.2-inch howitzer, with its crew. For a "stabilized"—i.e., permanently established—battery the camouflage position may cover 1200 to 4000 square yards, or an area even greater.

The main and all-important use of camouflage is to conceal artillery. As the saying goes "a battery seen is a battery lost." Once located, the guns may be quickly and inevitably wiped out by shell-fire.

Selection of the ground is a matter demanding most expert judgment. Obviously it would not do to put a wood in a place where previously no wood existed. Even the stupidest Hun might suppose that a small forest could not grow up overnight. This is a simple proposition, but it illustrates the point.

Different Appearance From Sky. Of vital consequence is the fact that the eye of the camera in the sky does not see things as we commonly see them. Take a field of grass for instance. To our eyes the field looks bright, the side of each blade reflecting light. The camera, from above, sees only the points of the blades, each of the latter throwing a shadow. About the roots there are masses of shadows. Consequently, from the sky, the grassy field looks dark.

It is quite another world that the airplane-borne camera sees; and no camouflage is possible without a thorough knowledge of airplane photography.

LORDS OF CREATION! Yet Outdone in Physical Endurance and Agility by Insects.

Do you know that, if you were only to travel swiftly as the common or domestic fly, says an English writer, you could journey from London to Brighton, take a look round, and be back on your front doorstep before your watch had registered five minutes.

Do you know that, if you were as agile as the elusive flea, you would think no more of hopping over the London Monument, poised on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, than you would, as a mere man, of jumping over a footstool, or that, if you boasted muscles proportionately as strong as those of the said flea, you could literally "support" four average families in addition to your own; or—to put it another way—that you could easily raise a couple of mounted Life-guardsmen off the ground!

Do you know that, if you were as invulnerable as a beetle, you could be riddled with bullets and transfixes with bayonets, and yet survive to enjoy your meals; or that, if you brought to your meals the appetite of a spider, you could eat the equivalent of a prize ox in twenty-four hours, and yet call for a "snack" before going to bed?

Do you know that, if you had the industry and architectural skill of the African ant, you could build for yourself, without any assistance, a pleasure house so lofty that the Eiffel Tower would serve as a doorstep to it?

And yet you call yourself the "lord of creation!"

Cabbage, cooked, is supposed to be more digestible when boiled without a cover. The element that makes it indigestible escapes in the steam.

More Good Pay Days for You ESPECIALLY INTERESTING TO RETURNED MEN

YOU can have more pay days by putting an hour or two of your spare time to good use. You can sell us all the spare time you have. Here's a chance for you to turn into cash something which is perhaps going to waste every day. If you will be enthusiastic over our popular low-priced O. HENRY-JACK LONDON combination book offer or our official illustrated FRANK SIMONDS' HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR we will appoint you our representative and will pay you well. Take advantage of this opportunity and mail in coupon at once.

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Preserves Leather - Kills Axle Friction

Imperial Eureka Harness Oil —soaks into leather. Keeps water out. Prevents drying and cracking. Keeps harness strong, soft, pliable—lengthens its useful life and saves money. Comes in convenient sizes.

Imperial Eureka Harness Grease —keeps the metal spindle from contact with the hub-lining. Coats both with a smooth covering of mica and the finest grease. Kills friction and makes axles and wheels last longer and run easier. Helps the horse and saves wagon repairs. Sold in many sizes—1 lb. to barrels.

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LILY WHITE Corn Syrup

For Preserving Thousands of the best housekeepers have discovered that using half sugar and half Lily White Corn Syrup makes preserving more uniformly successful.

To start with, the consistency is bound to be just right from the very nature of the syrup; there is no danger of the preserves crystallizing; the syrup brings out the natural flavour of the fruit; the keeping quality is excellent and the preserves do not have the cloying sweetness of all sugar.

For better preserves, use Lily White Corn Syrup.

Sold by Grocers everywhere—in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins.

The Canada Starch Company, Limited Montreal

WHAT SORT

The test of good teaching to interest the child. How many children are too intelligent, too spirit-patiently the deadly dull sons which had no thing which had ever their lives or ever who often, in the past, life of whom the school into a genius. See more like life. The caps in them any of us by we shall find them. Then schools, like life, geniuses and recognizing.

There is always an interesting normal child in him a number of years. In the elementary grades there cannot be a wide-jects to suit the individual all youngsters must be. It's a little geography. But, although the wide variety of subjects in pupil, there is a wide variety in which those subjects taught, so that every pupil's interest aroused.

with the ability and find out which way suit is the real way. It will have in the child the term the dullard could wear down the

How Their Minds A few children learn text-books. They are their attention and readily without requiring any special method. dren, however, need to thing personal put into something related to their homes, in order to tention and memory. Not the same thing as tasks easy; they may exceedingly hard over they are glad to do so problem seems real and to concern not life in their own experiences, general belief, children hard, and for long stretch if their interest has been

We have discovered three different ways in dren remember things: Some remember by tures of things in their calling these pictures. try to spell, they see when they are asked to pile themselves into a front of their memories the answer by the number to another in table. Likewise, geograty are recalled in the pictures. These children shown things instead told about them. The spellers and the great cians seem to belong to mixed class.

Some remember by their minds the lesson they read to them or which learned in any other way, of the word is their guide; and in the case of E its irregular pronunciation not as accurate as the Arithmetic goes to a sort which "seven and five make six times six are thirty-four twelve times four." familiar airs. Much respect helps these children.

Others remember by

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Munro's efficient Sprayed of the pest and per better potatoes.

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