

**Used in Millions  
of Tea-Pots Daily**

Its intrinsic goodness in Tea Quality - makes it the most Economical in Use - -

**"SALADA"**

**MRS. LOGAN LAUGHS LAST**

By LUKE WILLIAMS.

"I see," said Mrs. Logan, stolidly, glancing through last week's local newspaper, "there's been another burglary down Hannestown way."

Little Mrs. Logan was lying back doing in his easy chair. "And I reckon there was several burglaries in Lanson this past week," came sleepily from under the large handkerchief that covered his face, "but that don't affect us do it?"

"I was thinking about all that money we got in the box upstairs," murmured his wife. "We've been putting ten shillings a week, take one week with another, in that box for nearly ten years now, and it must be well over two hundred pounds, all we've got for our old age, Richard."

Richard snatched the handkerchief from his face and sat upright.

"In fair sick of hearing you sport about that money. All the week you've been getting on my nerves," he observed testily.

"Well, we ought to have some sense enough to put it in the bank," continued Mrs. Logan. "A lot of money in such a lousy house as this, and only us two old folk here."

"Janet, I don't trust no bank, not even the Post Office. Any of 'em might go smash any minute, and where would our hard-earned savings be?"

"Ob, forget it, Janet. I ain't going to have that box opened to put the money in a risky bank for anybody. If someone comes a-burglarin' here, you leave it to me. I'll settle him!"

And he'll be the handkerchief over his face again so as not to notice the expression of profound amusement on his wife's chubby face.

Mrs. Logan took up some stockings and began darning. Outside in the darkness the wind came whistling over the bare countryside, and the whistle rose to a shriek as it tore itself on the corners of the lousy house.

The window jumped and rattled, the gusty rain struck the pane like whip strokes, and now and again the chimney would emit a short puff of smoke into the room.

"Richard," began Mrs. Logan, breaking the silence. "I was thinking about that money. We might—"

But Richard was snoring gently under his handkerchief.

"But—what? But—what?" she called loudly, by the door. Mr. Logan jumped, and the handkerchief sailed to the floor.

"Who can it be this time of night?" said Mrs. Logan in an alarmed voice.

Logan, "Without it's a burglar," he added with grim humor. He slipped on in his extra large slippers across the red-tiled floor and unfastened two bolts, a chain, and turning a large lock he opened the door. "Who's there?"

"Could yer tell me if I'm on the right way to Hannestown?" whined a voice. "I've been walking round for hours and I dunno where to go."

"You're a good body, miles off," replied Logan. "And this ain't the right road either."

"Could yer tell of anywheres round here I could put up for the night? I'm almost exhausted."

Mrs. Logan had risen at this and was listening intently.

"There's no blinkin' hotels round here," said Mr. Logan, who was becoming cold and wet standing at the door. "You can come in for a rest and a warm if you like."

"Thank yer." And the traveller stepped into the house. He wore no overcoat, and his clothes had an oily appearance they were so soddened with rain.

"Lo, you are wet," said Mrs. Logan. "Sit you down, and I'll see if I can find a bit of food and a hot drink."

"Thank yer, mum," said the man humbly.

"What brings you out this time of night?" asked Mr. Logan.

"Well," said the man, "I've walked from London. Me wife is ill and in 'ospital at Hannestown, and I couldn't afford the railway fare, so I set out to walk. For days I've been at it, and this last day I meant to do it. Then the dark and rain came on, and I found myself in this part of the country, and I wandered round lost till I saw this light, so I came here."

"My! You've had a poor time," said Mr. Logan sympathetically.

The man eagerly ate the food the kindly old woman set before him. "This is a comfortable little place, ain't it?" he said, letting his eyes wander wistfully round over the top of his second cup. "Clean an' neat."

"Not so bad," said Mr. Logan, who hated to think of his wife becoming conceited in her old age.

"I suppose I'd better be turning out into the night," said the traveller regretfully. "How far did yer say it is to Hannestown?"

Mr. Logan pondered. "I'm afraid you won't find it a dark night like this. It's a twisty way, and you won't be sure to get lost. Janet, could we give this poor fellow a shake-down for the night?"

"Where can he sleep?" asked Mrs. Logan tartly. "We've only got one bedroom."

"We can fix him up on the couch here," said Mr. Logan. "We can hardly turn him out a night like this, Janet."

In the end it was agreed he should stay the night on a made-up bed in front of the kitchen fire.

"I shall go straight off and sleep for hours. Good night, and God bless yer, for yer kindness," said the wanderer as the old couple tramped upstairs.

"If you ain't the biggest fool on earth, Richard Logan!" began Janet, the moment she and her husband were in their bedroom. "Asking a tramp to look for a sleep here and—"

"Goodness, Janet!" exclaimed her husband. "He's a poor workin' man."

"Rubbish!" snapped Janet. "His hands are as soft as a lady's. I noticed 'em."

"Going to see his poor wife in hospital," continued Mr. Logan.

"There isn't a hospital at Hannestown."

"Then he's made a mistake. He looks as honest as can be," replied Mr. Logan staunchly.

"He's got the face of a ferret," contradicted his wife, "and no honest man could sniff as much as he does."

"Janet," said Mr. Logan, in long-suffering tones, "if you'd knocked about with men as much as I have, you'd be able to read men's characters the same as I can. Ah, I wish you had more brains."

"Go on," said Mrs. Logan. "You'll find out your mistake some day."

Not another word was exchanged, and both got into bed in silence.

Midnight came and went. The wind still howled round the house, and the windows rattled in their frames as though they were alive.

Suddenly Mr. Logan was awakened by a fierce tugging at his arm.

"Listen, Richard. Can you hear anything?" whispered his wife through the darkness.

"Yes, it's the wind," said her partner drowsily. "Be quiet." But her hand did not fall away from his arm.

"Listen, Richard. Can you hear anything?" whispered his wife through the darkness.

"Yes, it's the wind," said her partner drowsily. "Be quiet." But her hand did not fall away from his arm.

"Listen, Richard. Can you hear anything?" whispered his wife through the darkness.

"Yes, it's the wind," said her partner drowsily. "Be quiet." But her hand did not fall away from his arm.

"Listen, Richard. Can you hear anything?" whispered his wife through the darkness.

"Yes, it's the wind," said her partner drowsily. "Be quiet." But her hand did not fall away from his arm.

"Listen, Richard. Can you hear anything?" whispered his wife through the darkness.

"Yes, it's the wind," said her partner drowsily. "Be quiet." But her hand did not fall away from his arm.

"Listen, Richard. Can you hear anything?" whispered his wife through the darkness.

"Yes, it's the wind," said her partner drowsily. "Be quiet." But her hand did not fall away from his arm.

"Listen, Richard. Can you hear anything?" whispered his wife through the darkness.

"Yes, it's the wind," said her partner drowsily. "Be quiet." But her hand did not fall away from his arm.

iose board and brought up a large old-fashioned cash-box of heavy wood bound with iron, with a slot in the top to drop the money in. It was locked. "Where's the key?" rasped the man. "We threw it away years ago," moaned Mrs. Logan. "Oh, go now!" The man shook the heavy box, and there was a sound of shifting coins and rustling paper.

"Stay there this morning," he commanded. "If you come after me I'll brain you." With the box rattling under his arm he went quickly down the stairs.

Richard Logan, almost speechless, was still held tightly by his wife who seemed to have doubled her strength in her frenzy to keep him from attacking the man who could have handled him as easily as a child.

"No, Richard," she pleaded. "Let him go now. Let him go." They heard the sound of the outer door banging.

"The money. All our savings!" gasped the man. "We might as well be dead."

"No, no!" she tried to say soothingly. Her grip on him relaxed. She had fainted.

When, after bathing her face, he saw she was returning to consciousness, he went downstairs and fastened the door. The robber was a long way off by then.

"He won't come back," said Mrs. Logan. "He'll go to a safe place where he can prise open the box. It's all right, Richard."

He moaned. "All right!" he whispered brokenly. "Our savings! Oh, Lord! All gone, everything gone. What!" He paused aghast. His wife's face wore a faint smile.

"He'll not find anything in that box but tin Co-op checks and pieces of tissue paper, Richard," she said slowly. "I got that nervous a week ago when I opened the box myself with an old key which fitted it, and took all the gold and notes out. But I thought you'd be vexed, so I put that rubbish in the box again and locked it, and tried to persuade you to agree before I told you I'd actually done it. All the money, 1285 lbs., is in the bank now, Richard."

"The greatest blessing a man can have is a wife that's just a bit cleverer than himself," said Mr. Logan down at the "Silver Sickle" next day. "And I thank my lucky stars, boys, as that's the way I'm fixed."

(The End.)

**HER FADED, SHABBY APPEARED DYED NEW**

"Diamond Dyes" Freshen Up Old, Discarded Garments.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods, dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers, draperies, coverings—everything.

The Direction Book with each package tells how to diamond dye over any color.

To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.

**The Spare Minute.**

Oh, what will you do with the minute to spare—

The gay little, stray little minute to spare—

That comes from the time of old plenty of time, With never a worry or care?

We'd better beware of the minute to spare.

The wee little, free little minute to spare, And never refuse The minute to use That's always so ready some burden to bear.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

A Paris rag and bone dealer, who bought 100 tons of waterproof coats at the sale of American war stores, made a profit on their resale of \$29,000. This sum he invested in further purchases, which on being sold have realized for him a fortune of about \$200,000.

**Bob Long**

Ultra-Soft  
Gloves  
Overalls & Shirts

My overalls and shirts are roomy and comfortable, and made especially for farmers. They are made by skilled workmen from the strongest glove leather obtainable.

Insist on getting Bob Long Brands from your dealer. They will save you money.

**Bob Long Brands**  
Known from Coast to Coast

**Bob Long**  
Gloves

**Bob Long**  
Gloves

**Bob Long**  
Gloves

**Bob Long**  
Gloves

**Bob Long**  
Gloves

**Bob Long**  
Gloves

**Bob Long**  
Gloves

**Bob Long**  
Gloves

**Bob Long**  
Gloves

**What This Land Needs.**

What this land needs is more true men.

More strong, old, stalwart types like those

That faced the warfare of the days When thorns came oftener than the rose.

What this land needs is more restraint

On growing luxury and its sin. On growth of fortunes foul with taint, And more pure manhood from within.

What this land needs is more old-time Clean piety whose gentle care

Was that the day should start with Of God as men knelt down in prayer, Old family prayers, old human guides, That strengthen hearts throughout the day.

From wrong, dishonor and besides, Help other lives to find the way.

What this land needs is not the itch For social honors, gift and glare, But more strong arms to dig the ditch And more clean hearts to lift in prayer.

What this land needs is Christian worth, With courage in the market place To act with old-time honesty, And look God always in the face.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

Hadn't Busted Yet.

A gentleman recently on a visit to London had been commissioned to buy a blouse at a bargain sale which his wife was unable to attend. The task was a novel one, but he finally got the attention of a saleswoman.

"I want to buy a blouse for a lady," he said.

"What bust?" she asked.

He glanced around with nervous apprehension.

"Why—er—I didn't hear anything."

**Appeal At Your Best—Instantly**

If you receive a sudden caller or an unexpected invitation you can feel confident of always appearing at your best. In but a few moments it renders to your skin a wonderfully pure, soft complexion that is beyond comparison.

**Gouraud's Oriental Cream**

**COARSE SALT LAND SALT**  
Bulk Carlots  
TORONTO SALT WORKS  
C. J. CLIFF TORONTO

**Hope to Secure Rare Manuscripts.**

Now that allied troops occupy Constantinople, keen anticipation prevails in British antiquarian circles at the prospect of the discovery of priceless manuscripts, says a despatch.

When it is recalled that the gifts which Louis XIV. sent to the Sultans at Constantinople remain down up as they were sent, it is hoped that manuscripts of immense value to history will be found.

This hope is supported by the fact that in the seventeenth century, Ambassadors to the Sultan constantly returned with Greek manuscripts of priceless worth. The allied troops now in the Turkish Capital are the first Christian soldiers to be quartered there since the fifteenth century.

**Invest Your Money**

in DEBENTURES  
Interest payable half yearly.  
The Great West Permanent Loan Company.

Toronto Office 20 King St. West

**His Identity Disk.**

All my bundles of gold,  
All my baubles of red,  
Are as nothing at all  
To me, now he is dead!

But it's here, round my wrist,  
The one jewel I wear,  
His identity disk  
That was found "over there."

—Margaret Clarke Russell.  
Buy Thrift Stamps.

**Now is Paint time**  
Brighten up the exterior and interior of your home. Remove all traces of Winter's dullness with

**RAMSAY'S PAINT**

"The right Paint to Paint right."

**ASK YOUR DEALER**



**Have Your Cleaning Done by Experts**

Clothing, household draperies, linen and delicate fabrics can be cleaned and made to look as fresh and bright as when first bought.

**Cleaning and Dyeing**

Is Properly Done at Parker's

It makes no difference where you live; parcels can be sent in by mail or express. The same care and attention is given the work as though you lived in town.

We will be pleased to advise you on any question regarding Cleaning or Dyeing. WRITE US.

**Parker's Dye Works Limited**  
Cleaners & Dyers  
791 Yonge St., Toronto

**"Save the surface and you save all" Paint & Varnish**

**Safeguard Your Roof**

THE roof is an important item—it "makes" or "mars" the whole structure. In shingle-roofed houses it is even more necessary to see that it is in good regular repair, because once a roof commences to decay a general deterioration of house-value is the immediate result.

To ensure a permanent durability, as well as an added appearance, use

**B-H Shingle Stain**

either as a mixture in which shingles are dipped or as a stain to apply to the completed roof.

It comes in all colors, and gives a tough, durable "seasoning," besides contributing largely to the artistic effect of your home.

Like every other B-H product, the B-H Shingle Stain is first choice among people who know good paint.

Look for the B-H dealer in your territory—the B-H Sign hangs outside his store.

**BRANDRAM-HENDERSON**  
MONTREAL HALIFAX ST. JOHN TORONTO WINNIPEG  
MEDICINE HAT CALGARY EDMONTON VANCOUVER

**TOP Quality for the House TOP**

**Bob Long Says—**  
"My overalls and shirts are roomy and comfortable, and made especially for farmers. They are made by skilled workmen from the strongest glove leather obtainable."

**Insist on getting Bob Long Brands from your dealer. They will save you money.**

**B. G. LONG & Co., Limited**  
Wholesale TORONTO Montreal

**Bob Long Brands**  
Known from Coast to Coast

**WHEN GIANTS ROAMED THE EARTH**

ORIGINAL HOME SAID TO BE PATAGONIA.

**Tallest People in the World**  
To-day Average Nearly Six Feet in Stature.

The original land of Broddingnag seems to have been Patagonia.

When the famous voyager Magellan, on his trip around the world, discovered that region in 1520, he saw in the sands of the seashore the prints of human feet so huge as to astonish him. Hence the name he gave to the country—"patagon," meaning a big and clumsy foot.

Afterward he came across some of the natives, whom he described as giants. This was true enough; for the Patagonian aborigines are the tallest people in the world to-day, the men averaging nearly six feet in stature, while individuals exceeding that height by four to six inches are not rare.

Subsequent voyagers kidnapped some of these giants and carried them back to Europe, where they were exhibited as freaks.

The Patagonian natives are called Tehuelches. They are nomads, a "horse people," like the Sioux, and live in tents made of skins with a framework of poles. These tents are in effect portable houses, having several rooms.

They wear most curious boots, made by stripping the hide from a horse's legs and sewing up the ends, with the hoofs removed. An instrument of the chase used by them is a peculiar to these people as the boomerang to Australian savages. It is the "bolao," a rope of hide to which are attached from two to four round balls of stone. When thrown, it winds about the legs and body of the quarry in such fashion as to render the latter helpless. Its employment demands much greater skill than does that of the lasso, for an unskilled person in casting it may easily kill his horse or even himself.

Giants of Hideous Shapes.

The ancestors of the Tehuelches of today seem to have successfully domesticated an extraordinary animal which is doubtless now extinct. It was a giant sloth, related to the megatherium, and was about twice the size of an ox, measuring ten feet from snout to tip of tail. So clumsy and sluggish was this "griffin beast" (as science has called it), that one might easily imagine a whole day consumed in leading it to the water of a nearby stream and getting it back to its stable.

The word "stable" is used advisedly, inasmuch as the old-time Patagonians seem to have kept the creatures in stone-walled pens. Remains of some of these pens are found to-day, and excavations inside of them have revealed great stores of hay, together with bones of griffin beasts, quantities of their droppings, human bones, and bones of an extinct species of horse and an extinct cat that was larger than the biggest Bengal tiger.

Also were found pieces of griffin beast hide, one fragment three feet long having been divested of hair apparently by a scraper. Some of the bones bore marks of fire, suggesting that the animals were kept and slaughtered for meat. It is even possible that they yielded a supply of milk. Bones of small individuals dug up are thought to indicate perhaps that the creatures were bred in captivity.

Not very many centuries ago there were on this continent three species of giant sloths. One of them, the megatherium, ranged as far north as Venezuela. Another, the "mylodon," ranged through South America northward to Oregon. Third was the griffin-beast, which was exclusively South American. It was covered with long yellowish hair, and its congeners, fed on grasses and the foliage of trees.

More anciently there lived in Patagonia a giant bird which appears to have been the most remarkable fowl ever known. It stood eight feet high on sharp-clawed feet, had a neck as thick as that of a horse, and could not fly, its wings being very small. It was a caudorial (running) bird of prey, a monster of the heron family. In fact, it was by far the biggest bird of prey that ever lived, and probably attacked with success large-sized animals. Its head was bigger than that of a horse, and its huge beak sharp as an ice-pick.

Add massive limbs, and you have a description of this formidable feathered creature—the giant of its kind in the Land of Giants.

**A New Word.**

"Now, boys," said the schoolmaster, "I want you to bear in mind that the word 'stare' at the end of a word means 'the place of.' Thus we have Afghanistan—the place of the Afghans; also Hindustan—the place of the Hindus."

Can anyone give me another example?"

Nobody appeared very anxious to do so, until little Johnnie Snags, the joy of his mother and the terror of the cats, said proudly—

"Yes, sir, I can. Umbrellastan—the place for umbrellas."

The only quadruped that cannot swim is the camel.

Buy Thrift Stamps.

**Inflamed Tonsils.**

Inflammation of the tonsil occurs in several forms, some mild and some severe. There are chronic tonsillitis and two forms of acute tonsillitis—the simple form that is important only because it may be mistaken for diphtheria, and a severe suppurating form of great severity that is often called gangrene.

In the simple form of acute tonsillitis the tonsils are red and swollen and the surface is studded with white patches. At the beginning with sore, and the patient feels sick and is prostrated out of all proportion as it falls the tonsillar inflammation subsides. But although the patient, left very weak, he rapidly recovers his strength, as a rule, and by the end of a week from the onset of the attack he is usually as well as ever. This is usually the superficial form of tonsillitis that bears to diphtheria, or rather the danger that diphtheria may actually be present and mistaken for simple tonsillitis.

In simple tonsillitis the exudate is in the form of a thick membrane in diphtheria it is the secretion from the inflamed glands in the throat which exudes from their mouths and coalesces to form patches of somewhat. Examination of the material, moved from the surface of the tonsil, establishes the diagnosis, but of the physician gives a positive opinion, antitoxin to be on the alert.

Chronic tonsillitis may follow a succession of attacks of acute tonsillitis or it may begin insidiously, it is recognized only when it has become firmly established. The tonsils are usually, though not always, enlarged, and numerous yellowish points seen on its surface, which are colonies of secretion at the mouth of the numerous crypts or follicles in tonsil. Sometimes the tonsils, though not enlarged, are chronic inflamed and serve as reservoirs of masses of bacteria which may be recognized only when it has become firmly established. The tonsils are usually, though not always, enlarged, and numerous yellowish points seen on its surface, which are colonies of secretion at the mouth of the numerous crypts or follicles in tonsil. Sometimes the tonsils, though not enlarged, are chronic inflamed and serve as reservoirs of masses of bacteria which may be recognized only when it has become firmly established.

If bacteria known to cause specific disease are found on the tonsils, tonsils should be removed or thoroughly treated to remove infection.

**Composts as a Source of Humus and Nitrogen.**

The examination of many soil-samples, silts, and muds cultivated, has furnished evidence of a very characteristic character regarding the fundamental and vital importance of semi-decomposed organic matter (humus) as a soil constituent. It acts mechanically in loosening, lightening and mellowing clays and increasing the moisture holding capacity of all classes of soil. It supports the microscopic life of the soil, the function of which is to purify plant food for crop use.

Humus, it is the natural source of nitrogen—the most expensive of plant foods when purchased in form of fertilizers. One of the objects in view of an intelligent method of soil management is the upkeep and if possible the increase of the soil's humus content. Applications of farm manures and sludges under of green crops—clover, buckwheat, rye, etc.—are the best means of adding humus to the soil, and these should be supplemented, cheaply and effectively, by composts.

Every farm, every market garden should have its compost heap. For all the most economical (sanitary) means of utilizing the table and animal refuse, the forms of organic waste. They are at some of the materials that can profitably be used in this way: tops, cabbage leaves, waste of dead leaves, kitchen waste, and the cleanings of dishes, root cuttings, muck and peat, pond and ditch deposits; all these materials and more rich in organic matter are composting be converted into a fine nature of very considerable value by reason of its humus content. Its store of readily available food. In these days it behooves us to abandon our wasteful ways and utilize everything that may make our land more productive. The process of turning all organic refuse into a readily available waste and it only be followed when, by reason of the presence of the eggs,