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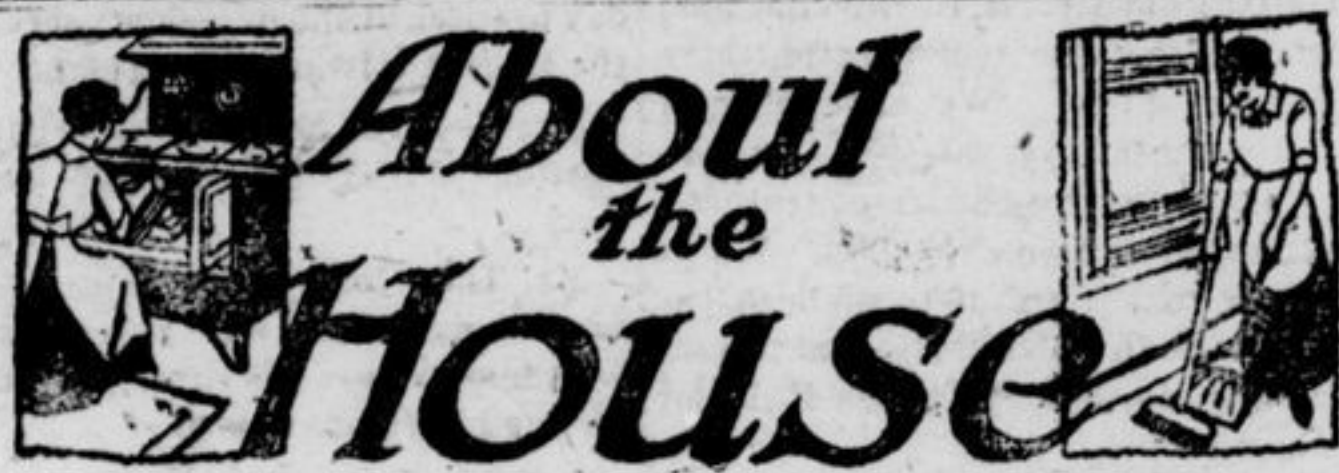
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The Combatants

By FREDERIC BOUTEL.

The soldier had stopped in the village and asked his way. They pointed out to him the little farm near the crossroads, 500 metres further on. He started off again with his swinging step, both hands in his pockets and a small black package under one arm. But as he drew near his destination his pace slackened and his face was clouded with embarrassment. Reaching the farm, he halted, had a last spasm of hesitation and swore between his teeth. "There's nothing else to do. I must go through with it." Tossing away the stump of his cigarette, he pushed open the door of the farmyard. The yard was big and well kept. At the far end was the house—that of a well-to-do peasant. To the left were a shed and a well. To the right were the pigsty and the chicken pens. An old man stood on a ladder, mending the straw roof of the chicken house. He turned around and saw the soldier. "What do you want?" he called. "Is that you, M. Martel?" the soldier asked politely. He spoke with a slight Parisian accent. "Yes," answered the old man. "What do you want with me?" "I have something to tell you," the old peasant climbed down. He was in his shirt sleeves and stopped at the foot of the ladder to put on his sabots which he had left there. A cloth case was pulled over his gray head. Stiff white hairs stood out from the many wrinkles of his furrowed face. But his little eyes sparkled and his mouth was firm and energetic. For a moment the two gazed at each other. "Well, what is it?" the older man asked. "I come from the front," the soldier began—"from the front, where your grandson is."

fighting. So you understand, I haven't given up anything in order to come here. "Then you have nothing to tell me?" "He loved it. He loved the soil as I love it," Pere Martel groaned. "And the soil—it doesn't suffer. There would be nothing more like it. Everything that cannot be. That cannot be. That cannot be. The soil, you see, the soil." He repeated the word again and again, as if to bring home to himself what it meant to him and to draw from it the force with which to combat his despair. The clock on the wall struck the hour. "I must go." The soldier got up. "I shall come back to see you—afterward, if I am still alive. But now I must hurry off. It's near my train time. I am sorry to leave you, but I must." "Where are you going?" asked Pere Martel. The soldier looked at him in surprise. "You know very well—to the front. I am going back to fight." The old man got to his feet. "Not like you, my boy. I can't do that. But I'm going to keep on growing what the others must eat." And as the soldier returned to the war the old man returned to his fields. (The End.)



About the House

Seeing and Hearing. Modern efficiency sharks are telling us that we use only ten per cent. of our brains. If we would but exercise the dormant ninety per cent., there is no height too high for us to scale, no depth too deep for us to plumb, according to men who go about making a living telling the rest of us how to succeed. We have eyes to see, but we see not, ears to hear but we hear not, is the crushing indictment hurled at us, and therein lies our failure to forge ahead.

Everyone who has ever taught school or had any experience with humanity in the mass, knows that the last statement is true. Announce a lesson to a class, and five minutes after the children return to their seats nine out of ten hands will be wildly waving and Johnny and Mary will be asking what to-morrow's lesson is to be. Probably half of the class will insist that you didn't give out any. Make a statement before the whole room full of children to-day, and to-morrow not more than one can give a correct version of what you said.

Apple sauce is easily made thus: Fill a stone coker with pared and quartered apples. Pour over them a mixture of sugar dissolved in sweet cider, equal parts. Cover the jar closely and set in a very moderate oven over night or for several hours. Fried potatoes with eggs make a hearty and economical dish. Slice cold, boiled potatoes, fry in hot drippings until well browned, season with salt and pepper. Beat two or three eggs slightly, add salt, and pour over the potatoes. Cook until the eggs are set, and serve very hot.

Mock olives can be made of small green tomatoes. Pack in a big crock or jar one-half peck of the tomatoes. Sprinkle through them a pound of salt and two ounces of whole mixed spices. Put a weight on them, then will be fit to use in two weeks or will keep indefinitely if kept under the pickle.

To can apple sauce, which can be made of windfall apples that would otherwise go to waste, core the apples and cut in quarters. Reject all imperfect parts. Steam the apples until soft, then rub through a colander and separate the pulp from the skins. Place the pulp in a saucepan, return to the fire and heat thoroughly. Pack while hot in sterilized jars, seal at once and process ten minutes in a hot water bath. Sweeten the sauce when about to serve, adding sugar to taste, and heat until the sugar is dissolved, then cool and serve.

Pickled cauliflower is much liked. To make, cut up two cauliflowers and three red sweet peppers, from which the seeds have been removed, and add one pint of small white onions. Dissolve half a pint of salt in enough water to cover the vegetables and let them stand in this brine over night. Next morning drain off the brine, then give a command or make a request? Or do we shout it over our shoulder as we hurry by them, intent on our job, while they are equally as intent on their own? I wonder if we took the time directly after breakfast to have the orders of the day given out to boys and girls who were required to sit still and listen, if we could get through a day with just once telling? It would be worth trying a few times at least.

Bulbs for Indoor Blooming. It is not yet too late to pot bulbs for indoor blooming. Hyacinths, tulips, narcissus and jonquils are best suited for this purpose. A good soil for potting bulbs is composed of one-half part well decomposed turfy loam, the remainder well-rotted stable manure, leaf-mold and sand. These should be well mixed together. The size of the pot depends on the size of the bulbs and upon the effects desired. As a general rule, for a single hyacinth a five-inch pot should

add four tablespoonfuls of ground mustard to two quarts of vinegar and heat until it boils. Add the vegetable and boil for fifteen minutes, or until the cauliflower is tender enough to be pierced with a fork. Place in jars and store in a cool, dry place. Did You? Did you ever eat a school lunch that was cold? And lay on your stomach like a load of lead? Did you ever try to study after that? And find there's nothing working in your head? Did you ever watch your father heat the food? The pigs, and cows, and chickens had to eat? Did you ever stop to ask the reason why? Did he answer, "Boy, they gotta have some heat!" Did you ever get to thinking kids might have a need of something warm, like pigs and cows? You didn't? Well, we youngsters have, you bet. And we can tell you grownups all just how to keep us well and help to learn and do our work at school with vim and strength and punch. Give us a stove, some dishes, groceries too, and let have at noon a hot school lunch. To-day. Be swift to love your own, dears. Your own who need you so; Say to the speeding hours, dears, "I will not let thee go. Except thou give a blessing." Force it to bide and stay. Love has no sure to-morrow. It only has to-day. Swifter than sun and shade, dears. Move the feet wings of pain; The chance we have to-day, dears. May never come again. Joy is a fickle rover. He brooketh not delay. Love has no sure to-morrow. It only has to-day.

Minard's Liniment For Burns, Etc.

The Proverb Exemplified. "Young Wife—"How do you like my cooking, dear? Don't you think I have begun well?" Hub (turning over viands)—"Er—yes. Well begun half done, you know."

Cheap Sugar Some Day. If plans for irrigating about 150,000 acres of the Yaque river valley of the Dominican republic are consummated it promises to become one of the best sugar producing regions in the world.

The Fenians are the outgrowth of an Irish military organization founded, tradition says, about 400 B.C.

Tested Recipes. Apple sauce is easily made thus: Fill a stone coker with pared and quartered apples. Pour over them a mixture of sugar dissolved in sweet cider, equal parts. Cover the jar closely and set in a very moderate oven over night or for several hours. Fried potatoes with eggs make a hearty and economical dish. Slice cold, boiled potatoes, fry in hot drippings until well browned, season with salt and pepper. Beat two or three eggs slightly, add salt, and pour over the potatoes. Cook until the eggs are set, and serve very hot.

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MANLEY'S DANCE ORCHESTRA TORONTO

Pines in the Rain. This hour that I have loved so was silver and green and brown— A listening hour in the pine woods where I have learned so much. Soft through the tufted branches the dim rain sifted down. Tipping with rayless jewels the low plumes I could touch. I wish I could make a poem that was tall and straight as a pine; I wish I could say to some one what the pine trees say to me. I think their way of talking would be no better than mine if I were as sure and simple and quiet as a tree. The Women's Vote in Hungary. In Hungary the women do not vote until they are 24, and then only if they can read and write. You can not lift up the people upon whom you look down.

COOKS!

You will immensely improve the tastiness of dishes and add tremendously to their nourishing value if you use plenty of BOVRIL

Bob Long's Gloves and Shirts. Bob Long Says: "My overalls and shirts are so cozy and comfortable, and made especially for farmers, I designed them with the idea that you might want to stretch your arms and legs occasionally."

Bob Long's Gloves. will outwear any other make of Glove on the market, because 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. R. C. LONG & Co., Limited, Winnipeg TORONTO Montreal. BOB LONG BRANDS Known from Coast to Coast.

A Famous Street. Rambling through the West End of London, one comes across those meditations which tell that such and such a house was the residence of some statesman or poet, but it is seldom that two, less than three, can be found in one street or square, and the question might be asked: "Which street in London has been most favored by genius?" It might be thought that this was a hard question to answer. On the contrary, it is easy, for, just as Florence is ahead of every other city as the birthplace of great artists and poets, so Chesham Walk has housed more distinguished men and women than any other London thoroughfare.

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MANHOOD

A man, when he is alone, most interests me. When I see him alone I know, more nearly what he really is. When he acts alone he shows that these acts spring from his own desire for the result of his desire for the respect and admiration of other men. On this earth we have not much opportunity to live alone, and it is a fact to be deplored. All strong natures live much alone. Even when surrounded by crowds of men and women, they are as though alone, for they are thinking largely their own thoughts and living largely their own lives. I have often envied the opportunity of olden days, when men lived the lives of hermits, dwelling in some forest or on a mountainside, when they cultivated a little garden and lived their lives—sometimes, at least, in useful labor. Some of them were scientists, engaged in the absorbing work of interpreting the laws of nature, then little understood, and some engaged in earnest thought of the spiritual and the beautiful side of the world; they learned to know well the trees and flowers and the stars and water, and to see in them and in the universe very much more than those who dwell in cities could see. From them came great and imperishable things in literature. I do not know that art ever came from a hermit's cell—art is an expression of the human mind that mingles with his fellow men and sees in him possibilities beyond what others dream. But great things in literature come from within from men communing with the quiet world, learning to love it and understand it, and at last to express it. From such a life came our most wonderful sacred poems and songs. Do you think that any man, or any company of men, could in this age of steam and daily newspapers write a "Te Deum"? What the man did when he was alone might have been good, but naturally it was often selfish. There are exceptions to that, of course; there are records of men, hermits, who voluntarily maintained roads and bridges and hung lanterns to mark fords for those who crossed rivers. These men had either a strong inherited sense of their brotherhood to man or else had once lived with men, and learned how hard the pathway is for many, and longed, with love in their longing, to make it easier for them. Why does he do it? If it is a worthy thing that he has done, you may be sure that there has been love behind it. He has had in his heart love for one woman, maybe, for wife and children, maybe. Either motive is good and natural and necessary, but if he has done a thing that we call really and truly great, he has in him more of love than that which goes out to wife and children; he has felt a flooding love through him that took in a large part of the human race. There comes a time in every human soul when there is a feeling: "Why, I am a part of this wonderful world, I must set out to see what I can do to make it as happy and as pleasant and as clean as it can be. If he has loved wife and children and his near neighbors, he has made a useful citizen, and done all that we could reasonably ask of him. If he has reached out and loved more of mankind than that, and has been recognized and given opportunities, he has developed into a true statesman. And if he has had a very great love, with also a compelling strength that never tired, and a hatred to go with it, and all that bursts his fellow men, then you have a man—J. W.

CONDUCTED BY

The object of this series of our farm reader's authority on all subjects. Address all questions to the Editor, The Ontario Agricultural Review, No. 278, published six weeks to the point. The author, made a study of the farms in central W. These were not picked the sum total of farms in the section visited. tors obtained as reliable as possible regarding stock, cost of labor, things that enter into the of the farm. Regarding yields found the following: were below \$1 per cent. yields of the district, was \$506 a year. (To obtain labor income found the total of the year and the deducted the total leaves the total revenue. Now, he estimated the per cent. on the total and deducted this from the revenue mentioned above net revenue or what the farmer for his own family's labor. This is as labor income.)

Returning to his Where crop yields of from \$1 to 90 per cent. of the district, the record of being \$506 a year. He estimated the farm equalled the average of 10 per cent. of the district, the last \$956; and in a few years above average of the \$1,331.

This is the story across in Ohio in 1918 on carried on in 1918 on the value of crops amounted to \$1,331. were fair this was in while where yields were value was \$18.01. A gation for another of where yields were at the labor income where they were at the labor income was Quoting the report: "In Scioto County 36 farmers raised an worth of crops from most profitable from averaged \$3,445. The average amount and fertilizer was on the most profitable expenditure for man was \$236. Good crop mental in the fa Though the farming phases except crop will be limited."

The reason for low labor income. Low yields always amount to a loss. Carefully his crop his farm business, costs of securing increased returns, large yields give

YOURSELF! We ship on approval where there is an you \$6.00 to \$1.00 a ing. All the FREE SAMPLES at of free by mail, also and prices. Send letter or post free samples and Roofing and part Delivery Offer. THE HALLIDAY Factory District HAMILTON

Lantic Sugar advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman and child, and text: "I DID help make it, didn't I? Now there are two cooks in our family, aren't there, Mother? And see how light the cake is! I told Harold I creamed the butter and sugar, and he said I wasn't big enough. He didn't know I used Lantic. Tell him I did help make it, Mother." "LANTIC SAVES TIME In the preparation of cakes, puddings and sauces, in the cooking of preserves, in the making of candy, in the sweetening of beverages." "because it's fine!" "in 2 and 5 lb. cartons, 10, 20 and 100 lb. bags"

Advertisement for "Diamond Dyes" and "Kaybee" scented red cedar chests. Text: "BUY 'DIAMOND DYES' DON'T RISK MATERIAL Each package of 'Diamond Dyes' contains directions so simple that any woman can dye any material without streaking, fading or running. Dyeing has color card—Take no other dye!" "Kaybee" SCENTED RED CEDAR CHESTS Absolutely moth-proof and wonderfully handsome pieces of furniture. Direct from manufacturer to you. Write for free illustrated literature. Eureka Refrigerator Co., Limited Owen Sound, Ont.

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