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## Womans Sphere

Tiddledywinks Baseball. Tiddledywinks baseball is amusing for a stormy afternoon or for an evening party. The dining-room table, covered with a white cloth or a thick shawl, is the diamond. Small glass cups represent home plate, first, second and third bases. One of the small white tiddledywinks counters serves for a ball, while the colored ones represent the men.

The object of the game, as in baseball, is to get as many runs as possible and to prevent the opponents from getting any. There may be several players on a side, but four is a good number.

A player on the side that is at bat first takes the white counter, places it beside the home plate and snaps it across the table as far on fair ground as possible. Then he takes a colored counter, representing the runner, places it beside the home plate and snaps it to first base. The side in the field watches the white counter; the player nearest to the place where it lands snaps it to first base as quickly as he can. It is a race to see whether he or the base runner will land his counter in the first-base cup sooner. If the white counter is pocketed first the runner is out. If the runner lands his first, he is safe. He may then go on snapping for the second cup, or he may wait.

The game proceeds after the fashion of real baseball. When the second batter is up he may hunt the ball by snapping the white counter only an eighth of an inch in front of the plate. While the other side scrambles for it he snaps his colored counter on to second first, and the runner at first base carries on to second. The white counter may catch the runner who is going to second and jump into the cup at the same time. If it is a tie, the decision goes to the runner. Now the white counter is rushed back to first, which the other runner is still struggling to reach. The runner is put out. Another player goes up to the bat. This time there is a scramble to put the runner out at third; it fails, but he is caught a moment later at home plate. The next batter, we will say, is put out at first, then the other side has its turn.

The Empty Spool. Thread was at first sold in banks, as knitting wool is now, and ladies had to loosen the skeins and wind it into little balls. But a progressive thread manufacturer, James Clark, got a wood turner named Robert Paul to make a few wooden spools in the early eighteenth century, and then James Clark himself, to accommodate a fair customer, would sit down at a weaver's purl in his own shop, while she waited, and wind the skein of thread on it for her. He charged her half a cent for this courtesy.

When the spool was empty she brought it back to him and he wound it full with thread again. The fourth generation of Clarks are now making the cotton thread you use to-day. Give the courtly old business fellow, James Clark, a passing thought when you throw away the next empty spool. Ladies could not do that in 1812.

There were plenty of other things they couldn't do and wouldn't do in those good old days. Thrift came naturally and of necessity in a world where inventions were not looking to waste and comfort. Wooden spools were never thrown away; a thimble lasted a lifetime, and one needle was often all a household afforded. It was kept as carefully as such a treasure deserved to be kept.

One bonnet, one shawl, one dress did almost a lifetime, too, for materials were hard to obtain and dressmakers few in number. When women wore their own clothes and the clothes of their families they did not encourage frequent change in fashions.

be found among the playthings of most children. They all love to pick out shapes by touch, finding in a group of objects hidden under an apron in the mother's lap the twin of an object they hold in their hands, then, when they have the idea, doing the same from piles of their own making. They are interested in likenesses and differences. This interest is, indeed, at the bottom of most play suggestions for little children. Through it we start the child on the training of his sensibilities. In discovering differences and noting them and in performing operations which make note of them through touch or sight, the child is developing these powers which are at the moment awaiting development.

Other plays with duplicate spoils or blocks introduce the idea of matching things, selecting one and finding its twin. Then we come to sorting and here are opportunities for a variety of plays. Mix from the kitchen supply closet brown, white, and speckled beans; provide three receptacles into which to sort them. Make a play set from your button box. Children's delicate finger-tips are quickly susceptible to differences in texture. Go to your piece bag and cut squares (patchwork size) of cotton, flannel, velvet, corduroy, burlap, chamois skin, leather and silk, to be sorted into pieces of each kind, first by touch and sight, then by touch alone. Color plays come in a natural sequence, employing at first only the primary colors, red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet.

The whole secret of home education for little children is for the mother to meet awakening instincts and powers with play supplies and play suggestions. To meet his needs she has only to get his viewpoint and travel with him the road of investigation and appreciation of the interesting world about him.

Nature Study in Winter. Start the little folks in nature study. Buy a bulb or two and start them in a glass bowl of warm water, with a sprinkle of sand and a few pebbles in the bottom. Have the children watch for signs of the first shoot, and reward the sharp eyes which see it first. Let each one have a pot of earth, an empty can with a few holes punched in the bottom will do, and give them a few seeds to plant in their own can. Give each child a different seed. Have them keep records of the planting, growth and development of their plant. A double lesson may be taught, that of nature, and the spiritual lesson of the resurrection. Get out doors every day, if only for five minutes on the porch. You need the fresh air. Bundle the kiddies up and send them out, no matter what the weather. The crying lack of the average Canadian adult and child is fresh air.

The Fairest Thing. The fairest thing God ever made For human eye to view Is God's dear sky by cloudlets strayed, White leas and sea of blue! Forever move without a sound Those floating hills of snow; But whence they come or whither bound Only the wind can know.

The fancies of a myriad men Have mused upon the sight! And wondered as they gazed again And felt their hearts grow light; Something unnamed that pierces vast Doth filter through the soul To strengthen and to guide at last The spirit to its goal.

Thank God for what no man can know, What utters no replies, By meeting mystery we grow To be more truly wise.

Not darkness only bars our ways And "wilders most our thought; The truth, as may come in such a blaze It dazzles, is not "naught."

## A PARADISE FOR SKI-MEN



Preparations are already being made for the annual carnival to be held at Banff amidst the glories of the Canadian Pacific Rockies. Banff is ideally situated for winter sports and this season the dates have been fixed from January 29th to February 6th inclusive. The Secretary writes that the programme is to be considerably extended. He says:

"Our Ski Hill has now been completed in accordance with the suggestions made by the world's champion, Anders Haugen, of Brocton, Minn., and we are confident that a new world's record will be established on our Hill this Carnival. We have decided to offer a substantial cash prize to the man who can beat the present world's record and to supplement this cash prize with a further prize of \$10.00 for every foot or portion of a foot by which the record is broken on our hill. We will also follow the same principle in connection with the amateur championship only in that case the inducement or reward will be in the shape of an especially attractive prize. We have at the present time four different jumps, so that we will be in a position to stage competitions in all classes of this very spectacular and hair-raising sport.

"We expect that ladies hockey will be a very important factor in our sports this season. We have already been advised that the ladies of Vancouver, under the leadership of Mr. Frank Patrick, of professional hockey fame, expect to compete. The Regents, the Champions of Western

Canada, of Calgary, the Patricia's, also a team from Edmonton, a team from Vulcan, Alberta, and perhaps teams from Winnipeg and Ottawa are all expected to be on hand and compete with Vancouver and Ottawa for the Championship of Canada. A very elaborate trophy, together with ten very attractive and costly prizes, will in all probability be announced a little later in connection with this event.

"An ice palace will be constructed on a basis far more extensive than anything heretofore attempted and the resident engineer of the Dominion Government is now at work preparing the plans for same. We expect this palace, when illuminated, will be a view that will long live in the memories of those who will be fortunate enough to visit us and see it. The palace will be stormed at different times during the Carnival by representatives of all the

different sports indulged in, and it is expected that the fireworks display on these occasions will be most interesting.

"Special attention will again be given to art and fancy skating, and competition in these items on our programme promise to be very interesting. The Connaught Skating Club of Vancouver, with a membership of almost three hundred, has written saying that the Club will be well represented, and if we could be assured of some entries from Eastern Canada and the States, together with the assured entries we will have from Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton and Saskatoon, this feature of our programme would be one of the biggest events ever attempted in Canada. Application will be made to the Amateur Athletic Union of Canada to have all these contests representative of the Canadian Championships."

## The Bumblebee War

By CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

The shanty on Halverson's homestead was five miles from my Uncle Daniel's ranch house, and between them lay what was called the "south eighty," a part of a tree claim that the old man had also taken.

Since Halverson was a veteran of the Civil War, he was entitled to have the period of his military service subtracted from the time the government required settlers to live on the land before they could "prove up." So in the midsummer while the "breaking crop," as the first uncultivated planting of corn was called, was maturing, the old man shut up his shack, turned his cattle in with ours and went to visit his daughter in an adjoining county.

He left my uncle cut hay on the south eighty in return for the many favors our household had done him. The south eighty, coming under a different provision of the law, did not get the same protection that his home stead entry got, and Uncle Daniel had warned him to file his application without delay. Halverson intended to do so while visiting his daughter.

When his visiting time came, and we had cared for our own wild prairie grass, the men prepared to cut the south eighty. Between it and our land lay a long slough of mud and reedy marsh that now was almost dry. To avoid a long tour round it the men had begun to construct a "rock-and-willow" road across the narrowest part; but, finding that the black mud swallowed the material as fast as they could put it in, they gave up building it. It was less labor to have the long haul.

We had cut Halverson's south eighty the season before, and one of the lively incidents of the summer was the "big runaway," the result of an attack by bumblebees on the team that was drawing the mower.

Now, bumblebee hunting was one of the boyish sports on that Nebraska ranch that my cousins and I were expert at; and, knowing our skill, my uncle told us to rid the slough road of the bees; he did not want another "big runaway."

Hunting bumblebees was a matter of deep strategy with us. We had three methods. One was to attack them directly with wooden paddles, which required an exciting stand-up fight in which we had to make many charges and many retreats to windward to escape the vicious pursuers. A second method we called "flagging" and the third, "jugging." Flagging and jugging, although tamer, were really more humane, although the bees' nest was destroyed.

Whenever a bee more wise than his fellows made a "bee line" for the boy who held the pole.

But jugging exposed us to no danger whatever, and consequently we held it in small regard. It consisted merely in filling a big jug half full of water, setting it near the nest and then stirring up the bees. They would come humming and circling round the jug and, hearing the hollow breeze made in the receptacle, would hurl themselves furiously inside and into the water.

We could never account for their action; perhaps the bees mistook the roar for the buzzing that their young make in the nests when disturbed; perhaps they suspected that an enemy lurked within. At any rate, jugging was very successful; on a windy day I have seen every member of a bumblebee colony lured into the jug.

When the doughty garrison was quite helpless, we would open the nest and devour the strong black honey in the tough gray cells. Later we would release the jugged bees, a mass of angry, wet and temporarily helpless heroes. We made it a rule of honor never to kill a jugged bee.

While the haymakers were putting up the last of the wild hay crop, we three boys on Uncle Daniel's order opened hostilities on the slough-road colony. When the bees built their nest in a gopher's burrow, we did not have to disturb them, for then they offered no great danger to the teams; but we had to destroy all the nests built on the surface of the ground in the roots of the prairie grass. One morning we were busy at our work. My cousin, Hadley, had placed the jug and stirred the nest with a pitchfork, and then he had retired to await the result and was lying at full length in the sweet wild grass, lazily watching the little gray hawk that were circling above his head. Presently Hadley went down the slope of the gully in which the slough lay to see what the enemy was doing. He returned almost at once, much excited.

"There's a lot of mover's stuff in the gully," he said. "Some one must have broken down and unloaded a wagon near the road; there's some household goods and a considerable amount of lumber piled on the ground."

Even as we got up, a "prairie schooner" came down the side of the slough. The bows were off, and the wagon was full of new pine lumber. We advanced, full of curiosity, for neighbors or passers-by were rare enough; we had not seen a town or a railway for a year or more and were glad to greet anyone from the outside world.

want to cut the grass in the gully, and the bumblebees are pretty thick in this strip."

"Jugging bees!" the driver echoed incredulously. "Who ever heard of such a fool thing! Anyway, you'd better run along, sonny; your folks won't cut this hay. It's ours."

"Yours?" said Hadley. "It's old Halverson's! He told us we could cut it."

"Well, you won't cut it this season; we've taken this eighty," said the fellow roughly. "Now you skip."

The man advanced threateningly, and we retired in amazement to the jug.

"They're claim jumpers!" exclaimed Hadley. "They're going to rush a shanty up on the eighty and freeze the old man out. We'd better tell father."

The men went on with their unloading. Obviously they were anxious to get their cabin up and make a show of residence before anyone interfered with them. We noticed that they had cunningly selected a spot where the new shanty could not be seen from our ranch, and we guessed that they had hauled their stuff there during the night.

Hadley was angry at their unskillful speech and at the injustice that they were doing the old soldier. Ben and I, being younger, were frightened when he went down near the men and began to argue with them; it seemed a foolish proceeding.

"You are jumping Halverson's claim!" shouted Hadley. "You'll tell the ranchers first, and they'll run you out of the county!"

In his indignation Hadley shook his pitchfork at them, and the man who had abused us before suddenly sprang from the wagon with a short shotgun in his hand and came toward us in a threatening manner.

"You get!" he cried. "Don't let me catch you on this land! Move on, all of you! Take your jug!"

He kicked the bumblebee jug to one side and came at us. Hadley stood his ground; he was a big boy and just at the age when a lad dislikes to suffer indignity from a man.

"Run, you fellows!" he said to us. "Tell the men that old Halverson's claim is jumped!"

We started across the prairie, but the man shouted at us to stop. He raised the gun threateningly, and then I saw Hadley suddenly dig his fork into the sod and lift the bumblebees' nest on the times. He flourished the mass an instant and then threw it swiftly at the claim jumper. The man dodged the missile, and it struck among the scantlings on the wagon.

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turned over and the driver fell far out into the slime. The spectacle of his discomfiture and the jumper's antics as he tried to escape the bumblebees was so funny that we stood laughing at the top of the gully. Then suddenly the man on the bank of the slough began to wave his arms up and down and call to us excitedly.

"That fellow will drown," said Ben; "he's sinking in the mud!"

"That's so," said Hadley. "Ben, you run for the men, and we'll go down there if they won't fight us!"

The driver was submerged to his neck in the mud and badly frightened. His companion was trying to reach the timbers on the half-sunken wagon and throw them to him. The horses were on firmer footing and, except for their frantic plunging, were in no trouble. A few feet pursued us when we reached the bank.

The man who had fired at us was even more frightened than the driver. "Run for somebody!" he cried. "He'll drown in the mud."

"We have," said Hadley. "Here, help me out to the wagon, and I'll try to pass some boards to him."

They finally got a footing on the side of the sinking wagon box and began to throw boards out. The sinking man pushed them down under his body and had to use a dozen of them before he was able to raise himself out of the black mud. Then the two claim jumpers abused each other vigorously for not watching the team.

Hadley still on the wagon and plastered with mud, stood looking at them. At that moment Uncle Daniel and three of the farm hands hurried up.

The claim jumpers were meek enough in the presence of that superior force. The ranchmen, preserving a grim and ominous silence, set to work to get out the wagon and horses—a task that took two hours. I think there was some malice in the hasty manner in which they "snaked" out the bedraggled wagon; at any rate, they left most of the contents to sink in the mud. The claim jumpers made no plea for their property. The fellow who was dragged from the swamp was sick, or pretended to be, but neither he nor his companion would accept my uncle's invitation to come with us to the ranch for food and fresh clothes.

"All right," said my uncle; "you can move over on my land with your stuff and camp for the night if you want to. Now get to work!" he said, pointing to the goods already unloaded. "I'll give you three hours to pack up and move off this eighty. Three hours and no longer! Remember, there's a committee in this county to look after fellows like you!"

The disgruntled claim jumpers made no reply and we left them. After dinner Hadley and I and Uncle Daniel rode over to the place. There were a few big bumblebees circling above the mud-tracked grass, and it seemed as if there were a note of victory in their deep buzzing. The jumpers had made a quick retreat.

Hadley and I missed Ben at the supper-table. The man I sent the three-year-old lad off forty miles to warn Halverson of the affair, so that he could file his entry at the land office without delay. Little Ben rode that distance before sundown and returned the following day.

We cut the hay on Halverson's eighty the next week, but the mowing machines passed round the gully where the bumblebee colony lived. We decided that for once the black-and-white warriors had performed a public service worthy of recognition; and old Halverson, after this episode, would permit no further raids on their stronghold.

(The End.)

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

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Twelve officers held the rank of Field-Marshal in the British Army, the only non-British holders being Marshal Foch and the Emperor of Japan.

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## CONTROL OF FORESTS BY TRAINED MEN

RECENT ACTION OF ONTARIO GOVERNMENT.

Places Administration of the Forests on Crown Lands Under Practical Foresters.

The opportunity for the beginning of a new era in the forestry situation in Ontario was created by the recent announcement of the Provincial Government that henceforth the timber administration of Crown lands will be under the Provincial Forestry Branch, instead of comprising a separate organization, in which no foresters were employed. This is the most important development which has yet taken place in the forestry situation in Ontario.

By this action, assuming that its logical consequences will follow, Ontario aligns herself with the provinces of Quebec, British Columbia and New Brunswick, which had already recognized the necessity for taking thought for the future by making foresters responsible for the technical administration of Crown timber lands. A partial example had been set by the Dominion Government at a still earlier date, when the Dominion Forestry Branch was placed in charge of the timber administration on Dominion forest reserves in the west, exclusive of the licensed lands or timber limits.

Nova Scotia has practically no Crown timber lands, her forests having passed into private ownership many years ago. The need for a provincial forest service there is based upon the opportunity for the development of better forestry practice on these privately-owned timber lands, and upon the urgent need for a greater intensified system of forest protection, to cover all the forested area of the province.

Prince Edward Island is not a forest province, practically the whole of her land area being under cultivation.

Beginning of New Era. Ontario is then the last of the forest provinces to recognise the necessary and logical connection between forestry and foresters. The recent action should, and no doubt will, mark the beginning of an era in which the forest practicable consideration will be given to so regulating the methods of cutting on Crown lands as to leave them in a condition to produce another crop of valuable timber species. It has been demonstrated that logging operations in which cutting is not regulated with an eye to future productivity are generally destructive to the quality and quantity of the future growth. Each area requires to be carefully studied in advance of cutting, that the method of treatment to be prescribed may be adaptive to local conditions and at the same time be practicable from the operator's viewpoint, to say nothing of being reasonable from the viewpoint of additional cost involved.

Ontario is to be congratulated upon the progressive action taken in thus far recognizing the need for a technical administration of Crown timber lands. The Provincial Forestry Branch has a great responsibility and a great opportunity for public service in the prospective addition to its previous work of forest protection, of the inauguration of forestry practice upon the great areas of Crown lands which have now come under its jurisdiction. Progress will necessarily be slow; economic conditions must be fully recognized; and it will take time to develop the kind of organization required for so large a task. Public sentiment is now undoubtedly fully ripe for the development of this situation along the most modern lines. It must, however, make itself actively felt, in support of a really progressive forest policy.

Has the Earth a Tail? Opposite to the sun there is a very mysterious glowing patch, which is thought to be attached to the earth as a comet-like tail.

The highest regions of our atmosphere consist of very light gases, and the impression is that some of these were driven away by the sun or by other means, and that they stream off from the earth into space just as the light gases do from the head of a large comet.

Naturally, such a theory has aroused much controversy, and has led to all sorts of ingenious suggestions. One of these is that a swarm of meteors (of the kind we know as shooting stars) keeps us company through space at a distance of about a million miles, or four times the distance of the moon. But a tailed earth is an ideal vehicle for imaginative flight.

It might be argued that if our globe has a tail why should not the planets Mercury and Venus, and even Mars, have one. Well, perhaps they have, for all we know to the contrary. Our earth's tail would be much more easily seen by us because of its nearness and brightness.

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