

Tea Time Talks The Healthfulness of Tea

Physicians who often forbid the use of Coffee and Cocoa to the well, prescribe tea for the sick. Of the three, tea is the only beverage that can be drunk for a lifetime without injurious effects. It is a harmless tonic—a gentle stimulant without reaction.

As tea is the most desirable beverage, so "Salada" is tea in its most desirable form. "Salada" Ceylon Tea comes from tea plant to tea pot untouched by human hands, from the time the leaves fall into the picker's baskets. Its delicate aroma and delicious flavor are perfectly preserved in sealed, air-tight packages.



Ask your grocer for "Salada" Tea or send for a free trial package which makes 25 cups of delicious tea. We will mail it to you without charge. Say whether you use Black, Mixed or Green Tea and the price you pay per pound.

The "Salada" Tea Co.
32 Yonge Street Toronto



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will vanish if you take "NA-DRU-CO" Headache Waters. Give quick, sure relief, and we guarantee they contain nothing harmful to the heart or nervous system. 25c. a box, at all drug stores. National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

There is HEALTH and STRENGTH in every cup of EPPS'S COCOA

Children thrive on "EPPS'S." Its fine invigorating qualities suit people of all ages. Rich in cocoa butter, and FREE FROM CHEMICALS. GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.

Shirriff's TRUE VANILLA

Its cost is so trivial, and the cookery results it yields are so palate-pleasing, that you should never be without a bottle of Shirriff's TRUE VANILLA. It is just what its name says it is. Order from your groceryman. CAUTION.—A smaller quantity required than of any other extract. Other delicious Shirriff flavorings are Lemon, Almond, Rose, Pineapple, Strawberry, Raisin, and ninety more.

Woman's Safe Step to Better Looks

is not hard to find. If your eyes are dull—if your skin is sallow, or your complexion muddy, if you have no roses in your cheeks, do not bother with cosmetics. Don't risk harmful drugs. Get good, rich blood in your veins, and then you will have the bright looks and charm of perfect health.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

are wonderful aids to women and women's looks. If your blood is poor—if you are pale, weak and not up to the mark—your stomach and organs of digestion and elimination are the cause. Beecham's Pills correct faults. They will help you to good digestion and active kidneys and regular bowels—to freedom from troubles—to pure life-making, beauty-creating blood. In all truth and seriousness, you will find that for good health and good looks, Beecham's Pills Will Show the Right Way.

Is There Danger In Your School?

If your school is ceiled with plaster your children—and many others—dwell under a menace. For plaster ceilings may crash down and kill or maim at any moment. Cover old plaster ceilings with PRESTON Steel Ceilings—light, strong, beautiful, sanitary (because washable) and fire-proof. Do this without removing the old plaster—we will tell you how. The cost is NOT high; yet these ceilings will outlast the building itself. Have SAFE ceilings. Send for the illustrated book. Write this very day to METAL SHINGLE & SIDING CO., Limited PRESTON, ONTARIO. Branch Office and Factory, Montreal, Quebec.

Preston Steel Ceilings

Salted Ghosts.

By Lawrence Alfred Clay.

Mrs. George Armstrong, relict of George Armstrong, of the village of Brunswick, had passed her year mourning, and there were gossips in the village mean enough to say that she was in the market again. Of course, they did her injustice. No widow is ever in the market. If it so happens that women contract a second marriage it is a matter of surprise to them. They didn't plan to, and how they came to do it is a matter to puzzle them.

It was true that the widow Armstrong was looked upon with favor by several men. There was the piano tuner that came down from Cleveland every two or three months on his rounds of the village. She had no piano, but he called and discussed the grand opera with her. He had long hair and wild eyes and dandruff on his coat collar, and he had thrown out hints that his artistic soul longed for a mate.

Then there was the sewing machine man. He had short hair, same eyes and no dandruff, but he had his good points. He had committed pages and pages of Shakespeare to memory, and between the way he could spout them and repair a sewing machine was something to make a widow sit up and think.

And then there were the village butcher, the lightning-rod man, the druggist over at Liverpool, and the man who came twice a year to sell the farmers fertilizers and labor-saving machinery. For not being on the market, and for a woman who did not in the least encourage the flattery of men, the widow Armstrong was well provided for. The last, but not least, of her admirers was the village carpenter. His name was Phillips, and he was a bachelor. He was a coy man and a shy man. Of course, he couldn't always run away when he saw a woman coming, but he talked as little as he could and got away as soon as he could. He hadn't married simply because he was shy.

It was when the widow Armstrong laid off her weeds that a great event happened in the life of Mr. Phillips. He found himself thinking of her—not thinking whether she wanted a summer kitchen built on to her house, or the picket fence repaired, but of her as a prospective wife. He thought and blushed. He thought and dodged. He thought and felt chills. It was no use to banish the thought. Once they got a foothold they stuck to him like a porous plaster. But what could the poor man do? There he was, born shy and coy, and the widow might marry twenty times over before he would dare to tell her of his love. He did brace himself to walk by her house, and to bow to her, and to sit in the pew behind her at church, but at the same time he realized that widows are not won that way. He even went so far as to put a hinge on her gate and make her a press board, gratis, but that was courting and telling her that he could not live without her.

And all the while Mr. Phillips was loving and hoping and despairing, he was hearing from the gossips how this or that man was laying siege to the widow's heart. He just groaned as he listened to the talk. Then the hour came to him when it must be either suicide or a bright idea. The bright idea came just as he was selecting a rope and a limb.

The widow Armstrong had had a pleasant day of it. The butcher, the piano tuner and the lightning-rod man had all called the same afternoon and laid their hearts at her feet. She hadn't refused and trampled on them—oh, no! She had simply said that she felt honored, and if in the far-distant future—years and years in the future—she should desire to marry again—

They had to be content with this. No wise widow ever turns a man down so completely as to leave him without a hope to cling to. Mrs. Armstrong went to bed happy and fearless, but at midnight she was awakened by sounds that made her sit up in bed and gasp for breath. Her bedroom window looked out on the garden, and the sash was raised.

"Widow Armstrong," said a voice that was certainly not human, "I am here to warn you!" She looked out. Under the apple tree stood a ghost. It was none of the backward ghosts that wave forward and look over the ground, but a solid-looking chap in white who stood firmly on his feet.

"Widow," continued the voice, "beware of the piano tuner! He is doomed to go mad. Beware of the butcher! He will slay you as you sleep if you marry him! Beware of the lightning-rod man! He will get you the last dollar and then abandon you! Beware! Beware! Beware!"

And then Mr. Ghost retreated noiselessly and gave the frightened widow a chance to get her breath. All the rest of the night she lay with her head covered up and expecting the summons any moment, and she was a happy woman when the roosters began crowing for daylight. Did she rush off to tell the neighbors as soon as she had eaten her breakfast? Not a bit of it. If she had told of the ghost she must have repeated the ghost's words. She wasn't going to tell of those three offers of marriage and set other tongues to wagging. And before noon came she began to doubt the ghost. She went out to the apple tree, and she found tracks on the soil—tracks of boots, or she didn't know tracks when she saw them. Some one had wrapped himself in a sheet, and some one had held a peach-stone in his mouth while he talked.

cold when it came the sewing machine man. He must tell her of his love or perish. He was permitted to tell. The fertilizer man had meant to be first, but came in third, being unavoidably detained by Deacon Robinson. He also loved and had to tell of it or run the risk of an explosion.

To each of the last three the widow returned the same answer as to the first, three, six proposals in a week, and six men going away fairly happy. When it is figured right down, any widow is a blessing to the land. Midnight again. The widow Armstrong sleeps. The shotgun leans against the wall. The ghost comes across the garden with noiseless feet. Cats take one brief glance and fly for their lives.

"Widow, I am here to warn you again! Do not marry the sewing machine man! Do not marry the drug store man! Do not marry the fertilizer man! The widow slipped softly out of bed. There stood the ghost under the apple tree. He had the same peach stone in his mouth! She reached for the old gun, and as the ghost turned to be swallowed up in the night, she fired. There was a yell and a fall. The ghost had been saluted. Boots and legs kicked the air—the sheet was thrown off, and the next minute the widow was outdoors and bending over a man and saying:

"Why—why—it's Mr. Phillips! Why—what on earth!" "I didn't want you to marry anybody but me," he exclaimed as he struggled to his knees. "But I didn't know you cared for me!" "But I do!" "Well, come in and sit down and we'll see how badly you are hurt."

"But I can't—can't sit down!" "Then come over to-morrow and stand up and tell me you want me for a wife and maybe I'll say yes!"

ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS.

Recent Knowledge of Disease From Which Paul Morton Died. Dr. S. G. Tracy, in New York Tribune. The newspapers record the death of Paul Morton from arterio-sclerosis, or a rupture or apoplexy. This malady, which has become so common, is a hardening of the arteries, resulting in disease of the coats of the arteries in which they become thickened, brittle and degenerated, and liable to rupture under unusual stress. Not infrequently thickening or thinning of the heart muscles and Bright's disease of the kidneys are associated with this disease.

According to the best observers it is thought that arterio-sclerosis is due to a soluble poison circulating in the blood. This poison may be elaborated within the system or introduced from without in the food and drink. The contributing causes are overeating, excessive drinking of alcohol, and auto-infection from too much meat or eggs. Further, the living of a strenuous life with mental overstrain is one of the principal causes.

Some of the early symptoms are dyspepsia, headache, difficulty of breathing, nervous irritability, sometimes pain over the heart or in the left arm, and throbbing of the arteries in the neck or in the sides of the forehead. The pulse becomes full and hard, and high blood pressure prevails. The diagnosis may be verified by the use of the sphygmomanometer, or blood pressure gauge. The normal blood pressure in man is from 125 to 140 millimeters. Arterio-sclerosis usually appears in persons more than fifty years old, but in unusual cases it may be seen in persons as young as thirty-eight or forty.

In the treatment first get the digestion right, eliminate all excesses, and prescribe the simplest food. For a time use partly digested foods, and little, if any, meats or eggs. A moderate amount of exercise and massage is useful, but all mental and physical strain must be avoided. The mind should be kept occupied, but the emotions must be suppressed. The D'Arsonval treatment by the use of high frequency electric currents is of great value in reducing the blood pressure and keeping the arteries in a more elastic state. Iodide of potassium and nitroglycerine are also of benefit in some cases.

Besides being highly commendable, courtesy is looked upon as a business asset in this day and generation. Just the moment that abuse gets mixed up with argument it is time to bring the argument to a close. Sacrifice prices are always dear for the man who has no use for the goods.



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