Keep your eye on this Brand

The one Tea that never disappoints the most critical tastes.

"SALADA"

B578

on a Sealed Packet is Your Safeguard.

THE FORTUNATE MARY

By ELEANOR H. PORTER.

PART I.

Twenty years of her married life, and half as many more of her widowhood, Mary Mahoney had spent in the little brown house.

Mary was of the type called "motherly." She "ran in" to the neighbors', and "watched" with the sick. She borrowed upon occasion, and lent freely. She quieted the cry of the newborn and closed the eyes of the dead.

Mary's sons and daughters had died years ago. In the little brown house now with her were a widowed cousin, Mrs. Mary Ware, and a bachelor nephew, John Tibbets, both of whom worked in stores a few blocks away; they paid her for their board and rooms.

With herself and her work Mary Mahoney was more than content.

"There ain't anythin' better I'd ask to do than what I am doin'," she would declare sometimes; "only—well, I'd like one of them phonygraphs, what talks and sings to ye. 'Twould be so company-like and cheery for us, a-settin' here evenin's so quiet, as we do."

And it was to this house and to this woman that there had come now the announcement of a legacy of forty thousand dollars. When the lawyer had gone, Mary Mahoney fell back in her chair and fanned herself as if the month were August instead of March. "Sakes alive, Mary Ditto! Won't ye think of that, now! Forty thousand dollars—and to me!"

Mary Ware had been christened Ditto long before by the family to distinguish her from her cousin; they had each been Mary Tibbets before marriage.

"Not that I can guess what I'll be wantin' of all that money," resumed Mary Mahoney, with a frown; "still," —brightening,—"we can have that phonygraph now!"

The thin-faced, wistful-eyed little woman opposite suddenly found her voice. "Phonograph!" she gasped. "Mary Tibbets Mahoney, I should like to know if you think that's all that forty thousand dollars will buy!"

The other's countenance relaxed in a deprecatory smile. "Why, no, I s'pose not," she admitted; but you see I thought of that phonygraph 'cause that's all I'm really needin'."

"Really needing! As if your whole starved life weren't just crying out for things!"

A painful red flew to Mary Mahoney's face. "Why, Mary Ditto, you know I ain't starved a bit. I'm sure —d-don't you have—have enough to eat—here with me?"

Mary Ditto laughed, and threw up her hands despairingly. "Of course I do, dear! You don't understand. It's your life, your soul, not your body, that's starved. Now you can go to places and see things. You can read, too. You'll have time; don't you see? And you can have nice things round you to look at and live with." The voice broke with longing.

"Sho! Now, so I will," murmured Mrs. Mahoney. "I hadn't thought of it that way." She paused and gazed soberly at the storm raging outside the window. Suddenly her face lighted up. "Say, Mary!" she exclaimed. "I'm goin' to get that phonygraph right away. As long as I know now that the money is comin', it don't matter if I spend some of mine that's in the stockin', does it?"

"No, of course not," agreed Mary Ditto brightly; but she sighed a little as she rose to her feet and prepared to return to her work for the afternoon.

There was not much except the fortune talked of in the brown house during the days that followed — the wonderful fortune that the almost forgotten Uncle Simon had left Mary Mahoney. Seeing how very desirable this fortune was in the eyes of her friends and neighbors, the heiress gradually began to regard it with more interest. The lawyer had said that there were a few preliminaries, concerning other bequests and so forth, to be arranged before the estate could be settled; then she would be asked to come and get her inheritance. Meanwhile he should be glad to forward as soon as possible for her use a thousand dollars.

Even before the lawyer's cheque arrived, Mrs. Mary Mahoney was enjoying the situation immensely. She liked the new deference paid to her; and she never tired of talking about the bequest, the man who made it, and the strangeness of it all. With the "stocking money" she had indulged, too, in various "extravagances," as she called them: she had bought peanuts often; and pink and white peppermints and wintergreen lozenges; she had purchased a string of green beads for her neck, and a lace tie with fluted ends; she had treated Mary Ditto to several trolley-car rides, and to three or four motion-picture shows. The phonograph she had bought at once.

When the cheque came, Mary eyed it doubtfully. She was not used to cheques. "You don't mean that it's there on that paper—a whole thousand dollars?" she demanded of her cousin.

"No, no," said Mary Ware. "It means that the money is in the bank waiting for you; don't you remember? The lawyer told you—and all you've got to do is to present this and you'll get it. This is a cheque. Father used to have lots of them, and he told me that I should have them some day —when I was eighteen he would put some money in the bank for me to have for my own. And then—he died; and that ended—everything."

"Yes, I know. Poor lamb!" nodded Mary Mahoney, in quick sympathy. "And it's been hard for you—harder'n it's ever been for me—to work as we've had to. I—I wish this money had come to you instead of me, anyhow. I vow I do! I didn't used to think Uncle Simon liked me overwell, when I knew him as a girl; and I'm sure I didn't like him—shame be to me to say it now, after all he's done for me."

"I know; he was queer. but I always liked him," murmured Mary Ware, with her eyes dreamily turned away. "Maybe 'twas because he was so queer that I did like him; I don't know."

There was a moment's silence; then, impulsively, Mary Mahoney cried, "Look a-here, I'll give ye half that money, I vow I will! You ought to have it, too!"

Mary Ware sprang to her feet. "As if I'd take it—from you! If he wanted me to have it, he'd have given it to me himself."

"But I'll give it to ye, myself," argued the other. "Surely you'd take it from me?"

Mary Ditto shook her head. "No, I wouldn't. I couldn't." Then she turned and stumbled blindly from the room, leaving behind her a puzzled questioning in Mary Mahoney's eyes.

The cheque proved to be a troublesome burden. Its owner did not know where to keep it. She hid it in various places: in the old stocking, in the family Bible, in the china teapot. Then she tried it under the braided rug in the front room; at last she put it in the pocket of the gown she was wearing.

"But, Cousin Mary," remonstrated Mary Ditto one day, "you don't need to worry so. That cheque won't do anyone any good without your name on the back!"

"I know; course 'tis silly of me," admitted Mary Mahoney. "But only think what that little slip of paper means—a whole thousand dollars!"

It was a neighbor who forced matters to a climax. When Mary Ware came home from work one night she found her cousin pacing the room, obviously in great excitement.

"Look-a-here," Mary Mahoney cried, "Bill Kneeland is telling me that I'm runnin' a fearful risk, not turnin' that paper into money right away! He says that mebbe the bank 'll blow up, and there won't be nothin' to pay with. Just think, Mary Ditto —lost, a whole thousand of my dol- Ditto, why don't you say somethin'?" lars! And I can't do a thing to help it till to-morrer; and it may be blowin' up now—this minute! Mary

Obediently, Mary Ditto tried to say something; but her words failed to comfort. When John Tibbets came in, he, too, tried to say something; but in vain. Mary Mahoney neither slept that night nor let her family sleep; and at the earliest possible moment the next morning she started for the bank not far away, where, she had been told, she could get the money.

The paying teller greeted her anxious question with a smile. There was no need of identification. As a boy he had sat on Mary Mahoney's knee, and he had already heard of the cheque. He looked at it amiably.

"That's good, all right," he answered. "Now just sign your name on the back there, please, exactly as it's written—Mary Tibbets Mahoney."

It was all so simple that Mary could not quite believe that the business was finished when she finally held the money in her hands.

"And now what are you going to do with it?" the teller asked. "Hadn't you better let us keep the most of it here for you?"

Mary shook her head. "I'm thinkin' I'd better have it where I can put my fingers on it any minute."

"All right; but look out, Mary. Just be sure that no one else gets his fingers on it, too!"

As if Mary Mahoney needed a warning like that! With both hands clutched about her shopping bag, she fled through the bank door and out upon the street. Like some guilty thing, afraid to meet her fellow men, she skulked home by a back street, and crept into the house. In her tiny bedroom she locked the door, looked under the bed and into the closet, and pulled down the shades. Then tremblingly she drew the money from her bag and gazed at it.

One thousand dollars—and all her own! How crisp and clean the bills were, and how pretty! And besides all these, there were to be—

(To be continued)).

AN OLD WOOL DRESS IS NOW WORTH $50

"Diamond Dyes" Turn Faded, Shabby Apparel into New.

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.

Forgotten Peerages.

It would be interesting to know how many of the present titles of British peers will be known fifty years hence.

Peerages disappear at the rate of five every four years. There are numerous reasons for this. The recent case of Lord Swinfen, who died before the letters patent of his peerage passed the Great Seal, is unusual, but not without precedent.

Seven years ago a barony was bestowed on Sir Thomas Borthwick, but he died before the issue of the letters patent. From various causes 124 peerages became extinct between 1800 and 1900. Some peers have had no heirs, as Lords Kitchener and Roberts. Lord Kelvin, the scientist, left no heir at all. Lord Lister, the inventor of antiseptic surgery, had no one to carry on his title, which has thus become extinct. Of present peers neither Lord Milner nor Lord Northcliffe has a son to succeed him.

Sugar Beets in Australia.

To develop the beet sugar industry Australia will adopt up-to-date American machinery and will import sugar beet seed from California.

New Stove Lid-Lifter.

A new stove lid-lifter has two pivoted handles which are pressed apart to spread hooks at their ends against the sides of a hole in a plate to prevent it slipping.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Economy of Rules

It is economical to have rules, and it is economy to obey them.

A tremendous number of accidents result from the breaking of rules. Sometimes the rules are not laws, laid down in black and white and enforced by law, but they are rules, just the same. Many motor accidents come because of speeding, driving on the wrong side of the road, disobeying traffic regulations in the city streets. Many accidents to pedestrians occur because they don't stay on the sidewalks, and when they must cross the streets they don't do so at the crossings. Many fires start because inflammables are kept in dangerous places—gasolene is stored in the linen closet, when we know it should not, according to the terms of our lease, be bought in large quantities, or kerosene is used carelessly about a fire, in spite of caution from the Fire Department.

So it goes. Many of the ills of mankind result from a disobeying of rules.

This attitude in adults is much like disobedience in children—and the results are much the same, for punishment in some form is very likely to come.

Now in every household there are certain rules, more or less well formulated. And they should be a help to family life. Unfortunately for the housekeeper, punishment for the breaking of these rules does not always fall on those who break them. Too often it is the housekeeper or the servants who get the punishment.

Nevertheless, it is possible to formulate a set of household rules, and to drill one's family to obey them. Perhaps without actual punishment they can be made to believe that the most comforable way of living is to observe the rules set down by the housekeeper. And to the housekeeper these rules can be made a means of saving time and energy and nerve force.

Think over every rule you announce before you speak of it. For a foolish rule, like a foolish law, breeds disrespect on the part of those who are asked to observe it.

There can be just rules about promptness at meals, about individual duties for each member of the household, about opening windows, about closing screen doors, about caring for the clothes and many other things. And each of these rules can be so worded that it will seem reasonable, and at the same time so thought out that it will bring relief to the one on whom the burden of housekeeping falls.

Woman's Sphere

Freshening Up Your Woollen Clothing.

Serge or other woollen dresses which have become soiled or shabby, are freshened up in this manner.

Sponge the goods on the right side with ammonia water, one tablespoon of ammonia to each quart of water. Care should be taken not to have the solution too strong as some dyes turn purple or green in such a case. When the dress is entirely sponged, turn it wrong side out, lay a cloth over it and press with a hot iron until dry.

Should your clothes wear shiny, it is due to the oil which is more or less present in all wool, and is made conspicuous by the friction incident to the wear of the clothing. This is especially true of hard-twisted wool or worsteds. Sponging with hot vinegar cuts this oil and greatly improves the looks of the garment. Or the nap may be pulled up by pressing damp crinoline on the goods until it dries, then pulling it off.

If there are trimmings which can be easily removed a serge dress may be washed, provided you use soap free from alkali or pure soap flakes. The dress should be hung up until it is partly dry, and then pressed on the wrong side. Wrinkles may be steamed out by pressing on the wrong side with a wet cloth under the iron.

Care of clothes from day to day is more saving of garments than the practice of letting them get soiled and mussed and then using strenuous cleaning and ironing processes. Therefore, it is well to remove spots as soon as they occur, and the following formula for a cleansing fluid is an excellent one: Benzine, one pint; chloroform, one-sixteenth of an ounce; sulphuric ether, one-sixteenth of an ounce; oil of wintergreen, one-eighth of an ounce; alcohol, one-eighth of an ounce. This must never be used near a fire, as it is highly inflammable. To avoid the ring so often left by a cleansing agent, apply the fluid to the clean surface, outside the spot, then rub toward the centre where the spot is. When using the old-time decoction of soap-bark, to one ounce (costing about five cents) add one quart of boiling water. Allow this to steep for a while, strain through a cloth, then add to the water in which woollen clothes are washed.

The Child and the Dark.

There are some children, as every mother knows, who are absolutely terrified in the dark. They may not be at all cowardly children, but if you notice, you will find probably that the fear is owing to one of two causes, either they are specially imaginative children, or they have been frightened in some way which gives them an unnatural terror of the darkness.

These two causes should be treated in very different ways.

Take the case of the imaginative child. When one really thinks about it, what is more natural than that such a child should be afraid of the darkness? The unknown has its fears for most of us, and for the imaginative most of all. And to a child, how many things in this strange world in which it finds itself are unknown. It has to explore everything itself and it never knows what will be the next surprise. The darkness must necessarily be mysterious to it. What may come out of the darkness to its bedside? Some strange, dreadful monster like the scarecrow that frightened it is in the field, or perhaps that great spider that frightened Miss Muffett so much—it seemed to do it on purpose—or the three bears might come all round the bed, for they came all round Little Goldie Locks' bed; it said so in the story. Such thoughts are quite natural; and even more terrifying ideas than these occur to the imaginative child, for it is quite capable to drawing on that imagination until it actually sees these things and to add to the horror, by hearing the scarecrow speak, or the bear's claws scratching on the floor; the furniture of the room will take the shape of strange creatures who stand silently round watching unceasingly; in fact, there is no end to such night terrors when they once begin.

Now how can all this be ended? The best thing a mother can do is to welcome that imagination in the child as her ally. Let her try to plant in the child's mind the seeds of love and trust. Teach the little one to see the good in everything. Don't let it fear or despise ugliness and deformity, but pity it. Let it understand that such things as fire and water and darkness are beautiful and useful and our friends; that animals are here to be loved and to love us, and that if they scratch and bite it is generally because they have been badly treated, even lions and tigers do not kill for cruelty but for food. Along such lines the child's imagination will take the right attitude to things, and wonders will have been accomplished.

For the same reason choose a child's reading from the first along these lines—no fairy stories of cruelty and horrors. Such stories are too common—but beautiful fairy stories of pretty fairies and good spirits and lovely deeds. And above all, teach it to love nature.

The case of the child who has been frightened is different. Though what has been said of the imaginative child does apply, it is not enough. Find out what frightened the child and put an end to that one fear at once. It will probably be found that someone told it some story for the very purpose of terrifying it, a proceeding which is nothing short of criminal.

Household Hints.

Using Chicken Fat.—By using chicken fat in cooking you can cut down the amount of fat you must buy for that purpose. To prepare it, try it out in a double boiler, or other vessel set in hot water, until the fat just melts away from the tissues and can be poured off. This fat becomes rancid easily and should be kept cool and covered like butter and used in a very few days. Chicken fat, like goose fat, may be used for shortening in cakes, such as spice cake, where the seasoning used will mask any flavor which the fat might have. It can also be used for frying the chicken itself or other meats, and for warming vegetables, etc.—Mrs. J. J. O'C.

China decorated with gilt should never be washed with water containing soda, for the soda will soon take off the gilding. Good white soap cut into bits and put in moderately hot water, will answer the purpose and do no injury—Mrs. J. J. O'C.

Many who use gasoline for cleaning spots on clothing dislike the "ring" which it leaves around the place where the spot was. If a very little water is added to the gasoline no marks will appear.—Mrs. E. T.

Last fall I picked ripe grapes, several different kinds, dipped the stem of each in melted parafin, and packed them in a wooden box between layers of cotton batting, being careful not to let the bunches touch, laid a newspaper over top of box and set in a dry, cool room. We had grapes to eat on New Year's day, as nice as if they were just picked from the vine.—Mrs. F.

Keep Lamps Shining Brightly.

A good many industrious and cleanly disposed housewives, like Aladdin of old, believe in rubbing their metal lamps. Aladdin got what he wished for when he rubbed his glim producer, but the housewife generally gets, in the course of time, what she doesn't want; namely, a shabby appearing lamp, for it doesn't take long to rub the lacquer off metal.

Lamps wouldn't be permitted to remain shabby very long if housekeepers knew how simple a process it is to relacquer or re-enamel them. Paint dealers, druggists and dealers in plumbing supplies sell the lacquers and enamels in small-quantity containers. Direction for appying usually come with them.

Royal Clothes.

The most extravagant Enropean monarch as regards dress was the late Czar of Russia. The bill of his civil tailor bordered on $10,000 a year, and that of his military tailor $15,000. His top-hat cost him $25, and every year he gave $2,000 for a fur coat. It is said that he never gave less that $60 for a suit, and never wore it more than three times. Compared with him the Kaiser was quite shappy. His price for a suit is at most $35, and he will wear it thirty times; whilst King Haakon spends no more on a suit than the average Norwegian grocer.

Grandma: "Shall I teach you how to make doughnuts?" Sweet Young Thing: "Yes, I am terribly interested, but how do you fix the inner tubes?"

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

5½% Interest
PAYABLE HALF YEARLY
Allowed on money left with us for from three to ten years.
Write for Booklet.
The Great West Permanent Loan Company.
Toronto Office 20 King St. West

He Wears a Necklace.

Did you ever hear of a man wearing a necklace? Well, that is what the male Canadian warbler does, while on the female of this attractive bird there is only the slightest indication of a necklace. The warbler's necklace of black spots shows up very strikingly on his olive green and yellowish throat and breast. On the back the bird is of a slate gray color, with the tail more of an olive brown tone. This is a very lively bird. It is very seldom still for more than a few seconds before it dashes out on some tempting bit to eat. It is partial to the wooded banks of streams. It usually keeps in underbrush near the ground.

A good cellar in connection with a farmhouse is as important as a well-arranged kitchen.

Beautiful Women of Society, during the past seventy years have relied upon it for their distinguished appearance. The soft, refined, pearly white complexion it renders instantly, is always the source of flattering comment.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

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

Use Baby's Own Soap. It's "Best for Baby — Best for you".

Cleansing—Healing—Fragrant

Albert Soaps Limited, Mfrs., Montreal. 530

Oxo Cubes contain the rich nourishment of prime beef in so compact and convenient a form that they are handy for use anywhere, at any time. Just a cube—hot water—and a biscuit or two —and a light sustaining meal is ready.

OXO CUBES

At Your Service
Wherever You Live.

The woman in town, or country, has the same advantage as her sister in the city in expert advice from the best-known firm of Cleaners and Dyers in Canada.

Parcels from the country sent by mail or express receive the same careful attention as work delivered personally.

Cleaning and Dyeing
Clothing or Household Fabrics

For years, the name of "Parker's" has signified perfection in this work of making old things look like new, whether personal garments of even the most fragile material, or household curtains, draperies, rugs, etc.

Write to us for further particulars or send your parcels direct to

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