KEEN'S DSF MUSTARD gives food a delicious appetizing savor —

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New Ideas at the Big Fair.

New ideas from within and from without will be the great features of the Women's Building at the Canadian National Exhibition of 1922. They begin, not very conspicuously but quite radically, nevertheless, in the prize list and from that starting point work up through every department of the building. In the prize list many an ancient and modern atrocity, such as the fancy woolen waistcoat and the crocheted motor bonnet, will be found wanting, the basis for such omissions usually being the small number of entries received each year. But there are many new things, high in popular favor, in the places of those that are on the wane, and it will well repay the worker, plying her needle on the summer porch, to study the Educational Prize List now obtainable from the offices of the Canadian National Exhibition in the Lumsden Building, Toronto.

She will find there that while some of the fads of a generation have disappeared, many of the really good things of grandmother's time have been revived to provide fitting company for her four-poster and her tilt-topped table, brought down from the attic and reinstated in bedroom and drawing-room.

There are additional awards for carpets, rugs and homespuns. In addition to the familiar rag rugs, hooked and woven, an ancient effect is secured in a new way by the crocheted rag rug for which prizes of $4 and $2 are offered. This class has, in all, 16 sections, as compared with 13 in previous prize lists. Quilts and bedspreads, too, are keeping up with the new demand for old things and the patterns of our ancestors are being reproduced with excellent effect. In this department there has been added a prize of $5, and a second prize of $3 for the best new idea.

This prize for a new-idea innovation runs through the whole prize list, appearing three times in some classes, with a prize each for "a new idea in stitch," "a new idea in design," and "a new idea in purpose."

In the class for design and miscellaneous handicrafts the new-idea prizes are for "a new idea in article for kitchen use," "a new idea in article for general household use," and an "original idea in article, such as case for traveling, sewing, manicure or general use."

Judgment on a really scientific basis is arrived at in the introduction of score cards. These appear at the head of each class in the prize list and the same or a more detailed version of the same will be used by the judges in making their awards. It will be a method which will require the services of a larger number of judges but the results will be much more accurate and much more satisfactory to the exhibitor, who will now have a means of knowing on just which phase of her work she succeeded or failed,—design, originality, fitness, color or workmanship.

"Cherries Are Ripe."

If the profusion of cherry blossoms which spread over Ontario in early May can be taken as an indication, we are to have a bumper crop of cherries this season. Here are a few suggestions for their use during the all too brief season and for storing for winter use.

First of all, they may be served fresh and raw at the table. Look over carefully and select only unblemished, perfectly ripe fruit. Remove all bits of leaf, and wash thoroughly. Then arrange around the outside of individual fruit dishes, with a bit of powdered sugar in the centre in which to dip the fruit. The stems, of course, should be left on.

Sweet cherries may be made into a mousse. Select perfect fruit, wash, pit and let stand in a colander until the juice ceases to drip. Whip one pint of cream; add one cup of cherries and one teaspoon of gelatin which has been softened in three tablespoons of cold water and then melted by setting in a dish of hot water. Continue to beat for five minutes; pour into a mould, and pack in equal parts of ice and salt. Let stand three hours before serving.

Cherry ice cream may be made by mixing one quart of cherry juice with one quart of thin cream and one pound of sugar. Freeze as any ice cream.

Cherry ice is made in the proportion of one pint of juice to the quantity of syrup obtained by boiling one pound of sugar and one quart of water for twenty minutes. This may be given "body" by adding a gelatin prepared as for the mousse, or by adding the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs when the ice is half frozen.

Of course, you will have cherry pie. You will help to save the juice if you sift one rounding tablespoon of flour with the sugar. Use at least one big cup of sugar for sour cherries, and put part of it in the crust before adding the cherries. It will be well to let the juice drip off first, as you do for the mousse. Put the pie in a rather cool oven.

Be sure to try a one-crust pie. Beat the yolks of two eggs five minutes, and gradually beat in a cup of sugar with which is sifted two level tablespoons of flour. Stir into this enough pitted and drained cherries to fill the crust. Put in a cool oven, gradually increasing the heat. Frost with the whites—allowing six level tablespoons of sugar—and return to oven to brown.

If you can by the open kettle method, which is much quicker than cold-pack, and just as sure if you use care, allow one and a half pounds of sugar to every four pounds of sour cherries. Wash, stem, and pit the cherries, cover with the sugar, and let stand two hours before canning.

If you can cold-pack, blanch sour cherries one minute before canning in the jars. They should be processed eighteen minutes. Use a thick syrup made by boilng three quarts of sugar and two quarts of water until the syrup falls from the spoon in thick drops.

Sweet cherries may be dried and used in place of raisins. Select only perfect fruit, and do not pit before drying as you waste so much juice which contains much of the sugar. By the way, cherries are rich in sugar, having about fifteen per cent. Spread in single layers on trays or platters, and dry in the sun or in a slow oven. They may be put away in paper bags or pasteboard boxes, if care is taken to fasten the packages so as to keep out all dust.

Sun-cooked cherries may be made by the same recipe used for strawberries. Allow three pounds of granulated sugar and one pint of water for every three pounds of fruit. Cook the sugar until a thread forms, then add the stoned and cleaned cherries and boil for fifteen minutes. Pour on platters and place in the sun until syrup thickens. These cherries may be used in the winter as a side dish to pass at table, or to fill tarts or make mousse.

Cherry juice may be canned or bottled for summer drinks or winter gelatines or sherbets. Extract the juice as you would to make jelly, heat to the boiling point, and then let drip through jelly bag. Fil bottles or jars which have been sterilized, place in the boiler and keep the water simmering for twenty minutes. Do not let the water in the canner boil.

Easily Made Trimmings for Children's Wash Dresses.

A neat, inexpensive, easily made trimming suitable for the girl's dress or nightgown may be made by threading the bobbin of the sewing machine with embroidery silk or any heavy thread in a dainty fast color, and using ordinary sewing cotton in the needle. Stitch near the edges of belts, yokes, cuffs, etc., having the right side of the garment toward the cloth plate, so the colored thread will show on the finished work.

Another attractive decoration is made by drawing a thread of material and weaving into the space thus made a colored thread somewhat heavier than the one drawn. When the end of the space is reached, a French knot or a dot may be used as a finish. Threads may be drawn to form a pattern or may be spaced evenly and placed in parallel rows.

To Make Iced Tea.

The tea should be strong (two teaspoons to a cup) and be poured off after three minutes steeping. When slightly cooled, add cracked ice and lemon juice to flavor. Fruit juices, such as loganberry, grape or orange juice), also improve the flavor.

Greenwich, London, is said to have "drifted" half a mile towards the equator in 18 years.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

The Gates of Hope

BY ANTHONY CARLYLE

The Beginning of the Story.

Marcia Halstead, secretary to Mrs. Alden, is entrusted with some jewels while her employer goes out to luncheon with Kempton Rosslaer, his stepmother Lady Rosslaer and her son Gordon Ruthven. Marcia puts the jewels in the safe but fails to find the duplicate key. She consults a noted physician who tells her she cannot live longer than six months; then answers the call of a solicitor to find that she is heir to a large fortune on condition that she marries before she is twenty-one. Returning to Mrs. Alden's she finds Kempton Rosslaer (who is secretly married to Araby Trask) replacing the gems which his step-brother had stolen. Believing him to be the thief, Marcia promises silence if he will marry her within two days. To shield his father's name and in consideration of release within six months, Kempton consents. At a restaurant Marcia faints and is assisted by three strangers, Araby Trask, her father, who is an artist, and a wealthy young man, Jasper Waldron. After the secret marriage ceremony Rosslaer and Marcia go their several ways; her improved mode of living benefits Marcia's health; she attracts the admiration of her new friends and the love of Waldron. He pays a large sum for Marcia's portrait, painted by Trask. Lady Rosslaer claims relationship with Mrs. Halstead and insists upon a visit from Marcia which angers Kempton. The young heiress discovers that she loves Waldron.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Marcia sat huddled absolutely motionless in the car, staring straight in front of her, long after it had glided smoothly out of the quiet street. The numbness of a great cold was upon her, the intoxicating fire of gladness was gone, leaving her limp, exhausted, and with the look in her eyes of a wounded bird.

She was trembling all over as she entered the flat. Mechanically she crept to her mother's room. A maid met her on the threshold.

"Mrs. Halstead was taken a little faint soon after you left, madam," she said. "She wishes you not to be disturbed. She is asleep now."

With an effort Marcia shook off the numbness which held her. Very quietly she crept into the room, leaned for a moment over the bed. Mrs. Halstead looked peaceful, but very white. The girl stood for a moment beside her, then moved out into the hall again. She dismissed the maid, assured her that she herself would keep a watch over her mother, and presently, having slipped out of her gown, pulled a wrapper round her and went back to Mrs. Halstead's room.

She could not sleep. She knew that, and she was glad of an excuse for staying up. She pulled a chair to the window, wide open to the warm night air, and sat looking up at the stars.

She felt that it was impossible to think clearly of what had happened tonight—quite yet. She did not want to. She felt suddenly lost, forlorn, wretchedly afraid. Afraid of herself—afraid of the one who had brought ecstasy, overwhelming, bewildering, into her life—afraid of the shadows lurking ahead of her!

She shivered, despite the warmth of the night, and pulling the long, soft masses of her hair down about her face, sat with her elbows on the sill and her face hidden in her hands.

Once Mrs. Halstead stirred. Marcia got up and went to her, touching her with a soothing hand. She smiled, opened her eyes drowsily, and closed them again with a sigh of contentment. Marcia went back to her place by the window.

Her eyes felt hot and dry, her temples were throbbing now. A panic of restlessness was upon her and she fought it desperately. And presently, worn out, spent, she slept.

The sun was shining in at the window when she waked. The maid had just come in with tea. She was standing by the bed, and something in her expression startled Marcia into instant wakefulness.

A moment later she was bending above the bed. Mrs. Halstead's eyes were still closed, but she was breathing heavily and there was a pinched look about her nostrils.

Marcia spoke to her, then looked up at the maid.

"I think she's ill," she said. "Will you telephone for the doctor—any doctor—at once?"

She was coiling up her hair as she spoke, and after a quick look at her the girl set down the tray and went out.

Marcia was used to these attacks; she had nursed her mother through many in the old days. She nursed her through the anxious ten days which followed, devotedly and without tiring.

She was conscious, despite her anxiety concerning her mother, of an odd sense of respite—of relief. Deliberately she forced herself to keep her mind from straying backward, gave her every thought to the sick woman.

Secretly she was glad of an excuse to shut herself away for a little while—to avoid these new-made friends of hers, who were so eager to inquire as to the patient's progress and to help. She denied herself to them all, pleased that she could not be spared from the sick-room.

Waldron came the next day—eager, a-quiver for the meeting. Again she was conscious of an enormous relief at having some excuse not to see him. The mere sound of his name set her quivering afresh with distress—panic—uncertainty. A new, bewildering situation had been created, and she was afraid to face it.

To all his pleadings she was adamant. She would not see him; she could not. He called daily, brought flowers, waited wistfully, anxiously for a message from her.

Then, toward the end of the week, he wrote her a note. Mrs. Halstead was better, lying upon her pillows rather weakly. Marcia no longer had any real excuse to shut herself up in the sick-room. Troubled, hesitating, she turned the thick envelope about in her hands before opening it. Finally she carried it to the window.

It was very brief, and a little lump rose in her throat as she read:

"Dear: I'm only human, and I've been patient five long days. I'm hungry—thirsty—aching in every fibre of me for just the sight of you! Don't keep me away from you—outside—any longer, Marcia. Surely there are some things I can do to help you—ease your anxiety and strain. And—I promise—I will be just as I was before—before that wonderful night! Just a friend, Marcia—faithfully at your service. J. W."

The girl's throat contracted; there was the slow, sharp smart of tears under her lids. Again she felt alone—unutterably forlorn. And she was so tired—so tired.

She was inexpressibly touched. There was something of the man himself in that little note—something clean, fine, infinitely patient. A smile trembled at the corners of her lips—her wet eyes were wistful as she carried it across to the little writing table.

But for a long while she sat with pen poised, gazing straight before her—still uncertain—still afraid.

"Forgive me. If you really can understand—and care to come just as a friend—come. MARCIA.'

He came the next day. His greeting was quiet, restrained, cheerful. A moment his steady eyes searched her white face, saw the strain in it, the piteous entreaty.

He did not wholly understand. He was vaguely perplexed, a little sore at heart. But he realized that she was very weary—that she needed at that moment the sureness of comfort, not the fires of love.

He held her hands close; then let them go. He made no attempt to touch her save for that swift, warm clasping of the fingers; and he smiled at her at their first meeting—a frank, wide, irresistible smile of reassurance.

It was balm to her troubled spirit. But when he had gone she clenched her hands fiercely and something of tragedy had crept into her eyes again.

"I ought not to let him come," she whispered miserably to herself. "I ought to be strong. And yet——"

She broke off. Her eyes had fallen upon a silver framed calendar. The date seemed to leap out at her, searing her brain!

It was the same date as that when she had learned of her inheritance—the same date as that upon which she had met Waldron—the same date as that when she had learned that she had only six months to live!

Six months! And now—now there were only five!

She put her hand up suddenly to her throat. The half hard, half piteous look of defiance crept into her face again. Surely Life owed her something—all of such happiness as she could grasp, and hold—for a short five months?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

During the fortnight that followed Jasper Waldron came and went regularly every day, quiet, unobtrusive, ever ready to serve. At the moments when she most needed him Marcia found that he was there. And only the steadfast tenderness of his eyes said anything at all of the love that with every passing hour was burning higher in his heart for her.

And in spite of the turmoil in her soul it comforted her, seemed to wrap her about in a great peace and happiness.

Sometimes, thinking of it in the long, silent hours of the night, lying wide-eyed and still upon her pillows, she would marvel at it—and at the man. And with her marvelling there grew within her something infinitely deeper, tenderer and more wonderful even than that first ecstasy of passion which had shaken her.

Intuition, instinct told her that this love was the real thing indeed. There had been the wild fire of passion in it; she knew that passion was there still, dormant. But there was something more.

And again she barred out thoughts of the past—haunting shadows of the future. To-day was hers. Hers to joy in, hers to make the most of. The feeling intensified as each day slipped by. The uneasiness which she had at first felt in Waldron's presence disappeared. She accepted his constant appearance at the flat as natural. By degrees he became more and more part of her life.

If Waldron sighed sometimes at the unemotional attitude that had been forced upon him he did it in secret. That fine understanding which was his told him that in this wise he could come nearer to Marcia than he could hope to do by voicing the passion which sometimes shook him almost beyond his control.

And, at any rate, he was near her. For the time being that was enough; or he made himself believe that it was enough.

Thus a fortnight slipped by. Mrs. Halstead's attack had been sharp, but brief. She was soon convalescent, and without fully realizing it, Marcia drifted back to her former life of gaiety. As her mother needed her less some of the old feverish restlessness returned to her.

She did not want time to think in. She wanted every moment filled; eagerly kept the cup of life filled to the brim. Waldron, seeing more of her these days than hitherto, and watching her closely, was a trifle perplexed, not altogether satisfied.

Her charm was as vivid as ever; the love which had wakened in her had made her more briliant, more alluring than ever. It had softened her girlishness, given her a sweetness that at times took him by the throat and physically hurt him.

She saw something of his thoughts in his eyes sometimes, and panic would seize upon her. She would tell herself that somehow—anyhow—she must end this intimacy. And then, in a quick revulsion of feeling, she would cry within her soul that she could not—would not. Such happiness as came her way she would hug close, cling to, while she might.

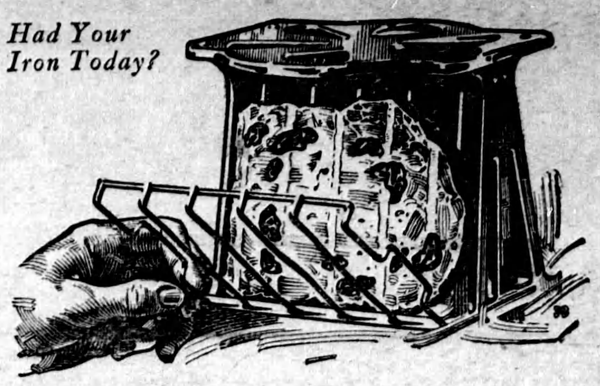
About three weeks later Waldron was called unexpectedly out of London on business. He rebelled, fiercely, but it was unavoidable. The night before he went he took Marcia home. They had been supping, after a gay little theatre party, with the Trasks and Audrey Alden.

Toward the end of the meal Kempton Rosslaer had entered the room. Audrey had caught his eyes almost immediately, and had signalled him imperiously to join them. He had come with a curious mingling of reluctance and eagerness.

Since that Sunday night at his own home, and the sudden odd softening of his resentment toward Marcia he had not kept himself aloof either from her or from his friends as hitherto. He had been more his old self, had gone about in his old way.

(To be continued.)

Had Your Iron Today?



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First Thimble.

How many women are familiar with the origin of the thimble?

As a matter of fact, it dates back to the year 1684. In that year Nicholas Benschoten, an Amsterdam goldsmith, sent a thimble as a gift to a lady with the dedication: "To Myfrou van Renselaer, this little object which I have invented and executed as a protective covering for her industrious fingers."

At first thimbles were costly, so that only well-to-do women could afford them, but they became much cheaper on being made of lead and other common metals.

The word thimble points to the fact that originally this protection was worn on the thumb to parry the thrust of the needle, and not, as at present, to help to push it through the material. The Dutch term finger-bat or finger-hood became in this country the "thumbbell," from its bell-like shape. Eventually the word was changed to thimble.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Electric-Lighting Project For French Villages.

Shell-torn districts of northern France are being repopulated by returning natives, and these have made use of the miscellaneous electrical equopment left there by the different armies. Generators, driven by gasoline engines have been put in use, and the cellars of ruined buildings, or the poorest wooden huts, are furnished with light and power.

The smallest bones in the human body are in the ears.

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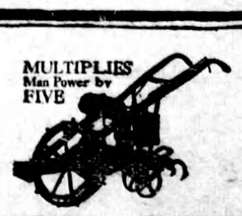

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