The Fine Qualities

of

"SALADA" H458

GREEN TEA

cannot be adequately described but they can be appreciated in the teacup.

FREE SAMPLE of GREEN TEA UPON REQUEST. "SALADA," TORONTO

PENNY PLAIN

BY O. DOUGLAS

Shopman—"You may have your choice—penny plain or two-pence colored."

Solemn Small Boy—"Penny plain, please. It's better value for the money."

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CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)

Miss Hope shook hands in her gentle, shy way, and busied herself putting small tables beside her mother and the two guests as the servant brought in tea. Her life was spent in doing small services.

Once, when Augusta was a child, someone asked her what she would like to be, and she had replied, "A lady like mamma." She had never lost the ambition, though very soon she had known that it could not be realized. It was difficult to believe that she was Mrs. Hope's daughter, for she had no trace of the beauty and sparkle with which her mother had been endowed. Augusta had a long, kind, patient face—a drab-colored face—but her voice was beautiful. She had never been young; she was born an anxious pilgrim, and now, at fifty, she seemed infinitely older than her ageless mother.

Pamela, watching her as she made the tea, saw all Augusta's heart in her eyes as she looked at her mother, and saw, too, the dread that lay in them—the dread of the days that she must live after the light had gone out for her.

During tea Mrs. Hope had many questions to ask about David at Oxford, and Jean was only too delighted to tell every single detail.

"And how is my dear Jock?" He is my favorite."

"Not the Mhor?" asked Pamela.

"No. Mhor is 'a'body's body.' He will never lack for admirers. But Jock is my own boy. We've been friends since he came home from India, a white-headed baby with the same surprised blue eyes that he has now. He was never out o fscrapes at home, but he was always good with me. I suppose I was flattered by that."

"Jock," said Jean, "is very nearly the nicest thing in the world, and the funniest. This morning Mrs. M'Cosh caught a mouse alive in a trap, and Jock, while dressing, heard her say she would drown it. Down he went, like an avalanche in pyjamas, drove Mrs. M'Cosh into the scullery, and let the mouse away in the garden. He would fight any number of boys of any size for an ill-treated animal. He has no real liking for mortals. They affront him with their love-making and their marriages. He has to leave the room when anything bordering on sentiment is read aloud. 'Tripe,' he calls it in his low way. Do you remember his scorn of knight-errants who rescued distressed damsels? They seemed to him so little worth rescuing."

"I never cared much for sentiment myself," said Mrs. Hope. "I wouldn't give a good adventure yarn for all the love-stories ever written."

"Mother remains very boyish," said Augusta. "She likes something vivid in the way of crime."

"And now," said her mother, "you are laughing at an old done woman, which is very unseemly. Come and sit beside me, Miss Reston, and tell me what you think of Priorsford."

"Oh," said Pamela, drawing a low chair to the side of her hostess, "it's not for me to talk about Priorsford. They tell me you know more about it than anyone."

"Do I? Well, perhaps; anyway, I love it more than most. I've lived here practically all my life, and my forebears have been in the countryside for generations, and that all counts. Priorsford . . . I sometimes stand on the bridge and look and look, and tell myself that I feel like a mother to it."

"I know," said Pamela. "There is something very appaling about a little town; I never lived in one before."

"But," said Mrs. Hope, jealous as a mother for her own, "I think there is something very special about Priorsford. There are few towns as beautiful. The way the hills cradle it, and Peel Tower stands guard over it, and the links of Tweed water it, and even the streets aren't ordinary, they have such lovely glimpses. From the East Gate you look up to the East Law, pine trees, grey walls, green terraces; in the Highgate you don't go many yards without coming to a *pend* with a view of blue distances that takes your breath, just as in Edinburgh when you look down an alley and see ships tacking for the Baltic. . . . But I wish I had known Priorsford as it was in my mother's young days, when the French prisoners were here. The genteel supper-parties and assemblies must have been vastly entertaining. It has changed even in my day. I don't want to repeat the old folks' litany, 'No times like the old times,' but it does seem to me—or is it only distance lending enchantment?—that the people I used to know were more human, more interesting; there was less worship of money, less running after the great ones of the earth, certainly less vulgarity. We were content with less, and happier."

"But, Mrs. Hope," said Pamela, laying down her cup, "this is most depressing hearing. I came here to find simplicity."

"You needn't expect to find it in Priorsford. We aren't so provincial as all that. I just wish Mrs. Duff-Whalley could hear you. Simplicity indeed! I'm not able to go out much now, but I sit here and watch people, and I am astonished at the number of restless eyes. So many people spend their lives striving to keep in the swim. They are miserable in case any one gets before them, in case a neighbor's car is a better make, in case a neighbor's entertainments are more elaborate. . . . Two girls came to see me this morning, nice girls, pretty girls, but even my old eyes could see the powder on their faces and their touched-up eyes. And their whole talk was of daft-like dances and bridge and absurdities. If they had been my daughters I would have whipped them for their affected manners. And when I think of their grandmother! A decent woman was Mirren Somerville. She lived with her father in that ivy-covered cottage at our gates, and she did sewing for me before she married Banks. She wasn't young when she married. I remember she came to ask my advice. 'D'you care for him, Mirren?' I asked. 'Well, mem, it's no' as if I were a young lassie. I'm forty, and near bye caring. But he's a decent man, and it's lonely now ma faither's awa, an' I'm a guid cook, an' he would aye come in to a clean fireside.' So she married him and made a good wife to him, and they had one son. And Mirren's son is now Sir John Banks, a baronet and an M.P. Tuts, the thing's ridiculous. . . . Not that there's anything wrong with the man. He's a soft-tongued, stuffed-looking, butler-like creature, with a lot of that low cunning that is known as business instinct, but he was good to his mother. He didn't marry till she died, and she kept house for him in his grand new house—the dear soul with her caps and her broad south-country accent. She managed wonderfully, for she had great natural dignity, and aped nothing. It was the butler killed her. She could cope with the women servants, but when Sir John felt that his dignity required a butler she gave it up. I dare say she was glad enough to go. . . . 'Eh, mem, I am effrontit,' she used to say to me if I went in and found her spotless kitchen disarranged, and I thought of her to-day when I say those silly little painted faces, and was glad she had been spared the sight of her descendants. . . . But what am I raging about? What does it matter to me when all's said? Let the lassies dress up as long as they have the heart; they'll have long years to learn sense if they're spared. . . . Miss Reston, did you ever see anything bonnier than Tweed and Hopetoun Woods? Jean, my dear, Lewis Elliot brought me a book last night which really delighted me. Poems by Violet Jacob. If any one could do for Tweeddale what she has done for Angus I would be glad.

"You care for poetry, Miss Reston? In Priorsford it's considered rather a slur on your character to care for poetry. Novels we may discuss, sensible people read novels, even now and again essays or biography, but poetry—there we have to dissemble. We pretend, don't we, Jean?—that poetry is nothing to us. Never a quotation or an allusion escapes us. We listen to tales of servants' misdeeds, we talk of clothes and the ongoings of our neighbors, and we never let on that we would rather talk of poetry. No. No. A daft-like thing for either an old woman or a young one to speak of. Only when we are alone—Jean and Augusta and Lewis Elliot and I—we 'tire the sun with talking and send it down the sky.' . . . Miss Reston, Lewis Elliot tells me he knew you very well at one time."

"Yes, away at the beginning of things. I adored him when I was fifteen and he was twenty. He was wonderfully good to me and Biddy—my brother. It is delightful to find an old friend in a new place."

"I'm very fond of Lewis," said Mrs. Hope, "but I wish to goodness he had never inherited Laverlaw. He might have done a lot in the world with his brain and his heart and his courage, but there he is contentedly settled in that green glen of his, and greatly absorbed in sheep. Sheep! The country is run by the Sir John Banksses, and the Lewis Elliots think about sheep. It's all wrong. It's all wrong. The War wakened him up, and he was in the thick of it both in the East and in France, but never in the limelight, you understand, just doggedly doing his best in the background. If he would marry a sensible wife with some ambition, but he's about as much sentiment in him as Jock. It would take an earthquake to shake him into matrimony."

"Perhaps," said Pamela, "he is like your friend Mirren—'bye caring.'"

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Hope briskly. "He's 'bye' the fervent stage, if he ever was a prisoner in that cage of rushes, which I doubt, but there are long years before him, I hope, and if there isn't a fire of affection on the hearth, and some one always about to listen and understand, it's a dowie business when the days draw in and the nights get longer and colder, and the light departs."

"But if it's dreary for a man," said Pamela, "what of us? What of the 'left ladies,' as I heard a child describe spinsters?"

Mrs. Hope's blue eyes, callously calm, surveyed the three spinsters before her.

"You will get no pity from me," she said. "It's practically always the woman's own fault if she remains unmarried. Besides, a woman can do fine without a man. A woman has so much within herself she is a constant entertainment to herself. But men are helpless souls. Some of them are born bachelors and they do very well, but the majority are lost without a woman. And angry they would be to hear me say it! . . . Are you going, Jean?"

"Mhor's lessons," said Jean. "I'm frightfully sorry to take Pamela away."

"May I come again?" Pamela asked.

"Surely. Augusta and I will look forward to your next visit. Don't tire of Priorsford yet awhile. Stay among us and learn to love the place." Mrs. Hope smiled very kindly at her guest and Pamela, stooping down, kissed the hand that held her own.

(To be continued.)

LEMON PIE.

Mrs. Arthur Roe sends this recipe for a very fine lemon pie that is made with bread crumbs:

One cupful of sugar, 1 cupful of cold water, 1 cupful of bread crumbs, juice and rind of one lemon, 2 eggs, pinch of salt, 2 tbsp. butter.

Cover the bread with the water and leave to soak for twenty minutes. Add the egg yolks slightly beaten, juice and grated rind of lemon, melted butter, salt and sugar. Mix all thoroughly.

Line a pie pan with good pastry and pour in the filling. Bake thirty minutes in a moderately hot oven, cover with meringue made of the whites of the two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; brown lightly.

Woman's Sphere

FOR AFTERNOON TEA.

Most girls like to invite their friends to afternoon tea, especially at the close of a sultry day in midsummer, when well-iced tea, attractively served, is so refreshing. But many hesitate to do so because they think that an attractive tea service requires candies, nuts, cakes and other expensive things. Such things are not at all necessary; try serving iced tea with slices of lemon and crackers treated in some new and attractive way, and see if your friends will not ask to be allowed to come again.

To make a palatable filling for plain crackers mash hard-boiled eggs and add oil, vinegar, salt, pepper and a little onion juice. If you choose, add chopped cold meat to the egg mixture.

Crisp soda crackers covered with a savory coating of fresh butter mixed with cream cheese, crushed mint or cress leaves, mashed sardine meat or French mustard are delicious and refreshing.

Fruit filling are particularly attractive in warm weather. Chop equal amounts of candied pineapple and cherries, some blanched almonds and a small piece of candied ginger, and moisten the mixture with fresh pineapple juice or orange juice. For another fruit filling mash equal parts of raisins, candied cherries, figs, citron and nuts, and stir in a little orange marmalade.

Do not think that you need fine linen and rare china to make up an attractive tea table. The prettier your cups and saucers are the better, of course; but they need not be expensive. Use any simple, clean centrepiece that you have and set it off with a vase or bowlful of fresh flowers.

A GIRL'S PROBLEM.

My mother is dead and I keep house for father. I like to work and long to fix up the house. Father thinks it foolish and unnecessary to change anything. What shall I do? I am only Fifteen.

Just keep trying and perhaps your father will see the need of fixing up the home. Tell him that any worthwhile housewife takes pride in the appearance of her home, and that the desire to fix things up and beautify the house is natural and found in every normal girl and woman. Indeed, it is necessary to offset the monotony of doing certain things over and over again. The difference between the work done by women and men is very great. Men see the results of their work so much more, while much of a woman's work is mere routine. A room is cleaned, but does not stay clean; meals are cooked and consumed, and more cooking must be done; dishes are used, washed, put away, then brought out, used and washed again. This endless repetition of certain tasks needs the interruptions brought about by improvements, otherwise it would seem that nothing had been gained, yet the neglect of one duty shows up more vividly than the performance of a hundred duties.

Do your best to beautify your home with the means at your disposal. Cleanliness and order, a few plants, a little paint and varnish, simple curtains, and covers for tables and bureaus will show your father how sincere you are in your desires.

IN CUTTING FUR.

Often good strips of fur for trimming coat or dress or hat may be cut out of old, worn-out fur collars or muffs. In cutting these strips lay the fur face down upon the cutting board and cut the skin with a razor blade. If scissors are used, much of the hair will be jaggedly cut off and the edges of the strip will have a ragged appearance.

"AN APRON FOR THE BOY."

When "Brother" has to wipe dishes for "Sister," there is usually trouble. How he does hate to do girl's work! And should some of his chums call around and catch him draped in one of mother's long aprons, his masculine dignity is greatly offended.

A mother who realized her son's feelings in regard to such a situation made for him a black sateen apron, modeled on the style of those worn by mechanics and blacksmiths—an apron having a strap fastening in the back with a buckle, holding the skirt part smooth and secure. There were neither buttons, ties nor fulness. It was a real man's work apron. Thereafter no objections were heard at dish-washing time. Brother was no longer ashamed to meet his boy friends. It was not the work he detested; it was being compelled to "look like a girl."

The plan is well worth trying by any mother with a boy helper. The apron may be of sateen, denim, duck or waterproofed material—it does not matter of what it is made so long as it is dark in color and fashioned to suit his masculine taste.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Natural Supposition.

"Caterpillars are the most voracious of all living creatures," said a naturalist. "In a month a caterpillar will eat about 600 times its weight."

Whereupon an old lady who was somewhat deaf, interposed, "Whose boy did you say he was?"

Remember always to keep a dish of water where your dog and cat and other pets can reach it, especially in hot weather.

Clever Mother.

Julian sought information from his father as to what one calls a person who "reads heads."

"A phrenologist, my son," said dad.

"Gee!" exclaimed Julian, "then mother must be one of 'em! She felt of my head this afternoon and said right away, 'You've been swimming!'"

It is easier to go without a coat than without a friend.—Jenkins L. Jones.

Making wash day pleasant—

Just use Rinso where you used to use bar soap—for soaking, boiling, or in your washing machine.

THE hardest part of wash-day, rubbing, rubbing, rubbing, has given way to the new method of soaking the clothes clean with Rinso. This wonderful new soap gently loosens the dirt and a thorough rinsing leaves things white and glistening as you never could get them before.

Only spots where the dirt is ground-in, such as neck bands, cuff edges, and the like need a light rubbing, and a little dry Rinso rubbed on these spots quickly makes the dirt disappear.

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Save money by using SMP Enameled Ware cooking vessels. They use less fuel. To satisfy yourself try this convincing test in your kitchen. Take an SMP Enameled Sauce Pan and one of equal size made of aluminum, tin or other metal. Into each pour two quarts of cold water. Place each sauce pan over the fire. The water in the SMP Enameled Sauce Pan will be boiling merrily when the water in the other is just beginning to simmer. Save your money. Use

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Cleanses mouth and teeth and aids digestion.

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