Clear as Crystal—

The absolute purity of

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA H372

is reflected in every cup.

The most delicious GREEN TEA in the world.

JUST TRY IT

About the House

LABOR-SAVERS WHEN FEEDING HUNGRY MEN.

The telephone bell rang out its imperative jingle as Mrs. Stanley was in the midst of her usual Wednesday morning bread-mixing act. As she began to hastily rid her fingers of the dough, Julia came in from the garden with a pail of big red strawberries.

"I'll answer it, mother. I think it is Jane calling about the picnic," she sang as she hurried to the telephone. But this is what Mrs. Stanley heard:

"Hello!"

"No, this is Julia."

A minute's pause.

"Yes, Mrs. Gray, I would be very glad to help you. When do you want me to come over?"

"Yes, I have the berries all picked and will be right over."

Julia turned away from the telephone, there was a determined look in her expression.

"Mother, if Jane calls, tell her I can't go to the picnic," she said. "I am going over to help Mrs. Gray with the baby-raising."

The Stanleys had recently moved into the city and were new at the rearing game. With plans to marry a young farmer of their community in the Fall, Julia was anxious to grasp the opportunity to get some first-hand experience in leading farm help on the farm. With this in view, the picnic did not enter into consideration.

And so, armed with an apron and a frock, she was very soon in Mrs. Gray's kitchen assisting her in preparing the dinner for fifteen or more hungry men. It was all a wonderful revelation to Julia. She had lived the greater part of her nineteen summers in the city and small town, and to her the boarding-house, the dining-room, and the three or four large farm meals were enormous tasks, one greatly to be dreaded. But that afternoon as she turned home, it was with a much changed viewpoint, and she was eager to tell her mother of the new things she had learned.

She found her mother on the porch darning the bedding, and in answer to her mother's question as to what she had learned that afternoon, she sat down beside her to tell her all about it.

"Mrs. Gray is certainly a wonderful manager—housekeeper. With the three children on the farm, she gets along splendidly. She had planned a very simple but ample meal, and it seemed to appeal to every one of the hungry men. She served:

Roast Beef Mashed Potatoes
Browned Gravy
Bread and Butter String Beans
Gherkin Pickles Radishes
Fresh Cherry Pie Lemonade

"The meat she had roasted yesterday, so it had only to be re-heated. I peeled the potatoes and got them ready while she prepared the string beans. I helped to make the cherry pie, too, and now I know how to keep them from running over. Just add about one and a half or two teaspoonfuls of flour mixed with sugar, and they will never run over a bit. Mrs. Gray also added about one-quarter teaspoon of soda to the sugar for each pie, and it didn't take only about three-quarters as much sugar, and the flavor was just as good.

SWEETEN LEMONADE WITH SUGAR.

"In making the lemonade, we used half oranges and half lemons, and sweetened it with syrup instead of the dry sugar, and this helped to beat Mr. Sugar Profiteer, too. Several of the men complimented her of how good it was, and said that in warm weather they preferred it to coffee.

"It was no trouble at all for us to arrange the dinner on the table, as Mrs. Gray has one of those handy little wheel trays, or tea carts. We could put so many things on it at once and wheel it right in beside the dining-room table. It was just made of one of those old-fashioned washstands like we have up in the back bedroom, painted in white, trimmed in buff and blue. But it saves a good many steps and the drawer is used for silverware."

"I am so glad you went," interposed Mrs. Stanley. "You have gained some good experience that will help you when you and Jerry start housekeeping on the farm."

At the mention of her future, a maidenly blush crept over Julia's cheeks.

"But," she continued, "the best part of it all is that there was no extra washing to do."

SAVE ON WASHING DAY.

"I don't see how she could eliminate that," said Julia's mother, "there must at least have been a few towels."

"No, not even any towels," declared Julia. "She had purchased a roll of paper toweling and the men never complained about using them at all. She had also purchased a large paper tablecloth and napkins. When the table was cleared, all were chucked into the stove and there was no thought of extra washing on Monday!"

"I have missed you to-day, daughter, with the canning," said her mother, "but I am so glad you went, for you certainly have come home with a pocket full of experience."

LAUNDERING SUMMER DRESSES.

4387

When washing ginghams and other delicate fabrics that are apt to fade, I never apply soap directly to them. I place small pieces of bar soap or soap chips in the cheesecloth bag and then make my suds. This prevents small flakes of soap adhering to and spotting the material, and also every bit of soap is utilized.—G. S.

A DAINTY FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.

4387. This will be charming in organdy, crepe, or voile. It is also nice for linen, with the guimpe of contrasting material. The sleeve may be in wrist length with a band cuff, or in short length as illustrated.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires 3¼ yards of 45-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

The Story of Uncle Sam.

Uncle Sam is the most popular nickname in the United States.

We all know the jovial, lanky, bearded American with his peculiar top hat, his voluminous coat and striped trousers strapped under his boots. How did his name originate?

One account dates from the war of 1812, when there lived in Troy, New York, a man called Samuel Wilson, commonly referred to as Uncle Sam. His work was to inspect pork and beef bought for the Government.

Elbert Anderson, a contractor, ordered several casks to be addressed to the United States, and signed with his own initials. An employee marked the packages "E.A.—U.S.," and when asked their meaning, replied, jokingly, that obviously they referred to Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam.

The joke spread, until finally Uncle Sam was understood to stand for the United States.

The Decoy.

A clergyman, taking occasional duty for a friend in a remote country parish, was greatly scandalized on observing the old verger who had been collecting the offertory quietly abstract a fifty-cent piece before presenting the plate at the altar rail.

After service he called the old man into the vestry and told him with some emotion that his crime had been discovered.

The verger looked puzzled for a moment. Then a sudden light dawned on him.

"Why, sir, you don't mean that old half-dollar of mine? Why, I've led off with that for the last fifteen years!"

After Every Meal

A universal custom that benefits everybody.

Aids digestion, cleanses the teeth, soothes the throat.

WRIGLEY'S

a good thing to remember

Sealed in its Purity Package

His Name Was Preserved Fish

—BY RICHARD CONNELL.

PART I.

A new baby lay in the old cradle. It was very red, very small, and very noisy, and in no way strikingly different from most two-day-old babies. Its mother, from the bright brass bed its father had given her as a silver wedding present, regarded it with interest, but without excitement. New babies were no treat to her; this was her ninth.

Her name was Mrs. Fish, and her husband's name was Mr. Walter Fish, and so, by the custom of the country, the new infant in the old cradle was also named Fish.

Mr. Walter Fish, who blew glass for a living, came home presently. He bestowed an affectionate smile, nod, and grunt on his wife, as was his wont, and poked his newest son meditatively with his forefinger.

"What'll we call 'im, Lulu?" he asked of his wife.

She smiled to herself, for she knew the question to be purely a rhetorical one, requiring no answer from her. Mr. Walter Fish knew perfectly well what he wanted to call the child. She remembered the brisk debates that had attended the choice of names for the other eight. However, with every appearance of finality, she said, "We'll call him 'Douglas.'"

Mr. Walter Fish snorted.

"Douglas!" he ejaculated. "After an actor? And a picture actor, at that? My son? Never!"

His rejection of "Douglas," as he drew himself up to his full height, five feet four inches, was dramatic if not even superb.

"We will call the child," he said in the tones he employed as past grand inside guard of his lodge, 'Nathaniel.' After my great-grandfather," he explained.

"After Grandfather Nathaniel Beamish, who was arrested for stealing geese from Boston Common?" asked Mrs. Fish, with well-simulated innocence.

"No!" was Mr. Walter Fish's instant and indignant reply. "After Grandfather Nathaniel Babbitt, the undertaker and—"

"Never!" broke in Mrs. Fish.

"Embalmer," finished Mr. Fish, sternly. "Besides," he added, with a touch of persuasion, "Nathaniel is a good old Scripture name."

"But 'Douglas' is so pretty," insisted Mrs. Fish.

She was of the Romantic School, he of the Biblical. To avoid family strife, they had compromised by taking turns naming the successive Fishes. To Mrs. Fish's credit were Gwendolyn, Millicent, Dewey, and Galahad Fish. Mr. Fish was proudly responsible for Zacharias, Elihu, Dorcas, and Joshua Fish. The score was even. And now here was the ninth and, quite certainly, the last Fish. Both parents realized that the question of a name for their ultimate offspring was a ticklish one. Neither intended to give way an inch.

Gwendolyn Fish came home from her work in the telephone company and entered, spiritedly, into the debate. Gwendolyn always described herself as "a hello girl," and she wore buns and read novels; she voted for "Douglas" without hesitation, but said she preferred "Kenneth Eugene."

"More actors!" snorted Mr. Fish. "Call a son of mine 'Kenneth Eugene or 'Douglas'? What would the boys in the bottle-room think of me? I say 'Nathaniel'."

When Elihu came home from his studies at the barbers' college, where he was a sophomore, he sided with his father and voted for 'Nathaniel.'

"'Douglas' is sissy," he pronounced. "Give me a name out of the Good Book every time."

It lookekd like a deadlock in the Fish family.

After supper that night, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Dole came in from next door to inspect the infant Fish.

Mrs. Leo Dole cried: "Didum was? Isn't um 'coot? Wuzzum scared by lady?" The child was. Mrs. Dole gratuitously suggested that "Tenny-s ." would be a nice name. Mr. Leo Dole, who ran the baseball scores pool in the bottle-room, advised that the baby be called "George" after either Mr. Ruth or Mr. Kelly, both of which heroes, he pointed out, by a remarkable coincidence, bore that name. He further advised that immediate steps be taken to cause George Fish to grow up left-handed.

Cousin Ellie Tucker dropped in to say that the custom among really swell people was to give the child for a first name the mother's family name. As Mrs. Fish, before her marriage, had been Lulu McGillicuddy, the idea was dropped without serious consideration.

"Nope," said Mr. Fish to all suggestions. "Nathaniel."

"Douglas," said Mrs. Fish, from her brass bed.

An animated discussion was in progress, punctuated by small, protesting squeals from the old cradle, when the door opened briskly and a loud voice, that made them all jump, sang out, "Heave ho, me huskies!"

"Good gracious, it's Uncle P. Robinson!" cried Gwendolyn.

A fat ancient, with a wind-reddened face framed in white whiskers, so that he always looked as if he were just about to shave, rolled into the room on brief legs like furniture casters.

"An' how's the little tar this evenin'?" he roared, giving the child a prodigious dig in the ribs with a thumb the size of a cucumber. Uncle P. Robinson wore a double-breasted blue serge suit and a yachting cap. He made no attempt to conceal the fact that he was nautical; in fact, he frequently described himself as "a seagoing son of a sea-cook from binnacle to barnacle."

He carried a walrus bag, so large, so old, so wrinkled and worn that it must have been made from the primal father of all the walruses. This voluminous bag he tapped mysteriously and winked at Mr. Fish.

"I got 'em," he said.

"Got what?" asked Mr. Fish.

"If you knew, your eyes would pop out," was the cryptic answer of Uncle P. Robinson. It was, apparently, not the first time that the strange bag and its contents had been mentioned darkly, since Uncle P. Robinson had come to be a paying guest in the Fish home a month before.

"Can't pay much—now," he said at the time of his arrival. "My capital is tied up. But just you wait—" Mr. and Mrs. Fish thought it wise to take in their relative and wait. He was little trouble. He slept in a hammock, and spent all his time down at the G.A.R. Hall telling how he helped sink the "Merrimac."

"What's all this pow-wow over?" inquired Uncle P. Robinson of the Fishes and their guests.

"We're picking a name for young Nathaniel," explained Mr. Fish, with a jerk of his thumb toward the cradle.

"For little Douglas," put in Mrs. Fish.

"Ah, 'Douglas, Douglas, tender and true,'" sighed Mrs. Leo Dole.

"Babe Ruth's name is George," ventured Mr. Leo Dole from his corner.

Uncle P. Robinson scratched his frothy tangle of whiskers for a full minute, and then exclaimed:

"Well why not name the little fella for me?"

"For you?"

"Yep, for me," said the old mariner. "I ain't got any heirs, nor assigns either, whatever they are. So when I pass on to my reward on high, who will get this?"

He tapped the walrus bag. No one answered his question, so he answered it himself.

"Why," he said, "my namesake, of course."

Mr. and Mrs. Fish exchanged quick, meaningful glances.

"What is your name?" asked Mrs. Fish genially. "I never did know for sure."

"P," said the uncle solemnly, "stands for 'Preserved'."

"What?"

"Preserved," repeated the uncle. "It's a fine old name, too. Comes down from the Pilgrim Fathers of Plymouth Rock, that name does."

"It's sort of odd," mused the mother, "and sort of romantic like."

"It's a Scripture name, ain't it?" asked the father.

"You're both right," the uncle replied amiably. "It's sort of romantic and it's sort of Scripture. Why, a child with a name like that is practically sure to go straight to the Promised Land. The Lord will preserve us, you know."

"We'll think about it," said the father, eying the walrus bag. "Can I help you upstairs with that grip?"

"Oh, no," said the uncle hastily. "Don't bother. I guess this old craft can carry a cargo yet a while."

He rolled out of the room on his caster legs, puffing and wheezing beneath the weight of the bag.

When the visitors had gone, Mr. Fish turned to his wife.

"P'raps it's gold," he said.

"Or precious jewels and gems," murmured the romantic Mrs. Fish. "He was to India once."

Mr. Fish poked his head out of the room and called, "Galley! Galley! You come here to poppa."

Galahad Fish, a tow-headed little demon of seven, came.

"Galley," said his father, "you go sneak up to Uncle P. Robinson's room and peek through the keyhole and see what he's got in that big black bag. Sneak like you was an Indian, Galley."

Galahad sneaked from the room with elaborate caution.

"His eye just reaches the keyhole," remarked the father with a touch of pride.

Galahad returned shortly, visibly excited.

"What's in the bag?" his father queried in a low voice.

"Moneys," cried Galahad.

"Sssssh!" hissed the father. "Not so loud! What did you say? Money?"

"Moneys!" repeated Galahad. "Heaps an' heaps an' heaps an' heaps an' heaps—"

"For pity's sake, stop saying 'heaps.' What kind of moneys, Galley? Shiny moneys?"

"Nope, Poppa, paper moneys. Heaps an' heaps an' heaps—"

"What color?" his father interrupted, gripping his arm.

"Green an' yaller. Mostly yaller. There was heaps an' heaps an' heaps."

"Are you sure it was yaller?" The father's grip on his offspring's arm tightened.

"Ouch!" cried Galahad. "Yes, yaller. Heaps an' heaps an' heaps—"

"Galley," said Mr. Fish sternly, "you go right straight to bed, and if you say a word about peeping into your uncle's keyhole, a single little word, I'll skin you alive, that I will."

When Galahad had gone, Mr. Fish turned to his wife.

"Well, that settles that," he said with a hearty, pleasurable sigh. "We needn't fuss about a name any longer."

"No," agreed Mrs. Fish, from out a revery. "He said heaps an' heaps an' heaps, didn't he?"

And so it came about that a small, red, noisy baby was christened Preserved Fish.

(To be continued.)

Singer and Shepherd.

When Mme. Emma Calve, the great singer, is at home she lives in an ancient castle perched on a rocky mountain side in her native province of Aveyron, in the south of France. It is the castle of Cabieres, and it was built in the year 1050. A natural platform of rock juts out in front of it like the prow of a ship, and there the singer, who especially loves the ancient folk songs of her country, often stands answering the songs of the shepherds who watch their sheep on the distant uplands.

One day, however, she sang before a shepherd on the farther side of the mountain, a boy of sixteen who was guiding her with a party of guests from the chateau through the famous grotto of Dargilan, a labyrinthine succession of caverns.

We came at last, Madame Calve relates, in her recent autobiography, to a tremendous cave. Its vast, mysterious depth fascinated me. I began to sing. The boy started and turned toward me.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "How lovely! If the mistress could hear you, she would certainly give you a job. You could come every day and sing for the tourists. I am sure she would pay you much money for it."

"How much do you think she would pay me?" I asked.

"Well, now," he said judiciously, screwing up his brow and scratching his head, "it's hard to say. I think she might go as high as five francs a day. It would be good business."

"I'll think it over," I answered. "It's very kind of you to give me the tip. But don't you know me? I live over the way in Cabrieres."

"No madame; I have never been so far as that. Our church is up there on the plateau, and that is as far as I have ever traveled."

A year later I was again visiting the grotto. The boy was still there. He recognized me and came toward me, twisting his cap in his hands. "Good morning, madame," he mumbled. "I guess you had a good laugh at me last year."

"Why do you mean," I asked. "Why should I laugh at you?"

"I was told afterwards who you were," he answered. A nice kind of fool you must have thought me with my five francs a day! They tell me that in the Americas you don't have to do more than yawn to earn eight pairs of oxen!"

Risking Death for Flowers.

"Fancy that plant being worth $750!" exclaimed a visitor to the Chelsea Flower Show in London, as they paused to glance for a moment at the new orchid, Odontoglossum Crispum Solem, with its stiff, snowy petals spotted with maroon. "Fancy paying all that money for it!"

But orchids are paid for with human lives as well as with gold. Of all occupations, orchid collecting has the highest death rate.

A few years ago, eight orchid hunters, working in Madagascar, dined one evening at Tamatave. They arranged to have another reunion dinner the following year. When the appointed day arrived seven of them were dead. The eighth was in hospital. He stayed there for a year, and then sailed for Europe with permanently broken health.

That was unusually hard luck, but every orchid collector knows of many such cases. A collector, a German, who jeered at an idol in a Madagascar jungle village, was soaked in oil and burned to death.

You are always on the brink of the grave while orchid hunting, says an expert. Invariably these bizarre, quaintly contorted little blossoms lurk in the unhealthiest depths of the jungle, where fever, snakes, great cats, and ambushed savages with poisoned darts combine to wreck vengeance on the man who violates their privacy.

But orchid hunting is a man's game. We've all got to die one day, and, at all events, we see to it that we do live first. We are up against the real raw stuff of adventure, and we do not know the meaning of boredom. If today we have drawn blank, to-morrow we may find a rare Dendrobium growing in a mouldering skull, at a hill-tribe's burying ground, or another treasure or two clustering like mistletoe in a cleft at the top of a 90-ft. tree.

The Heart Blossom.

An apple, big and red and round,
No orchard monarch ever found
Surpassed in beauty, taste or smell,
This, that from perfect ripeness fell,
Midway twixt stem and blossom end
My blade I made all haste to send—
I halved it. In that apple's heart
I saw the blossom's counterpart.

A seed pod, where each petal fair
Had been, lay spread before me there,
A working model of the bloom
That once had lightened March's gloom,
Through all the fortnights that had flown
The while that fruitage fine had grown,
The blossom's image had remained
To that great apple's heart enchained.

Deep down within each human heart
Lives our Creator's counterpart!
The God thought out of which we came
Still lingers, ever more the same.

—Stickland Gillilan.

The new British Premier, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, is a first cousin of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's. Mr. Kipling's mother was a sister of Mr. Baldwin's mother.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' CANADIAN HOME

The ranch in Alberta, purchased by the Prince upon his first visit to the Dominion, and where he will spend a real holiday in the autumn. The ranch has been stocked with prize cattle from the Prince's English estates.

Lifebuoy may be safely used on the tenderest skin.

It is wonderfully cleansing for little hands, faces, and bodies.

It leaves a delightful freshness and softness.

Lifebuoy babies have beautiful healthy skins.

H61

STORIES OF WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE

No Wasted Words.

Dr. Abernethy, the famous surgeon, was a man of few words, but he once met his match in a woman. She called at his surgery in Edinburgh and showed him a hand badly inflamed and swollen. The following dialogue, opened by the doctor, took place:

"Burn?"

"Bruise."

"Poultice."

The next day the woman called again, and the dialogue was as follows:

"Better?"

"Worse."

"More poultice."

Two days later the woman made another call, and this conversation occurred:

"Better?"

"Well, Fee?"

"Nothing," exclaimed the doctor. "Most sensible woman I ever met."

Famous Baldwins.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin being a new name to British politics. It is a remarkable fact that we have to go back more than eight hundred years to find a bearer of the name who rose to greatness.

The last Baldwin "boom" was in the twelfth century, an epoch when to live was to fight, when even priests wore armor beneath their vestments.

Such a man was Archbishop Baldwin, who stumped England with the wily Giroldus, preaching the Crusade. It was he who crowned Coeur de Lion in 1189, and finally buckled on his own armor and himself set sail for the Holy Land.

No fewer than five Baldwins were kings of Jerusalem between 1098 and 1153—an interesting reflection in view of the fact that the new Premier may be called upon to deal with the evacuation of British troops from Palestine!

History has no use for Baldwins for the next six centuries. Presumably they had been emigrating, for they next pop up across the Atlantic—this time in the role of statesmen.

Abraham Baldwin, born in 1754, was a leading figure in the American Senate early in the last century, and a few years later the name Baldwin was revered as a statesman who helped about a bringing between the English.

Matthew Baldwin was the inventor who made improvements in the locomotive half a century ago. Mark Baldwin is a photographer at Toronto.

So far as the record, the new Prime Minister has a monopoly in fame.

England to Feed Millions of Fish in North Sea.

The Dogger Bank is announces the beginning in its ancient bleakness for sunnier fields. North Sea fishing, disturbed by the bombardments explosions of the fishing catches have reached trawlers. To feed eighty million people on the fish, which constitutional fish-breed is best.

A system of [illegible] for the Dogger Bank all English river fishing with "No Fishing" boards posted around [illegible] miles long off the coasts. Steam trawlers vessels of more than [illegible] will not be allowed.

Stamping Imitation Leather.

To make imitation leather much like real leather the surface is stamped from impressed hides. It appears that in making the pattern by electrotyping, the mould on the hide and pore of the hide are stripped off in sheets or cylindrical [illegible].

Do you have a goal in mind, your eye on it, and make the necessary plans and equipment and steps for reaching that goal?

Do you plan your work day by day, and then live up to it?

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