Always Uniform in Quality

Delicious

"SALADA"

TEA

H 814

HAS THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PACKET TEA IN NORTH AMERICA.

About the House

COOL DRINKS FOR HOT WEATHER.

Fruit juices make excellent drinks. Orange and pineapple juices added to a rich lemondade improve it for many people.

Currant jelly dissolved in either hot or cold water makes a refreshing drink. So do many other jellies. Chilled blackberry or raspberry juice diluted to taste and served with or without a slice of lemon touches the spot.

Fruit punch is made by adding to lemonade small pieces of sliced pineapple, orange, muskmelon, cherries and a sprig of mint leaves. Use the lemon-squeezer on oranges, just as on lemons, and pour the juice on finely crushed, artificial ice. This is an especially healthful drink; but, like other iced drinks, should be swallowed slowly.

Milk drinks that appeal to old and young alike can be made in the home. Use about two tablespoonfuls of fruit syrup with three-quarters of a glass of milk. Sugar may be added to taste, but is generally unnecessary, since the syrup usually gives the sweetness. Add the milk to the flavoring rather than the flavoring to the milk. A small amount of water is an addition to these drinks. All mixtures should be well shaken or whipped. A fruit-jar makes a good device for shaking. A little nutmeg or cinnamon sprinkled over the top of any of these drinks makes them even more appetizing.

Macaroon milk is made by sifting crushed macaroons over the top of the milk. Vanilla, root beer, maple, chocolate, strawberry, pineapple, grape, orange, raspberry or cherry syrup may be used for flavoring. To make milk juleps, add two-thirds of a glassful of milk to about two tablespoonfuls of syrup, then break an egg into the glass, shake thoroughly and add charged water, if available. Use a whole egg with cherry, root beer, chocolate, strawberry or pineapple syrup.

Milk contains the things that the body needs in better proportions than any other food. It is especially essential for its vitamine content. The child who will not drink a glass of milk must be won over by making the preparation more attractive.

The milk drinks may be served either hot or cold. If served hot chocolate flavor may be used. When served cold the addition of a small piece of ice will give an additional attractiveness.

SUCCULENT SUMMER SALADS.

Will it please the man of the house?" is always the question in our mind when we make a new salad. And it is sometimes with quaking breath and wabbly knees that we serve a new combination in the form of a salad to the table for fear the masculine portion of the household will push it back unfinished.

But the most recent lesson that science has taught us in relation to the things we eat is that green vegetable salads contain vitamines that much-needed portion in our food that goes to build up better digestion and bodily nutrition. These vitamines are what occasions the farmer to grab the milk pail in the morning and step off with a lively gait toward the barn with energy enough to plow a ten-acre field instead of lagging wearily along and half-dreading the numerous tasks of the new-born day.

Here are some new salads using just the things your garden supplies you with right now.

Indian Salad—Allow one-half cucumber to each person to be served, peel them and chill in cold water. Halve and with a sharp knife remove centre, leaving a shell in the form of a canoe, with a wall about an eighth of an inch thick. Chop the portion of cucumber removed and add half the quantity of chopped onion, the same of chopped celery and season. Place the boat-shaped cucumber on a lettuce leaf on salad plates and fill with the mix ure. Baste carefully with French dressing and dust with grated hard-boiled yolks of eggs.

Tomatoes en Surprise—Wash and remove seeds from one green pepper and chop. Peel one green cucumber and let stand in cold water. Scald and peel six large tomatoes. Remove the seeds and hard core. Chop the cucumber, add it to the green pepper, add one chopped onion. Season and fill the tomato cups with this mixture. Finish with a dip of mayonnaise.

Chiffonade Salad—With one cup of diced celery mix one cup of diced beets, and one cup of shredded boiled cauliflower. Season and place on a lettuce leaf and baste with French salad dressing or thin mayonnaise.

Green Pea Salad—With one and a half cups of green peas mix one-half cup of diced carrot. Add two tablespoons of chopped onion and one tablespoonful of chopped green pepper. Add enough mayonnaise to hold the mixture together and press firmly into a cup and chill. Serve on a lettuce leaf, and if carefully removed from the cup will stand in a pyramid.

LEND A HELPING HAND.

Being one of the busy farmers' wives with plenty of city cousins, and some to spare, I narrate some of our experiences and remedy. Some few years since, when only a young housewife, our numerous city relatives would begin to pour in about the middle of June and keep coming until late fall. Of course, I wanted to show them I could cook and serve as good a meal as any of them, not sparing time or expense, and how they enjoyed those meals. But after a few years I realized my mistake.

By degrees I left out some of the dainties and with work finished joined the cousins under the trees or on many of the pleasure trips they planned. When they came down after breakfast had been served to our family, they were invited to prepare their own meal. A young baby, milk separator, chickens, and numerous other tasks occupied my full attention. I used them well but made no extra fuss and if they could not eat what we did they went hungry, but that seldom happened by the appetites displayed. I have been complimented on my cooking and efficient manner of managing my household duties and caring for eight healthy, hearty youngsters.

If there are extra tasks my city relatives readily consent to lend their assistance, which is thankfully received. My husband laughingly, but meaningly, remarks the first day they are visitors. After that they are handed the milk pail or are invited to accompany him to the fields, as he has no time to stop to visit.

All that one needs in dealing with thoughtless city cousins is the following of the golden rule, for it works both ways. If you don't believe it, just pack the whole family into the Ford and drop in to see them unexpectedly and hear the holler, "why didn't you write us so we could have been prepared?"—Mrs. F. M. P.

A COMFORTABLE PLAY GARMENT FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

4437

4437. This model has a very practical closing, and is cut so as to afford freedom and comfort to the little wearer. Crepe, linen or chambrey would be nice for this style. It may be finished with or without the long sleeves.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3-year size requires 1¾ yards of 36-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.

What Stopped Them?

"Why these crabs are not moving. I wouldn't dare buy one of them."

"Lady, I'll swear exery one of 'em was moving jes before you looked at 'em."

Lumber is Doubling.

In the past 10 years the production of lumber and forest products in British Columbia has doubled. In another 10 years it will probably have doubled again. This is a natural consequence of the depletion of other forests. The Lake States are largely cut out, the south has reached the height of its productivity. Therefore the centre of production has shifted to the Pacific Coast.

None are so dead as those who are killed with kindness.

OUR NEW SERIAL

This story of English society life has never before been published in Canada. The mystery of "The Hidden Hour" will hold the reader's interest to the final paragraph.

The Hidden Hour

BY J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND

CHAPTER I.

Sir Alexander Bradney did not encourage conversation at breakfast. Not that he was at all the sort of man to prop up a newspaper in front of him. Save for a glance at the Cause List he rarely looked at the papers until the evening. On the way to his chambers in his car he would sometimes read the Law Reports, but more often he would keep his mind fixed on the work of the day.

A successful man, Sir Alexander Bradney—successful in a profession where it is hard for a man to earn his living until he has labored for many years—a profession wherein success itself means redoubled toil—a life almost of slavery, Alexander Bradney used to say that he worked even in his sleep.

A man often looks his best at the breakfast table. There is a freshness about him—a clean smartness that wears off later on in the day. But Sir Alexander was not one of those men. He certainly looked healthy enough, and there was no fault to be found with his clothes, but there was little life in him.

Ruth Bradney, sitting opposite to him at the table on this December morning, remembered the days—scarcely four years ago—when he had been hearty and jolly, and, as he called it, "full of beans." He had whistled as he had run down the stairs, had opened his letters and commented on them, had joked with her about some trifle, had looked at her with love in his eyes. But those were the days of their early married life—days before the great Barham Case in which he had suddenly made his name and laid the foundation of his great fortune. Up to that time he had merely been an energetic junior who was regarded as likely to do something great some day. He had been earning a steady three thousand a year. Now he could earn ten times that amount if he worked hard enough. But his small grey eyes were tired in the early morning, and his massive face, which would have been ugly if it had not been for the strength of it, was heavy and solemn.

He liked to eat his breakfast in silence, or what he called silence. This meant that he was to speak when he wanted to, and that Ruth, his wife, was to answer him. But there was to be no chattering on her part—about trivial matters.

It was queer that Ruth was not in the least afraid of him in those days. She was conscious of her own rectitude, of the five years in which she had been a very good wife. She had sold herself to him. There was no getting over that. She had married a man whom she had not loved. At the time of the marriage there had seemed nothing horrible about that. She had not been in love with any one else; she had been very poor, and she had had ambitions. Alexander Bradney, a rising barrister, had fallen violently in love with her. She had liked him—had admired his strength of purpose and his honest straightforward character. She had not been in love with him, but she had told herself that in time she would be in love with him.

That was how, as a girl of twenty, she had looked at the marriage five years ago. Disillusionment had come at the end of the second year. She found that she had married a hard, brilliant man who really cared for nothing but success in his profession. His fierce passion had died away, and now it seemed to her that it had only been an incident in his life. The incident was over, and he was his normal self again—the Alexander Bradney she had *not* known at the time she had married him.

"My ambitions have been satisfied," she thought as she poured him out a second cup of tea and handed it across to him with a smile. "I have made my own bed and I must lie on it. I have only myself to blame."

She was quite clear on that point. If she could only have learnt to love him when he had been so passionately fond of her no doubt his love would have lasted. She had married him for his money; and he had given her more than she had ever hoped to possess. Already, at the age of forty, Alexander Bradney was a knight and a K.C. and a member of Parliament. There was no knowing to what heights such a man might climb. And even now she had almost everything she chose to ask for. A fine house, and expensive clothes, and many servants, and costly jewels, and a place in the country, and innumerable friends and acquaintances.

"How long can I stand it?" she thought as she glanced at him across the breakfast table. And she shuddered when she realized that she might not be able to stand it very much longer—that one day there might be a scene—probably at breakfast—a moment when she would rise to her feet and cry out, "For God's sake, let me go, Alec. You don't want me, and there is someone in the world who *does* want me."

She could imagine his reply, in that cold, quiet voice of his. "My dear Ruth," he would say, "your nerves are all to pieces. We'll go away for the week-end—to some quiet, jolly little place by the sea." And as she imagined this answer she laughed out loud, and Sir Alexander looked up from his omelette with a pleasant smile and a look of interrogation in his small grey eyes.

"I was thinking of my portrait," she said hurriedly. "Merrington sent it up last night. I had it put in the library, with a sheet over it. Did you look at it?"

"No, I'm afraid I didn't, Ruth. I did not come in until after four o'clock. The House was sitting very late."

He went on with his breakfast, and when he had finished he lit a cigarette.

"I'll have a look at it now," he said, as though there had been no interval in the conversation. "I only hope it's worth the money."

He held open the door for her. They crossed the hall and entered the library—a long room that ran the whole depth of the house. The picture had been placed on a high-backed sofa that faced the light. The white sheet that covered it seemed like a ghost in the sombre and stately apartment. Sir Alexander whipped off the covering, stepped back a couple of paces, and was silent. He gazed fixedly at the white, beautiful face—at the glossy hair, dark as a raven's wing—at the curiously expressive grey eyes.

"Well?" queried Ruth.

"It's a daub," he said. "The fellow doesn't even know how to get a likeness. It's an abominable piece of work. I won't take it."

And when Ruth meekly asked what was the matter with the portrait her husband replied: "It's not *you*. That's all. You look like some love-sick girl—or—well, something. I won't even name. He's made a bad woman of you."

"Very likely I am a bad woman," she retorted, "but it's a fine picture."

Sir Alexander stared at the portrait with fury in his little grey eyes.

"I never have married *that* woman!" he said, and, picking up a sharp paper-knife from the writing-table, he slashed the canvas across from corner to corner, and slashed it again and again, until it hung in ribbons.

"That's what I think of it," he said ferociously. "It can be sent back to him and he can't show it to his friends and laugh and say, 'That's the real Lady Bradney, but I had to paint her as her fool of a husband sees her.'"

Ruth did not say a word. She turned her back on the picture and walked to the window. Her face was very pale, and it seemed to her as though something very definite had happened to her—that she had reached some crisis in her life. And, to understand this, you must remember that these two had never had a serious quarrel since they had been married, and that her husband, grim and solemn and restrained, had never really lost his temper. This was an amazing outbreak on his part, and could not, so she thought, have possibly been caused by his dislike of her portrait. It was almost as if he had been holding himself in for months and months, and that all his pent-up fury had at last broken down his self-control.

The door closed with a crash, and Ruth, hands clenched, lips tightly pressed together, stared out of the window.

"He will hate me for this," she thought. "He will never forgive me for having seen him like this—never."

She went up to the portrait, gazed at the wreck of it for a few seconds, and then covered it up with the sheet that had formed part of the packing. "A winding sheet," she said to herself with a smile. And at that moment she was curiously aware of John Merrington. It was as if he were standing there with his eyes fixed on the portrait that had meant so much to him. Tremendous labor and exquisite skill had gone to the making of that picture.

Ruth Bradney locked the door. Her husband had laid a ridiculous and specific charge against the portrait. She set to work to put the shreds of the gummed paper on the back. She worked carefully and neatly, and half an hour later, when she had completed her task, she stepped back a few paces and gazed intently at the face. The knife had spared the eyes and the mouth.

What was it that had so infuriated her husband? He had said that it was the face of a bad woman. But that was not true. And her husband was no fool when it came to the reading of faces. It was part of his profession.

"He told me a lie," she thought.

And then suddenly she understood, and the color rushed into her white face, and all her anger dissolved like a mist scattered by a clean, strong wind.

"It is the face of a woman who is thinking of love," she said to herself, "of a woman—who is—in love."

She was face to face with the truth at last. She was in love with John Merrington.

(To be continued.)

Manifestations.

Lord, who walked upon the sea,
Is it you who pass
Softly in the grass
When a little wind blows over,
Scarcely bending down the clover?

Is this robe of blooming yours
Spread across the field,
That its hem has healed
Suddenly my bitter heart
With a virtue passing art?

And the high far touch of hills
On my narrow sight
Shedding visioned light—
Is it your hand healing me
As the blind of Galilee?

—Hilda Morris.

Partners.

"My father and I know everything in the world," said a small boy to his companion.

"All right," said the latter. "Where is Asia?"

It was a stiff question, but the little fellow answered, coolly: "That is one of the questions my father knows."

Cleopatra was born 69 B.C., and at the age of 39 committed suicide.

Sunshine All the Year.

London has had but a very small amount of sunshine this summer so far. To South Africans in this country the dull, cold, sunless days have been very depressing. In the part of the world where I live the average number of days per annum without sunshine is three, says a writer in the London Daily Mail.

Three hundred and sixty-two days of sunshine in a year. Those are the official figures taken over a period of ten years.

On my farm, I have often known one whole week to pass without once seeing a cloud.

From the moment that the rim of the red sun comes up over the distant hills to the moment when one sees in a flaming sky, there has not been one second without sunlight, not half a second of shade or shadow.

Dwellers in the Dominions are as a rule a cheerful people, and I am sure that their happy temperament is in great measure due to the sunshine in which they live.

Eucalyptus trees have grown on my farm thirty feet in four years, and even pine trees and pines are notoriously slow-growing have attained a height of ten feet in five years. And they were only six inches high when they were planted out.

Here are a few instances of the brightness and dryness of the sunshine in my part of the world:

If I lay a sheet of, say, ten shillings' worth of stamps and put them on my writing table, they curl up in less than half an hour to the diameter of an ordinary walking stick.

The house linen and the week's soiled clothes are taken to the washing stream every Monday morning at 9 o'clock. At 1 o'clock everything is quite dry.

When I am writing with a pen, the ink on the line that I have just written is almost entirely dry by the time I have finished the next line.

I never wear a coat on the farm, and the upper part of my body has the distinct imprint of my shirt upon it. That is to say, where the fabric is double—where the buttons are, and the part below the back of the neck—the skin is white and the rest brown.

"Skyrocketing" the Price of Chairs.

Everyone knows how exorbitant the prices of genuine antique furniture frequently are. The purchasers are generally rich and don't often dispute the price, and the supply is rarely equal to the demand. In a recent court case, says London Opinion, a witness who was a furniture dealer testified as follows:

"In October, 1920, I went to Sudbury Hall, Lord Vernon's place in Derbyshire, to bring to town ten Chippendale chairs and two settees that we had bought. In a few days we sold them to Messrs. Dighton."

"What did you pay for them?" asked the examining lawyer.

"About six hundred pounds."

"How long was it before you sold them to Messrs. Dighton?"

"About six weeks."

"For how much?"

"One thousand four hundred pounds."

"And then they were sold to Mr. Shrager for three thousand pounds! What do you suppose Lord Vernon would think of that—a profit of two thousand four hundred pounds the dealers made out of his chairs in a few weeks?"

What indeed!

Does It Pay?

Playgrounds cost money. But they will never cost less than they do now and the sooner they are secured the cheaper they will be. And being without playgrounds costs money too. There is the daily motor fatality, the cost of hospitals, and of police courts and prisons and reformatories. Statistics show a lessening of juvenile convictions within the half-mile radius of supervised playgrounds. An policeman with experience before, and after a playground was started will testify to this. The child denied a playground resorts to lawlessness. Yes, it pays in more ways than one to provide numerous small playgrounds in every town and city.

Quite True.

At the close of his talk before a Sunday-school the bishop invited questions.

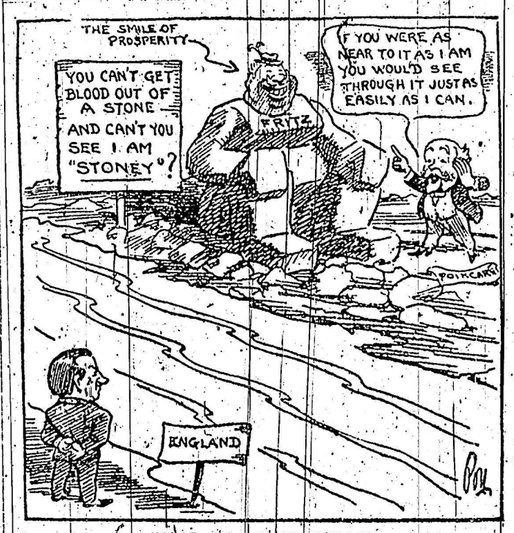
A tiny boy held up his hand.

"Please, sir," he said, "why was Adam never a baby?"

The bishop coughed in doubt as to what answer to give, but a little girl, the oldest of several brothers and sisters, came to his aid.

"Please, sir," she answered, smartly, "there was nobody to nurse him."

Don't keep flowers in the sick room after they begin to fade.



FALSE, ON THE FACE OF IT.

Fritz's make up.—From the Sunday Chronicle.

An Innocent Spy.

In time of war it is easy to suspect every stranger who has the aspect of a foreigner of being a spy. A large part of the work of the intelligence department consists in running down false scents. Sir Basil Thomson, late director of the Special Branch at Scotland Yard, tells in his book, Queer People, some amusing stories to illustrate that truth.

On one occasion a stolid couple came down to denounce a waiter in one of the large hotels and brought documentary evidence with them. It was a menu with a rough sketch plan in pencil made on the back. They believed it to be a plan of Kensington Gardens with the palace buildings roughly delineated by an oblong figure. They had seen the waiter in the act of drawing the plan of an unoccupied table.

I sent for him and found before me a prince little Swiss with his hair cut so that it looked like a brush. He was a confectioner, he gave me a frank account of all his movements, and when I produced the plan he waved it a moment and then burst out laughing.

"So this is where my plan went! Yes, monsieur, I made it, and then I lost it. You see, I am new to the hotel, and in order to satisfy the head waiter I made for myself precisely a plan of the tables, and marked a cross against those I had to look after."

Music is Organized Sound.

With regard to performing and hearing music, the multiplication of instruments like the player piano and the talking machine, added to the large number of persons who are able to play the piano, the organ, the violin and other stringed instruments, all have smoothed the way to the understanding and appreciation of music.

It is by no means true that music is appreciated when it is understood, nor is it necessarily understood when it is appreciated. A long experience in teaching musical appreciation to classes has convinced me of the well-known authority of the two statements. (1) An understanding of music without any real love for it, without feeling its worth, will never smother. (2) A love of music, with a belief in its great value, with no knowledge of its structure, and any exact knowledge how it is of what it is composed, will possess or critically help to distinguish between the false and the true, able to say only that "I know what I like."

To know what music is made of, to approach it as organized sound, to realize that it has structure, to know that it is subject to the same great laws of growth as the other arts, to recognize it not because it helps one to make pictures, or for any other reason, but because it has value in and of itself, this is to understand music. Quite apart from what many people are pleased to term its message, beyond any emotional enjoyment experienced in hearing it, music exists as organized sound, and lasting and profound appreciation of music come to one the more profoundly that truth is apprehended.

Pennies as Pledges.

In its original form the penny was not a coin, but a token or pledge. Its derivation comes from the same source as that from which we get the word "pawn," and also such words as "panel," "pane," "counterpane," and "panicle."

The readiest pledge to leave in pawn was cloth, hence the Latin "panna," a piece of cloth. The original panel was a piece of cloth, or patch, and from this we get the word "pane" as applied to a pane of glass, and also the word "penny." Its literal meaning being a pledge or token, and hence a coin. Originally the word was spelt "peny."

The word shilling really means a division of money into small parts, and is obtained from a word meaning "to divide." Thus, in the first place, it was not a coin, but an indication of money having been made up in small form.

Sterling, as applied to money, is derived from the Hanseatic League, which had an important house in England. As their land lay to the east of England," Englishmen called them "Easterlings," and the gold they paid in the course of trade became known as "Easterling money." Subsequently the expression became sterling.

The Mower Sang.

The mower rasp'd his scythe by whet-stone,
And wheeling it he sang
Till to the merry tune and lilt he
The stretching hay fields rang.

The sweat ran down his sunburnt face,
But deep his breath and slow,
A wind made ripples in the grass
Where still he had to mow.

The whet-stone rasped along the swath,
While it hummed beneath the stroke,
The knife that had laid low the swath
In ringing triumph spoke.

What words were coupled to the tune
He sang amid the hay?
It may have been a wordless rune
The mower sang that day.

But fully did I understand
The song that then I heard,
As though each note the mower spanned
Was wedded to a word.

And as he sang my dull heart sang
And lifted to the blue,
While all the stretching hayfield rang
And all my spirit, too.

—Maurice Morris.

Must Give to Receive.

If a farmer desires a bountiful harvest he will not be stingy with his seed planting, and it is equally true that he who would have friends must give generously of himself. In the moral world if we desire happiness we must "scatter seeds of kindness for the reaping by and bye."

"For the heart grows rich in giving
All its wealth is living grain,
Seeds that mildew in the garner—
Scattered, fills with gold the plain."

There are about 45 species of tulips.

WRIGLE'S

Take it home to the kids

Have a packet in your pocket for an ever-ready treat.

A delicious confection and an aid to the teeth, appetite, digestion.

After Every Meal

Sealed in its Purity Package

Transmontane Highway Successfully Opened

The official opening of the Banff-Windermere highway took place at Kootenay Crossing, Banff, on Saturday, June 26, 1922. It was a perfect weather for the occasion, and the event was attended by a large number of spectators, among whom were many prominent citizens of Canada and the United States. Following this the party proceeded to Lake Louise and after lunch there motored to Field, where a program of speeches was given. Among those who spoke were Premier Stewart of Canada and Premier Greenfield of Alberta, who officially declared the highway open. As the automobiles moved off to the west and east they were cheered by the crowds who had gathered to see them pass. Among those who spoke were Hon. Dr. J. Kane, Minister of Public Works, a man of progressive ideas and who stressed the excellence of the road and its value in strengthening the ties of international friendship. Premier Greenfield of Alberta and Premier Stewart of British Columbia, Mr. J. [illegible] representing the Department of the Interior of the United States, Mr. Harvey M. Toy, representing the Governor of California, Premier Greenfield of Alberta, Premier Oliver of British Columbia and H. D. C. Chapman, Vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Where Hurt Is Most.

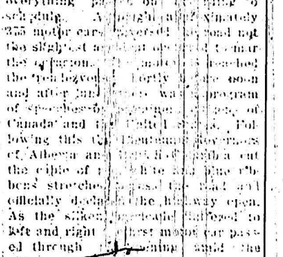
Drawing [illegible] is said to be the extreme of human pain. Perhaps one of the branching centres [illegible] such agony as no human being could stand for more than two seconds at a time.

It is a curious fact that while deep and [illegible] cause only a slight surface injury is extremely painful. A [illegible] quick of the finger cause [illegible] quisite agony.

The tips [illegible] of the tongue [illegible] portions of the human frame. The cornea of the eye is extremely sensitive. Most of us know the misery caused by getting a speck of dust or something [illegible] under the eyelid.

A burn on the hand is much more painful than one on the back. The hand is a mass of nerves and a pain shot through the palm of the hand will usually [illegible] as a tapestry as if shot through the body.

Of all [illegible] the three which cause most pain are toothache, earache, and neuralgia of the fifth nerve. The latter has been known to drive the sufferer quite mad for the time being.



Queer.

Bird: "That's a rum egg all right, but what a funny looking thing!"

Peter's Peeve.

Little Peter was of an inquiring turn of mind.

"Daddy," he asked one day, "is to-day to-morrow?"

"No, my son, of course it isn't to-morrow," was the reply.

"But you said it was," murmured Peter.

"When did I say to-day was to-morrow?" asked father.

"Yesterday," answered Peter.

"Well, it was. To-day was to-morrow yesterday, but to-day is to-day, just as yesterday was to-day yesterday but is yesterday to-day, and to-morrow will be to-day to-morrow, which makes to-day yesterday and to-morrow all at once. Now run along and play."

The world applauds the woman who forgives an erring husband, but it gives a man the laugh who forgives an erring wife.