Until You Try "SALADA"

H457

GREEN TEA

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The Hidden Hour

BY J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND

CHAPTER IV.

It was not until Ruth was in the train that she was able to take stock of certain trivial details which might be of importance after her return to the house in Kensington Palace gardens. For instance, one cannot be pitched out of a motor car into a hedge without showing some outward signs of the accident. Fortunately her hand, covered in thick fur-lined gloves, had escaped without so much as a scratch. Her fur coat had protected her clothes from injury, but the coat itself had been torn, and there was a rent quite eight inches in length on the left sleeve. She had shielded her face with this arm, but some twig had passed her guard and made a small mark on her forehead. It was neither a scratch nor a bruise, but just an abrasion of the skin, about an inch in length and a sixteenth of an inch wide. Ruth, who had a compartment to herself, examined it in the little mirror she carried in her bag, and came to the conclusion that it would not be very difficult to account for so small a wound, if indeed it could be called a wound at all.

Then one of her stockings was torn, and her hat, a small close-fitting toque she had selected for the occasion, had suffered severely. She took it from her head and examined it carefully. She had taken it off before at Trehorn's house in order to tidy her hair, but until now she had not realized the extent of the damage. The framework was bent and twisted, the velvet torn, and two out of the four red feathers were missing. The remaining two were crumpled and broken. She pulled them out and flung them through the open window. Then the train began to slow down, and she hurriedly put the toque on her head again.

The train stopped at some small station, and a footman opened the door of the carriage. A tall graceful woman in furs entered the compartment and seated herself, in the true English fashion, as far away from Ruth as possible. The door closed, the footman raised his hand to his powdered cap, and the train moved on.

Ruth, no longer able to examine her own personal appearance, turned her thoughts to other matters of importance. She had her trunk with her—that new trunk, in which every article was new, and unmarked with her name. She would, of course, have to leave it in the cloak-room at Charing Cross and there it would remain, unclaimed, until the railway company sold it. All that was easy enough, but there were other dangers. Dr. Trehorn had himself put the trunk into the car, but the servants would, of course, notice that it had disappeared. Ruth was just a little afraid of the kind-hearted young doctor. He would not give her away, but he could not be expected to think of everything.

"Oh, what a coward I am," she said to herself. Yes, there was no doubt about that. She *was* a coward, and had been so from the very first. The fear that had prompted her to "cover up her tracks" had culminated in this supreme act of cowardice—her return to London as though nothing at all had happened. She ought to have stayed with the man she loved. She ought to show fight instead of running away. She ought to have defied her husband and have defied Paula.

Oh, no, all that was ridiculous. She had done the only possible thing. John Merrington's loss of memory had tied her hands. What could she have done when John Merrington was asking for Paula, when John Merrington did not even remember the face of the woman for whom he had forsaken his wife?

"Wouldn't you like something to read?" said a clear, quiet voice.

Ruth started as though she had been half asleep.

"Oh, thanks most awfully," she replied. "It's very good of you."

The stranger held out two papers, and Ruth took the larger of the two. It would form a barricade behind which she could hide her face and even part of her hat. She had felt very defenceless up to then.

"Thanks so much," said Ruth. "It's a long, slow journey."

Ruth was glad that the stranger had no desire to talk. She held the paper at such an angle that she could pretend to read it and look at the pictures and yet in such a position that it concealed her face.

Her thoughts went swiftly back to her own affairs again, and there was no further interruption for twenty minutes. From time to time she turned over a page, but her eyes saw neither pictures nor letterpress. In fact, she was so occupied with the difficulties that seemed to be so thick about her path in the future that she did not notice that the train had stopped at a station near London until the door of the carriage opened and a man's voice said, "Hullo, Lady Anne—never expected to find you here."

Ruth, forced to move her legs to allow the man to pass her, looked up at him, and saw that he was young and well dressed. He had a light-brown mustache and rather a jolly face. She quickly hid him from view with her paper. Like the woman, he was an entire stranger to her. She had never seen him before, and it was hardly likely that she would ever see him again.

The silence of the journey was broken at last, and the two friends chattered about people and places that Ruth had never heard of. The man's name appeared to be "Bob" and the woman was "Lady Anne." That was all that Ruth was likely to ever know of them. But she could no longer think about herself. Her train of thought had been broken.

And then, after a few minutes of small talk, the young man said, "When is the great case coming on?" And the woman, after a pause, replied, "In about three weeks' time, I believe. We've got Sir Alexander, you know."

"Oh, have you—that's good," said the young man. "Bradney's the chap to have. Ever met him?"

"No, but I shall do so, I suppose. Of course, I've seen his portrait in the picture papers."

"Not much to look at, is he?" laughed the young man. "One of your strong, silent men, I should think—I mean silent when he isn't paid to talk. I know a chap who knows him very well indeed and this fellow told me that Sir Alexander hasn't very long to live."

"Oh, they say that of so many people," laughed Lady Anne. "Well, anyhow, he'll last for a few weeks, I suppose—until my case is over."

"Working himself to death," the young man continued. "Well, here we are—when shall I see you again?"

"You must come and dine with us on Thursday—eight o'clock. Don't worry about my bag. Arthur is meeting the train."

Ruth, white-faced and trembling, held out the paper, and said, "Thank you so very much." Lady Anne smiled, said "Good-night" in a voice that in no way resembled the voice which had been chatting to "Bob," and left the carriage. Ruth did not move. She stared blankly at the crowd on the platform until a porter thrust his head into the carriage and said, "Shall I get you a cab, ma'am?"

"Thank you," she replied, "I have a trunk in the van. Please take it to the cloakroom"; and she followed him, walking very slowly.

"Alec ill?" she kept saying to herself. "Alec—so near to death? It is not true. It is a lie."

A few minutes later she sank back on the cushions of the cab, told the porter the address, gave him sixpence, and then, as the cab moved out of the station, she laughed. Her husband had never had a day's illness since they had been married. He was always boasting of his health and strength.

The idle chatter of two strangers, neither of whom knew her husband!

When she reached her house she paid the cabman, and, opening the front door with her latchkey, stepped into the hall, where a single lamp had been left burning. It was a noble hall with palm trees and marble pillars and a floor of black and white squares like a chess board. Ruth walked to the foot of the wide marble stairs, and then she paused, as the door of the library opened and a flood of brilliant light poured into the hall. Against the light was silhouetted the sturdy form and massive head of Alexander Bradney.

"Oh, you're home, are you?" he said quietly. "Just come in here a minute before you go up to bed."

Ruth Bradney did not hesitate for one moment. She could not possibly face her husband in the full light until she had removed her coat and hat. It seemed, at the moment, better for her to arouse his suspicion by flight. But she did not run up the stairs as though she wanted to escape from him. She walked slowly as though she were quite indifferent to his requests or commands.

"Did you hear me, Ruth?" he queried, raising his voice just a very little.

"Oh, yes, I heard you, Alec," she replied, "but I'd rather take off my things first. I'll be down in a minute or two."

He made no reply, but when she reached the landing she looked back and saw him still standing in the doorway. She wondered how long he had been home—whether it was possible that he had returned for dinner, and had then gone to the theatre to find her. No, of course that was absurd. She had not told anyone which play she was going to see. But she had bought a ticket all the same—a ticket for the Frivolity, where they were playing "A Month of Roses." She had left nothing to chance.

The drawing-rooms and her own boudoir occupied the whole of the first floor of the mansion, and she had to climb yet another flight before she reached her bedroom. She switched on all the lights and locked the door behind her. Here, at any rate, she was safe. She panted for breath, as though she had run hard to escape her pursuers.

(To be continued.)

Lb64

About the House

WHAT I TEACH MY CHILDREN AT HOME.

By being with his father the most of the time when not in school, our son learned by observation something of the different kinds of work done on the farm. Many times his father showed him just how a thing was done and explained why. In this way he learned much that has been a help to him in school, even in high school. Often points have come in the nature study and the sciences that have been review rather than new material.

When we got our first "flivver," the boy was with his father when he learned to drive and also when repairs had to be made. When he was old enough to have a driver's license, he knew how to drive, and also a good deal about caring for a machine.

We live a few miles from a small city where we do our marketing; when it was convenient, son accompanied his father and became acquainted at the stores. When he was quite young he occasionally made the trip alone, and we never had any reason to think any grocer ever took an unfair advantage of him because he was just a boy.

Last year he took sole charge of selling the berries—a crop that brought several hundred dollars. He was very successful in this.

Two years ago we were quarantined by diphtheria, and the boy had to do all the kitchen work. He also took care of a little six-year-old cousin. This was work for which he was wholly untrained, but he got along fine, and the food prepared for the patient and his father, who acted as nurse, was surprisingly good. He was a happy boy, however, when Mother was able to take charge once more, and as we could then obtain help he had an honorable discharge.

I feel that he had learned a good deal, because we have not always kept him at the drudgery of chores, but have given him work that required some care and responsibility. We have told him about our business, and have made him feel that he has an interest in it.

We believed experience was the best teacher, and he has learned by *doing*. I think the way he managed when we were in quarantine showed that he had an ability to take responsibility, and the disposition to make the best of a bad situation.

And with the teaching of other things we have tried to teach him that "honesty is the best policy."—Mrs. H. N. M.

CLEAN IT WITH JAVELLE WATER.

In every house there should be an emergency closet carefully furnished and promptly replenished when supplies begin to lower.

In it should be kept a cleaning fluid, turpentine, gasoline or benzine, javelle water, oxalic acid, prepared chalk, chloride of lime, ammonia, absorbent paper, alcohol and the thousand and one things which, if not used daily, are indispensable when they are wanted.

Javelle water is one of the most useful of the family supplies, especially at this season. Handkerchiefs never get so hopelessly yellow as during the summer, when they are used to wipe perspiring faces and hands, but a bath for ten or fifteen minutes in a weak solution of javelle water will restore them to a clear complexion.

Javelle water, too, will remove obstinate stains of ink and iron rust. The stained portion should be rubbed in the fluid and then washed thoroughly.

Javelle water is the trusted friend of one housekeeper at least who has employed it for years in her laundering. Pillow cases that show a yellow tinge and table linen from which fruit stains have not been removed before washing, and which have contraband markings and spots, all come out from the rinsing water

HAPPY BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Dear mother, when the busy day is done
And sleeping lies each tired little one,
Then fold your own hands on a heart at rest,
And sleep with them upon God's loving breast.

The love that gave you such a sacred charge
Is passing tender and exceeding large!
Oh, trust it utterly, and it will pour
Into each crevice of your life its store.

Then things unworthy shall no more find room,
And like a sweet contagion in your home
Your life shall be. A life that's hid in God
Tells its great secret without spoken word.

—Henrietta R. Eliot.

THE USE OF TOMATOES.

Canning—Use only firm fruit. Blanch in boiling water 1 to 2 minutes. Cold dip, core and peel. Pack close in jars, add 1 teaspoon salt to a quart (2 teaspoons of sugar if desired). Fill jar with boiling tomato juice or water. Process in hot water bath for 30 minutes or under 5 pounds pressure for 15 minutes.

Puree—Cook tomatoes (may be peeled or not), until tender, and put through sieve. Add salt, sugar if desired in proportions as above. Boil until reduced one-half. Fill jars and process in water bath for 25 minutes, or at 5 pounds pressure for 15 minutes. Puree may be seasoned ready for soup or sauce as follows: For 1 gallon add 1 onion, 1 cup chopped green pepper, celery leaves, 1 bay leaf.

Chili Sauce—Chop 2 dozen ripe tomatoes, 5 onions, 5 green peppers. Boil 1½ hours with 4 cups vinegar, 1-3 cup sugar, 3 tablespoons salt, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon and cloves, ½ teaspoon allspice, 1 tablespoon celery seed. Can and seal.

Catsup—Cook ½ bushel tomatoes, 6 large onions, 4 red peppers, 2 cups brown sugar, ½ cup salt, 1½ quarts vinegar, 1 grated nutmeg, ¾ teaspoon whole cloves, 2 teaspoons stick cinnamon, 1 teaspoon whole allspice. Cook until thick and strain. Bottle. One pint grape juice can be substituted for 1 pint of vinegar.

Uncooked Pickle—Chop 3 pints tomatoes, 1 cup celery, 4 tablespoons each onions and red peppers. Add 4 tablespoons salt, 6 tablespoons each of sugar and mustard seed, ½ teaspoon each cloves and cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, ¾ teaspoon allspice, 2 cups vinegar (tarragon, if possible). Mix thoroughly in stone crock and cover. This must stand a week before using, and will keep six months.

TOMATOES IN SWEET COMBINATIONS.

Honey—One pound tomatoes and rind of lemon and orange cooked and strained. Cook with each pint 1 pound sugar and juice of lemon and orange until like honey.

Butter—Ten pounds tomatoes, 4 pounds sugar, 3 pounds tart apples, 1 quart mild vinegar, spice bag of ½ ounce each cinnamon and ginger, ¼ ounce each mace and cloves. Cook until thick.

Green Preserve—Ten pounds sliced tomatoes, 6 sliced lemons (do not peel), 1 cup apple juice or water, ½ pound candied ginger. Stand overnight. Simmer ½ hour, add 8 pounds sugar and boil until thick. Use green or partly ripe tomatoes.

Marmalade—Two pounds tomatoes, 1 pound tart apples, 2½ pounds sugar, ½ lemon (juice and rind). Boil one hour. Add another half lemon juice and rind. Cook until thickens.

Conserve—One pound cut tomatoes, ¾ pound sugar, juice 2 lemons and 2 oranges. Stand overnight. Cook until thick with spice bag of 1½ teaspoons stick cinnamon, 6 cloves, bit of ginger root and nutmeg. When nearly done add 1 cup raisins, ¼ pound walnuts and ¼ pound candied orange peel (or preserved ginger).

A POPULAR HOUSE DRESS MODEL (WITH INSERTED POCKETS).

4426. The slenderizing features of this style will appeal to the stout woman, while the practical points will make the style attractive to all figures. Figured percale with trimming of mercerized poplin is here shown. Gingham, with an edging of rick rack would be good—or, damask, with organdy for collar and cuffs.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 5 yards of 32-inch material. To trim with contrasting material, as illustrated requires ⅝ yard. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2¼ yards.

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.

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He—"You seem to think money grows on trees. What kind of trees does it grow on, I'd like to know?"

She—"On some family trees, apparently."

Plan Miscarried.

Voice at the other end—"Is that you, darling?"

Gouty Pater—"Er—yes."

Voice—"Oh, good. How's the old boy's gout, my pet? I mean to say, if he still has it, I'll come round to-night, but if he hasn't, we'll go out to some show!"

In the last ten years, 4,000 men and women have been killed in accidents in London streets, and over 100,000 have been injured.

Mechanical Devices Aid in Correct English Speech.

No little argument and investigation in regard to the spoken English language has resulted from the activities of the phonetics department of London University College, Gower Street, where a score of oddly mixed nationalities are struggling to learn English.

In one educational meeting a teacher went so far as to say that "Our tongues were not given us to speak with, but to eat with—to push the food down—a very much more important thing than speech."

Someone has stated that the French were right in their pronunciation of English when they said "Good-byee," and it appears now that Shakespeare pronounced it so. This has led to the revelation that "Good-bye" does not mean "God be wi' ye," but "God buy ye" (from the devil), and the reminder that Dickens and Byron wrote it "good by'e."

So far, the "American language" has not been brought into the controversial discussions.

Prof. Daniel Jones continues to struggle with the problem of teaching English, as it is spoken by educated Londoners, and has introduced numerous mechanical aids. There is a kymograph for registering waves of sound.

By the aid of a kinetograph—named after the inventor — articulation is magnified. It enlarges the groove of the gramophone 300 times. There are larynx capsules to be fastened on the outside which record the vibrations of the vocal cords.

Small bone paper-cutters are placed on students' tongues to help them attain certain inflections, and they use hand mirrors to study the correct way to form the lips.

The Japanese have the most trouble with English vowels, there being fifteen for them to learn instead of five in their own language. The best students of English are Swedes, it is said at the school.

There is a research department to study the languages of the British Empire. There are about 1000 of these. But there are forty, which are important for purposes of trade education and administration, about which next to nothing is known. Natives are being brought to London so that a phonetic analysis of their languages can be made.

Measuring Things You Cannot See.

We are accustomed to hearing of measurements of tremendous distances such as those between the earth and some of the stars, which run into thousands of billions of miles. But what do you think of measuring accurately the 500,000,000th part of an inch?

The most accurate of ordinary instruments can measure the 500,000,000th part of a mile, which is less than three 10,000ths of an inch. To measure the 500,000,000th part of an inch an instrument must be 50,000 times more delicate. Yet it has been done.

The appliance used is nothing like the tuning circuit of a wireless valve set. You know that if you turn the knob of the condenser the wave-length is altered. We can make a condenser by placing two plates of metal one above the other with an air space between them.

If the tuning circuit is a delicate one, an almost infinitesimal bending of one of the plates will make a difference in the wave-length. It is easy to calculate how much bending causes any given differensce.

The measuring appliance employs a condenser of this kind, by means of which the tiny distances mentioned can be measured with ease. If a half-inch bar of steel is placed in a vice and connected with the apparatus, the distance it sags when a fly settles upon it, is instantly and accurately recorded on a dial.

If a fly walks on a piece of iron the pointer records how the whole mass quivers under its weight, and it will even measure the expansion of the iron caused by the heat of the insect's body!

The invention will be of great use to scientists, who hitherto have been baffled in their work when very tiny measurements were needed.

The Double Event.

Jennie was learning to read and spell, but it was very hard for her to remember what her teacher told her about pronouncing a double letter when she came to one.

She would say "a a" or "e e" or "t t" instead of "double a" or "double ee," and so on.

Her teacher had one day drilled her considerably on this matter of spelling. Shortly afterwards Jennie was called on to read.

The paragraph began, "Up, up, Lucy," and Jennie read it triumphantly:

"Double up, Lucy!"

Following Directions.

A doctor brought a dyspeptic farmer a big brown pill.

"I want you to try this pill at bedtime," he said. "It's a new treatment, and if you can retain it on your stomach it ought to cure you."

The next day the doctor called again. "Did you manage to retain the pill on your stomach?" he asked, eagerly.

"Well, the pill was all right so long as I kept awake," said the farmer, "but every time I fell asleep it rolled off."

Solitary.

Maisie—"And did they go into the Ark two by two?"

Mother—"Yes, darling."

Maisie—"Oh, mummie, who went with Auntie?"

Time to Leave.

Lecturer—"Allow me, before I close, to repeat the words of the immortal Webster."

Hayseed (to wife)—"Landsakes, Maria, let's git out o' here. He's a-goin' to start in on the dictionary."

The worker bee lives six months, the drone four months, and the female bee four years.

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Stories About Well-Known People

Royalty Gets a Diploma.

When the Wharton School of Business administration at the University of Pennsylvania held its graduating exercises this summer many foreign students received diplomas and none showed more pride in the hard won bit of sheepskin than a scion of Oriental royalty, Vara Virakorn, who is a cousin of the King of Siam.

By very ancient tradition the business activities of royal persons have been limited to the narrow but not unfruitful fields of imposing taxes or receipting for the contents of the privy purse voted them by their adoring subjects. Common report has it that Siamese royalty has also kept up a herd of white elephants to let off its excess energy.

Whether Virakorn will stick to the good old days when he gets back to Bangkok or branch out for himself in some new line, has not been indicated. It may well be that the Siamese monarch has a good many cousins to keep up, and that the young graduate's thorough acquaintance with American methods in commerce, industry and finance will not prove unacceptable to his exalted uncle.

Cars by the Dozen.

The Bey of Tunis, who is now on an official visit to Paris, is well-known as a teller of good stories, and figures himself as the hero, or perhaps the victim, of many a true one. The most amusing of those about himself is per-

Little Wilhelmina Has Reigned 25 Years

For twenty-five years a woman has occupied the throne of Holland and the Dutch people, with elaborate ceremonies, commemorated on the last day of August and during the following week, the completion of a quarter of a century of peace and prosperity under the rule of Queen Wilhelmina.

Her Majesty has been, it is true, titular sovereign of the Dutch nation since the death in 1890 of her father, William III., who died in 1890 when she was but 10 years old, but until she became of legal age, in 1898, her mother, the Dowager Queen Emma, acted as Regent. When Wilhelmina was crowned Queen she shared with Queen Victoria the distinction of being the only woman to sit on the throne of a European country as its hereditary and constitutional monarch, and since the death of England's "Great and Good Queen" she has been alone in holding in a woman's hand the sceptre of power in Europe.

Crowned in 1898.

The coronation of Wilhelmina, which took place in Amsterdam in September, 1898, was a stately ceremony at which were represented all the great powers of the world and the Dutch dependencies in the Far East, and the young Queen in her address to her people, although she was then but 18 years of age, made an impression of stability of character that has been fulfilled in later years.

Her people have never wavered in their affection for her, though her marriage with Prince Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin was a severe test of their loyalty. It had been arranged with the wishes of the then Kaiser William and the Dutch had their fears as to the intentions of Germany and sow in the union the possibilities of strengthening German influences.

Besides, her early years of wedded life were not altogether happy. The Prince Consort was decidedly unpopular with the Dutch people, nor did he take his position in the nation as merely the husband of the Queen with very good grace, but showed upon numerous occasions a disposition to meddle in the affairs of state. When rebuffed he exhibited considerable sullenness and there were from time to time rumors of much friction in the royal menage due to the Prince's resentment at being compelled to restrict himself to the role of simply the husband of the Queen. This situation became extremely difficult at the time of the South African war. However, the birth of the Princess Juliana, heiress-apparent to her mother, brought about pleasanter relations all around, and during the great war the German influence at The Hague was not detected by the Prince Consort, nor Dutch [illegible] neutrality.

"Sunshine" of Dutch People.

"Our Sunshine" is the Dutch people have for the Queen, and it is [illegible] that Wilhelmina smiles upon her subjects, when recent years [illegible] but she is [illegible] and daughter. The little Princess now thirteen years old and [illegible] the charm of her mother as that of The Queen herself has developed a quiet, [illegible] the woman [illegible] mother [illegible] face is all [illegible] and sweetness framed in soft [illegible] hair, and her gracious smile endears her to her people.

While the coronation of Wilhelmina took place in Amsterdam [illegible] The Hague, the Dutch capital, [illegible] to the fact that the royal residence [illegible] Amsterdam was more fitted for [illegible] attending [illegible] events. The Hague was the scene of the principal other festivities [illegible] with its Art Gallery, Museum and other [illegible] completed [illegible] the capital in the [illegible] gems and [illegible] the Queen [illegible] On August [illegible] Jubilee [illegible] when the Queen [illegible] The Hague [illegible] ring in a [illegible] process [illegible] the White Bridge [illegible] cession [illegible] representing [illegible] tory of Holland took place on the water front, the decorations and exercises of the fete being in the hands of the most prominent Dutch artists.

In England and Wales alone there are 40,000 registered blind people.

WRIGLEY'S

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ISSUE No. 37—'23.