

Particular People

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THEA 8610

The most delicious blend procurable.

About the House

A POT OF GOLD.—PAINT.

This is the time of year when everything about the house seems to take on a look of shabbiness and when we housewives wish we might follow the rainbow's lovely path and find the fabled Pot of Gold. But why seek the rainbow's end when a veritable pot of gold may be purchased for a very small sum at the corner drug store or hardware? Small pots of paint and enamel holding as little as four fourth pint may now be procured in almost every color and tint. A very small quantity of paint at a time will make a "magic" room appear as if it had been freshly painted.

We recently moved into a large country house. The dining-room woodwork was painted a muddy green. We repainted the woodwork and painted the walls with a soft tan paper with a touch of rose in it. We went over the furniture with an antique wax, also a pleasant and pleasant of the whole room came within five days.

We had two deep trays of smooth wood made. These we fastened one to the other to form square pots. This we fastened the rubber-tipped feet and the well-designed handle of the described tray. We decorated the tray with other furniture. We had a picture of a deep picture. We had a picture of a deep picture. We had a picture of a deep picture.

DRYING DAINTY LINENS.

I have an old dresser with a broad marble top and consider myself in luck. I find it the most convenient thing which dry dainty flat linens, although a porcelain top kitchen tub would answer the purpose. After washing the linens, I lay them perfectly flat on the smooth marble, patting the edges down well. When dry they are lifted up and folded, with a great saving of heat and labor.—G. S.

CARE IN PLANNING.

Things to remember when planning meals. Fried foods should be used sparingly, especially where there are children. The iron requirement of children and women is greater than for men.

A PRETTY DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL.

4493. Dotted percale in blue and white is here portrayed. It is piped with blue bias binding. This is a good model for suiting, kasha, and jersey, also for linen and crepe. The sleeve may be in wrist length or short. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material for an 8-year size. For vest and facings of contrasting material, 1/2 yard 32 inches wide is required.



COMBINATION CAKE.

1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup shortening, 1 egg, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 cup flour, 1/2 cup cocoa, 1/2 cup nuts, 1/2 cup raisins, 1/2 cup currants, 1/2 cup dates, 1/2 cup figs, 1/2 cup prunes, 1/2 cup apples, 1/2 cup oranges, 1/2 cup lemons, 1/2 cup limes, 1/2 cup peaches, 1/2 cup plums, 1/2 cup cherries, 1/2 cup strawberries, 1/2 cup raspberries, 1/2 cup blueberries, 1/2 cup blackberries, 1/2 cup currants, 1/2 cup raisins, 1/2 cup figs, 1/2 cup dates, 1/2 cup prunes, 1/2 cup apples, 1/2 cup oranges, 1/2 cup lemons, 1/2 cup limes, 1/2 cup peaches, 1/2 cup plums, 1/2 cup cherries, 1/2 cup strawberries, 1/2 cup raspberries, 1/2 cup blueberries, 1/2 cup blackberries.

MISSION MAKES OR MARKS STITCH.

The question of your sewing machine is of all-important consideration for every housewife. It must be regulated according to the weight of material used and a perfect stitch should be alike on both sides. The perfect stitch is obtained when the tension on the upper and under side is alike. The upper tension is usually placed on the face of the machine or cast on the arm; the lower tension is adjusted by a screw in the bobbin case. In regulating the delivery of thread both through the upper and lower tension, turn the adjusting screw to the right to tighten, and to the left to loosen.

A Promise.

Never shall garden bloom again, Without a thought of you; Never shall the summer rain, Shall sweep across the plain; Never shall spider webs of dew, Repeat the rainbow in the grass; Never shall spring nor summer pass, Without the thought of you who strode Joyously down the summer road Into the dusk and autumn shade To meet the winter, unafraid.

—Robert Hillier.



The Hidden Hour

BY J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND

CHAPTER IX.

Very rarely, perhaps, in all the annals of crime, has a solemn verdict of murder given hope and comfort to any human being in the world. But when Ruth Bradley heard the result of the inquest she felt as though a great burden had been lifted off her life—as though once again she could walk among men and women without the fear of some finger pointed at her, or some voice crying out: "That was the woman who drove Paula Merrington to commit suicide."

It was the other verdict she had feared. That, for her, would have been the real verdict of Murder, and she, Ruth Bradley, would have been the murderess.

She had been summoned to attend the inquest, and, naturally, she had not gone there of her own free will. It was Fletcher, her maid, who had told her of the verdict, and Fletcher was only conveying her lady's wish. The jury had decided otherwise. Ruth had been dressing for dinner at the time, and she had not cared to discuss the matter with her maid. She had simply answered: "It is all too terrible, Fletcher; I don't want to talk about it."

And then she had dined alone, and she had been very glad that her husband had not returned for dinner. Sooner or later he was certain to discuss the inquest with her, or, rather, she would sit and listen to his comments on the evidence. But now, as she sat alone in her boudoir at dinner, she was only conscious of a certain gratitude for the peace that had come upon her tortured brain after the agony of the last three days. Danger and difficulties lay ahead of her, but now, even if the truth were known, she would not be utterly destroyed. It seemed as though all the powers of heaven and earth were fighting to save her from destruction.

So calm had she become that she was even able to read a novel and take an interest in the joys and sorrows and adventures of fictitious characters. Then, as the clock on the mantelpiece struck ten, the door knocked on the door, and Fletcher entered.

"Might I have a few words with your ladyship?" said the maid humbly.

"Why, yes, Fletcher," of course," said Ruth with a smile. "What's the matter?"

"I have been thinking of leaving your ladyship's service," was the astounding reply.

"Why, my dear, you are not thinking of my husband and said, 'I thought you were so comfortable here, Fletcher?'"

"So I am, my lady. And I never hope to be in a nicer house than this. My dear, I think your lady and I feel better than your ladyship. But I feel that I want a change."

"Oh, nonsense, Fletcher—you've talked like that before. What is it that you want? You are not thinking of leaving me, are you?"

"No, my lady. I hope as I'll never do anything so foolish. But I've been thinking over the future, my lady, and it seems to me that I could better myself. I don't like to look forward to my old age, my lady. Service isn't what it used to be—I mean we don't look at it quite as we used to. Not that I have anything to say against it, my lady, for I think there's no better training for a girl or a young woman. But I think all of us look forward to marriage or else setting up some little business of our own."

"I thought I'd set up as a dressmaker in a small way."

"Oh, Fletcher, how foolish of you. Why, most dressmakers in a small way would be glad to be in your position."

"Very likely, my lady, but I have ideas of my own. I want to be independent."

"An independence?" said Ruth with a smile. "In a way, my lady, I shall be very sorry to lose you."

This statement was not strictly true. A short time previously Ruth had been very anxious to get rid of Fletcher. She had been very anxious to get rid of Fletcher. She had been very anxious to get rid of Fletcher.

"I know it seems an impertinence, my lady, but I should be very grateful if you could see your way to helping me. I shall be able to repay you very shortly. I have an old aunt who is eighty-three, and that's about two thousand pounds. If your ladyship could advance me five hundred, you see, my lady, I want to have a nice little business. I don't want to go off humbly. Of course, I'd give an undertaking to repay the money."

"Well, I'll think it over, Fletcher," said Ruth after a few moments of silence. "You've been a very good friend to me, and I should like to help you. We both think very highly of you, Fletcher. But I want you to think it over, too. You have a very good home here."

"Yes, my lady, and you've been a kind mistress. And I shall never forget your kindness, and if you can oblige me with this money, my lady, I'm exceedingly grateful to you."

"I'll talk to my husband about it," said Ruth. "Thank you so very much, my lady. Good-night, Fletcher—you needn't sit up for me; I may be rather late."

"Good-night, my lady."

The servant left the room and Ruth, clasping her hands about her knees, stared at the fire with a puzzled expression in her eyes. The interview

CATTLE SHIPMENTS TO GREAT BRITAIN

REMOVAL OF EMBARGO LIVE ISSUE.

Result Have Fully Justified Ceaseless Efforts of Agitators for Repeal of Act.

Few movements of recent years in Canada have had such concentrated agricultural attention, or created such untold agitation, as that for the removal of the embargo against the admission of cattle into Great Britain. A market for Canadian stock cattle was the one question left by the imposition of the embargo, apparently solved, and abandoned, apparently, but it was not so. At the same time there was a wide prevailing scepticism as to the possibility of the removal of the embargo entirely solving Canada's export cattle problem, and the fact of its being removed from the statute books did not dissipate the existing pessimism or intensify the rate of the Canadian cattle industry out of its depression.

The short time which has elapsed, however, since the first shipments for unrestricted entry were made, has gone far to prove that the opening of the British market is tending to slowly bring back the Western Canadian cattle industry to its former important and profitable position. The few brief months have been sufficient to create a brighter and more hopeful outlook, which is slowly dispelling the depressing attitude which has for some time characterized followers of the cattle industry.

Ocean Transportation Taxed.

According to the Hon. Duncan Marshall, Commissioner of Agriculture, who recently returned from a four-months' tour of the overseas situation in Great Britain, offering an unrestricted market for Canadian cattle of the feeder type and the British market can absorb as great a volume of live cattle as Canada can ship. In spite of the immensely longer journey, Mr. Marshall stated that Canadian cattle compared more favorably on arrival than those from Ireland. Shipments from Canada came off the boats in excellent condition, showing a shrinkage of only half of one per cent from Montreal weights. The figures of sale of the shipment of cattle which Mr. Marshall accompanied across the ocean from Lethbridge, Alberta, definitely satisfied him as to the satisfactory position of the trade.

Ruth closed the door and she thought of the money she had just received. "I can raise the money somehow," she thought. "I can raise the money somehow."

Measuring Bridge Strains.

Measuring the strains of bridges skyscrapers, airships and structural material accurately and quickly is being done by a little machine just perfected by the Bureau of Standards. The machine can be placed anywhere on the structure being tested and is almost uncanny in its findings. It measures only ten inches long and about five inches wide, and is so sensitive that its recorder returns to normal in one one-thousandth of a second.

The principle involved is the varying resistance of many closely spaced thin carbon plates. It has been known long but never applied with success commercially until the Bureau of Standards engineers built the present machine. A special voltmeter gives the readings of the strains developed. A practical test is going on in Iowa, where impact strains of highway bridges are being tested. Prof. Almon Fuller, of the Iowa State Agricultural College and O. S. Peters, one of the inventors, are in charge of the tests.

Costumes.

The winter is a chilly season who rubs her bonny hands. She draws her ermine mantle close, and trembles as she stands. The spring is but a timid maid in a misty holiday white. The summer has flushed her cheeks and her eyes are brightly bright. The summer goes in tatters that shimmer in the heat; the ample robe is all of green and edged with golden wheat.

Back to Tutankhamen's Tomb

Howard Carter, co-worker with the late Lord Carnarvon in the discovery of the tomb of Tutankhamen, who has returned to Egypt to resume work. He declares that the richest treasures have not yet been removed, and that it is quite possible that pictures of Tut's mummy will be found.

Good Guess.

She was an Irish maid from Tipperary, and when the visitors were expected for lunch turned up at 4.30 she explained what had happened.

"Sure," she said, "the master and mistress wanted for the mill 3 and then they hoped it wouldn't come, so they went out."

The Answer.

Chain me in the deeps of night,
Lest from sun and star,
Some one with a flaming light
Coming from afar,
Threading paths of dusk and night,
Brave through all alarms,
Shall walk where ghostly shadows flit
And lift me in his arms.

Lock me in a mountain keep,
Where the great winds cry
And the stars, through spaces deep
Wing forever by,
There shall some one come to me,
Mounting steep and rock,
Vanquished guards with vigor free
And barring gates unlock.

Though the years be long and fleet,
Paths in wandering stray,
I shall hear his calling sweet
Down the wide world way;
Neither night nor mountain steep
Sunders heart from heart,
Nor can bars of dungeons keep
Love from love apart.

Love from love apart,
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Lake That Sharpens Razors.

One of the most curious lakes in the world is to be found in Ireland. This lake has the power of petrifying any substance that may fall into it. Of course, the petrification is not absolute, but the substance is coated with a layer of stone, which is found dissolved in the lake, and the stone then hardens and forms a shell over the substance.

Pumping Water With a Belt.

It is said that an English inventor has constructed a pump without cylinders or buckets that will lift a thousand gallons of water an hour from a depth of 300 feet even when worked by hand.

It consists simply of a spiral spring, a grooved weight that turns with the belt in place, and a driving crank and pulley for turning the belt. The coil-like cable is carried down to any depth by the grooved weight. The water is held in the meshes of the spiral spring by capillary attraction as it is drawn up, and is discharged only when the coils turn over at the top. One authority has called the new pump "a mechanical impertinence."

A Great Invitation.

Bird—"My, but these aerial restaurants are convenient."

Native—"It's my missus, mister. She's got to pray meethin' an' she's got some grease on her coat. She wants to know would you let her have half a pint of gasoline?"

Free Gas.

Motorist (frantically flagged on a lonely road)—"What's the matter? Is the bridge out?"

Native—"It's my missus, mister. She's got to pray meethin' an' she's got some grease on her coat. She wants to know would you let her have half a pint of gasoline?"

Surnames and Their Origin

BRODIE.

Variations—Brody, Brothie.
Racial—Scottish.
Source—A locality, or place name.

Brodie is the name of one of the Scottish clans, much of the ancient history of which was lost for all time when, about 1645, Lord Gordon spread waste their lands and burned their strongholds.

Exactly the clan does not seem to have been Gaelic, for originally it came from Moray, from which it must be concluded that it probably was Pictish.

But about 1160 it begins to appear upon the historical records which remain to-day as one of the clans which was loyal to King Malcolm IV, at the time when he insured himself against future rebellions by transplanting certain clans which had questioned his authority. The Brodies were among those who received grants of land at that time.

The clan name itself was apparently derived from a place name, that of "Brodie," or as it appeared in one of the old Latin writs of King Alexander III, "Brodie," a locality in Moray. The place name is descriptive of the nature of the ground, meaning a country-side broken by little ridges of ground.

The translation from the clan names of Scotland and Ireland to family names virtually is no translation at all. For in those ancient days in which the clan names originated they fulfilled all the functions of the modern family name, in addition to having significance in the political and social structure.

RILEYS

After Meal
Every Meal

Have a basket in your pocket for your easy refreshment.

Aids Digestion.
Alleviates Indigestion.
Softens the Throat.

For Quality, Flavor and the Best Package, Get RILEY'S.

WHAT DOES NOT CHANGE.

Change and decay in all our lives
Is the law of all human things.
And the heart that is true and true
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ANNOUNCEMENT

As the time of year approaches when every man, woman and child should be prepared for the winter season, it is our duty to remind you of the importance of having a good supply of coal. We have a large stock of the best quality coal on hand, and we are prepared to deliver it to your door at a very reasonable price. We also have a large stock of firewood, and we are prepared to deliver it to your door at a very reasonable price. We are also prepared to deliver to your door a large quantity of the best quality coal, and we are prepared to deliver it to your door at a very reasonable price. We are also prepared to deliver to your door a large quantity of the best quality coal, and we are prepared to deliver it to your door at a very reasonable price.