When You Try

"SALADA"

TEA

H478

you will realize the difference between "Salada" and "just tea."

About the House

KNOW THE REASON.

Every parent follows with great interest each step of development in their children. Baby's first smile, his first step, the first time he lisps "mamma" or "papa" are memories in every mother's and father's life which time cannot efface.

When the child first enters school, this interest in his development naturally follows. But if the child enters this new period of his life handicapped by defective vision, disastrous consequences are sure to follow. In his class work he is unable to see the work at the board clearly, and in his reading the words become jumbled. By his extra effort to see more plainly, he soon becomes tired, both mentally and physically.

Inattention will be the first impression the teacher will receive of him, and his fellow pupils will soon consider him stupid, dull or lazy. As the child continues to be overtaxed in his schoolroom and his playground activities, a reaction detrimental to his progress is evident. He becomes discouraged, silly and often rebellious in the teacher's eyes, he is placed as a naughty child. His parents, if they do not place the blame of his lack of progress with the teacher, try to make amends for the addition by depriving him of his play hours for study. The child goes to school every day, but he is there in body only. By depriving a greater part of his mind. But if he is given the opportunity for the exercise of his eyes, he will be able to do justice to the work set before him. Neglect in this, as in other cases, is sure to bring trouble.

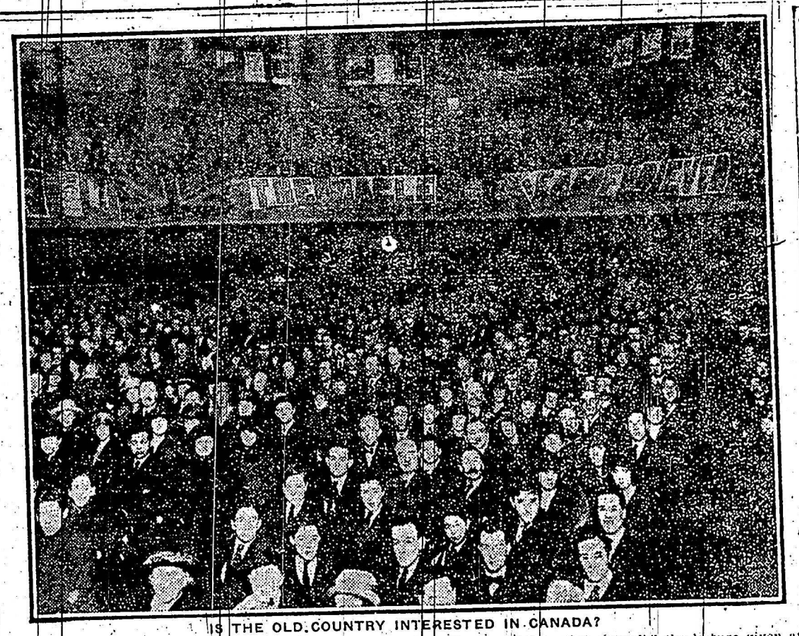
HOME MANNERS.

We spoke of a child who was at other embarrassed by the actions of one of her children. Many a hostess has been embarrassed in the presence of her guests by the actions of her children. Children learn more from example than precept. They will do what they see others do.

To tell the truth, few children have any "company manners" of such an expression is allowable. They act away from home very much as they do in the habit of acting at home. They have not acquired that stage of development where they can smile and be courteous and yet be having a lovely time while they are being served to go home. Children are equally honest and outspoken, and it is hard to make them anything else. Also, if they are in the habit of reaching for things, of taking some thing home to show their mother, or some thing to give away from home and have their mother regard them and put them back in their place, they will do it when they say "please" and "thank you" at home they will do it away from home, unless they are taught to do otherwise. Good manners are a result of good training, and children learn little by being told to do this little act of politeness or that one. They must be taught how to do it, and this can be done only by example. It is not only necessary to the parents, but more important still, it is a health builder. Body and mind are better if they are taught to do not keep well; therefore, it is rather important that children be taught good manners. Manners are made efficient to keep in good health. Perhaps, if our little ones would be interested in my habits, into their consciences. But method with graham wheat, have it well cleaned by grader or farming mill, and keep the wheat in pantry instead of flour.

Then I take a portion of the wheat, put it in colander, turn boiling water over it, then spread on dripping pan and put it over to dry, with a slow fire. When dry it is partially baked and very crisp. Then grind in hand mill or coffee grinder. It grinds very easily after being dried this way, making much finer flour then the undried wheat.

One must for breakfast is made by stirring this flour into boiling salted water. Nothing is sure to bring



IS THE OLD COUNTRY INTERESTED IN CANADA?

Here is the answer—A photograph of a section of the audience of 3,000 which attended the lecture given at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, recently, by Mr. A. Ward, J.P., F.R.G.S., under the auspices of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

sour milk or buttermilk, one teaspoon soda, one saltspoon salt, two tablespoons sugar.

Enough flour to make thick batter. A little white flour may be added if desired and a tablespoon of shortening if sour milk is used.

Turn into buttered pan and bake in moderate oven until browned over top surface.

We also use this flour in drop cookies and spice cakes, using our everyday recipes and substituting graham flour for bolted flour.

It is needless to add that our medicine chest does not require cathartics, laxatives or remedies for pains in the stomach.—Mrs. J. C.

HAND BAGS FOR PACKING.

I don't throw away worn soft old hand bags. When packing trunks or suitcases for traveling I use the bags for different things. In one go all my cosmetics. In another, sewing materials, and so on. Bags pack better than boxes and are so easy to take out when their contents are needed.—Helen Edgar.

BABY'S CAP.

Time and patience may be saved if the pleats on baby's cap are snapped instead of sewed. In this way they may be taken off, and put on in a very short time. I have found a large snap answers the purpose better than a small one.—L. C. L.

A POPULAR MASQUERADE COSTUME.

4611 The "Domino" is a simple time honored masquerade "dress," suitable for all figures, and for many materials. One could choose black satin or sateen with the lining in self or a contrasting color.

The pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 6¾ yards of 36-inch material. The width at the foot is 2 yards.

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

GRAHAM FOR HEALTH.

Graham. This is one of the words of our language that should be written or printed in capitals or italics. It makes a food that is not only healthy to the palate, but more important still, it is a health builder. Unfortunately graham flour does not keep well; therefore, it is rather difficult to keep it on hand. Perhaps, if our little ones would be interested in my method with graham wheat, have it well cleaned by grader or farming mill, and keep the wheat in pantry instead of flour.

Then I take a portion of the wheat, put it in colander, turn boiling water over it, then spread on dripping pan and put it over to dry, with a slow fire. When dry it is partially baked and very crisp. Then grind in hand mill or coffee grinder. It grinds very easily after being dried this way, making much finer flour then the undried wheat.

One must for breakfast is made by stirring this flour into boiling salted water. Nothing is sure to bring

A RING PARTY.

Rings can be made the appropriate outfit for a party given in honor of a girl friend's engagement. Write the invitations on pretty paper cut out to represent rings. Give the guests as souvenirs little tin rings bearing the names or initials of the engaged couple. Serve to the guest of honor should be articles such as apron cut, stirring [illegible] into [illegible] called, bridesmaid hoops. Decorate the house with wreaths and give refreshments. Our menu is as follows: Two kinds

Wisdom and Happiness.

The first condition of attaining wisdom and of right living in general is to know one's self, to study human life and to watch one's self live, so to speak. When we really know ourselves we speedily discover that most of our troubles, defeats and sufferings are not due, as we are wont to assume, to ill fortune or to the malice of others, but to avoidable error. We are the chief makers of our own ills, by failure to reflect, by yielding to our appetites, impulses, inclinations and undisciplined sentiments, by neglecting to guide our actions by our reason. We thus fall into the error of despising simplicity, of overestimating the value of possessions, of attaching undue weight to externals and appearances.

The remedy is obvious, though not always easy of appreciation. It is to conquer by an effort of the reason, of the will, these exigent inclinations and appetites of ours. Montaigne repeatedly points out the way to accomplish this. His success in teaching the art of happiness explains why Madame Roland, Michaud, General Hoche and so many others asked to read his essays in prison while they were awaiting death; why Flaubert recommended his writings to correspondents who appealed to him for advice that would fortify and calm them in distress. Indeed, the greatest of our psychological novelists wrote to Mlle. Le Royer de Chantepie: "Read Montaigne thoughtfully. He will calm you. Read him from end to end, and when you have read him through, read him again. Prescribe it as your physician."

Why Bolshevism Declines.

Russia is an enormous country, possessing great undeveloped resources, inhabited by a white population to which we are indebted for a great literature and drama, for wonderful music and the scientific achievements of Mendeleyev, Mechnikov, Pavlov and other great scientists.

In the realm in which the Russians are least capable—that of practical politics—we have the fact that from 1864, when the Zemstvos were first instituted, they functioned on a fairly democratic electoral basis and produced many capable and honest workers who extended the benefits of freedom and self-government of a high order to deal with national problems which might have saved Russia from the calamities had it not been for the infatuated loyalty of the Czar and the malevolent influence of the aristocracy in Russia.

Today we are approaching a critical time. The dictatorship of the proletariat, which rules Russia, is nearing the end of its term. The store of gold they took over from the former Russian Government, which they have exhausted during the three years of their reign. Their system of requisitioning has created an enormous army of officials, or they are at something like one-half the town population, and the productive capacity of the country has been reduced to a very low ebb. The regime began to totter.

God Loves Gardens.

God loves gardens and long ago
He set a garden up—still I know

Lovely nasturtium and mignonette;
God loves gardens—even yet.

He looks on phlox and sweet-William bed,
Wistfully, with pride as well.

He says, as garden lovers do,
"I had luck with my garden too."

Mary Carolyn Davies.

Bride to butcher—What sort of roast do you think would go well with a perfect darling of a blue-and-white dinner set?"

The hour which gives us life begins to take it away.

The Hidden Hour

BY J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Cont'd.)

"The ghost?" said Peters to himself, and then he smiled. No doubt Ardington, if he had anything to conceal, had fixed up some sort of contrivance to frighten the servants. The story of the old monk was part of the same scheme. More than ever Peters was certain that Ardington had something in this room that he wished to hide, and there appeared to be no hiding-place but that old bread-oven. Peters heart beat more quickly, not with fear but with pleasant anticipation. He moved swiftly across the room and found on the floor. He held his hands in front of him, ready at any moment to defend himself. There might be no trick after all. Possibly someone else was in the room with him. It was a remote chance, but it had to be guarded against.

However, nothing happened. There was no sound but that of Peter's own breathing and faint tinkle in one of his pockets. He reached the far side of the room, and suddenly switched on his electric lamp. The patch of white mist vanished, and at first he saw nothing that might have caused it. He flashed the light from the torch over the whole room, walked round the room and examined everything, paused in front of Ruth's portrait, paint, and no mistake," and returned to the wide-open fireplace.

He extinguished the torch again, and then, quite plainly, he saw a thin line of light at the side of the chimney. Something must have hidden it from his view before—a piece of furniture, or was it Lady Bradney's portrait? And he had switched on the torch before he came in sight of it. It was a very faint line of light, low down and just where the oven door should have been. Peters threw the light of the torch upon it and it vanished. Yes, no doubt it came through a narrow space at the bottom of the oven door.

"Great Scott!" said Peters to himself. "Is there a room in there?" For one brief moment he had a vision of some place where a man was carrying on some awful, business such as coining or distilling whisky. He laughed at the absurdity of the idea. No man for even a boy could have squeezed his body through that small opening. And that sort of thing house was not likely to go on in the house of Mr. Ardington.

Still, for nearly a minute Peters hesitated. There was no knowing what was on the other side of that little iron door. He did not want to do anything that would attract attention.

"Oh, well, here goes," he said, to himself, and he laid the torch on a table so that the light fell on the iron latch, and took out the small glittering tools that had once belonged to a burglar, tools of the finest steel.

For ten minutes he examined, fiddled, fiddling, trying here and there with gentle but steady pressure of a thin long chisel. And then he discovered that the opening of the door was only a trick after all. It was not the catch that held it, but a spring bolt set into the iron behind the latch. Peters took a thin piece of steel from his pocket and managed to touch the spring. The door flew open, and a broad glow of light came out into the room, throwing a black shadow of Peters against the opposite side of the fireplace.

"Merciful heaven!" he gasped, and yet it was nothing terrible, nothing to be feared that he saw in what seemed to him to be a little shrine. On the contrary, it was the sheer beauty of the thing Mr. Peters saw that brought an exclamation to his lips—the beauty of it and the surprise of finding it hidden away in that hole of an oven.

It was a statue, no more than twenty inches in height—the painted statute of a very beautiful young woman set on a low pedestal of pale green marble. Her robe of silk was bordered with gold and reached nearly to her feet, and a hood of pink embroidered with golden stars hung from her head to her shoulders. Her arms were crossed over her breast, and her face was slightly tilted upwards as though she were looking at something in the sky, not above her head, but about half way between the zenith and the horizon. Her lips were parted and there was an expression of holy rapture on her face.

In front of this image, so wonderfully wrought and so exquisitely colored that one could almost believe that the flesh of the face and hands were alive, stood a large silver lamp, fashioned—though Mr. Peters did not know this—after a Roman model of two thousand years ago. A small, clear flame burnt steadily at one end of it. The lamp itself was a thing of beauty, but Peters had no eyes for anything but the statue. It seemed to him that it was alive and that it breathed. That, of course, was a delusion.

"A saint," he said to himself. Yes, of course, that was it. This was the figure of a saint that Ardington had carved out of wood and painted. That was Ardinton's profession to carve figures out of wood. If he, Peters, had not known that, he would not have known what the statue had been made of. There was no part of it that had not been painted. It might have been modelled from clay or cast in metal, or chiselled from marble. But no doubt it was carved out of wood. Ardington had doubtless carved many saints for churches and cathedrals in the course of his career. And this one he had kept, perhaps because it was the best thing he had ever done.

But to shut it up here in this old oven and to keep a lighted lamp always burning in front of it! That was something Mr. Peters could not understand.

For several minutes Peters stared at the figure, until he began to imagine that it was going to speak to him. Then he stretched forth his hand as if to touch it, and drew his hand back again. It seemed irreverent to lay a finger on it. But he threw the light of the electric torch into the darkness beyond the statue and saw that there was nothing else in the vast oven.

He felt just a little ashamed of himself as he closed the door and heard the spring bolt click back into its place. He felt that he had been prying into sacred affairs that did not concern him at all.

It was not until the door was shut that he came more fully to his cool and level-headed defence. He examined the useless catch to see if he had left any trace of his tools upon it. He wiped the rusty latch with his handkerchief to erase chance finger-prints.

Then he crept quietly out of the studio, locked the door behind him and made his way upstairs to his own bedroom. Slowly he took off his clothes, hung it a piece, bolted the door, and said "Damn!"

He had lost part of a night's rest, and it seemed to him that he had not gained anything in exchange for it, beyond the certainty that this Mr. Ardington was a crazy sort of fellow, and that nothing of any importance—so far as he, Mr. Peters was concerned—was hidden away behind that rusty oven door.

He could not even decide whether the incident was worth reporting to Mr. Kane.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The portrait was no more than half finished when Ruth Bradney made up her mind never to see John Merrington again. What she had feared had actually come to pass. The love that she had thought away from her with horror during the weeks that had followed the accident had come back to torment her with redoubled fury.

And to Ruth, as she sat in the car on her way back to South Barton after that hour in the studio, in which the truth had finally been brought home to her, it seemed as though she were in love for the first time in her life, as though that other affair in which she had actually thrown everything to the winds for the sake of Merrington, was a very small affair indeed. Her husband's brutality, following on more than a year of cold indifference, had almost driven her into the arms of Merrington. But now there had been no such driving force behind her. She had turned away from her husband's kindness and found love elsewhere. No, she would not admit that. To think of it like that would be to imply that of her own free will she had sought love elsewhere. But nothing of that kind had happened. In fact, she had done all in her power to avert the catastrophe, short of refusing to go to the studio. She had thought a great deal of Paula and had always thought of Merrington as in love with his dead wife. She had noticed all Merrington's faults, and above all that particular fault of weakness. She had tried to despise his weakness and had made much of the fact that he would not return to his life in London.

But she had struggled in vain. She had been caught on the edge of the whirlpool and would be spun round and round, getting ever nearer to the centre of destruction unless she made a supreme effort to save herself. That might not be difficult now, but later on it would be impossible. As one got nearer and nearer to the centre the strength and swiftness of the vortex would increase.

"There is nothing for it but to keep away from Dedbury," she said to herself. She had the strength of mind to do that—at present. But later on she might be too weak. She would have to make some excuse. She would have to pretend to be ill. That was the only excuse she could think of just now. But perhaps something else would occur to her. In any case she could pretend to be ill—for a little while. That would give her time to think.

They would all be very angry with her—her husband, Ardington, and even Merrington himself—not, of course, so long as she was ill, but when she had to give some other and quite inadequate reason for refusing to continue the sittings. It would be hard luck on the man she loved, and by the irony of fate she would be forced to do him this injury merely because she did love him. He would be paid the five hundred guineas, but money was not everything. Only that day he had told her that the painting of this portrait had been the salvation of him. "Something definite to do," he had said. "Ardington was quite right."

When she reached South Barton and the car drew up at the back of the cottage, the door opened, and Fletcher came out.

"What on earth are you doing here, Fletcher?" Ruth queried.

"Sir Alexander told me to come down, my lady," the woman replied. "Sir Alexander himself will be coming down to-night. Didn't he write to your ladyship?"

(To be continued.)

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ISSUE No. 12—'24.

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Cured by one application of MEDORA CREAM. Leaves skin smooth and velvety. Used exclusively in Toronto General Hospital for ten years. Ask your druggist for 50c bottle and prevent unsightly complexion, or sent postpaid on receipt of 50c. J. A. MacDonald Phm.B., 34 Hogarth Ave., Toronto.

To Make Spice Cakes.

That quaint phrase of old has been applied to so many branches of knowledge, industrial, domestic or creative, "the art and mystery" of one thing or another, meaning a mere form of words, was not by any means associated with many arts and crafts, both simple and complicated, in a day when textbooks were few and rules, when they were given, vague now, were likely to be disconcerting or discouraging. Of the delicious dishes, some of which are peculiar to certain localities, some of which are beautifully unknown, it must have been a proud moment for many a young bride when she could provide her husband with cake such as his mother used to make, even when the young wife's recipe was a mystery. Even the housewife of to-day, who has had the advantage of an experience of many years, might feel a good deal of uncertainty about the result if she undertook to bake a cake according to the ancient recipe for spice cake, first published in the Country Contentments, or the English Housewife, three hundred years ago.

"To make excellent spice cakes take half a peck of very fine White flour, take also one pound of sweet butter and some milk and cream, mix together, set it by the fire and put in your butter and let it melt, and put a good deal of sugar into it, mix together, then strain your milk and quantity; then take seven or eight spoonful of good Ale barm and eight eggs with two yolkes and six whites, beat together; then put your milk, your butter, and your barm together and let it stand a little rose water cold; then put in your flour put in a little Anise seeds, Cloves and Cinnamon; then work it together with your hands and let it stand a little before you put it in the oven; then take your dough and work it well in the trough, then put it in pans and let it stand a little before you put it in the oven; then take your cake and bake it in a good oven."

WRIGLEY'S

After every meal

A pleasant and agreeable sweet and a lasting benefit as well.

Good for teeth, breath and digestion.

Makes the next cigar taste better.

STORIES OF WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE

Found Fame in Canada.

Thirty years ago a young man came to Winnipeg to seek fame and fortune. To-day he is famous as the Hon. Herbert Greenfield, Premier of Alberta. The Premier of Saskatchewan is the Hon. Charles Avison Dunning, K.C., and the premier of British Columbia, the Hon. John Oliver. Premier Greenfield was born at Hartlebury, Worcestershire; and Premier Dunning at Hale, Stockton, Shropshire. Premier Oliver of British Columbia was Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Canada.

Vestry.

Why do we are at college they leave, Britain's first at home about would do pastor come cutting out p

"It has congregation off a chest of things cotton The church vestry has

Peer's Daughter.

An English peer in his daughter A boy That with very a boy to be Miss quite so poor to be Miss she be

Spanish Zoo.

Spanish Zoo who is Kimatra's name Kimatra who is East to go on good know the age work" to be regarded Why

Barking.

Barking pig of a cage a cage person of boy

Characteristic.

Smoking politics college he offer whitlo. "Sir," and to "Sir." "Sir." "Sir."