

The Economy of "SALADA" GREEN TEA

is in the larger number of cups it gives per pound. — Delicious! — Try it.

About the House

MY PRE-KITCHEN CONVENIENCES

Have you linoleum on the floor? If not, strain every nerve to accomplish it. Of course, you may have a hard-wax floor and prefer it. I had one and covered it with linoleum, and never had known kitchen-floor comfort before. I can wash it immaculately in fifteen minutes. Some authorities recommend waxing it. And while on the subject of linoleum, unless you have one of the excellent enamel-top kitchen tables, have light-colored linoleum applied to your table. This is a tremendous convenience. Shelves around the sink and in the kitchen pantries should receive a coat of varnish.

Have you in your home a white chest in the way of a small marble-topped table, purchased in what is now referred to as "that awful year" (the ginger-bread era) to make it presentable? We had, and I finally decided to have the base removed for kindling wood and to place the marble top in the kitchen pantry where it proved invaluable, serving as a mending board for mending board, and the like. I should find it hard to get along without it.

A part of the kitchen furniture, a high stool or chair to use for ironing, preparing vegetables, scrubbing wood, and so forth. This also is indispensable. Over the sink place a row of nest boxes. On these should hang a dip net, two basters, glass spoon, a good measuring cup, and also a small strainer. These should be a pair of stout curtains, or even better, a pair of heavy curtains, but for anything else, the curtains should be taken down and stored in a closet or under a bed. Back of some pipe should hang a couple of sharp vegetable knives, a pair of split clothespins. Why the clothespins? Try it as a serger when your hands are stiff with soap suds. You will never be without it again. The fish hook should hang in the kitchen. These I regard as kitchen necessities for me.

A few of the more unusual aids that I have used are: Iron apple pare, which will still give you a perfect, thin, entire paring. Egg slicer, this is a very handy little utensil, it is expensive, but looks as though it would last forever. I don't hesitate to keep house without the above. By means of the above, I have been able to do almost anything in a kitchen, and I am convinced that they have proved a joy to my soul, and the implements are simple enough to be practical; I use them continually.

A LITTLE GIRL'S ROCK GARDEN. A little girl will love a rock garden all her own where she can pile up stones in all sorts of funny shapes, and where she may dig in the dirt while mother is about her gardening. She will find it an ideal place to hold tea parties with the family of dolls or with little friends, and much more interesting than a sand-pile garden where things do not really grow but are just stuck in.

but little Miss Gardener will enjoy bringing in the others from everywhere, particularly the sand pile. With the smaller ones she may build a castle. Close around the larger ones she will plant her flowers, which may be some of the same that mother has in her garden. Sweet alyssum, portulaca, snow-in-the-summer, annual baby's breath and the little old-fashioned nasturtium all grow readily around rocks. Wild sweet William carpet the ground in little drifts, and wood violets are pretty tucked in between the rocks. All of these first named will grow from seed as will the leopards, which is very interesting of account of its thick fleshy leaves and stems that appear to be covered with water frozen in little drops. A snapdragon plant or two would not be out of place and it is so much fun to make the little flowers snap.

In order to know where to place the rocks, throw a handful of small stones and wherever they light, place the larger ones. A flat dish of some soft material filled with water and perched on one of the stones will invite the birds.

ANY GIRL. A little home with a breakfast nook and a snowy cloth, and a cookery book; A parlor lamp in rose and blue; An overstuffed lounge, and a baby's shoe. These are the things I want, don't you?

But whenever a soul's around to hear, I assert that I long for a garage! —Mary Carolyn Davies.

CURTAIN LAUNDERING. Curtains will last much longer if they are folded seven times and then loosely tucked with thick paper or cloth. Probably every housekeeper or has had the experience of having curtains go to pieces in the process of washing. This is because when the weight tears the delicate threads. Even new curtains are frequently ruined. Since curtains seldom soiled in any one place, they may be thoroughly washed and rinsed before being unfolded; and even better old curtains will come through without undue damage.

Small delicate articles, such as lace collars, cuffs, centerpieces and handkerchiefs, should be placed in a get-a-way case, or a small basket, and placed in the washer. They will emerge from the bag beautifully clean and need not be handled separately until ready for drying.

A COMFORTABLE PLAY GARMENT. 4530. This style is easy to develop and has practical features. The proportions may be finished with or without the leg bands. The inner seam may be finished for a closing, which is desirable for a young child. Gingham, pongee or crepe are good materials for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 4 years. A 1-year size requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material. 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.

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Spring and Summer 1924 Book of Fashions.

The Hidden Hour

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND

CHAPTER XXX.—(Cont'd.)
Ardington spoke in a low voice, but with intense vehemence. "I was not though he vehemently mentioned murder, as though he believed that Merrington was only shaming a loss of memory, as though he hoped to frighten Merrington."

"Another death?" Merrington answered. "Would that give me any more happiness? Would it give Paula back to me again? I do not care for capital punishment, Ardington. I have always hated the idea of it."

For a few moments there was silence. Then Ardington said pleasantly. "You mean? Let your mind dwell on this. You must think of your work and nothing else."

"I have no work," Merrington answered. "Now Lady Bradney is ill—"

"Oh, she will soon be well again, and in the meantime Merrington, why don't you start on something else?"

"Yes, but just for this once, old chap. Now why don't you paint my portrait? I'm not one of those men who can work at two pictures."

"Then that's a bargain," said Ardington. "I'll wire for a canvas in the morning."

"Merrington nodded, and then he walked across the studio to one of the windows and opened a casement. The garden, rising terrace upon terrace, was grey and white and black in the moonlight. There was not a breath of wind."

"I shall go for a stroll before turning in," said Merrington. "It's a ripping night. The world seemed to be asleep in the moonlight."

"Of course I'd rather you came with me, Ardington?"

They left the studio, and Ardington locked the door behind them. When they reached the topmost terrace, close to the wood, now a thick wall of leafy darkness, they turned and looked back at the house. Save for the distant barking of a dog, and the calling of two owls to one another, there was complete silence. Not a faint rustle in the wood. The world seemed to be asleep in the moonlight.

"You know," said Merrington, "after a long silence, there are times when I feel that the peace of this place cannot last for ever. It is almost as though it were doomed to some tremendous upheaval."

"The calm before the storm, eh?"

"Don't you see a man digging—right at the end there—under the trees?"

"I see nothing, Merrington. Well, anyway, we can soon find out. Let's go."

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Soaking takes the place of rubbing—

JUST by soaking the clothes in the suds of this new soap, dirt is gently loosened and dissolved.

Even the dirt that is ground in at neck-bands and cuff-edges yields to a light rubbing with dry Rinso. Not a thread is weakened. The mild Rinso suds work thoroughly through and through the clothes without injury to a single fabric.

Rinso is made by the makers of Lux. For the family wash it is as wonderful as Lux is for fine things.

All grocers and department stores sell Rinso. LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO

Surnames and Their Origin

MANNING. Variations—Manning, Mainwaring. Radial Origin—Norman/French. Source—Geographical.
The family name of Manning runs true to form in its origin. It is a peculiarity of the most of names which the invasion of William the Conqueror threw into the English language that an exceptionally large percentage of them take their origins from geographical sources.
This is natural and easily understood when the circumstances and conditions under the Norman conquest of work place are considered. The Anglo-Saxon population of England, prior to that time, was not more than a very few million, less than a tenth of what it is today. England was a land of open countryside and little hamlets. The communities were so small that men needed no family names. Occasionally a man would add a descriptive name or adjective to his title to distinguish him from a neighbor who happened to have the same name, and this was all that was necessary.
But when William gathered his hosts for the invasion of England, he gathered them from all Normandy, and the natural method of avoiding confusion was to refer to Hugo, of "this city," and Rudolf, of "such-and-such a place." No doubt the Anglo-Saxons said the same thing. But it was scattered. The Normans were not. They settled themselves in a strange land and kept the ties of mutual defence and intercommunication close. Hence, with the necessity for such distinctions, still existing, such names tended to perpetuate themselves.
Manning is simply a shortened form of Mainwaring, which, as pronunciation went in those days, was pretty close to the Mont Guerin of the Normans. Were Robert de Mont Guerin (to-day) alive to find, he might be Bob Mainwaring, Manning of Manning.

The Candy Man of Japan.

A queer figure is the vendor of candy in Japan. Down the narrow streets he comes, singing, with his small square and his stick of candy figures. A crowd of children follow him, as the boys and girls of Canada follow an organ grinder with a monkey.
When the crowd is large enough to suit the candyman he sets down his stand and begins his business. With a little bamboo tube he blows bubbles of hot sugar somewhat as a child blows soap bubbles. Then he twists and shapes them into figures much as a glass blower fashions objects from bubbles of hot glass. Flowers, fruits, animals and fishes the candyman blows; and when he has completed a figure he hangs it on a nail in the edge of his stand.
All the while the candyman is working, he entertains the children with humorous remarks or with wild tales of adventure in which the successful hero is usually a man who eats quantities of candy. One droll old candyman who always kept his head neatly wrapped in a towel while he worked, would say:
"Now, little masters, my candy is the best candy for the hair. If you eat my candy you will never lose a hair from your heads. I have not lost a hair for ten years."
With that he would pull off the towel and show his bald head!
"Oh," some serious-minded youngster would cry, "how did you lose your hair if you ate candy?"
"Little master," the funny old fellow would reply, "if I had always eaten candy, I should still have my beautiful hair, but one day I stepped and ate cake instead. My hairs were so angry at the change that they all pulled themselves out by the roots, and I have been bald ever since."
Another old candyman, who was always selling on in the street, would say:
"I should like to see a man who could eat candy without getting fat." He would then proceed to eat a large quantity of candy and say:
"Now, little masters, my candy is the best candy for the hair. If you eat my candy you will never lose a hair from your heads. I have not lost a hair for ten years."
The candyman of Japan is a unique figure. He is a man who has turned a trade into an art, and a simple pleasure into a profession.

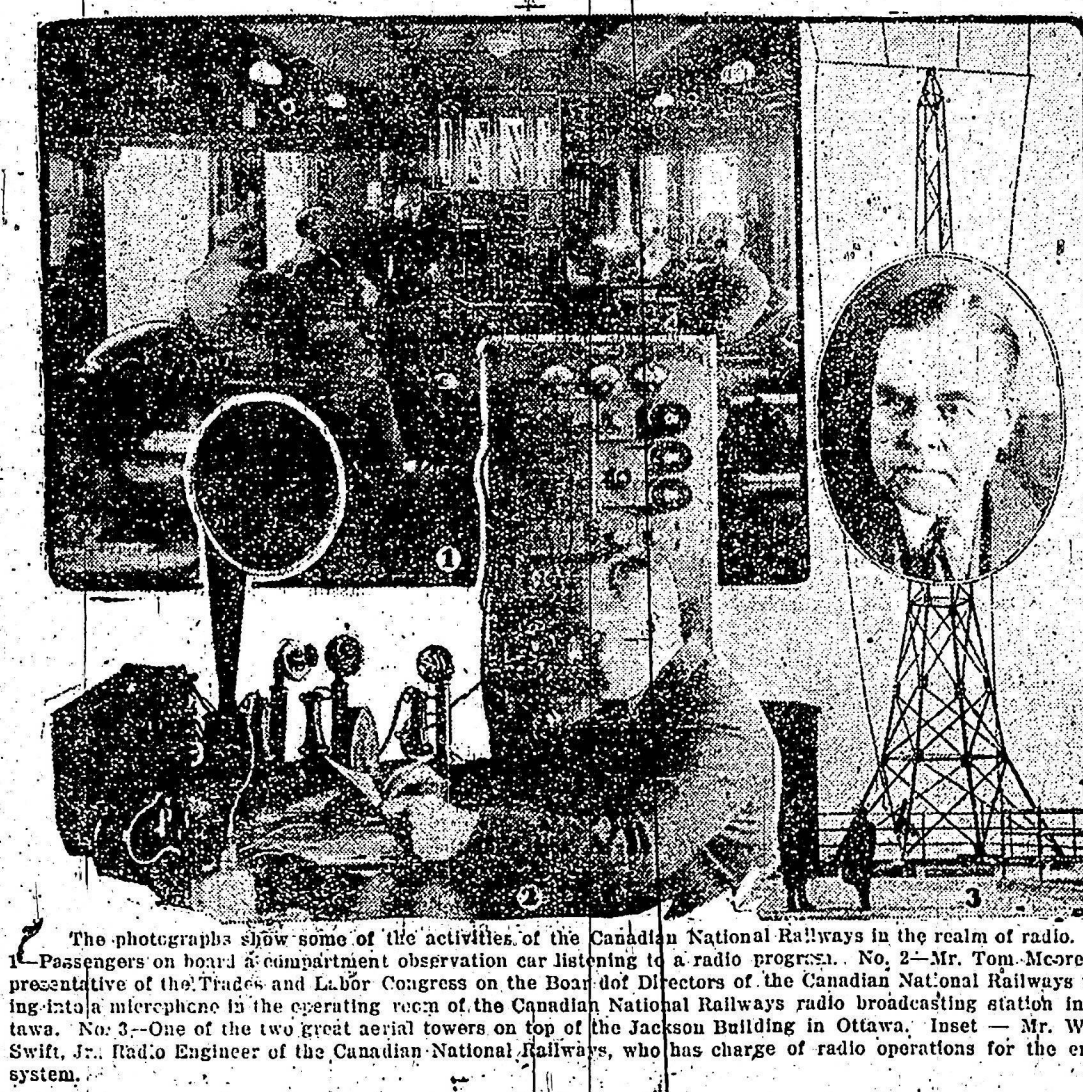
EFFICIENT FLY

The fly is a destroyer of crops. The more you know of the fly, the more you can do to prevent its work. The standard fly is the house fly, which is a pest of the farmer and the city dweller alike. The house fly is a pest because it is a scavenger and it is a nuisance. It is a pest because it is a pest of the farmer and the city dweller alike. The house fly is a pest because it is a scavenger and it is a nuisance. It is a pest because it is a pest of the farmer and the city dweller alike.

THE PERENNIAL PHLOX

The phlox is a perennial flower. It is a beautiful flower that is easy to grow. It is a perennial because it comes back every year. It is a beautiful flower that is easy to grow. It is a perennial because it comes back every year. It is a beautiful flower that is easy to grow. It is a perennial because it comes back every year.

Most Powerful Radio Broadcasting Station in Dominion



The photographs show some of the activities of the Canadian National Railways in the realm of radio. No. 1—Passengers on board a compartment observation car listening to a radio program. No. 2—Mr. Tom Moore, representative of the Trades and Labor Congress on the Board of Directors of the Canadian National Railways talking into a microphone in the operating room of the Canadian National Railways radio broadcasting station in Ottawa. No. 3—One of the two great aerial towers on top of the Jackson Building in Ottawa. Inset—Mr. W. H. Swift, Jr., Radio Engineer of the Canadian National Railways, who has charge of radio operations for the entire system.