Tea of Quality

"SALADA"

H633

is blended only from tender young leaves & buds that yield richly of their delicious goodness. Try SALADA to-day.

Woman's Realm

JULIE'S BIRTHDAY.

For two days Julie's mother had been working day and night for her daughter's party. There was Julie's new dress to finish and the best dishes to get out and chicken salad and rolls and ice cream and cake to make—to say nothing of the countless extra things that always thrust themselves into the most crowded days. Of course Julie helped, at least she meant to help, but there were so many interruptions. Her mother patiently picked up all Julie's loose ends and finished them along with her own tasks. She was too tired to dress for the party, but, since she had to be in the kitchen, it didn't make any difference.

Julie, a lovely, flushed little figure, received her guests and exclaimed happily over the gifts they brought. It was the custom in the village to bring gifts to a birthday party. Quite naturally she put out her hand for the blue enamelled box that Vera Stoneclow had brought.

Vera, however, laughingly held it behind her. "It isn't for you. I knew you'd have a hundred of things, and I always think a girl's birthday belongs to her mother anyway. So I brought this for her. Where is she?"

"Why, in the kitchen," Julie stammered.

Vera ran back to the kitchen. Julie's mother, who, was cutting cake and frosting a little because the icing wasn't quite firm, looked up, startled, as Vera's kiss.

"I've brought you a birthday gift," Vera said. "I thought,"—her voice faltered and then steadied,—"I thought you'd let me. I always bought one to my mother on her birthday, and I missed it so this year. I'm not much of a baker, but I made—"

"Why, Vera!" Julie's mother exclaimed awkwardly.

"Put it on," Vera pleaded. "I want to see you in it."

Still awkwardly Julie's mother opened the box. Inside was a large apron with lovely touches of embroidery. She put it on. The blue in it matched the blue of her eyes, and the excitement made a tiny pink flush steal into her tired face.

"It's lovely!" Vera cried joyously.

Julie's mother no longer felt tired. Even Julie noticed it when she ran out for something. She had kept hearing over and over again the queer thing that Vera had said about a girl's birthday belonging to her mother. Vera did have queer notions!

Up in her room in the blessed quiet Julie's mother was resting at last. But she could not sleep; she was too happy.

PIANO-STOOL TABLES.

An old revolving piano stool makes an ideal seat at the dressing table or work cabinet, especially in a small or crowded room where it may be lowered and pushed beneath a table or sink out of the way.

But the family handy man is finding other ingenious uses for the discarded tool. One man has made a charming plant stand for the window by securely fastening upon the stool a large round top. Mother placed a tall plant in the centre with a row of smaller plants round the edge. This stand can be moved about at will.

In another household the old piano stool has been utilized in making an extremely handy cabinet to stand near the kitchen stove. Upon the old seat is securely fastened a roomy cabinet made from a box open at two opposite sides. Two shelves are placed within and the whole is neatly painted. Curtains on brass rings are hung over the openings and a row of hooks has been added to each of the closed sides. In this cabinet are kept all the things most commonly used about the stove—canisters of coffee and tea, a tin of flour for thickening, salt and pepper, coffee and teapots, saucepans and frying pans, holders and covers, cooking spoons, and forks.

These things are arranged upon the shelves or hung upon the hooks outside. A turn of the cabinet brings any desired object within easy reach. When the stove is inconveniently situated this cabinet saves many steps every day. It takes up but little room at the end of the stove and is easily pushed about for sweeping or cleaning.

In yet another household a cabinet attached to a discarded revolving stool is pronounced the best kind of baby cabinet. Upon the shelves inside are placed all sorts of folded clean clothing and toilet necessities. On hooks along the sides are hung the fresh little garments. It is very easy to push this cabinet up to the fire when the time comes for the baby to be washed and dressed.

SICKROOM JOY.

A minister of the writer's acquaintance recently suffered from a broken hip, caused by slipping on a waxed floor, while playing basket ball with a group of his young people. The accident caused him to be confined to his bed for many weeks. At his direction the following small piece of furniture was quickly made by a handy sewing chap.

The carpenter took a stout box, obtained at a grocery store. It had one open end. The box was cut in two, so as to have a top, two ends and a bottom just like the top. This bottom board was removed, leaving a bench-shaped article of the following dimensions: The top was thirty-six inches long, and twenty inches wide. The ends were sixteen inches deep and twenty inches wide. From the bottom board which had been removed, two cleats were cut and the edges smoothed. Each cleat was an inch and a half wide.

The pieces of wood were nailed firmly to either edge of the top and sides of the improvised table. These cleats served as a brace, or what is called a "box" on a chair. The top of the table was neatly covered with oil cloth and the ends were painted white.

When the invalid was ready for a meal, the bed-table was a real joy. It was "roomy" enough without being clumsy. When the invalid wished to write a letter, the table was at hand. If he desired to read and consult rather heavy books, it was especially helpful.

Later, when a child in the family was confined to bed for a few days, the bed-table came into play to hold paints and pictures to color, and books and toys. At this time, an improvement was added, by fastening a moulding around the back and two ends of the top of the table. Small wire nails held the moulding in place. This prevented pencils and small articles from slipping off.—E. M. G.

REMADE BROOMS.

When a broom begins to show signs of wear do not throw it away. First of all, soak it in hot suds, rinse and put it out in the air to dry. Then cut the bristles so that they are of even length again. You will find that the broom has taken on a new lease of life.

The First Robin.

A robin all duffled by the winds
Such a miserable, desolate thing,
Has perched himself high in the maple tree;
He's fairly bursting his throat to sing
A song as cheery and warm and bright
As his own red breast, and light and gay
As the lilt and flirt of his eager wings
As he says good-by and flies away.

The wind is east and the sky is dark;
It looks like snow at the hill's far edge;
But I have forgotten all of this—
I'm planning the box for my window ledge—

And what shall I plant and where and when;
What's the best place for the mignonette;
Shall I buy hollyhock seed this year?
Don't care to say—it is winter yet!

The calendar knows that it is spring,
And I know so and robin does, too;
So there's a majority—three to one—
Nobody listens at all to you!

—Abigail Creeson.

Luck.

Luck doesn't float around the air and sigh, on Tom or Dick or Harry just anyhow and anywhere. The wit to know the thing you want, the will to work, the faith to fight, the strength to use but tempered tools and only weapons honor-bright; the spirit and the pluck to dare, the heart to hope, the grit to bear, and, when disaster fails, the pluck to Grin and start again—that's luck!

India at present is raising cotton on nearly 22,000,000 acres of land as compared with less than 18,000,000 acres a year ago.

After eating or smoking Wrigley's freshens the mouth and sweetens the breath. Nerves are soothed, throat is refreshed and digestion aided. So easy to carry the little packet!

WRIGLEY'S

-after every meal!

R83

Odd Names for Roads and Streets.

If you visit Stonehouse, a part of Plymouth, England, you will notice a number of short streets called "opes." The word is an abbreviation of "opening" and is applied to streets which open from one main street into another. There are several in the neighborhood of the Marine Barracks.

In Perth and in other Scottish towns similar streets are named "vennels." Inverness, Glasgow, and Dumfries all have vennels. The name is French in its origin and probably dates from the days of Mary Queen of Scots.

In other parts of England there are French names for streets. In almost any town you may find a Row. London has many. The word is really "rue," which is French for "street." Then there are "causeways," of which a well known example is Newington Causeway. Causeway does not necessarily refer to a raised road, as is generally supposed, but is derived from the French word, "chaussee," which means a paved street.

Spital is not an uncommon name for a street or road in Scotland or the North of England. The word is simply a shortening of hospital. Wherever you find the name you may be certain that even if there is no hospital there now, such a building once stood near by.

In other Northern towns you find "gates," such as Castlegate, Trongate, Seagate. The "gate" is not to be taken in the modern significance as a portal or gateway, but is derived from a Scandinavian word meaning road.

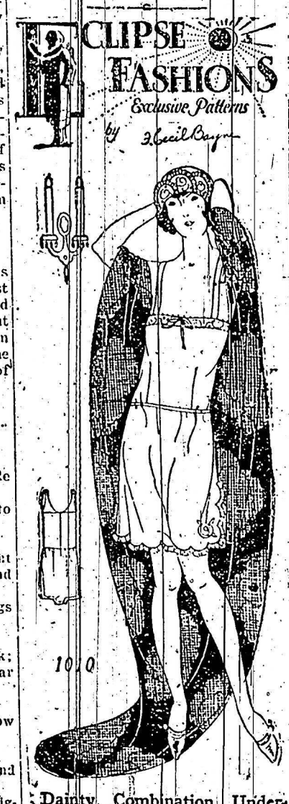
High street is the name of the principal street in almost every small town in Great Britain. Here, again few people are aware that in this case "high" does not mean raised, but merely "chief." Its meaning is the same as Main street, so popular in this country.

The Uphill Road.

Anyone who rides a bicycle has soon discovered that it is a great deal easier to ride uphill by night than by day. Again and again the rider is astonished at the comparative ease with which in the darkness he has reached the top of some rise that in the light would have demanded—or seemed to demand—much greater effort. It is possible to ride up hills at night—and without great difficulty—at the foot of which the rider would have dismounted by day.

The kindly night shrouds the road. All you see is the bit of lighted road that the slender rays of the bicycle lamp illumines, and so you climb the grade bit by bit. You might be sure that you could not climb a hill that you can see in its formidable and challenging completeness; but you are generally sure that you can get over the next ten yards. Moreover, there is frequently an illusion that the road is level or even that it descends a little there in the darkness just beyond the lamplight. Even when you come to that point and find that the road is still going uphill you will still find that the illusion helps you.

It is an excellent thing that we cannot see too far ahead. If we could see all the distant scene we should often find ourselves discouraged and overdone. There is a deep philosophy of life in the words of the hymn, "One step enough for me." That is the right way to travel. The hill difficulty is not too formidable if we do not see it whole in the distance.



Dainty Combination Undergarment

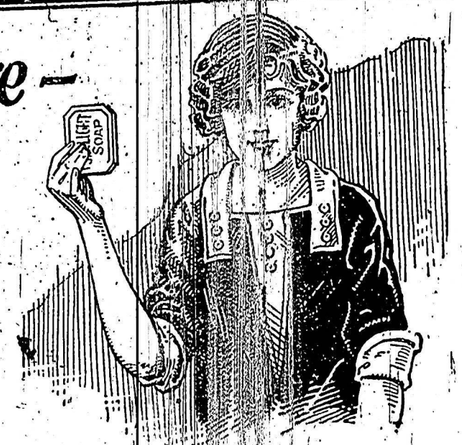
There are endless ways of trimming this exquisite combination and numerous pretty materials suitable for making it. The fitted camisole may be made with shaped shoulder straps or with straps of ribbon, lace or self-material. The envelope drawers, gathered to the camisole are scalloped and finished with frills of lace. Soft, fine nainsook, crepe de chine or broadcloth silk will be beautiful if made up in this style; there is a vast opportunity to display hand embroidery or novel effects in drawn work or lace trimming. Combination undergarment No. 1010 cut in sizes 34 to 44 inches bust. Size 38 requires 1¾ yard material 36 or 40 inches wide.

Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Pattern sent by return mail.

The difference between impudence and repartee often depends upon the size of the man who utters it.

"It's guaranteed pure—and purity means value in soap—"

says Mrs. Experience, to housewives interested in saving.



"Of course, you know right away that I refer to Sunlight—because Sunlight is the only laundry bar soap made in Canada that is guaranteed pure. A $5,000 Guarantee of Purity goes with every bar; and according to the makers, this Guarantee has never once been challenged during the whole lifetime of Sunlight Soap.

"It's perfectly obvious, too, that when every particle of a soap is pure cleansing material—and not loaded with useless adulterants and hardening materials—then that soap has more cleansing power and does more work with less labour. A little of it goes a long way. In short, it's really economical.

"That's why I always use and recommend Sunlight for the laundry, dishes and general housework. Sunlight keeps my hands soft and comfortable, too!" Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, make it.

S-53-2

Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

"Love gives itself and is not bought."—Longfellow.

CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

"I don't just know where I am," declared Judy. "I shan't know until I've had it out with Alan. I only know that I have never been so sick of my life!"

"It is hard on you, of course. And if Alan actually marries that woman!——"

"He can't," interrupted Judy. "And he won't, if I can prevent it! It is, as you say, not decent. I can't understand it, anyhow, look at it as I like. Good-bye, Aunt Isabel. Thank you for bringing me so far. I'll go through the Drane wood and get home quickly—yes, really, this is my best way!"

"Good-bye, my dear, and I hope your strong common sense and right feeling will have some effect on your headstrong brother."

Judy rather dismally shook her head. She felt a vast impatience with the members of the sex who complicated life so frightfully for their fellows!

"If there were no men," she said to herself, as she kicked a stone along the road with the toe of her neat, serviceable boot, "how much easier life would be—but how dull!" she added, with a little smile of scorn at the futility of her argument.

When she re-entered the big, lonely, quiet house, a sudden sense of forlornness overcame her, and, sitting down on the old settee, she hid her face and began to cry quite quietly.

Judy in tears was the most disturbing sight Alan Rankine had ever seen! When he entered the house not long after, and found her thus, he was conscience-stricken.

"Why, Judy, whatever is the matter?" he asked blankly.

"Oh, don't ask me, Alan Rankine!" she cried, looking up with a sudden gesture of anger. "Do you think you have treated me fairly—exposing me to the treatment I have suffered today, and leaving me to learn things I ought to have known, just from anybody?"

"Let us go into the Pool, and have it out, Judy, my dear. I thought it was the kindest thing I could do to keep quiet till some order emerged from the frightful chaos my life has got into."

"The chaos you have made!" she flashed back as she went before him along the passage to the old familiar room.

It has a western window, through which the setting sun was streaming, and it lay on Judy's face when she turned round to look at him, making it stand out rather thin and wistful in the clear glow.

"Oh, Alan, this thing can't be true! Is it? You haven't stepped in and robbed Peter? You don't mean to say you are going to make her mistress of Stair!"

Judy's tone was more than wounded astonished; it was actually hostile. Listening to the voice, and observing the unusual hardening of the expression, Rankine realized that he had not done well to shut his sister out of the new current of his life.

"I've been wrong, Judy," he said, very humbly. "Will you sit down here and just let me tell you what has happened as best I can?"

Judy sat down, and as she listened to the extraordinary recital all more telling, because it was told badly and simply—her heart was confused medley of emotions.

She could not but be sorry for this big, impulsive, warm-hearted man-child, though her common sense told to warn her that the tale was one to be credited.

"You must acquit me of any wilful plan to treat Peter Garvock dishonorably, Judy; for the thing was simply lifted clean out of our hands. Can't you see that?"

"I wonder," said Judy, and dropping her chin on her hands, she looked across the intervening space at his face, which was stamped with the s of the strong emotions under which undoubtedly he was labouring. "I wonder just how much of all this is real, or will last? You have been in love a good many times—haven't you, Alan?"

"I have imagined it—but this is different," he said, with diffidence.

"I dare say that every time you have thought that! What I want to know is, whether for this love, which lasts so short a time in a man's life and means so little to him, is it worth while to rend so many hearts and lives?"

Judy was very scathing, but Alan stood it well.

"I suppose I've deserved it," he said quite humbly. "Still, some day you'll understand."

"And what about Lucy?" pursued Judy, quite mercilessly. "She has not forgotten, though you have, the trysts you used to make and keep on Brassie Hill."

Rankine started in painful surprise.

"Oh, that was only fooling, Judy, and none knew better than Lucy! I'm perfectly sure she has forgotten all about it. There will be no trouble with the women-folk at The Lees. They won't bear any malice."

Judy decided to keep her further counsel concerning Lucy, chiefly because no good could now come of harping on what was, in Alan's eyes, both a futile and an uninteresting theme.

"You're wrong, Alan, as it happens. You have alienated a whole family. Why, even I was refused admittance at The Lees this afternoon—met by Ramsay at the door with the message 'Not at home,' though he immediately afterwards informed me that Aunt Isabel had seen me from the window and sent down to make sure his message was delivered."

Judy was surprised at the relish with which she gave her little thrust. She was rewarded by seeing her brother look properly aghast.

"Judy! Aunt Isabel never did that to you!"

"She did," said Judy with a nod. "But afterwards I saw them in Ayr, and they were not so bad. I just walked up to them in the carriage, and asked what they meant by behaving so ridiculously, and stated that I had done nothing to deserve such—such—thing."

"I am very sorry, my dear, that anything I have done should have been the cause of subjecting you to this!"

"Oh, I don't mind," said Judy bravely, though a tear trembled on her eyelash. "But we didn't see this just now, and to-day I am not sure but that I am sorry Peter sent that cable to Bombay. He never would have done it had he suspected what was going to happen."

"Perhaps I should not have come if I had suspected it," answered Alan gloomily. "Then you've gone back on me, Judy, and won't listen or help?"

Judy sat silent a moment, looking intently into the blazing fire. She was thinking, not of her brother at the moment, but of the old man on his death-bed who, clinging to her hand, had begged her to stand by Stair to the last.

"A woman has been the salvation of Stair from the beginning, my dear," he had said, in his low, difficult voice. "And there is nothing more certain than that you will have to go on as you've begun. Stand by Alan, for he will need you."

Judy's eyes softened, and she turned to her brother, looking more like the 'angel' of the house than she had done since they came into the Pool.

"I felt it so awfully—the way you have treated me, Alan. You ought to have told me every single thing, and [illegible] me to hear it in scraps [illegible] one and that. It was [illegible] fair, nor kind. I positively [illegible] know where to look, at the [illegible] house this afternoon, when [illegible] calmly informed me that [illegible] daughter's engagement was at a [illegible]

"So I went to the Cock House, and [illegible] you told you that! But why [illegible] you have gone there to-day [illegible] should I do anything? I had [illegible] afternoon. I was under promise [illegible] there some time. I knew [illegible] to hinder, therefore I went. [illegible] be sensible, Alan! I have [illegible] to hide, and never will have. [illegible] God, for it is—is the very devil [illegible]!"

Judy's feeling was evidenced by her use of [illegible] Usually her language was [illegible] restraint, and she had no [illegible] with the new license of speech [illegible] the abundant use of slang [illegible] distinguished so many of her [illegible] She remained a little [illegible] and old-fashioned, as her [illegible] had been before her.

(To be continued.)

Ignorance.

The motion-picture "Robin Hood," Marian desires to send a message to the Earl of Huntington about Little John to act as her escort. She presents John with a [illegible] which is protected by a [illegible] to be a black case or tube. [illegible] he handed it over, a small boy [illegible] audience asked his mother's [illegible]

"That's a flashlight," she answered in [illegible] voice.

"You show your ignorance, Mary," [illegible] her husband. "They didn't have [illegible] in these days. That's a [illegible]."

Soap Economy.

Remove the wrapers from cakes [illegible] and let them dry thoroughly [illegible] will last much longer.

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