

# Into a Crockery Teapot

## Put a teaspoonful of the genuine

# "SALADA"

for every TWO cups. Pour on freshly BOILING water and let it stand for five minutes. THE RESULT will be the most perfect flavoured tea you ever tasted.

## Peter the Great Goes Home

By MAY HOOVER MUMAW.

### PART III.

Mrs. Blaine insisted upon an ideally arranged sleeping porch and Tom begged for a pantry "just like Granny's."

Under Grandfather's skilful guidance the bungalow sprung up as if by magic. They were all determined it should be formally dedicated by Labor Day. Sara and her Mother were Granny's assistants in cooking for the carpenters and Sara rapidly learned Granny's culinary secrets.

When Tom was not helping with the bungalow or the work in the fields, he was devouring farm papers and cow pedigrees. Bess De Kol Aagie, the cow of national fame, was Tom's especial delight. One day Grandfather found the lad affectionately petting the beautiful silken-coated thoroughbred and longed to say to the boy: "Lad, the cow is yours," but the time was not yet ripe for such a gift. Tom was ambitious to run all the farm machines. The tractor was easy for he had learned to drive his father's car but the binder needed study, and a proud boy was he, during oats harvest, when one never-to-be-forgotten day, he drove the binder to cut ten acres of oats. It beat the city and its white lights all to nothing!

A deep friendship sprung up between Sara and Tom and Minnie's children, George and Jean Reid, and many were the picnics and rides and homey comfortable times they had at one house or the other.

To Sara and Jean was given the privilege of buying the dishes and all kitchen accessories for the bungalow. They devoured several volumes on up-to-date household appliances, read all the advertisements and finally called in the County Home Demonstration Agent to help them with the kitchen, which was to be electrically equipped.

Minnie happened to hear of a set of blue dishes, a century old, which was to be sold at public auction some miles distant. They attended the sale and captured the coveted prize.

Granny gave them a famous blue-and-white linen coverlet that had been woven by her mother and that was to cover the couch on the dining porch. The kitchen was enough to give joy to the heart of any housewife. Granny insisted upon just one thing, a "comfy" rocker by the sunniest window, cushioned in delicate blue cretonne, a thing of joy.

Labor Day brought the climax of the summer's work. The bungalow was complete, even to the screened-in porch. Peter G. was coming out for the week and Jean and Sara, with the boys to help, were to serve a dinner entirely of their own planning and cooking.

However much the Home Demonstration approved of that up-to-date kitchen, it is absolutely certain no Domestic Science teacher could have sanctioned the Labor Day menu, from the standpoint of dietetics, but seasoned as it was with love and loving

service, it troubled no one. They were eating angels' food!

When the radiant vision of girlhood, who was his once fretful and bored and fashionable city girl, served that never-to-be-forgotten dinner, Peter G. remembered how proud he had been of her when she was a tiny girl and stood on the stair step every evening to "say pieces" before being tucked in bed. And now, when she lightly kissed him on the back of the neck and said: "Isn't that chicken simply delicious, Daddy dear?" he felt the same emotions that he had felt then.

The family had planned to go back to town by the first of October but the young folks coaxed and it was finally decided to stay out until Thanksgiving and then Peter G. could come out for another week and take them all home with him.

So once more preparations were made for a great dinner. This time the celebration was to be at the old farm home and Granny, serene and "spry," had never enjoyed preparations for a big dinner more than this.

Thanksgiving evening they were all around the open fire. There had been one of those comfortable silences when each is engrossed with thoughts too deep for words. Suddenly Tom growled: "I am not going back to town—if Grandfather and Granny will let me stay and work for them this winter! Say! Mayn't I?"

Before anyone could speak Sara spoke up, "Well, if Tom stays, I guess I can stay, too, so there!"

There was laughter and discussion, and the old homestead won. They shut up the bungalow. Mary went back to Montreal to make company for Peter G. in the big city home, and Tom and Sara moved over with Grandfather and Granny.

Tom slept in the little room under the eaves where Peter G., not yet dubbed Peter the Great, had slept and dreamed of future achievements. Tom's dreams were all of farm management and Sara's all of homemaking.

Many were the evenings Jean and George joined them while they popped corn and cracked nuts or swapped yarns or took turns reading aloud. Granny was a wonderful hostess and she or Grandfather were always ready with a story or book that just fitted in.

Many an evening also did Tom and Sara spend in Minnie's home and if Granny noticed as the winter wore on that Tom's letters to a certain girl in Montreal were growing fewer in number, she said no word.

One morning Tom came from the barn and dropped down in Granny's kitchen rocker and blurted out: "Granny, how did you know that Grandfather, out of the whole world, was the one man you wanted to marry—and that you would never get tired of him? Tell me, honest to goodness, Granny! I've got to know!"

Fearlessly Granny looked into the

questioning eyes of young manhood. "I loved him lad, and I never loved anyone else. And he loved me and no one else."

Then she lifted the veil that the lad might see and know the sweet story of unspoiled youth. When the story was told, Tom reverently kissed her and started to the village.

Minnie opened the door to him that evening and in a flash she knew that her "little girl" was a child no longer and that this boy-man knew it too.

"I do like you, Tom," said Jean frankly to him as they sat alone by the fire, "better than anyone I know. But can't we go on just as we have been and learn to know each other better?"

And Tom was forced to be content with that.

So it came on spring and in vain Montreal City called the young folk. Sara and Tom were to have the "entire charge" of Grandmother's chicken business—under supervision! They were fearful lest the incubator would not hatch out the chickens for them, and when the fluffy white balls began to come out of the shells, their excitement knew no bounds.

When garden time came they could hardly wait to plant the seeds and watched almost every hour of every day for the first tiny green shoots to push through the warm earth. Early in the morning, Granny and Sara would garden while the men milked, and as they worked they grew closer in spirit.

Mary would not leave Peter G. until he could leave too—near the first of July, she wrote, and oh joy! he was making all plans to stay for the summer.

So it happened that the formal opening of the bungalow was just a year later than the day on which Peter had come back. This time he came with his wife, who was his comrade and companion, and his children waited to welcome him.

Granny and Grandfather were on the verandah when they drove up to the bungalow. Radiant and breathless, Sara rushed up to them and hastily gave each a peck of a kiss and told them to come quick to see the chickens. She and Tom were just getting them into the brooder house. They must see the garden, too!

And then the happy family group wandered down to the pasture to see the cows and Tom threw his arms about the neck of Bess De Kol Aagie while Peter G. silently thanked heaven for the lure of the farm.

The old moon must have felt pretty fine that evening when she spied the group on the verandah of the bungalow and heard their summer plans. More than once she saw Granny wipe away a tear.

"Our own—our very own, Father's and mine!" the dear old lady was thinking. "The best has come, the last of life for which the first was made." Mother knew her Browning.

There was nothing much more left to be discussed, Sara was saying; they had thoroughly covered everything that needed the consideration of the family. But at this point Tom cleared his throat and after a gulp or two: "Well, there are a few things left. Jean has promised to be my wife. On one consideration. She loves me but I am to make the soil make us a living if she marries me. She absolutely will not marry a man who gets his money from his father. And she's no cityite. There you have it—and I want to say right here that I intend to marry her!"

Peter G. got up and with his back to them walked to the edge of the verandah. He felt like "Peter the Great" for the first time in his successful life. Grandfather laughed aloud: "Bully for the girl! She has brains up under those curls of hers." Granny sat still with closed eyes and a light on her face. Quietly his mother reached over and stroked the hair boyishly flung back from Tom's brow.

"Well, lad, we could give the money away, I suppose, if it is going to be any hindrance to you," Peter G. said, rejoining the group. "I should surely like to see you get the girl. She is just right!"

"Well, folks, I have been thinking a lot, though I have not said anything about it—for really I had no right to say anything before, for Jean only made me her little speech last night. But here it is: If Grandfather would and you would, Dad, I should like to have Grandfather have me partner with him, that is, if you would stake me, Dad, for my share. I'll pay back, honest, I will!"

It was too much for Granny. She fairly ran over to Peter G. and crumpled up in his arms.

"No, no! I am not going to faint!" she cried, gurgling between tears and laughter. "I never did such a thing in my life and I do not intend to begin now. My cup of happiness is full. Don't anyone say anything more tonight. I can't stand it! I wanted all our folks on the farm and—I've got 'em!"

But Sara had one more word to add: "We could give them this bungalow for a wedding present, couldn't we, Dad, and then we could build another one for ourselves over on the other side of Granny, you know. I am so glad we had that tremendous fireplace put in. I thought there'd be plans and aren't they glorious ones?"

(The End.)

### Doing For Others.

"If you want to be happy,  
Begin where you are;  
Don't wait for some rapture  
That's future and far;  
Begin to make others feel joyous and glad,  
And soon you'll forget  
That you ever were sad."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, Etc.

### History of Angels.

Fra Angelico was the first painter who ventured to depict angels of the gentler sex.

This was deemed a bold and unscientific innovation by churchmen of his time, inasmuch as it had always been understood that there was no such thing as a female angel. As a matter of fact, there is no authority for lady angels except in art.

Modern pictured angels, however, are nearly all of the female persuasion; and it will be noted that usually they are blondes. But the archangels are invariably represented as of male sex.

Among all the celestial hosts, only the seven archangels are known as individuals and by name. These, as named in the Bible, are Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel, Jophiel, Channel and Zadkiel.

Michael is the captain general and leader of the heavenly armies. It was he who conquered Satan and drove him with his rebellious legions, out of Heaven. He is understood to have been in command of the band of angels who, in obedience to divine orders, performed the work of constructing the universe. In painting he is represented with a pair of scales, which he will use on the day of judgment to weigh the souls of the dead.

Gabriel, the angel of the annunciation, has in his charge the celestial treasury. Raphael is chief of the guardian angels, whose business it is to look out for the welfare of mankind. Uriel is the regent of the sun. Jophiel is caretaker of the tree of knowledge; and it was he who drove Adam and Eve out of Eden. Chamuel was the angel who wrestled with Jacob, and it was Zadkiel who stayed the hand of Abraham when about to sacrifice his son Isaac.

### Salvaging Sunken Ships.

Between 8,000 to 10,000 ships, of which nearly 6,000 are British, it is estimated, are lying on the ocean bed. These sunken ships are reckoned to account for about 15,053,786 gross tons, and their estimated value is \$1,330,933,750—at pre-war shipbuilding rates. With their cargoes, the ships below the sea are worth more than five billion—experts put the figures at \$6,021,513,400 roughly.

There is need for the ships as well as their precious cargoes to be raised, and there is small doubt that the salvage engineer will be kept busy for years hence.

Ships of no less than 2,000 tons can usually be raised bodily by means of pontoons; ships above such a mark require often more ingenious handling. Pontooning is employed whenever possible for salving sunken ships; the second method is for ships to be pumped and floated, which means that divers must go down, locate holes, and mend them with plates, before the ship is pumped free from water and raised again. In a third method compressed air is used to force the water out of the ship at the bottom of the ocean.

An American has invented a salvage submarine, which can have its door open below water without letting water into the ship. A European salvage company, too, have a patent underwater ship which carries several divers, and is a complete repair shop fitted with telephones and search-lights.

### Gloves Once Used as Money.

In the Molucca Islands gloves were once used as money and at a much later date bitter almonds were so used in some parts of India.

Minard's Liniment For Burns, Etc.

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### Road Bugs, a Pest.

The "flivverette," or, as it is otherwise called, the "road bug," is the newest thing in automobiles. Already it has achieved popularity in Europe. It is hardly bigger than a boy's toy wagon, yet accommodates one person, and in a public garage the little machine can be put into pigeonhole compartments along the walls, one row of them above another, the higher pigeon-holes being reached by an inclined board.

A "road bug" can be run by a child. It is driven by a storage battery, and has a speed of eighteen miles an hour. For many purposes it may replace the motorcycle with sidecar.

### BUY "DIAMOND DYES"

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## Remedies Discovered by Accident

It was simply through the mistake of an assistant in filling a bottle with anisol instead of anise oil, that Professor Fraenkel discovered a preparation which absolutely destroys the insect which carries the germ of spotted fever or typhus.

This is by no means the only case of a remedy discovered purely by accident.

Visiting an elderly parishioner whom he had not seen for some time, the rector of a Norfolk, England, parish, was astonished to find that the old gentleman, who previously had possessed a pate as shiny as a billiard ball, now displayed a fine crop of hair.

The rector very naturally inquired how this seeming miracle had come about, and was informed that it was the result of a certain ointment for rheumatism.

"You see, sir," said the old fellow, "I have rheumatism in my leg, and after I rubbed the ointment on my leg I wiped my hands on my bald head. Soon the hair began to grow, and now, after being bald for thirty years, I have a fine thatch again."

The remedy, it is said, has already been put upon the market under another name.

The use of snake poison in certain skin diseases was first proclaimed to the medical world by a Brazilian scientist, Dr. de Moura.

Happening to visit an Indian village, he saw there a man who, by marks on his body, had evidently suffered from a peculiarly terrible form of skin disease, and one regarded as incurable. Yet the man was apparently in good health. He made inquiries, and the sufferer told him that, a year previously, he had been dying from this disease when he was accidentally bitten by a pit viper.

This started De Moura on experiments with snake venom, which have since proved to be of great value in many skin diseases, and which, it is said, will even arrest the progress of leprosy.

Professor Rontgen's X-Rays, one of the greatest benefits ever conferred on suffering man, afford still another instance of accidental discovery.