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# THE WHITE SHIELD

BY MYRTLE REED.

## PART II.

She hesitated. "I do not know the man well enough to say, but I will give you my art credit and let you judge for yourself. I believe that a man's art is neither more nor less than the expression of himself, and that, in order to obtain an exalted expression, his first business is with himself. Wrong living blunts, and eventually destroys, the fundamental sense of right and wrong without which a noble art is impossible. When a man's art is true, it is because he himself is true. The true artist must be a man first and an artist afterward."

Hayward took her admonition with a worshipper's meekness. Their conversation ended with his declaration that he would not paint again until he had something in himself worthy to put into the picture.

"You'll help me, won't you?" he asked.

Her eyes filled. "Indeed, I will, if I only can."

He went home with love's fever in his veins. She had promised to help him, and surely there was only one way. He wrote her a hasty note, and an hour later his messenger brought her reply:

"Believe me, I never dreamed of this, and you know what my answer must be; but I do not need to tell you that whatever, honest friendship can offer is already yours."

"With deep regret, I am as ever, 'Constance Grey.'"

The grim humor of the thing stunned him momentarily and he laughed harshly. Then he flung himself down in a passion of grief. In the morning he took pen and paper again, after a night of sleepless distress.

"You cannot mean what you say. That white, womanly soul of yours must wake to love me some day. You have stood between me and the depths, but there has been no shame in the life that I offer you since you came into it. Oh, you perfect thing, you do not know what you are to me. Constance, let me come!"

The answer was promptly forthcoming: "I cannot promise what you ask, but you may come to see me if you wish."

Fall with expectancy, Hayward was only the ghost of himself when the servant admitted him. He had waited but a moment when Constance entered the room in the gown in which he had seen her first. He rose to meet her, but she came and sat down beside him.

"Listen," she said, "and I will tell you how I feel. I am twenty-five, and I have never cared. I do not believe that I ever shall care, for the love that we read of is almost incomprehensible to me. You cannot marry such a woman."

His answer was fervent; his words crowded one upon another in a vehement flood, and his voice was low and hoarse with pent-up passion as he implored her to believe in him, trust him, be his wife—kneeling at her feet and kissing her hands in abject humility.

It was very hard to say what she must. With an effort she rose and drew away from him. "I must be true to myself and to you," she said, "and I can say nothing but the old bitter-ness."

White and wretched he went away, leaving her, white and wretched, behind him.

For days and weeks thereafter Hayward painted busily. Jennings went to see him one afternoon.

"Look here, old fellow," he said, "what's the matter? I know I was ungentlemanly about the handkerchief but that is no reason why you should cut us all this way. Can't you forget about it?"

"Why, Jennings, old boy, I haven't cut anybody."

"No, but you've tired of us, and you can't hide it. Come down the river with us to-night. The fellows have got a yacht, and we'll have supper on board with plenty of champagne. Won't you come?"

Hayward was seriously tempted. He knew what the "time" would mean—the ecstasy of it and the dull penalties which would follow. But that day by the river came into his memory: a sweet, sunlit face, and a woman's voice saying to him, "When a

man's art is true, it is because he himself is true."

"Jennings," he said, "do I look like a man who would make good company at a champagne supper? You know what the matter with me. Why don't you just sensibly drop me?"

Jennings begged and mocked and pulled, all in a good-natured way, but his friend was firm. When he went out, Hayward locked the studio door behind a curtain.

"She was right," he said to himself. Constance sailed. He dreamed of his picture as being hung in the salon, and of her seeing it there. By and by it was finished, but the artist's strength was gone, and his physician ordered him away from his work.

When he returned, restored to health, the picture was placed on exhibition. Crowds thronged to the gallery, columns and pages were written in its praise, and astonishing prices were offered for it, but the picture was not for sale. It, too, had crossed the water, and the dream he had dreamed came true.

When Constance looked upon Hayward's painting her heart leaped as though it would leave her breast. White, radiant and glorified, it was she herself who stood in the centre of the picture. That self-reliant, fearless pose seemed to radiate an infinite calm. Behind her ragged the powers of darkness, utterly helpless to pass the line on which she stood. Her face seemed to illumine the shadows around her; her figure was instinct with grace and strength. Below the picture was the name, "A White Shield."

The beauty of the conception dawned upon her slowly. Pale and trembling she stood there, forgetful of place and the throngs around her. At length she knew what she meant to him; that his art at last rang true because he had loved her enough to be a man for her sake.

She dared not linger before it then, but she came again when the place was empty, and stood before her lover's work like one in a dream. The fiefs in the shadow showed her the might of the temptations he had fought down. She gazed at her own glorified face until her eyes filled with tears. With a great throbbing was almost pain Constance woke to the knowledge that she loved him, even as he loved her; well enough to stand between him and danger till she herself should fall.

The old gray guard, passing through the room, saw her upturned face in that moment of exaltation. It was the same that he saw in the picture above, and he quietly went away to wait until Constance came out, her face flushed and her eyes shining like stars, before he locked the door.

That night the cable trembled with a message to America. It reached Hayward the next morning as he sat reading the morning paper. The envelope fluttered unheeded to the floor, and his face grew tender as he read the few words which told him that his picture had rewarded his love.

"Wait," he said to the messenger boy. Hurriedly he wrote the answer: "Sail next steamer—then, utterly ungentlemanly about the additional expense, he added another word, which must have been very expressive, for Constance turned crimson when it reached her—perhaps because the discerning genius who copies cablegrams in typewriting had put the last word in capitals, thinking that the message came from a Mr. Darling."

(The End.)

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# Woman's Sphere

## HAPPY-HEARTED AGE.

"If it had been any other time!" said Jean tragically. "The blinds all off and the house half painted—"

"And Maggie with a swelled face and as cross as two sticks, poor thing; I only hope she won't give notice at the word 'company,'" added Louise dolefully.

"Oh, bother!" said Nan. "Those are trifles! What's gnawing my very soul is that I'll have to wear my old blue dress, because Miss Conover won't have finished my new brown, and the tailor's got my only suit, putting the new lining in. He's got your, too, Lou; have you forgotten that, Jean, I don't believe you have a single fresh, good-looking dud to your name; you haven't even begun overhauling your things as Lou and I have."

"Mother isn't saying anything, but there's despair in her eye!" observed Jean. "She told Mrs. Austen to come 'any time,' and now she won't admit even to herself she wishes the time were any other time. If it were any one but Mrs. Austen! The most exquisite, fastidious, elegant person we've ever known!"

Mother rallied enough to say, "I told her she would find us simple people living simply in a little country town. We don't want to pretend."

"No, but we want to be at our best, not our worst! And everything's wrong, and we're none of us happy—unless it's grandmother, and she's always to be enjoyed for anything! Did you notice how she colored up pink and pleased and pretty when she heard the letter?"

Louise uttered a little squeal of dismay. "But she isn't ready! I haven't made over her best lace cap or mended her embroidered crepe shawl. They've been in my closet ages!"

"She won't care," said Jean confidently. "When there's anything to be enjoyed grandmother just enjoys it and doesn't fuss about the outs. She's as easily pleased as a child."

"Umph! Children aren't so easily pleased with anything that's convenient. You had Bettikin a rag doll when she's set her mind on a Teddy bear and you'll find out! She's no perpetually smiling cherub—not she! Children are sophisticated and imperious persons nowadays; you can't put them off with any old thing and 'Now have a good time, dearie!'"

"Well, you can grandmother! I mean, if there's a good time possible, she'll have it. If childlike means—means—well, unspoiled and happy-hearted, she's the youngest member of this family; now isn't she?"

"Yes," said mother, pulling herself together. "I believe she is. When anyone has lived as long as she and faced as many troubles and perplexities and always done her full share of the hard things in life and yet has managed to keep a heart that opens easily to happiness, like a daisy to the sun—dears, that's something rare and fine, something for the rest of us to live up to. Mrs. Austen's visit won't be under quite the conditions we could wish, but if we forget them and enjoy her—as grandmother will in her old cup and second-best shawl—I believe our guest will forget them too and enjoy us. I'm sure of it!"

"Oh, well, we can try," conceded Jean. "And anyway, if she's disappointed in everything else, she won't be in grandmother. One smile and one loss of a gray curl and she'll come under the spell. Grandmother's our irresistible charmer and our angel-child!"

SUIT SCHOOL LUNCH TO THE WEATHER.

When my children first went to school we were living in town and they were dismissed at 11:30 and came home for dinner. How they used to rush into the kitchen 'hungry as bears' and comb, and be all ready when their father arrived.

When we came to the farm to live, school was too far away, so I packed their lunches. At first they liked staying at school during the noon hour.

But with the season for coats and caps and mittens, the cold lunches lost their popularity. A cold lunch may be very nourishing, but it is not satisfying in cold weather, and the children really need something warm.

At first I thought of consulting the teacher and the other mothers in regard to serving something hot, but I hesitated to add to the work of the busy teacher. I decided to try something else first.

It happened that we had thick rice soup with tomato sauce for supper one night about that time, and one of the children watched me dish it up and said, "I wish we might have some of that for our lunch to-morrow."

"Well, I guess you might," I said. It is one of our favorite soups and is very nourishing. It is made this way: Put into a frying pan two table-spoons of pork gravy, or lard, and when it melts add one cup of washed rice. Stir until the rice browns, then add four or five raw tomatoes or some tomato sauce, and set on the edge of the stove to simmer for an hour. Season while cooking, with onion, salt and pepper. If necessary add water.

When I put up the lunches next morning, I put the cold, thick soup in the bottom of a broad, oblong dinner pail and laid the wrapped sandwich on top of it. The dessert and fruit went in last.

At noon the children took out the other articles and put the soup on the stove to heat. At night they were very enthusiastic over their warm lunch, and I found that I had started something for they all wanted to know what they could take to warm on the following day.

So I began saving out something from supper or breakfast, or making something extra to put in the lunch pail to be warmed. Sometimes a small granite dish of baked beans, sometimes scalloped potatoes, creamed carrots or turnips, macaroni and tomato sauce, stewed meat with vegetables, mashed potatoes with gravy, or some of the rice soup.

Every day that winter the children had something to warm in their school lunch. On mild days and cold days, in sunny weather and stormy weather, when there was a path to follow and when they had to break their own, the children went to school. They were not sick once and never missed a day.

Just how much the warm lunch had to do with it I cannot say, but I believe it helped and they never went unwillingly to school. And when their father and I sat down to our own warm dinner we ate with more relish, knowing that the children too had a satisfying meal.—Mrs. E. H. D.

A POPULAR PRACTICAL MODEL.

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This style has good and comfortable lines. The closing is in coat style. Madras, gingham, pean drill or flannel could be used for this model.

The pattern is cut in 9 sizes, neck measure: 14, 14½, 15, 15½, 16, 16½, 17, 17½ and 18 inches. A 15-inch size requires 4¾ yards of 27-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 shipment of pattern.

Mutton and Macaroni.

When the cold winter has lasted so long that the housewife dreads putting it again before her family, let her try it under this guise. Cut the cold meat into cubes. To two cups of meat have one cup of cooked macaroni, two cups of tomato sauce, one cup of cracker crumbs, two tablespoonsful of butter, salt and pepper. In a well buttered enamelled ware bake dish put a layer of macaroni, bread crumbs and tomato sauce, then a layer of mutton with bits of butter, pepper and salt. Alternate until the pan is filled. Sprinkle bread crumbs on top with enough extra butter to brown them. Serve in the dish in which it is cooked.

TREATMENT FOR WOODWORK.

To clean woodwork that is grained or varnished in imitation of hardwood, rub it well with a cloth wrung out of soapuds in which borax has been dissolved. Then rub hard with a soft cloth dipped in kerosene.

When floor oil is used on floors or woodwork, it may be darkened by adding half a tablespoonful of burnt umber to each quart of oil, or lightened by adding the same quantity of yellow ochre.

POTS THAT WON'T BOIL OVER.

To prevent foods from boiling over, grease the inside of the cooking vessel at the top. By doing this you can safely leave the food to boil without watching. This is especially good when boiling candies or preserves. The moment the rim of grease is reached, the boiling-over tendency is eliminated.—M. S. D.

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## GRAHAM PUDDING IS FINE EATING.

Those who are fond of graham should try graham breakfast mush, made by stirring graham flour into boiling water, salted to taste, until moderately thick, then allow to cook slowly for five minutes, stirring occasionally. Serve with sugar and milk or thin cream, as preferred.

Graham Pudding—Two teaspoonfuls of graham flour, one cup of molasses, same of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, same of salt, half cup of chopped raisins, one tablespoonful of allspice. Stir thoroughly, turn into pudding pan and steam one hour. Serve with your favorite pudding sauce. Very much resembles suet pudding, with much less work. My recipe for pudding sauce is: One heaping tablespoon of butter, melted over hot water, mix in two tablespoonfuls flour, rub well together, then slowly add a pint of boiling water, heating continuously. When well cooked, flavor and pour over pudding.—Mrs. R. O.

TO WASH CLOCKED STOCKINGS.

When washing silk stockings that are clogged in a contrasting color, do not hang them up to dry until a piece of material has been inserted in the leg between the clogged portion and the rest of the stocking. This simple precaution will keep the stockings from being ruined by discoloration from the embroidery.

TO REMOVE A RUSTY SCREW.

The next time you are vainly endeavoring to extricate a rusty screw, save time and effort by heating the poker red-hot and holding it on the screw's head for a short time. Apply the screw driver at once while the screw is still hot and you'll find it will come out easily.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

STRAIN THE BROTH.

It is the part of wisdom never to neglect the straining of broths made from boiling meats before they are used for soups or gravies. Small particles of bone are always likely to be present and, as many of us know to our cost, can work havoc if not removed in time.

The Rueful Kangaroo.

The kangaroo slipped on the ice, And both feet upward flew. He sat down unexpectedly, Which made the kanga rue.

A Thousand Cooking Uses.

For soups, sauces, gravies, savoury dishes, meat jellies, beef tea, and restoring the flavor to left-over dishes.

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## An Invention That Has Revolutionized Commerce

Next to the typewriter, nothing has helped to revolutionize business so much as shorthand. It must have saved millions of money to business men the world over, and gained a tremendous increase in revenue for the Post Office, for whereas formerly a man might spend a whole afternoon dictating three or four letters to a long-hand writer, to-day scores of communications can be taken down in shorthand almost in as many minutes.

The advantages of shorthand do not end here, for we all know how important it is on the editorial side of newspapers, in Parliament, in the courts, and so on.

Used by the Romans.

Though shorthand play such a wonderful part in our lives, most people know nothing, or practically nothing, of its fascinating history. How many are aware, for instance, that the ancient Romans employed it with success, or that many pioneers had produced various systems long before Sir Isaac Pitman came upon the scene with his more practical method?

The system of shorthand used by the ancients probably consisted of contractions of words. The first real shorthand known to Britain made its appearance in 1588, when Timothy Bright brought his invention before the public. This system enjoyed considerable popularity, and it is said that some of Shakespeare's plays were transcribed from it.

Many other methods of "secret writing," as shorthand was called in those days, made their appearance within the next few years. One, that of Samuel John Willis, was employed by Samuel Pepys, the famous diarist. After Pepys' death his diary had to be transcribed before it could be published.

Reporting in Parliament.

Charles Dickens, when he was a solicitor's clerk, tried to learn shorthand. He tried a system produced by Gurney, and his impressions, may be gathered from the fact that he made David Copperfield say that shorthand was "about equal to the mastery of six languages." It was Gurney, by the way, who got shorthand officially recognized. In 1780 he was appointed shorthand writer to the Government.

A number of his descendants also held the post, and Gurney's shorthand is still used sometimes in Parliament.

It was in 1827 that Isaac Pitman came forward with his method of stenography which was destined to win such world-wide approval. His first system was very crude, but in course of time many improvements were made. It is interesting to note that one of those who helped Pitman was Mr. "Tim" Healy, the present Governor-General of the Irish Free State.

Not What They Said.

In a letter to the annual festival of the Pitman Fellowship recently, Mr. Healy declared that he himself had written shorthand for fifty years, and during Sir Isaac Pitman's lifetime had maintained a correspondence with him.

About 1877 he suggested to Sir Isaac that the "Teacher," which in those early days was a rather crude school-book, required reforming. Sir Isaac then accepted from Mr. Healy many illustrations for the new edition.

Sir Isaac was, as Mr. Healy declared, one of the greatest men of his century.

Many amusing mistakes are recorded in connection with the transcribing of shorthand notes. Thus Professor Blackie was once made to comment upon the "grassy atmosphere" of Edinburgh, whereas he had actually said "breezy."

The late Lord Carnarvon was once reported to have said: "In these days clerjymen are expected to have the wisdom and learning of a journeyman tailor," whereas he had referred to Jeremy Taylor, the famous divine and author.

17,000 Miles for a Bride.

A Canadian recently crossed two continents and an ocean to marry a Greek girl and take her back with him to Skagway in the remote North-West. The journey to Greece and back extended over 17,000 miles and cost nearly £1,000.

An even more trying journey was undertaken by a Russian who had emigrated to the United States. He heard that his sweetheart in Russia was in danger from the Bolsheviks. Immediately he set sail for China. Thence he travelled overland, mostly on foot, across Siberia, to his sweetheart's home in European Russia, where he was able to rescue her. The journey occupied eight months.

Long journeys to get married sometimes have unexpected endings. A girl who sailed several thousands of miles to marry her lover, changed her mind on the way. The unlucky man was one of 150 bachelors exiled in a settlement where there were few white women. On learning of her refusal, the other 149 bachelors petitioned the girl not to return to England, but to choose a husband from among them. She did so, and the former fiance acted as "best man" at the wedding.

A brain is no stronger than its weakest link.

One should never touch an electric switch while he has one hand in contact with a sink or other damp place.

# RED TEA

Folks who want RED ROSE

Bargain

"There, now, that's done! I go to town I'll get a few seeds and we'll see if we can't up this yard a bit. Wife'll be too."

The man in overall stride up from the gravel walk he was smoothing with his hose. He was as he continued: "Have to be scheming, I guess, to get my flower garden this year. It's too."

The low cottage among the shone in the spring sunshine, white paint. The fall be stumps had been cleared and a few acres on all sides levelled and scattered of trees to form the for the dooryard. Otherwise it was as bare of decoration as a laid egg—and quite uninviting.

On this pioneer farm for years to come, there would be little money to spend for luxuries, both he and Mrs. Smith say some flowers they must have.

"We'll see what this dollar buy," were David's parting words as he started for town.

"Try to get yellow and red, as much as you can," Mrs. Smith after him.

When David Smith returned had the seeds. For border gravel walk there were two of sweet alyssum. These were planted quite thickly for a tance along the walk. When a few of them were transplanted they would extend along both the entire walk. For two rows was found to be a better plan than the seeds the whole first. They seeds offer consolation for each other when planted together; and they could, in more easily covered and from hungry hives.

Sweet alyssum furnished a white blossoms for the color. And since gold and yellow other shades preferred.

had brought two packages, one of French and one Canadian. These were planted close to the house and dispersed with a number of white plants and a few purple on when they bloomed, relieved some orange of the marigold growing in various edgings of gold in front and continued combination.

Something to give greater than the flowers could furnish needed at the corners of the provide this accent. David's trellises of three poles each the poles together as though toy wirewigs, and over the trained the scarlet runner in effect was strikingly like things which the Smiths had could not afford the first year.

Many an expensive garden given as much pleasure to as this touch of yellow beauty gave to the Smiths. dollar greenback had covered the two packages of sweet had been purchased for twenty-one packages of French marigold and one of African had cost each; one packet of marigold sufficient to take care of a planting forty cents of plants.

Against the house founded planted cosmos. In front were hollyhocks in blue and yellow drummonds to border a packet each of these was a twenty-foot row, so the these flowers was only this two penny plants, three-foot pink variety were selected for cents each—one for with the steps. These perennial expensive considering they bloom year after year many other flowering plants replaced each year. They were a wise choice as a dollar bargain.

The second year, the Smiths did not have to limit their to a dollar. Times had been a five-dollar bill was to be beauty for the home grown dollar of this year spent for shrubs; two dollars were

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FRESH EGGS

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