

## The Fine Qualities

# "SALADA"

GREEN TEA  
cannot be adequately described but  
they can be appreciated in the teacup.  
FREE SAMPLE of GREEN TEA UPON REQUEST. "SALADA," TORONTO

## PENNY PLAIN

BY O. DOUGLAS

Shopman—"You may have your choice—penny plain or two-pence colored."  
Solemn Small Boy—"Penny plain, please. It's better value for the money."

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### CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)

Mrs. Hope shook hands in her gentle, shy way, and busied herself putting small tables beside her mother and the two guests as the servant brought in tea. Her life was spent in doing small services.

Once, when Augustus was a child, someone asked her what she would like to be, and she had replied, "A lady like mamma." She had never lost the ambition, though very soon she had known that it could not be realized. It was difficult to believe that she was Mrs. Hope's daughter, for she had no trace of the beauty and sparkle with which her mother had been endowed. Augustus had a long, kind, patient face—a drab-colored face—but her voice was beautiful. She had never been young; she was born an anxious pilgrim, and now, at fifty, she seemed infinitely older than her ageless mother.

Pamela, watching her as she made the tea, saw all Augustus's heart in her eyes as she looked at her mother, and saw, too, the dread that lay in them—the dread of the days that she must live after the light had gone out for her.

During tea Mrs. Hope had many questions to ask about David at Oxford, and Jean was too delighted to tell every single detail.

"And how is my dear Jock?" he is my favorite."

"Not the Moor?" asked Pamela. "No, Moor is 'a body's body.' He will never lack for admirers. But Jock is my own boy. We've been friends since he came home from India, a white-headed baby with the same surprised blue eyes that he has now. He was never out of scrapes at home, but he was always good with me. I suppose I was flattered by that."

"Jock," said Jean, "is very nearly the nicest thing in the world, and the funniest. This morning Mrs. M'Cosk caught a mouse alive in a trap, and Jock, while dressing, heard her say she would drown it. Down he went, like an avalanche in pyjamas, drove Mrs. M'Cosk into the scullery, and let the mouse into the garden. He would fight any number of boys of any size for an ill-treated animal. He has no real liking for mortals. They affront him with their love-making and their marriages. He has to leave the room when a girl dances and bridge and absurdities. If they had been my daughters I would have whipped them for their affected manners. And when I think of my grandmother! A decent woman was Mirren Somerville. She lived with her in that tiny covered cottage at our gates, and she did sewing for me before she married Banks. She wasn't young when she married. I remember she came to ask my advice. 'Do you care for him, Mirren?' I asked. 'Well, men, it's no as if I were a young lassie. I'm forty, and near by caring. But he's a decent man, and it's lonely now ma faill's awa, an' I'm a guid cook, an' she would aye come in to a clean fire-side.' So she married him and made a good wife to him, and they had one son. And Mirren's son is now Sir John Banks, a baronet and an M.P. Tuts, the thing's ridiculous. . . . Not that there's anything wrong with the man. He's a soft-tongued, stuffed-looking, butler-like creature, with a lot of that low cunning that is known as business instinct, but he was good to his mother. He didn't marry till she died, and she kept house for him in his grand new house—the dear soul with her caps and her broad south-country accent. She managed wonderfully, for she had great natural dignity, and aped nothing. It was the butler killed her. She could cope with the women servants, but when Sir John felt that his dignity required a butler she gave it up. I dare say she was glad enough to go. 'Eh, men, I am affronted,' she used to say to me if I went in and found her spotless kitchen disarranged, and I thought of her to-day when I saw those silly little painted faces, and was glad she had been spared the sight of her descendants. . . . But what am I raging about? What does it matter to me when all's said? Let the lassies dress up as long as they have the heart; they'll have long years to learn sense if they're spared. . . . Miss Reston, did you ever see anything bonnier than Tweed and Hopetoun Woods? Jean, my dear, Lewis Elliot brought me a book last night which really delighted me. Poems by Violet Jacob. If any one could do for Tweeddale what she has done for Angus I would be glad."

"You care for poetry, Miss Reston?" In Priorford it's considered rather a slur on your character to care for poetry. Novels we may discuss, sensible people read novels, even now and again essays or biography, but poetry

—there we have to dissemble. We pretend, don't we, Jean?—that poetry is nothing to us. Never a quotation or an allusion escapes us. We listen to tales of servants' misdeeds, we talk of clothes and the ongoings of our neighbors, and we never let on that we would rather talk of poetry. No. No. A daft-like thing for either an old woman or a young one to speak of. Only when we are alone—Jean and Augustus and Lewis Elliot and I—we 'tire the sun with talking and send it down the sky.' . . . Miss Reston, Lewis Elliot tells me he knew you very well at one time."

"Yes, away at the beginning of things. I adored him when I was fifteen and he was twenty. He was wonderfully good to me and Biddy—my brother. It is delightful to find an old friend in a new place."

"I'm very fond of Lewis," said Mrs. Hope, "but I wish to goodness he had never inherited Laverlaw. He might have done a lot in the world with his brain and his heart and his courage, but there's a fire of affection on the that green glen of his, and greatly absorbed in sheep. The country is run by the Sir John Bankses, and the Lewis Elliot think about sheep. It's all wrong. It's all wrong. The War wakened him up, and he was in the thick of it both in the East and in France, but never in the limelight, you understand, just doggedly doing his best in the background. If he would marry a sensible wife with some ambition, but he's about as much sentiment in him as Jock. It would take an earthquake to shake him into matrimony."

"Perhaps," said Pamela, "he is like your friend Mirren—'bye caring.'"

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Hope briskly. "He's 'bye' the fervent fixer, if he ever was a prisoner in that cage of rushes, which I doubt, but there are long years before him, I hope, and if there is a fire of affection on the hearth, and some one always about to listen and understand, it's a divine business when the days draw in and

the nights get longer and colder, and the light departs."

"But if it's dreary for a man," said Pamela, "what of us? What of the 'soft ladies,' as I heard a child describe spinsters?"

Mrs. Hope's blue eyes, calmly surveyed the three spinsters before her.

"You will get no pity from me," she said. "It's practically always the woman's own fault if she remains unmarried. Besides, a woman can do much within herself if she is a constant entertainment to herself. But men are helpless souls. Some of them are born bachelors and they do very well, but the majority are lost without a woman. And angry they would be to hear me say it! . . . Are you going, Jean?"

"Moor's lessons," said Jean. "I'm frightfully sorry to take Pamela away."

"May I come again?" Pamela asked. "Surely, Augustus and I will look forward to your next visit. Don't tire of Priorford yet awhile. Stay among us and learn to love the place." Mrs. Hope smiled very kindly at her guest and Pamela, stooping down, kissed the hand that held her own.

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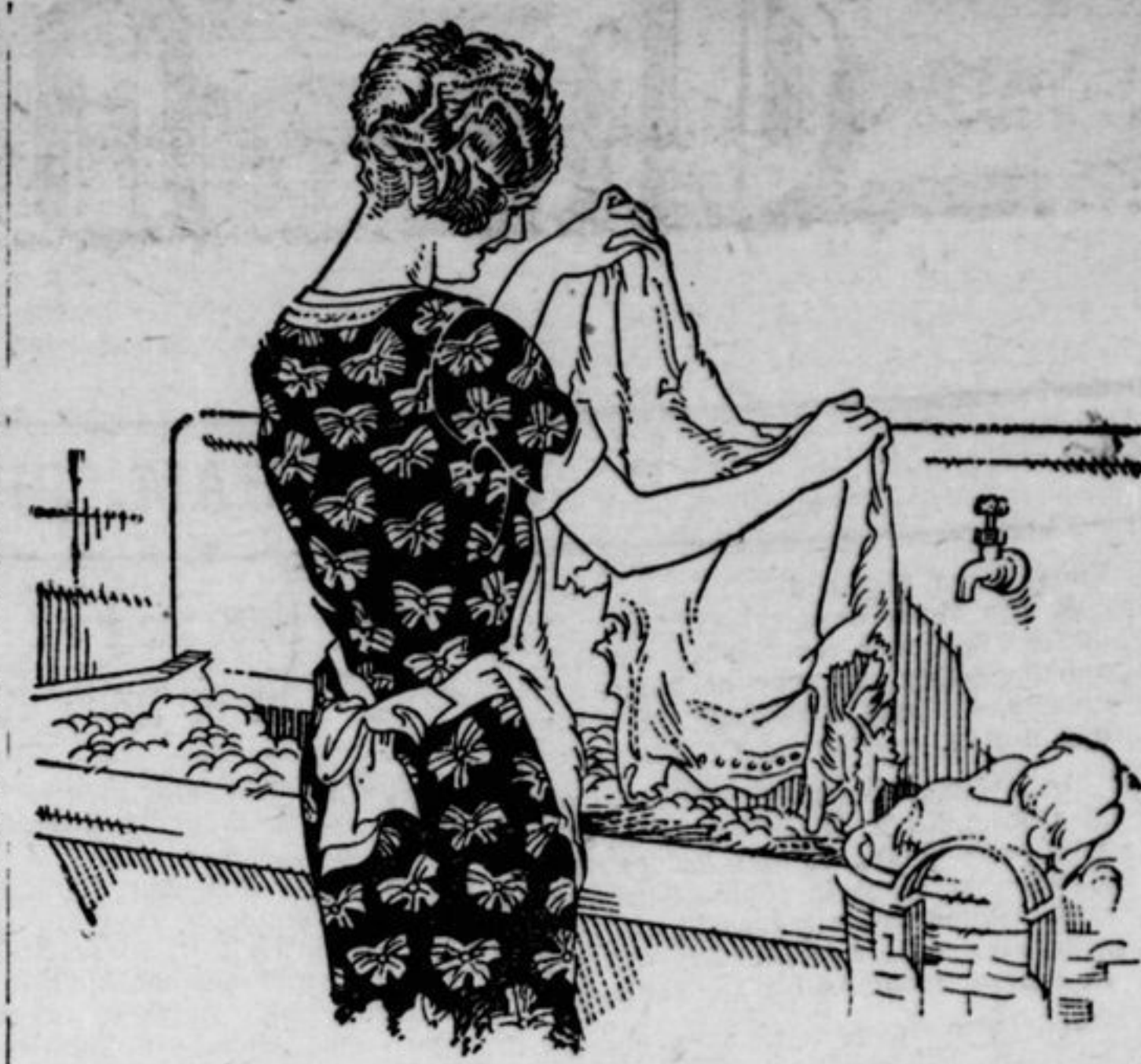
### LEMON PIE.

Mrs. Arthur Roe sends this recipe for a very fine lemon pie that is made with bread crumbs:

One cupful of sugar, 1 cupful of cold water, 1 cupful of bread crumbs, juice and rind of one lemon, 2 eggs, pinch of salt, 2 tsp. butter.

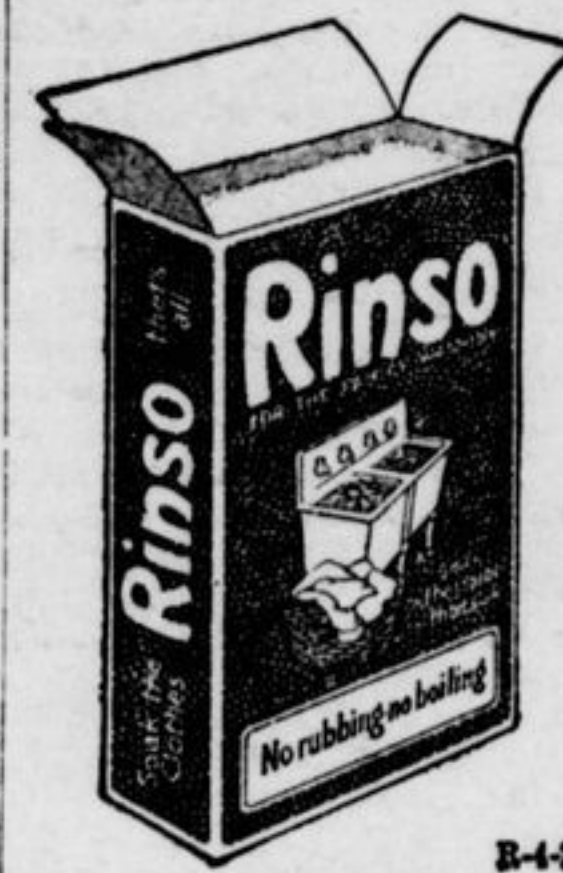
Cover the bread with the water and leave to soak for twenty minutes. Add the egg yolks slightly beaten, juice and rind of lemon, melted butter, salt and sugar. Mix all thoroughly.

Line a pie pan with good pastry and pour in the filling. Bake thirty minutes in a moderately hot oven, cover with meringue made of the whites of the two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; brown lightly.



## Making wash day pleasant

Just use Rinso where you used to use bar soap—for soaking, boiling, or in your washing machine.



THE hardest part of wash-day, rubbing, rubbing, rubbing, has given way to the new method of soaking the clothes clean with Rinso.

This wonderful new soap gently loosens the dirt and a thorough rinsing leaves things white and glistening as you never could get them before.

Only spots where the dirt is ground-in, such as neck bands, cuff edges, and the like need a light rubbing, and a little dry Rinso rubbed on these spots quickly makes the dirt disappear.

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# Rinso

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF LUX

being compelled to "look like a girl." The plan is well worth trying by any mother with a boy helper. The apron may be of sateen, denim, duck or waterproofed material—it does not matter what it is made so long as it is dark in color and fashioned to suit his masculine taste.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Natural Supposition.

"Caterpillars are the most voracious of all living creatures," said a naturalist. "In a month a caterpillar will eat about 600 times its weight."

Whereupon an old lady who was somewhat deaf, interposed, "Whose boy did you say he was?"

Remember always to keep a dish of water where your dog and cat and other pets can reach it, especially in hot weather.

Clever Mother.

Julian sought information from his father as to what one calls a person who "reads heads."

"A phrenologist, my son," said dad. "Go!" exclaimed Julian, "then mother must be one of 'em! She felt of my head this afternoon and said right away, 'You've been swimming!'"

It is easier to go without a coat than without a friend.—Jenkins L. Jones.

MANSON CAMPBELL, Chatham, Ont.

### CLEAN SEED GRAIN

Fanning Mills—I supply screens, wire cloth, zinc repairs—Chatham Fanning Mills and other makes. Incubator supplies; Thermometers.

Canada Has Immense Resources in Coal.

Attention was directed during recent scientific gatherings in England to the possibility that the coal resources of the British Empire may be exhausted within a few centuries. So far as Canada is concerned such a contingency seems to be remote. For many years the Canadian Geological Survey has been investigating the coal fields of the Dominion and it has been estimated that the reserve of coal amounts to more than 1,000,000,000,000 tons largely lignite, but including over 250,000,000,000 tons of bituminous coals. Though the greater part of the various coal fields has been studied in a general way, yet their extent is so great that detailed investigations by the Geological Survey have been limited to a relatively small part of the whole. The great extent of the Canadian coal fields is apparent when it is realized that basins of coal-bearing strata extend almost continuously for a length of 700 miles within the eastern part of the Rocky mountains and adjoining foothills. The coals of this region are largely bituminous or semi-bituminous and seams ten to fifteen feet in thickness are common. In addition, thousands of square miles of the prairie country of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba are underlain by strata holding workable seams of lignite and bituminous coals, and important coal fields occur in British Columbia both in the interior and on the Pacific coast, while highly developed coal fields occur in the east in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, in some cases at tide water.

## Cook with This Ware

It Uses Less Fuel

Save money by using SMP Enamelled Ware cooking vessels. They use less fuel. To satisfy yourself try this convincing test in your kitchen. Take an SMP Enamelled Sauce Pan and one of equal size made of aluminum, tin or other metal. Into each pour two quarts of cold water. Place each sauce pan over the fire. The water in the SMP Enamelled Sauce Pan will be boiling merrily when the water in the other is just beginning to simmer. Save your money. Use SMP Enamelled Ware.

### SMP Enamelled WARE

"A Face of Porcelain and a Heart of Steel"

Three finishes: Pearl Ware, two coats of nearly grey enamel inside and out; Blamond Ware, three coats, light blue and white outside, white lining; Crystal Ware, three coats, pure white inside and out, with Royal Blue edging.



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(To be continued.)

## Woman's Sphere

### FOR AFTERNOON TEA.

Most girls like to invite their friends to afternoon tea, especially at the close of a sultry day in midsummer, when well-iced tea, attractively served, is so refreshing. But many hesitate to do so because they think that an attractive tea service requires candies, nuts, cakes and other expensive things. Such things are not at all necessary; try serving iced tea with slices of lemon and crackers treated in some new and attractive way, and see if your friends will not ask to be allowed to come again.

To make a palatable filling for plain crackers mash hard-boiled eggs and add oil, vinegar, salt, pepper and a little onion juice. If you choose, add chopped cold meat to the egg mixture.

Crisp soda crackers covered with a savory coating of fresh butter mixed with cream cheese, crushed mint or French mustard are delicious and refreshing.

Fruit filling are particularly attractive in warm weather. Chop equal amounts of candied pineapple and cherries, some blanched almonds and a small piece of candied ginger, and moisten the mixture with fresh pineapple juice or orange juice. For another fruit filling mash equal parts of raisins, candied cherries, figs, citron and nuts, and stir in a little orange marmalade.

Do not think that you need fine linen and rare china to make up an attractive tea table. The prettier your cups and saucers are the better, of course; but they need not be expensive. Use any simple, clean centrepiece that you have and set it off with a vase or bowlful of fresh flowers.

A GIRL'S PROBLEM.

My mother is dead and I keep house for father. I like to work and long to fox up the house. Father thinks it foolish and unnecessary to change anything. What shall I do? I am only Fifteen.

Just keep trying and perhaps your father will see the need of fixing up the home. Tell him that your worth while housewife takes pride in the appearance of her home, and that the desire to fix things up and beautify the house is natural and found in every normal girl and woman. Indeed, it is necessary to offset the monotony of doing certain things over and over again. The difference between the work done by women and men is very great. Men see the results of their work so much more, while much of a woman's work is more routine. A room is cleaned, but does not stay clean; meals are cooked and consumed, and more cooking must be done; dishes are used, washed, put away, then brought out, used and washed again. This endless repetition of certain tasks needs the interruptions brought about by improvements, otherwise it would seem

that nothing had been gained, yet the neglect of one duty shows up more vividly than the performance of a hundred duties.

Do your best to beautify your home with the means at your disposal. Cleanliness and order, a few plants, a little paint and varnish, simple curtains, and covers for tables and bureau will show your father how sincere you are in your desires.

IN CUTTING FUR.

Often good strips of fur for trimming coat or dress or hat may be cut out of old, worn-out fur collars or muffs. In cutting these strips lay the fur face down upon the cutting board and cut the skin with a razor blade. If scissors are used, much of the hair will be jaggedly cut off and the edges of the strip will have a ragged appearance.

AN APRON FOR THE BOY.

When "Brother" has to wipe dishes for "Sister," there is usually trouble. How he does hate to do girl's work! And should some of his chums call around and catch him draped in one of mother's long aprons, his masculine dignity is greatly offended.

A mother who realized her son's feelings in regard to such a situation made for him a black sateen apron, modeled on the style of those worn by mechanics and blacksmiths—an apron having a strap fastening in the back with a buckle, holding the skirt part smooth and secure. There were neither buttons, ties, nor fulness. It was a real man's work apron. Thereafter no objections were heard at dish-washing time. Brother was no longer ashamed to meet his boy friends. It was not the work he detested; it was

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Cleanses mouth and teeth and aids digestion. Relieves that over-ate feeling and acid mouth.

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Wrigley's is double value in the benefit and pleasure it provides.

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ISSUE No. 35-74.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

## TRADE WITH BELGIUM

Canada is carrying on an export trade with nearly fifty foreign countries, into many of which her goods secure especially favorable entry. The Dominion is periodically concluding new and favorable trade arrangements and these are coming to give her an unique place in the trading nations of the globe and consolidating her place in the world of commerce. In the month of July treaty extending the most favored nation treatment between Belgium and Canada was signed by the Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce and the Belgian Consul-General, this incidentally being the first occasion on which a treaty entered into by the Canadian Government was signed in Canada.

This forms a logical point from which to survey the Dominion's trade with Belgium and note the substantial increase in the post-war era brought in the volume of exports going from Canada to Belgium. The increments noted are even greater than appears, since a proportion of Canadian goods eventually reaching Belgium are consigned to Great Britain and are recorded in Canadian trade returns as exports to the United Kingdom. Even so, the increases are remarkable, and the new treaty should, through facilitating trade, swell these still further.

In the past fiscal year Belgium was Canada's fifth customer, following the United States, United Kingdom, France and the West Indies. The total value of trade transacted was \$22,732,317, of which \$5,340,875 represented imports into Canada from Belgium and \$17,452,442 exports from Canada to Belgium. Almost the entire amount of the export trade was made up of agricultural products, this amounting to \$15,264,377. This again was largely made up of wheat imports, the value of these being \$14,953,335, representing the cost of 12,588,270 bushels. Other imports were: wheat flour, oatmeal and rolled oats, sugar, unmanufactured tobacco, canned fruit, rubber shoes, pneumatic tire casings, kraft wrapping paper, fresh pork, bacon and hams, automobiles, canned salmon, agricultural implements and asbestos fibre.

Remarkable Increase in Export Trade.

While the import trade from Belgium shows very little movement, the export trade to that country is increasing at a very remarkable rate. In the year 1908 Canada imported from Belgium goods to the extent of \$2,380,649; in 1914, \$4,491,444. In the past three years imports have been \$3,845,718, \$4,994,787 and \$5,340,875, respectively. In 1908 Canada exported goods to Belgium only to the extent of \$2,248,747, or less than the value of her imports from that country. By 1914 exports had doubled, being \$4,819,843, or slightly in excess of imports. Since the war the export trade has been greatly developed, with substantial increments each year. In 1922 the value of Canadian export trade to Belgium was \$12,539,266; in 1923, \$12,527,524; and in 1924, \$17,452,442.

Directions in which the export trade with Belgium might be extended have been periodically pointed out in the past by the Trade Commissioner in that country, one case in point being that of apples, which, sent from British Columbia via Panama, had a very favorable reception and opened the way for a certain future trade in this regard. There are other openings which suggest themselves on a survey of trade figures, and Canadian business men will be the readier to take advantage of them since accorded such a preferential entry to Belgian markets. The immediate future should feature yet further increase in Canada's trade with Belgium.

Canada Has Immense Resources in Coal.

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## THE MIND OF MARY MAHONEY

BY ALICE MARGA

Ma Mahoney's mind was on the clock. Eighteen years of unremitting work will train the hands to accomplish the accustomed tasks mechanically, but your mind has to be on the kitchen clock if breakfast is ready in time to get Pa to the six-thirty car and keep the older children's report cards free from tardy marks. Nor can there be any relaxing of vigilance if the children's lunch is spread on the kitchen table when they rush in precisely three minutes after the noon whistle. With such additional duties as washing, ironing, mending and the soothing of childish ills and headaches, how could one's mind find scope for excursions beyond the tyrannical dictation of the kitchen time-piece?

"Two o'clock," sighed Ma, resignedly, laying aside her dish-towel at the vehement behest of her youngest, "and the wash not on the line yet. I wonder why my babies always do their teething in the hottest part of the summer?"

With a practiced hand she picked up wailing Baby Benny from his cradle and cuddled him capably against her deep and motherly bosom. "There, there, honey, Ma wasn't scolding you. I did hope you'd hold off with that tooth till the weather cooled a bit, but my children are always just that forward and capable!"

Having gained his desire after persistent effort, Benny clung solaciously to his comforting refuge. Through the open window a perfect "drying" day mocked at her tubs of half-washed clothes. And the relentless hands of the clock moved forward.

"My grief, Ma Mahoney, aren't you ready to come with me to that Mother's Meeting?" The sharp voice of Sarah Borden calling from the little front entry started the mother from her efforts at pacifying her clinging infant.

"With my clothes still in the tubs—she answered with her ready smile. "Not but what I'd like to go, Sarah," she added, with a longing note in her voice.

"It's always the same story," disapprovingly complained Sarah with the freedom of a friend. "I would do you good, Mary Mahoney. You just stay home and slave year in and year out."

"But I can't leave a crying baby alone—nor my wash in the tubs. School will be out in another week. Maybe then I can get away," she promised hopefully. "Anyway, you come over to-night and tell me every thing that's said and done."

Ma's resolve smiled lasted until the door had closed behind her neighbor. On her way back to the kitchen she paused to lay the baby, who had dropped asleep in her arms, on the sitting room lounge away from the heat and light. "I'll never tell why I can't go to those meetings!" she resolved grimly, as she picked up her dish-towels once more, then forgot everything else in her attempt to finish her work before supper time.

In the sultry dusk of evening Mrs. Mahoney sought the comfort of her back porch when she heard Sarah Borden's screen door slam. Pa Mahoney had sauntered down street, the older children had disappeared, their mother had not had time to inquire as to their destination. The two youngsters had been put to bed.

Evidently indignation had not departed from the heart of Sarah Borden.

"It's a burning shame you couldn't have been there," she began as soon as she were seated. "That talk was just interceding for you, Mary Mahoney, and as much as I could do to come back here and take you—washing, baby and all—to that meeting. She said we mustn't tie ourselves down to our kitchen tables, although she believes in good housekeeping all right. She wants us to hold meetings in our own houses, but we were all afraid to invite her. She says we must get together and get our own front porch and get our own front porch and get our own front porch."

"You wouldn't drink whisky now, would you?" she said. "You can't control your own life if you really want to go about it right."

"How does she say we can do it?" Mrs. Mahoney's mind looked bleakly wearily over the day just spent on over a countless procession of similar days. It was clear that she had very little to say about her own life.

"You just do it with your mind," explained Sarah in an awed tone. "I think out just what you'd like to do and how you'd like to do things. A then you go right on acting as if it was so. And first thing you know things will be coming out that way."

"That sounds like 'made-to-order' when we were children," murmured Ma reminiscently. Then indignation overcame her long-suffering soul.

"Maybe that kind of thing will work for that speaker woman," she concluded scornfully. "But what'd she do? I'd like to know, if she hadn't a dozen to her back and get only a pro when she do if she couldn't make her own mind, and if she had more of them two women could do and no willing to help her do a hand's turn. How much do you suppose thinking would help then—tell me that—Sarah Borden."

"I don't know," admitted Sarah faintly, rendered almost speechless this amazing and unprecedented outburst.

Mary Mahoney drew a long breath.