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The Backsliding of Barbara

It Brought Happiness and Awoke Love in Four Lives.

BY COURTENAY SAVAGE.

PART III.

They lingered at the table until it was dusk. Then, while Barbara and Mr. Howell, his name was also Richard, washed the dishes, the children made themselves ready for bed. When it was time for them to be tucked in Barbara went upstairs and kissed them goodnight.

"Don't go away, Barbara," Richard Junior begged.

"And if you must go—come back some time," Sheila urged.

"I'll come and see you often," she promised.

Richard Howell went to get the car so he could drive her home. Jim, the man who worked about the place, would stay in the house so the children would not be alone.

Barbara leaned back on the cushions of the car and sighed.

"I'm afraid you're very tired," Howell's voice carried a note of deep concern.

"Yes, I am," she confessed, "but I'm not at all sorry I sneaked off to-day."

"You'll have to face the music, won't you?"

"Yes, but that isn't anything to worry over. After all, I'm not a child and I have a right to one day out of life."

They were silent for several minutes. He drove the car slowly as though he were in no hurry to reach Barbara's home.

"Miss Barbara, you're not happy where you are. I wonder if you'd consider leaving your present way of living to take care of Richard and Sheila. They need someone like you who would really love and care for them."

"I know they do. I know they need care. . . . I hesitated.

"It hasn't been easy, trying to bring them up," the man said softly, "and when I walked in to-night and saw you there, it was almost as if all my hopes and prayers had been answered. The place hasn't seemed as if it did to-night since their mother died." Then, after a moment, "I'm sure that she'd be happy if she knew you were there. Perhaps she sent you to look after us all."

Barbara did not answer. A mist filled her eyes. She was thinking that for the first time since her parents had died she was really wanted.

"Don't you think you could come?" "I don't think I'd like to."

"They were quite close to Wallon-here now and Barbara showed him the lane that led to her home.

"Will you promise me one thing?" he asked. "Promise me that you'll think it over? Even if you can't come and get you in the car on Sundays and take you out home for the day? But try and come for all time. We need you and I'm sure you'll be happy."

"I'll think about it and let you know."

"May I drive over on Sunday?" "Yes."

"Good night," he took her hand and held it between his own. "I sort of feel sure that you'll come—that you'll want to come when you realize how much the children need you—how happy I'd be to have you there."

"Good night," she said.

"Well!" Aunt Hattie had been looking out of the window in the darkened front room and she came quickly into the hall as Barbara entered.

"Where you been? Joe Baxter's been sendin' up here to know if you was sick and me thinkin' you at work all home at this hour with a man in a machine? An' look at you, all frizzed up. Say, ain't you ashamed, with your neck showin' and your hair hangin' over your ears? No account, just like your mother. She went off to a picnic and come home married to my poor brother, married him right under everybody's nose. You ain't married, are you?"

Barbara laughed. She could not help it.

"No, I'm not married. I took the day off. I've worked at the store for ten years and never had a real day to myself so this morning I decided that I'd go for a walk."

"A walk? You're crazy."

"Yes, over the mountain towards Camdentown." Briefly Barbara told her aunt of the day's adventures.

Aunt Hattie was almost too amazed for speech.

"You went into a strange house and cooked meals for folks you'd never seen? Oh, ain't you ashamed? What'll folks say, after all the trouble I took to bring you up right after your mother and father died?"

Barbara offered no comment.

"I might have known it," the older woman went on, rocking back and forth with indignation. "Your pa was foolish of else he wouldn't have married a city girl without a pair of pillow cases to her name. Your ma was just plain empty-headed. Then they both of them died and left you to me to struggle with. It's terrible."

Barbara frowned and she felt an ache of resentment creep over her. She could not remember her father and her recollection of her mother was dim. She knew they had loved one another, that they had been happy, and that only in the narrowness of Aunt Hattie's heart was there anything questionable about their marriage.

"What'll folks say?" Aunt Hattie was working herself into a temper.

"Suppose you can't work at the store no more, suppose . . ."

"I don't care what folks say," Barbara said. "I've played truant for one day, that's all. And I'm glad I went for I had a chance to do something good for somebody. You can't understand it, Aunt Hattie, but I discovered to-day that it's the things that you can do for other people that make them happy that count for most in this world. And Mr. Howell asked me to go there and live and take care of his children."

"Go there and live? Leave me? You can't."

"He asked me to."

"It wouldn't be right. You don't dare. I brought you up and you owe it to me to stay here." Then, as a sudden thought came over her money-loving mind, "How much did he say he'd pay you?"

"We didn't talk about money."

"Well, you're not goin'. You're just like your ma—you don't know nothin' about your duty but you go backslidin' through life without a bit of shame in your whole make-up, takin' things from folks and . . ."

"Stop!" Barbara's eyes snapped fire. "Aunt Hattie, a good many people have told me about my mother and my father. My mother was young and pretty and kind. She fell in love with my father at first sight and they ran away and got married. My parents were very happy. And they weren't poor. Aunt Hattie, they didn't have to take anything from anybody. When my mother died she had thirty-three hundred dollars and she said it was to be given to you to be spent on me. I got through school when I was sixteen and I've been working in the store ever since. First I got five dollars a week, then six, and so on until two years ago I got ten. And I've brought it all to you. It's more than paid for my food and clothes—more than paid!"

Aunt Hattie winced.

"I'm not asking for a penny of that money or for my father's share of this farm. You can have it. But, to-morrow I'm going away—to Camdentown—to take care of those children!"

Aunt Hattie was momentarily silenced.

"Who's going to live with me and help me with the work?" she asked presently.

"You can get someone. You can hire them. You've plenty of money."

Aunt Hattie shook her head.

"Did you say this man that wants you to work for him is rich?" she asked.

"I don't know how rich he is but he has a wonderful home and acres and acres of fruit."

Aunt Hattie went upstairs to her room. Barbara tried the windows to see if they were locked and then the door. She went to her room and undressed. She did not go to bed. She sat there by the window looking out across the soft summer night—dreaming.

Presently the clock on the Presbyterian church tower struck eleven. She rose. It was time for her to sleep for she must be rested for the new chapter of life that would begin on the morrow.

She stretched her arms across the sill of the open window and it seemed as if she looked along the road she would travel. Work was there and the joy of work. Children's feet danced ahead of her. Happiness lay along the path and it even seemed to her that time might mellow the heart of Aunt Hattie and teach her happiness.

"Oh, God," she breathed softly, "thank you for letting me go backsliding—backsliding."

And though she did not say so, Barbara knew that her backsliding had led her to the greatest joys the world can hold—love and duty.

(The End.)

CLIPSE FASHIONS

Exclusive Patterns
by Hazel Rayne



A YOUTHFUL NEGLIGEE.

A simple negligee for use in madam's room is this very simple straight-line kimono. It is simple and closes at low waist-line. When worn with a straight slip it makes an attractive lounging-robe. The kimono pattern, No. 1133, is finished with shirred ribbon, contrasting material faces the neckline and sleeve-edges. A more elaborate and youthful negligee may be made from this very useful style. It is cut for sleeveless, and by adding the flattering tucked ruffles in some soft material, about the neck and deep armholes, one has an interesting bit of finery. Cut in sizes 34 to 44 inches bust. Size 38 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Price 20 cents.



A CAPE ENSEMBLE.

A straight-line cape with a flattering collar, a dress with a circular side-front trimming and a front tie, raglan sleeves that burst into fullness and held tight about the wrist by a narrow band, and a very flat straight back are the interesting points in this very graceful ensemble. Of course the cape, No. 1092, is lined with flat crepe to harmonize with the gown. It is made on slender lines and a small yoke is used close about the neck to which the slight fullness is adjusted. Soft wool makes this a most attractive summer outfit. The dress, No. 1083, may be cut with short sleeves and a narrow collar-band used. Cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust. Size 38 requires 5¼ yards of 36-inch material for the dress and 2¼ yards of lengthwise material in any length cape. Each pattern 20 cents.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each pattern, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 773 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Minard's Liniment for Backache.

Steady.
"The Smith boy who used to work for you wants me to give him a job. Is he steady?"
"Well, if he was any steadier he'd be motionless."

Piano-playing is no help in working a typewriter. In the former accomplishment two or more notes must be struck at once, an operation which would be fatal on the typewriter.

"No - I've not boiled any garments since"

"A friend suggested that I stop boiling the clothes I washed and try Rinso, which I did, with such delightful results that I have not boiled any garments since then."

"I found that Rinso is excellent for removing finger prints from white paint and for washing all woodwork."

"It has cut my house cleaning troubles in half and consequently I felt that it was only your due to know that Rinso has a much bigger work to do in our house than just to clean the dirt from our laundry."

The makers of Rinso receive many such letters as this. For Rinso not only does the family wash merely by soaking—it is also excellent for many household duties, such as cleaning woodwork, scrubbing floors, etc. Order Rinso today.

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Ten Ways to Hurt Your Church.

1. Broadcast the faults of the minister. Assume the silence of your hearers means they agree with you—and so report it.
2. Repeat every rumor you hear about the way people are cutting down their giving to the church—and believe all you hear on the subject.
3. Attend church only when an "outside" speaker occupies the pulpit—and then shake hands with everybody that day.
4. Lament about the "poor music" and the high cost of it, harking back to the old days—when you did the same thing about the music then. Ditto to the preaching.
5. Tell everybody that the attendance is falling off, though you never got a report of the official count.
6. Criticize fellow members for things you, too, are guilty of.
7. Give one-third of what you can give.
8. Report that the church lacks spiritual power, although your own life is like a cinder.
9. Park both your piety and intelligence at home when you attend church; then accuse the preacher of being "heretical."
10. Send your children to another church school, and publish the fact. Oppose the leaders of your school—always!

For First Aid—Minard's Liniment.



1st Microbe—"Everything's so darned clean. Where're we gonna go to live?"

2nd Microbe—"On the Office towel, I guess!"

Well Named.
Teacher (to new boy)—"What do they call you at home?"
Boy—"Flannel, miss."
"But why?"
"Because I shrink from washin'g."

Facts.

The original manuscript of "Kidnapped" by Robert Louis Stevenson, brought \$10,000 at an auction in New York City recently.

Texas produces 40 per cent. of the cotton of the United States.

The authorities in charge of several big hospitals in England have decided to lift the ban against women nurses smoking cigarettes while on duty, having concluded that it was impossible to enforce the rule prohibiting the practice.

Montreal is now the greatest inland port in the world.

The water of the Dead Sea is five times as salty as that of the ocean.

The history of almanacs has been traced back to very early times. It has been ascertained that Alexandrian Greeks had them, though it is not exactly known when they appeared in Europe. The oldest existing almanac in manuscript form dates from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, whereas the earliest printed almanac was by the astronomer, Furbach, and appeared between the years 1450 and 1461.

The unpleasant odor of Limburger cheese is due to specific fermentations induced during ripening. This cheese is made from sweet milk, the curd being formed into cakes about five inches square and two inches thick and notched in this watch-like mechanism.

Needless to say, the better you treat your clock the better it will serve you. Taking good care of your clock is good business; it will prove its worth to you.

A City Under the Sea.

The ruins of an ancient city have been found by divers submerged thirty feet below the surface of the Mediterranean Sea, off the coast of Tunis.

The divers report that many large stone buildings were visible, outlined in dim shadows on the sandy bottom, and that fish swam in and out of the crumbled doorways.

Archaeologists are preparing to make further explorations. Additional interest is attached to the discovery by the fact that the city lies in waters described by Virgil and near the "Isle of the Lotus Eaters," of which Homer sang.

Wall Papers

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YOUR ALARM CLOCK

By C. S. Enders

Clocks and watches are so common that one seldom stops to consider their real value, and how much they actually do mean to us. If all the faithful timepieces in Canada were suddenly to cease running, the result can be better imagined than described. And if it were not for the thousands of alarm-clocks which "tick" faithfully all the night and then ring merrily to warn us that time for slumber is at an end, well—there'd likely be many catastrophes in the business world first morning!

It is sometimes advantageous to have a number of alarm-clocks about the house. One of them makes an excellent timekeeper for the kitchen, and the alarm feature can be used to tell when to start the meals, or call out the time when the bread or cake should be taken out of the oven. Another in the bathroom enables the man of the house to figure train-times to the station, while he is shaving, and he'll most likely be on time for breakfast, too!

Alarm-clocks may be used to advantage in the library, the living-room or the garage; one installed in each of the various buildings, such as the dairy, tool-house or barn, enables the busy farmer to tell the time without stopping to consult his watch. On the business-man's desk it has a place, while in the factory it may be used to advantage on the foreman's bench, to regulate special and particular shop operations. But these are only a few of the uses for your alarm-clock. As you discover others, peculiar to your needs, the clock will become more and more serviceable to you.

My, How We Abuse Them!
Alarm-clocks suffer abuse from the average owner, and this abuse often tests them to the limit. Perhaps it is because of their usual faithfulness that they are so badly neglected. But whatever the cause, it is certain that the life of an alarm-clock may be greatly prolonged by proper treatment.

For instance, changes in temperature are very injurious to the mechanism. Your clock is in a warm room all day. At night you wind and set it, then open the windows. You can hardly expect your clock to adjust itself to any kind of weather—zero-cold or the damp night air—and ring exactly on the dot the next morning. And yet, these are the conditions under which most alarm-clocks must serve, and often they stand up better under the strain than higher-priced clocks. Bearing in mind these facts may make you a bit more tolerant when our faithful alarm-clocks vary a few minutes in time.

Probably you've never thought of your alarm-clock in just this way before. It's a pretty useful member of the household, isn't it? And so inexpensive, too! So much so, in fact, that many people consider it a sort of rough-and-ready, low-priced article that doesn't require careful treatment.

Keeping Accurate Time.
But just here is where they err. Any good timekeeping instrument must be carefully adjusted if it is to do good work. Do away with this careful adjustment and you do away with accuracy. First-class alarm-clocks have movements that are adjusted to give better timekeeping qualities. The wheels turn on needle-fine pivots of polished steel. Friction is greatly reduced in this watch-like mechanism.

Needless to say, the better you treat your clock the better it will serve you. Taking good care of your clock is good business; it will prove its worth to you.

Once in two years your clock will need cleaning and oiling. Let your jeweler do this for you. He has a special oil made for the purpose; and he knows how much to use and where to put it. Amateur oiling usually does more harm than good.

Steam is injurious to your clock. In the bathroom, kitchen or laundry, you can't avoid a steamy atmosphere, and the steamy moisture will rust the steel springs of your clock. Therefore, don't blame the clock if it doesn't last quite so long under such usage; a higher-priced clock would suffer in the same manner. Taking it all in all, the alarm-clock, on account of its low price and unusual faithfulness, is the ideal timekeeper for rooms like those named above.

The Electric Waiter.
In a certain restaurant in Detroit, the meals are served by electricity.

The diner enters the restaurant, selects his table, notes on the menu the food he requires, drops the menu through a slot in the table, and waits a minute or two. Presently there is a humming noise, and in the centre of the table, on a four-poster tray, appears the menu as he has ordered.

When the menu is slipped into the slot it drops to the kitchen below; the server there attends to the order, presses a button, and the food is on its way to the table.

When the diner has finished his meal he takes the bill, which has also been delivered by electricity, and pays at the usual cashier's desk.

Looking for Her Friend.
Clerk—"Now that you've seen all the blankets in the store, which one do you wish?"

Lady—"Well, I was only looking for a friend, and didn't expect to buy."

Clerk—"Well, ma'am, if you think she's in that remaining blanket up there, I'll take it down for you."

THE BRID

BY MARY

June! The month of blossoms and brides. If there is not a wedding feast to prepare, perhaps there is a shower or some sort of entertainment for the bride-elect. Could thing be more charming than a white shower or party for the bride-to-be? Let the color scheme be golden yellow and white, with a touch of green. If given early in the day there is the golden glory of the daffodils and jonquils; but if in June one will have to use the yellow buttercups, daisies, poppies, yellow roses or other old-fashioned garden flowers.

In the centre of the table a blue bowl filled with white and sunny blossoms, or a few of the table, if it is large, or a placed crystal vase holding a spray of yellow blossoms.

At each place may be a yellow butterfly, which will serve for a card, the name being inserted in one of the wings. Little yellow cups of paper may be filled with white buttons, or little blue ones with yellow buttons.

It is easy to arrange the table run through the center of the table. Half a grapefruit or an orange may begin the luncheon, or if red an amber-colored lambic canapés. Salmon with tartar sauce, chicken cutlets, lettuce and bechamel or yellow sauce, carrots, mashed or poached potatoes; a salad made of yellow lettuce and a frozen custard, orange Bavarian cream with sunshine, these make an easy menu.

WHAT'S A WEDDING WITHOUT A CAKE? The gifts for the bride-elect may be wrapped in yellow paper, white paper tied with yellow or colored glassware is now very in the thing, and if you can pick up of the old-fashioned yellow glass you will have a gift that will fit the bride-to-be. Some of the suggestions are very nice. Centerpieces are lovely, and other things are also lovely. Glassware and dishes are also lovely.

Decorating the Bride's Cake. A wedding without an especial cake would hardly be complete. If a cake is desired, an excellent way to bake it in three or four grades squares, round or heart-shaped. Place one layer on top of another, frosting between. Now cover with thick white frosting or any color frosting preferred. Then with pastry tube pipe on it any designs.

If one does not care to use a pastry tube, there are many other delightful ways to decorate the cake. Little candies, candied fruits, gummy fondant, marshmallows and such may be used very effectively on icing foundation.

A charming decoration to be used on a daisy wedding can have around edge a conventional border of lettuce in thin strips, and the top may be decorated with daisy petals, a white oval or heart-shaped center, yellow candy or lemon-pest center, a white-iced cake with blueberry, moose pressed into the icing to form the daisy petals, and yellow fondant or candied peel for center.

Small pink candies may be used to simulate rosebuds with green leaves formed of green gumpaste. Pin fondant or candy hearts are also used on a white or pale-green cake. Heart-shaped candies, known as the "wedding" or "wedding" candy, may be stamped out of thin slices of angel-food cake a day or so old, the food in pink or red and pressed into the frosting of the cake. The icing should be put on the hearts several hours before icing the big cake so may harden up.

TABLE DECORATIONS FOR THE BRIDE'S BREAKFAST
Those who have the run of the woods can find nothing lovelier for an early June wedding than the white spruce trillium, known as the "wedding" or "wedding" candy, may be stamped out of thin slices of angel-food cake a day or so old, the food in pink or red and pressed into the frosting of the cake. The icing should be put on the hearts several hours before icing the big cake so may harden up.

Pink roses and lilies of the valley always make an effective combination a pale-green bowl or basket makes a nice holder. If the table is long, shallow bowls or baskets may be placed at each end, filled with lilies and pink rosebuds.

A BUFFET LUNCHEON MENU:
Strawberries an Natural
Cold Boiled Sliced Ham
With Horseradish or Mustard Sauce
Egg and Pimiento Sandwiches
Open-faced Sweet Sandwiches
Creamed Peas in Pastry Shellie
Perfection Salad - Jellied
Pineapple Tarts
Coffee or Iced Beverage
Salted Nuts

In making the egg and pimiento sandwiches, add one can of pimientos, drained of juice and minced fine, to each dozen hard-cooked egg yolks and add enough mayonnaise to moisten. The bread should be cut thin and spread with butter, then with the mixture, and the top slice put on and pressed gently.

A nice sweet, open-faced sandwich is made by spreading thin slices of bread, cut into rounds or heart shapes, with strawberry or cherry preserves

After Every Meal
Give the family the benefit of its aid to digestion. Cleans teeth too. Keep it always in the house. Costs little - helps much.
WRIGLEYS
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