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How Tom Whitney Won First Place.  
"I'm going to make a go of the old place, Nell. For years that farm has been a hand-to-mouth struggle; but if you want to make money you've got to have modern machinery."

more about the birds. Tom knew such a lot of interesting things. Suddenly she closed the box and put her head down on the lid, hardly knowing whether to laugh, or cry, or pray. Perhaps she did a little of all three. When she got up she took Ned's ring from her finger and laid it on the dresser, her eyes filled with quiet content, for she knew that Tom Whitney had won first place.

Make the unworn corners of sheets into pillow cases. The better portions of an old white bedspread might be converted into bath towels and wash cloths, or used under the tablecloth as a "silence" cloth. Candle ends can be made to do further duty by paring off the ends of two short pieces perfectly smooth and even until the tip of the wick can be seen in each. Heat these two smooth ends and stick them firmly together. The top half will burn down and fuse with the lower half, burning clear through.

The County Council, of Middlesex county, Ont., has passed a by-law protecting all birds and game in the county for a period of five years. This action was taken on account of the unscrupulous slaughter of birds and game, and the consequent increase of insect pests.

**The Road to Understanding**

—BY—  
**Eleanor H. Porter**

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**CHAPTER VII.**

Mrs. Burke Denby was a little surprised at the number of letters directed to her husband in the morning mail that first day of November, until she noticed the familiar names in the upper left-hand corners of several of the envelopes.

"Oh, it's the bills," she murmured, drawing in her breath a little uncertainly. "To-day's the first, and they said they'd send them then. But I didn't think there'd be such a lot of them. Still, I've had things at all those places. Well, anyway, he'll be glad to pay them all at once, without my teasing for money all the time, she finished with resolute insistence, as she turned back to her work.

If, now, that the time had come, and the bills lay before her in all their fearsome reality, Helen was beginning to doubt the wisdom of her financial eye, she would not admit it, even to herself. And she still wore a determinedly cheerful face when her husband came home to dinner that night. She went into the kitchen as he began to open his mail—she was reminded of a sudden something that needed her attention. Two minutes later she nearly dropped the dish of potato salad she was carrying, at the sound of his voice from the doorway.

"Helen, what in Heaven's name is the meaning of these bills?" He was in the kitchen now, holding out a sheaf of tightly clutched papers in each hand.

Helen set the potato salad down hastily.

"Why, Burke, don't—don't look at me so!"

"But what does this mean? What are these things?"

"Why, they're just bills, I suppose. They said they'd be."

"Bills! Great Caesar, Helen! You don't mean to say that you do know about them—that you bought all this stuff?"

Helen's lip began to quiver.

"Burke, don't please don't look like that—don't frighten me!"

"Frighten you! What do you think of me?—springing a thing like this!"

"Why, Burke, I—I thought you'd like it."

"Like it!"

"Yes—that I didn't have to ask you for money all the time. And you'd have to pay 'em some time, anyhow. We had to eat, you know."

"But, great Scott, Helen! We aren't a hotel! Look at that—'salad'—'salad'—'salad'—" he exploded, pointing a shaking finger at a series of items on the uppermost bill in his left hand. "There's tons of the stuff there, and I always did abominate it!"

"Why, Burke, I—I—" And the floods came.

"Oh, thunder! Helen, Helen, don't—please don't!"

"But I thought I was going to please you, and you called me a hotel, and you said you abominated it!" she wailed, stumbling away blindly.

With a despairing ejaculation Burke flung the bills to the floor, and caught the sob-shaken little figure of his wife in his arms.

"There, there, it was a brute, and I didn't mean it—a word of it, sweetheart. Don't please don't," he begged. "Why, girlie, all the bills in Christendom aren't worth a tear from your dear eyes. Come, won't you stop?"

But Helen did not stop at once. The storm was short, but tempestuous. At the end of ten minutes, however, together they went into the dining room. Helen carried the potato salad (which Burke declared he was really hungry for to-day), and Burke carried the bills crumpled in one hand behind his back, his other arm around his wife's waist.

There were to be no more charge accounts. For the weekly expenses Helen was to have every cent that could possibly be spared; but what she could not pay cash for, they must go without, if they starved. In a pretty little book she must put down one side the money she received. On the other, the money spent. She was a dear, good little wife, and he loved her most to death; but he couldn't let her run up bills when he had not a red cent to pay them with. He would borrow, of course, for these—he was not going to have any dirty little tradesmen pestering him with bills all the time! But this must be the last. Never again!

And Helen said yes, yes, indeed.

And she was very sure she would love to keep the pretty little book, and put down all the money she got, and all she spent.

All this was very well in theory. But in practice—

At the end of the first week Helen brought her book to her husband, and spread it open before him with great gusto.

On the one side were several entries of small sums, amounting to eight dollars received. On the other side were the words: "Spent all but seventeen cents."

"Oh, but you should put down what you spent it for," corrected Burke, with a merry laugh.

"Why?"

"Why, er—so you can see—er—what the money goes for."

"What's the difference—if it goes?"

"Oh, shucks! You can't keep a cash account that way! You have to put 'em both down, and then—er—balance up and see if your cash comes right. See, like this," he cried, taking a little book from his pocket. "I'm keeping one." And he pointed to a little list which read:

Lunch	.....	\$ 25.
Cigar	.....	.10
Car-fare	.....	.10
Paper	.....	.02
Helen	.....	2.00
Cigars	.....	.25
Paper	.....	.02

"Now that's what I spent yesterday. You want to put yours down like that, then add 'em up and subtract it from what you receive. What's left should equal your cash on hand."

"Hm-m; well, all right," assented Helen dubiously, as she picked up her own little book.

Helen looked still more dubious when she presented her book for inspection the next week.

"I don't think I like it this way, she announced with a pout.

"Why not?"

"Why, Burke, the mean old thing steals—actually steals! It says I ought to have one dollar and forty-five cents; and I haven't got but fourteen cents! It's got it itself—somewhere!"

"Ho, that's easy, dear!" The man gave an indulgent laugh. "You didn't put 'em all down—what you spent."

"But I did—everything I could remember. Besides, I borrowed fifty cents of Mrs. Jones. I didn't put that down anywhere. I didn't know where to put it."

"Helen! You borrowed money—of that woman?"

"She isn't 'that woman!' She's my friend, and I like her," flared Helen, hotly. "I had to have some eggs, and I didn't have a cent of money. I shall pay her back, of course,—next time you pay me."

Burke frowned.

"Oh, come, come, Helen, this will never do," he remonstrated. "Of course you'll pay her back; but I can't have my wife borrowing of the neighbors!"

"But I had to! I had to have some eggs," she choked, "and—"

"Yes, yes, I know. But I mean, we won't again," interrupted the man desperately, fleeing to cover in the face of the threatening storm of sobs. "And, anyhow, we'll see that you have some money now," he cried gayly, plunging his hands into his pockets, and pulling out all the bills and change he had. "There, with all my worldly goods I these endow!" he laughed, lifting his hands above her bright head, and showering the money all over her.

Like children then they scrambled for the rolling nickels and elusive dimes; and in the ensuing frolic the tiresome account book was forgotten—which was exactly what Burke had hoped would happen.

This was the second week. At the end of the third, the "mean old thing," was in a worse muddle than ever, according to Helen; and, for her part, she would rather never buy anything at all if she had got to go and tell that nuisance of a book every time!

The fourth Saturday night Helen did not produce the book at all.

"Oh, I don't keep that any longer," she announced, with airy nonchalance, in answer to Burke's question. "It never came right, and I hated it, anyhow. So what's the use? I've got what I've got, and I've spent what I've spent. So what's the difference?" And Burke, after a feeble remonstrance, gave it up as a bad job. Incidentally it might be mentioned that Burke was having a little difficulty with his own cash account, and was tempted to accuse his own book of stealing—else where did the money go?

(To be continued.)

"Don't you think we could wait a little for some of these things?" she asked.

Ned frowned. "Every one is a money-maker. The trouble is we've been brought up to be afraid to risk anything, that we never have anything to risk."

Once more Nelly glanced over the list and she thought of the shabby old house Ned had asked her to share with him. In three months they were to be married. She admired this big, practical fellow and had great faith in his success. She had felt that it would be a fine thing to help make that success. But in this list of conveniences she saw no mention of anything for the house. Ned's mother had spent a weary life unaided by any of the woman-savers, and had gone early to that vast—er—been a welcome rest. Strangely enough, Ned had not alluded to that side of the question. But now they never could undertake anything more than he had already outlined. It seemed pretty clear what her part was to be.

Something else was troubling Nelly. Last evening Tom Whitney had met her and they had strolled much farther than she had intended. He didn't know of her engagement to Ned and had asked her to marry him. Tom was so different from Ned. The tender, thoughtful look in his eyes made a woman trust him. She had noticed how fondly children hovered around him, and he had a real affection for animals—Nelly wished that Ned hadn't kicked old Sport out of the way the other night.

Tom's quiet plea came back to her now. "I want to make things easier for you, Nelly. I haven't got very much, but we can fix up the old place so you won't have to slave the way most of the women around here do. I can have a plant put in that will give us water and light, and we'll have a furnace. Some day I'll see that you get the other things that will help to make the work easy. I love you, Nelly—won't you let me try to show you how much?"

Concerning Certain Domestic Affairs.  
Take your boy or girl along when you go to buy him or her a new suit. Remember how irritating it was to have some one pick your clothes without giving you a choice in the matter. Consult the children's tastes somewhat; do not let them select anything unsuitable, but give them a choice of several sensible selections. It will give them a feeling of responsibility and make them more self-reliant, besides putting it out of the question for them to grumble over your choice of their apparel.

One of the sternest tasks that falls to the lot of the house-mother is the oversight of the family underwear in the changeable weather of spring and fall. I am not very strong on making children's mind, but when it comes to underwear to fit the season I claim police powers. The warm days of spring, especially when spring comes early, make the winter clothing uncomfortable, and it is right to change; but when the mercury drops it is best to go back to warmer clothing. Sometimes I have to coax, and if that does not work I try threats. "I have one threat that works splendidly on the older rebels. You will not get any dinner until you do change!" Such a threat as this will bring any adult male to the clothes he ought to wear.

The outlook of our young soldiers have been broadened by their experiences; the suffering for higher aims than they have ever known before, besides the wider views given by the glimpses they have had of life in foreign countries. They will need and demand a power and deeper companionship from their womenkind at home, a quickening of intelligence and comradeship. The genuine home girl may be quite sure of the old-time affection, but the girl whose character remains petty can not hope for full companionship with those whose outlook on life has been changed. The girls, too, will need to catch up on their geography to keep up with the boys who return from overseas familiar with places that to the girls are mere specks on the map. We will all find such knowledge broadening.

**Young Camouflage Artist.**

Bessie is a bright one. The other day her teacher set her and her school-mates to drawing, letting them choose their own subjects. After the teacher had examined what the other children had drawn, she took up Bessie's sheet.

"Why, what's this?" she said. "You haven't drawn anything at all, child."

"Please, teacher, yes, I have," returned Bessie. "It's a war-picture—a long line of ammunition wagons at the front. You can't see 'em 'cause they're camouflaged."

It is fine for cleaning cans—says the dairyman

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