

A Packet of— "SALADA"

Tea, will go further on infusion and give better satisfaction than any other Tea obtainable.

Not a shadow of doubt about this. TRY IT!

The Road to Understanding

—BY—
Eleanor H. Porter
Copyright—
Houghton Mifflin Co.
Published by special arrangement with
Thos. Allen, Toronto

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)

It was the next Monday night that Burke came home with a radiant countenance.

"Gleason's here—up at the Hancock House. He's coming down after dinner."

"Who's Gleason?"

Helen's tone was a little fretful—there was a new, intangible something in her husband's voice that Helen did not understand, and that she did not think she liked.

"Gleason! Who's Doc Gleason!" exclaimed Burke, with widening eyes.

"Oh, I forgot. You don't know him, do you?" he added, with a slight frown. Burke Denby was always forgetting that Helen knew nothing of his friends or of himself until less than a year before.

"Well, Doc Gleason is the best ever. He went to Egypt with us last year, and to Alaska the year before."

"How old is he?"

"Old? Why, I don't know—thirty—maybe more. He must be a little more, come to think of it. But you never think of age with the doctor. He'll be young when he's ninety."

"And you like him—so well?" Her voice was a little wistful.

"Next to dad—always have. You'll like him, too. You can't help it. He's mighty interesting."

"And he's a doctor?"

"Yes and no. Oh, he graduated and hung out his shingle; but he never practiced much. He had money enough, anyway, and he got interested in scientific research—antiquarian, mostly, though he's done a bit of mountain climbing and glacier studying for the National Geographic Society."

"Antiquarian? Oh, yes, I know—old things. Mother was that way, too. She had an old pewter plate, and a dark blue china teapot, homely as a hedge fence, I thought, but she doted on 'em. And she doted on ancestors, too. She had one in that old ship—Mayflower, wasn't it?"

Burke laughed.

"Mayflower! My dear child, the Mayflower is a mere infant—in arms in the doctor's estimation. The doctor goes back to prehistoric times for his playground, and to the men of the old Stone Age for his preferred playmates."

"Older than the Mayflower, then?"

"A trifle—some thousands of years."

"Goodness! How can he?—I thought the Mayflower was bad enough. But what does he do—collect things?"

"Yes, to some extent; he has a fine little collection of Babylonian tablets, and—"

"Oh, I know—those funny little brown and yellow cakes like soap, all cut into with pointed little marks—what do you call 'em?—like your father has in his library!"

"The cuneiform writing? Yes. As I said, the doctor has a fine collection of tablets, and of some other things; but principally he studies and goes on trips. It was a trip to the Spanish grottoes that got him interested in the archaeological business in the first place, and put him out of conceit with doctoring. He goes a lot now, sometimes independently, sometimes in the interest of some society. He does in a scientific way what dad and I have done for fun—traveling and collecting. I mean then, too, he has written a book or two which are really authoritative in their line. He's a great chap—the doctor is. Wait till you see him. I've told him about you, too."

"Then you told him—that is—he knows—about the marriage."

"Why, sure he does!" Burke's manner was a bit impatient. "What do you suppose, when he's coming here to-night? Now, mind, put on your prettiest frock and your sweetest smile. I want him to see why I married you," he challenged banteringly.

"I want him to see what a treasure I've got. And say, dearie, do you suppose—could we have him to dinner, or something? Could you manage it? I wanted to ask him to-night; but of course I couldn't—without your knowing beforehand."

"Mercy, no, Burke!" shuddered the young housekeeper. "Don't you dare—when I don't know it." He paused hopefully.

"Why, y-yes, I guess so. Of course I could get things I was sure of, like potato salad and—"

"But, Helen, I'm afraid—I don't think—that is, I'm sure Gleason doesn't like potato salad," he stammered.

"Doesn't he? Well, he needn't eat it then. We'll have all the more left for the next day."

"But, Helen, er—"

"Oh, I'll have chips, too; don't worry, dear. I'll give him something

to eat," she promised gayly. "Do you suppose I'm going to have one of your swell friends come here, and then have you ashamed of me? You just wait and see!"

"Er, no—no, indeed, of course not," plunged in her husband feverishly, trying to ward off a repetition of the "swell"—a word he particularly abhorred.

Several times in the last two months he had heard Helen use this word—twice when she had informed him with great glee that some swell friends of his from Elm Hill had come in their carriage to call, and again quite often when together on the street they met some one whom he knew. He thought he hated the word a little more bitterly every time he heard it.

For several weeks now the Denbys had been receiving calls—Burke Denby was a Denby of Denby Mansion even though he was temporarily marooned on Dale Street at a salary of sixty dollars a month. Besides, to many, Dale Street and the sixty dollars, with the contributory element of elopement and irate parent, only added piquancy and interest to what would otherwise have been nothing but the conventional duty call.

To Helen, in the main, the calls were a welcome diversion—"just grand," indeed. To Burke, on whom the curiosity element was not lost, they were an impertinence and a nuisance. Yet he endured them, and even welcomed them, in a way; for he wanted Helen to know his friends, and to like them—better than she liked Mrs. Jones. He did not care for Mrs. Jones. She talked too loud and used too much slang. He did not like to have Helen with her. Always, therefore, after callers had been there, his first eager question was: "How did you like them, dear?" He wanted so much that Helen should like them!

To-night, however, in thinking of the prospective visit from Gleason, he was wondering how the doctor would like Helen—not how Helen would like the doctor. The change was significant but unconscious—perhaps all the more significant because it was unconscious.

Until he had reached home that night, Burke had been so overjoyed at the prospect of an old-time chat with his friend that he had given little thought to Gleason's probable opinion of the Dale Street flat and its furnishings. Now, with his eyes on the obtrusive unharmonious about him, and his memory going back to the doctor's well-known fastidiousness of taste, he could think of little else. He did hope Gleason would not think he had selected those horrors!

Of course he had already explained—a little—about his father's disapproval of the marriage, and the resulting cutting-off of his allowance; but even that would not excuse (to Gleason) the riot of glaring reds and pinks and purples in his living rooms; and one could not very well explain that one's wife liked the horrors!

He pulled himself up sharply. Of course Helen herself was a dear. He hoped Gleason would see how dear she was. He wanted Gleason to like Helen.

(To be continued.)

The Sunset Gate.

Day is gone with its disturbances,
Heat and strife and empty lusk,
Eve falls gently on earth's toilers
Seeking love's repose at dusk.
Gone for me the day's digressions,
Gone the buffettings of Fate!
Swift, my soul, to meet some other
Just beyond the Sunset Gate.

Oh, my soul, how slow his coming,
Tarrying till the set of sun,
Till one star and then another
Proves that day is surely gone.
Then he'll creep to me in rapture,
Whispering that he mocks at Fate,
While our souls thus meet each other
Nightly by the Sunset Gate.

Oh, the dew is as the kisses,
Night winds but his whispering breath,
Chanting that in spite of sorrow
Memory triumphs over death.
Hence for me no brooding loneliness,
And no railings gross at Fate
While our souls may meet each other
Just beyond the Sunset Gate.

Nature kindly screens our trystings
With her spangled web of night,
Shielding us from all intrusions
That might sicken our spirits' flight.
So to none is told the secret
Of my triumphs over Fate,
Lest, perchance, they keep that other
Waiting by the Sunset Gate.



A Co-operative Family.
Our family has passed through an experience similar perhaps to that of hundreds of other families since the "flu" began its devastating course across the country. Seven of us, five children, mother and grandmother, were down "at once and togethery," as baby says; only the good man of the house escaped.

A kind neighbor came in twice a day and looked after us while he did the chores at the barn, which, because of fire, is almost a third of a mile from the house. After frantic efforts, renewed every day for a week he was able to secure a short visit from a doctor, as the only two within a radius of twelve miles were rushed to death night and day and almost unavailable.

An experience of this kind cannot but stir up these sluggish brains of ours and set them to thinking along new lines. I might write columns of what it taught us of the need of neighborly co-operation and thoughtfulness at such times, for if ever families needed the "sick-and-ye-visited-me" kind of people, it has been through these last terrible months. But just now I should like to tell you of an aspect of illness which concerns the children, and which came to me as I lay helpless for three weeks.

I was the first one to be taken ill, and had been in bed for four days when grandma and the two babies followed my bad example. Then it was that the three older children, a girl seven years old and two boys ten and eleven years, slipped willingly into harness, and oh, how anxious those little people were to be really helpful. I could hear them discussing as to who should wash the dishes, sweep, bring in wood, etc. But the greatest of all discussions was when father was at the barn and they thought the sick people should have something to eat. They did so want to fix and serve things themselves, and almost quarrelled as to who should carry the toast or tea to the sick-room, though every effort was made to keep them out and away from danger of the disease.

Then, too, came up the question of their own meals. Oh, the first breakfast food! Just a combination of warm water and rolled oats, but father saw that it didn't happen a second time. How carefully my tea was boiled! So I lay on my bed, and when my brain would work at all, decided that on that glad day when I should be well again, I would teach myself the people to prepare and serve simple things both for themselves and for sick folks. Crisp toast, poached or coddled egg, a drink of tea, good breakfast cereals, escalloped potatoes and perhaps bread.

Of course, the girls' learning to fish opened in Vancouver things when they are a little older than my seven-year-old girlie, celebrated the occasion. Mean-why not the boys, too? Surely, knowledge would never come as a head trout.

I believe that all boys would enjoy learning. No more cereals! "sing full responsibility for the self as "raw material" either to the military authorities or to the sick people, dishes and medicine bottles removed as soon as used, all such little details which in themselves are really nothing, but which sometimes make for the comfort or discomfort of the patient, may be discussed with the children, and they will be half hoping someone may get just a little sick, so they may practice. They are so eager to do, why not teach them the right way?

Just another word. When we began to convalesce, a well-grown thirteen-year-old girl came in after school every night to ask how we were getting along. Usually the dinner table stood as we had left it, the effort of getting the simple meal sending mother and grandmother to bed for a few hours, the floor unswept and supper unprepared. It never entered this girl's head that she might have offered to wash the dishes or pick up a little bit. And so I added another resolve, I shall teach my children, no matter how young they are, that if they can see an opportunity to help a person in need, to "go to it." My boys shall not be ashamed to handle a dishcloth or broom for somebody else's mother. And if this experience of the past six weeks shall be the means of instilling a spirit of greater helpfulness in the whole family, I shall feel that the good coming out of evil was worth it all.

Home-Made Dress Hangers.
Ribbons that have done duty as hair bows, sashes, etc., but have become unfit for such purposes, may be used advantageously as follows: Wash and press the ribbons and then utilize them to cover wire coat or dress hangers. First cover the hanger with a bit of flannel, or any other soft material available, sprinkle with sachet powder, and then commence at one end and wrap the ribbon tightly over the padding from end to end, stitching down securely, where you finish. The whole process takes only about ten minutes and you

have a dainty, good looking hanger that will prolong the life of your coats and dresses.

The Clothes Moth.

The tiny yellowish moth which is occasionally seen flitting about at this season is an indication that clothes moths are beginning their destructive work. Egg laying by these little moths is now under way and within a month the eating of woollens and furs by the little caterpillars may be anticipated.

The little moths that are seen flying about do not eat anything; the destruction is caused by the tiny larvae working under scanty webs made from particles of the garments on which they feed, and the whitish webs can be detected before the garments have been much eaten. The larvae and webs at this stage can be removed by a stiff brushing.

As early as possible in the spring all woollens, furs, etc., the use of which can be dispensed with, should be put away in safe storage for the summer. Before being packed away these should be thoroughly brushed and beaten, and if possible exposed to the strong sunlight for several hours out of doors. The brushing is very important in order to remove the eggs or young larvae which may have escaped notice. Articles so cleaned and sunned should then be put away in mothproof containers. Materials which cannot be thus put away should be given the same thorough cleaning and reinspected during the summer every two weeks.

Woolen clothing, furs, etc., may be packed away safely for the summer by enclosing them in several wrappings of paper, or in well made bags of cotton or linen cloth, or in paper sacks which can be tied or otherwise securely fastened to prevent ingress of the moths. In these packages place such repellents as tobacco dust, camphor, naphthalene balls, etc. The odors of these substances are disagreeable to the patent moths and act as a repellent, but they will not kill eggs or larvae which may be enclosed in the packages, hence the necessity of the thoroughgoing cleaning and airing prior to packing away.

Rugs or carpets put away for the summer should be first thoroughly cleaned on both sides and beaten, and then wrapped up in tight rolls protected by wrapping with tar paper.

Look to Your Finances.

Services of the band by a total contribution of the city to the relief work in the districts of France.

and eighteen munition women and men, with about 1000 lbs. of foodstuffs, arrived in Vancouver in 1915, and were given a warm

welcome. The military authorities are all there stored.

How to Remember the Time.

"Sometimes," said a housewife, "as the time approached to take a cake out of the oven, I have found that I have forgotten the exact time at which I put it in, even though I had then looked carefully at the clock. But now I have a plan that enables me to remember always."

"Now when I look at the clock I say the time out loud, and when I do this I never forget."

Contributed Recipes.

Creamed Liver.—When morning appetites call for a hearty meal, this will be found an appetizing breakfast dish. Cut two pounds of liver into small pieces, cover with cold water for ten minutes and drain. Heat three tablespoons of butter and put in the liver, season with salt and pepper, and cook slowly for ten minutes, browning it on all sides, then take up the liver and put it where it will keep warm. Put one piece of onion in the frying pan with some fat, and cook for one minute. Add three teaspoons of flour and cook, stirring until it begins to froth. Draw pan from fire, add one pint of warmed milk to it, and stir carefully. Let it come to a boil; put the liver in this sauce and serve very hot.

Potato Cakes.—Do not throw away left-over mashed potatoes, but make them into potato cakes as follows: Stir into cold mashed potatoes enough beaten eggs and hot milk to make them quite stiff, add salt, pepper and a little minced onion or parsley. Mix

well, make into flat cakes, dust with corn meal and fry brown. This makes a good supper or breakfast dish.—Mrs. M. A. P.

St. George and Merry England.
(Tis not the present England
Which fought against the Huns:
A thousand years of heroes
Stood there, against their guns).

O Men! who fought at Hastings,
And you of Agincourt,
Shake out your battle banners,
In these great winds of war.

You loved the name of England,
The church where you did pray,
You loved her coles and hedges,
And all that buxom day.

The cross upon your banners
Is treasured deeply, still;
And tho' the lions of England
Of war did take their fill,

In younger days, the foeman
Once more his challenge flings.
Once more, men of your sinews
Face death. But in them sings.

The blood you gave at Hastings,
Hopes saved at Agincourt,
Fling high your swords, our fathers,
And lead us on to war.

They rally. Good Prince Edward,
Sir Drake, Sir Philip, too!
And the old "Dukes," great guardians,
Of our Red, White and Blue.

The trees are green with promise,
Our hearts are green with hope,
Tho' many a bud that n'er will flower
Upon new graves must mope.
Tho' many a youthful spirit
In God's bright Dawn must grope.

They, too, have left their banners,
They, too, have left their swords—
Our hands are firm about them—
Come on, ye Prussian hordes!

For with the Men of England,
Who built the English land,
And they who passed but yesteryear,
With these we make our stand.

Heroic France hath Lillies,
Ablossoming for her dead,
While the Red Rose of Britain
Flames for the blood you shed.

Then—hearken our defiance,
For God shall make you pay,
Yea, if we stand forever,
Armed 'til the Judgment Day.

We'll fight our fight against you,
Fight, tho' our hearts are sad,
That human men, with souls for Christ
Are nationally mad.

(Tis not the present England
Which fought against the Huns;
A thousand years of heroes
Stood there against their guns.)

Dry, well-ventilated piggeries are a good insurance against crippled pigs. Exercise and roots added to the ration also tend to ward off the trouble.

EGGS

Can be preserved at a cost of
2c per Dozen

with Fleming Egg Preserver.

Simple to use; a child can apply it. Just rub it on. Guarantees to keep eggs fresh for nine months and longer.

A 6c box will do 30 dozen eggs. Get it from your dealer or send 6c to Fleming Egg Preserver Co., 166 Craig St. W., Montreal.

cleans
sinks
closets
drains
kills rats,
mice bugs
destroys dirt

COMFORT LYE

Extra Strong

SEND IT TO EXPERTS -PARKER'S

Parker's can clean or dye carpets, curtains, laces, draperies, gowns, etc., and make them look like new.

Send your faded or spotted clothing or household goods, and

PARKER'S

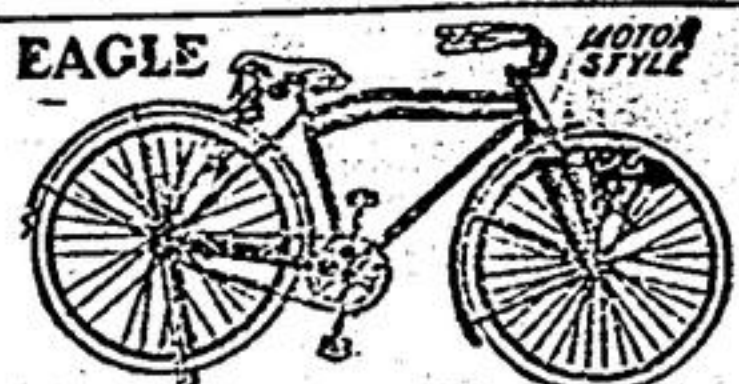
will renew them.

We pay carriage charges one way and guarantee satisfactory work. Our booklet on household helps that save money will be sent free on request to

PARKER'S DYE WORKS, Limited
Cleaners and Dyers
791 Yonge St. Toronto

SALT

All grades. Write for prices.
TORONTO SALT WORKS
G. J. CLIFF TORONTO



Write to-day for our big FREE CATALOGUE showing our full lines of Bicycles for Men and Women, Boys and Girls.

MOTOR CYCLES
MOTOR ATTACHMENTS
Tires, Coaster Brakes, Wheels, Inner Tubes, Lamps, Bells, Cyclometers, Saddles, Equipment and Parts of Bicycles. You can buy your supplies from us at wholesale prices.

T. W. BOYD & SON,
27 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal.

Fume should be pronounced as though spelled "Few-meh," with the accent on the first syllable. Spring is strong and virtuous, Broad-sowing, cheerful, plenteous, Quickening underneath the mold Grains beyond the price of gold. So deep and large her bounties are, That one broad, long midsummer day Shall to the planet overpay The ravage of a year of war.

THIS
CANADIAN
GOVERNMENT
LEGEND OF
PURITY

APPEARS ON
CLARK'S
PORK
AND
BEANS



W. CLARK, LIMITED
MONTREAL