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**CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)**

As the hour drew near for the expected guest's arrival, Burke Denby, greatly to his vexation, found himself growing more and more nervous. He asked himself indignantly if he were going to let a purple cushion entirely spoil the pleasure of the evening. Not until he had seen Gleason that afternoon had he realized how sorely he had missed his father's companionship all these past weeks. Not until he had found himself bubbling over with the things he wanted to talk about that evening had he realized how keenly he had missed the mental stimulus of that father's comradeship. And now, for the sake of a purple cushion, was he to lose the only chance he had had for weeks of conversing with an intelligent—

With an almost audible gasp the shocked and shamed husband pulled himself up again.

Well, of course Helen was intelligent. It was only that she was not interested in, and did not know about, these things which he was thinking of; and—

The doorbell rang sharply, and Burke leaped to his feet and hastened to press the button that would release the catch of the lock at the entrance below.

"Why, Burke, you never called down through the tube at all, and asked who it was," remonstrated Helen, hurrying in, her fingers busy with the final fastenings of her dress.

"You bet your life I didn't," laughed Burke, a bit grimly. "You've got another guess coming if you think I'm going to hold Doc Gleason off at the end of a 'Who is it?' belled into his ear from that impertinent copper trumpet down there."

"Why, Burke, that's all right. Everybody does it," maintained Helen. "We have to, else we'd be letting all sorts of folks in, and—"

At a warning gesture from her husband she stopped just as a tall, smooth-shaven man with kind eyes and a grave smile appeared at the open hallway door.

"Glad to see you, doctor," cried Burke, extending a cordial hand, that yet trembled a little. "Let me present you to my wife."

"Pleased to meet you, I'm sure," bobbed Helen. And because she was nervous she said the next thing that came into her head. "And I hope you're pleased to meet me, too. All Burke's friends are so swell, you know, that—"

"Er—ah—" broke in the dismayed husband.

But the visitor advanced quietly, still with that same grave smile, and clasped Mrs. Denby's extended hand.

"I am very sure Burke's friends are, indeed, very glad to meet you," he said. "Certainly I am, he finished, with a cordial heartiness so nicely balanced that even Burke Denby's sensitive alertness could find in it neither the overzealousness or insincerity nor the indifference of disdain.

Even when, a minute later, they turned and went into the living room, Burke's still apprehensive watchfulness could detect in his friend's face not one trace of the dismayed horror he had been dreading to see there.

"Gleason's a brick," he sighed to himself, trying to relax his tense muscles. "As if I didn't know that every last zimmerack in this miserable room would fairly scream at him the moment he entered the room!"

In spite of everybody's very evident efforts to have everything pass off pleasantly, the evening was anything but a success. Helen, at first shy and ill at ease, said little. Then, as if suddenly realizing her deficiencies as a hostess, she tried to remedy it by talking very loud and very fast about anything that came into her mind, reveling especially in minute



**The Housewife's  
Corner**

**Know Your Oil Stove.**

The first oil-stoves were made with flat wicks and were accompanied by a water pan which was considered necessary to counteract the naphtha and gasoline vapors that might form on the surface of the kerosene. As petroleum products became more refined, and the different elements were separated and standardized, it became possible to make stoves of different types, the improvements continuing, so that the oil-stove is now considered a necessity.

The process of burning (combustion), whether it is wood, coal, or kerosene, is first to reduce the element to a gas, the common means being heat, and then to burn this gas, mixing it with oxygen, one of the gases which supports life. Kerosene vaporizes or turns into a gas more easily than wood or coal, but not so quickly and easily as does gasoline or naphtha. When kerosene is properly refined it is comparatively safe. Kerosene can also be deodorized, so that in its liquid form most of its strong, natural odor is removed; when, however, it is heated and the particles turn into gas, this gas gives off an odor. Therefore, in using an oil-stove, it is necessary that all the gas that is formed by heat shall be burned, that is, mixed with its proper amount of oxygen and consumed, so that no unburned gas escapes into the room.

When an oil-stove is dirty, or when oil is spread over the outer surface or outside of the burner itself, the heat turns this oil into a vapor; and if it can not be burned inside the burner, it is given off in the room, in the form of an odor which is unpleasant. This is the reason why all of the parts around the oil-stove should be kept clean. If after being cleaned your stove does give forth an odor, the chances are that some part around the burner has been overlooked.

To get the best results from an oil-stove it needs to be set approximately level. The vaporizing chamber of the stove is so arranged that with the surface of the oil a certain distance away, the supply of oil or gases to the vaporizing chamber is uniform at all times. If the oil should be farther away from the vaporizing point, the wick, or whatever is used to bring the oil or gas to the point of combustion, does not give the best results; on the other hand, if the oil is too near to the vaporizing chamber too, much gas is likely to flow through the wick or form in the vaporizing chamber, and this excess of gas makes too great a volume of flame.

It is generally supposed that an oil-stove always gives off an odor. This is not so. The modern oil-stove burner is a cleaner and more perfect burning apparatus than a gas burner. The products of combustion coming from the completed burning of kerosene are a clean, dry heat that is purer than that coming from city gas. Food baked or cooked over the oil-stove is as clean and appetizing as that which has been done by electricity.

It is necessary, also, that the burner in which the kerosene vapor is burned should be properly balanced and be a burner in which all the gases which are formed in the vaporizing chamber are burned. If you have a wick stove, the vaporizing chamber is practically at the top of the wick. Above this must be some form of a chimney or combustion chamber in which all the gases that are formed in the vaporizing chamber are mixed with the proper amount of air or oxygen and turned into heat. In a wickless type of stove, the vaporizing chamber is the oil bowl, and the burning chamber is represented by two cylinders which are perforated, and in which the draft has been arranged so that oxygen is taken in and mixed with the gas that forms in the vaporizing bowl and burns with an intense heat.

If your oil-stove is apparently clean and you are getting an odor from the stove, you should make sure that your chimney is properly placed on the vaporizing chamber and that all the parts connected with it are in their proper position.

that the entire amount of gas that is forming in the vaporizing chamber is burned in the chimney.

Sometimes drafts of air strike the burner and a little gas is blown away from the chimney itself and is not burned. An unpleasant odor may result; but if the cause of the odor is known and it can be avoided, it ceases to be a cause of annoyance. "Keep your oil-stove clean" appears on all direction cards, and a stove will not give good service unless the rules are observed.

Heat enters the oven of an oil-stove from below, and a deflector, placed near the bottom of the oven, distributes this heat, which must pass along the sides of the oven in order to reach the top. Consequently, to allow this heat to pass the dishes or pans used in the oven they must not be too large.

In order to do any baking, it is necessary, first, that the oven shall become thoroughly heated. Usually ten minutes or more are required. Beginning with an oven which is thoroughly heated, most of the baking can be accomplished with a moderate, constant heat. As a rule, articles that require to be brown on top will brown more quickly if the top of the bread, pudding or cake is near the top of the oven where it receives some of the deflected heat. Pans should be sufficiently shallow so that the food will rise to the top of the pan and perhaps above it, in order that it may have an opportunity to brown. Hot air does not readily force itself down into a pocket.

Those who are not accustomed to the use of oil-stoves are surprised at the variety of work that can be done with them and the ease and economy with which they can be used. Kerosene is concentrated fuel; and if it were twice its present price, it would still be an economical household agent.

**When Your Child Must Face Pain.**

When the doctor advised me to have Nancy's adenoids and tonsils removed, I realized that a serious problem confronted me. She is a nervous, high-strung child, abnormally sensitive to pain. I dared not send her to the operating table without some preparation for the ordeal through which she must pass.

My first impulse was to promise a reward if Nancy would submit quietly to the operation. But I wanted to make this experience count for character-building, to strengthen her in some small measure for the dangers and difficulties of a woman's lot that she must face later on.

So I talked to her cheerfully about the operation, frankly acknowledged that it would hurt for a while, but explained that the pain now would save her from a great deal of trouble and suffering later on. I dwelt upon the kindness of the doctor, who had a little girl of his own at home, and who loved all little girls and wanted to help them become strong and well. I described the good nurses and the hospital with its beautiful white walls and comfortable beds; and I promised to stay with her as much as possible while she was there, and told her how proud and happy I would be if she were brave.

As a result she walked into the operating room rather timidly, but voluntarily. And during the suffering afterward she did not reproach me.

In the next room to ours was a little boy, an only son, whose parents had lured him into the hospital by telling him he was going to the seashore. When they arrived, the child was carried screaming to the operating room and instantly etherized. When the operation was over, he screamed and thrashed around in bed, raging and scolding like a little caged animal, working himself into a fever.

Did this child come out of the ordeal strengthened by his pain? Or did he come out having less confidence in his parents' word, and with a feeling of resentment against them, springing from the fact that they had deceived him?

Surely it is the duty of every mother to help her children bear pain by fortifying them against it. Pain is an instrument of higher discipline for humanity; to try to avoid it for one's children is to produce moral flabbiness where they most need strength.

**Why Not Be a Washerwoman?**

Not long ago I was left alone with three children to bring up and nothing to do with. When I sat down and made an inventory of my accomplishments, preparatory to earning a living for myself and them, I found that the profession for which I seemed best suited was that of a washerwoman.

My friends were shocked and disgusted. It seemed dreadful to them. The fact that I actually liked to wash and iron pretty things, and would almost rather have died than have gone into a man's office or behind a counter, meant nothing to them. "Never you mind," I told them. "I'll be a washerwoman de luxe, and the woman who doesn't send her fine things to this Madam Sans Gene will be so behind the

times that she will be as uncomfortable as she would in a last year's hat."

I went to a society editor of one of the daily papers in town, and got a list of the ultra-fashionables. I sent a letter to each of them, explaining my new venture, although, of course, I didn't tell them that it was a new one; and stated my prices, which were so high that they created interest in themselves.

"I am not soliciting ordinary stuff," I said, "that an ordinary laundress can do; I can't bother with that. But when your white satin skirt is ready for a bath, or your pet silk sweater, or your silk underwear and stockings, send them to me. I can do them so you will never have to worry about them again."

The responses I received from the letters surprised me. I do every piece myself, and to-day my income is more than it was when my husband was alive. A girl in the kitchen does my housework. We live very comfortably, and I am already accumulating a bank account toward a college education for my children.

**The War Memorial.**

Lay its foundation deep  
Here, where the heroes sleep;  
Then build it high  
To meet the sky—  
Their name must never die!  
Let us defy  
Old Time's erasing hand  
Here, where they made their stand,  
And died that we might live  
In righteous peace. We give  
Of all our best to raise  
This monument of praise,  
The cross of sacrifice,  
That tells the bitter price  
Of duty bravely done,  
Of splendid triumph won.  
For evermore their name  
Shall live: undying fame  
Attend our heroes: be our life  
More worthy of their mighty strife.

**Second V.C. For a Mother.**

At a recent investiture at Buckingham Palace the King handed to Mrs. Bradford the V.C. won by her son, Lieutenant-Commander Bradford, at Zeebrugge. This was the second occasion on which Mrs. Bradford has received the decoration from his Majesty, who at a former investiture presented her with the V.C. awarded to her son, the late Brigadier-General Bradford, who was 24 years old and probably the youngest brigadier in the army. The King recalled the fact that Mrs. Bradford had been at the Palace before and had a long and sympathetic talk with her.

**Explaining the War.**

Sergeant: "Yes, ma'am, we fought 'an' to 'an' for four days and four nights."

Interested Old Lady: "I don't see how you stood the tension."

Sergeant: "Well, you see, ma'am, we don't stand at 'tension when we're fightin'."

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**Sacredness of Human Life.**

We no longer travel armed ready to kill before we are killed; but there are more ways than one of killing people. A man who would not such as strike another, may head a corporation that works men to the breaking point and then discards them hopeless and useless. The employer who pays his shop-girl so scanty wages that, to secure food and clothing, she is tempted into immorality and finally is shamed into suicide, is not he implicated in the crime? The man who is a willing partner to a system which, to make him rich, throttles the ambition and starves the development of others so that they can be said at best to be only half alive, is not their blood upon his hands?

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