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The Road to Understanding

—BY—
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CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)

Helen watched him with widening eyes. The look of indolent satisfaction was gone from her face. She was not yawning now.

"Why, Burke, what is the matter?" she ejaculated.

"Wasn't I nice to him? Didn't I talk to him, and just lay myself out to entertain him? Didn't I ask him to dinner, and—"

"Dinner!" Burke fairly snarled the word out as he wheeled sharply. "Holy smoke, Helen! I wonder if you think I'd have that man come here to dinner, or come here ever again to hear you— Oh, hang it all, what am I saying?" he broke off, jerking himself about with a despairing gesture.

Helen came now to her feet. Her eyes blazed.

"I know. You were ashamed of me," she panted.

"Oh, come, come, nonsense, Helen!" "Then what was the matter?"

"Nothing; nothing, Helen."

"There was, no. Don't you suppose I know? But I tried to do all right. I tried to make you p-proud of me," she choked. "I know I didn't talk much at first. I was scared and stupid, and he was so fine and grand. And I didn't know a thing about all that Egyptian stuff you were talking about. Then I thought how ashamed you'd be of me, and I just made up my mind I would talk and show him it wasn't a— a little fool that you'd married; and I posed I was doing; what you wanted me to. But I see now I wasn't. I wasn't fine enough for your grand friend. I ain't never fine enough for 'em. But I don't care. I hate 'em all—every one of 'em! I'd rather have Mrs. Jones twice over. She isn't ashamed of me. I thought I was p-pleasing you, and now—now—"

Her words were lost in a storm of sobs.

There was but one thing to be done, of course; and Burke did it. He took her in his arms and soothed and petted and praised her. What he said he did not know—nor care, for that matter, so long as it served ever so slightly to dam the flood of Helen's tears. That, for the moment, was the only thing worth living for. The storm passed at last, as storms must; but it was still a teary little wife that received her husband's good-night kiss some time later.

Burke did not go to sleep very readily that night. In his mind he was going over his prospective meeting with his friend Gleason the next day.

What would Gleason say? How would he feel? What would he think of me? What would he say? He could not very well apologize for—

Even to himself Burke would not finish the sentence.

Apologize? Indeed, no! As if there were anything, anyway, to apologize for! He would meet Gleason exactly as usual. He would carry his head high. There should be about him no air of apology or appeal. By his every act and word he would show that he was not in need of sympathy, and that he should resent comment. He might even ask Gleason to dinner. He believed he would ask him to dinner. In no other way, certainly, could he so convincingly show how proud he was of his wife.

Burke went to sleep then.

It had been arranged that the two men should meet at noon for luncheon; and promptly on time Burke appeared at the hotel. His chin was indeed high, and for the first two minutes he was painfully guarded and self-conscious in his bearing. But under the studied naturalness of the doctor's manner, he speedily became his normal self; and in five minutes the two were conversing with their old ease and enthusiasm.

The doctor had with him an Egyptian scarab with a rarely interesting inscription, a new acquisition; also a tiny Babylonian tablet of great value. In both of them Burke was much interested. In the wake then of a five-thousand-year-old stytus, it is not strange that he forgot present problems.

"I'm taking these up to-night for your father to see," smiled the doctor, after a short silence. "He writes me he's got a new tablet himself; a very old one. He thinks he's made a discovery on it, too. He swears he's picked out a veritable thumb-mark on one side."

"Nonsense! Dad's always discovering things," grinned Burke. "You know dad."

"But he says this is a sure thing. It's visible with the naked eye; but under the microscope it's wonderful. And— But, never mind! We'll see for ourselves to-night. You're coming up, of course."

"Sure! And I want to see—"

The young man checked abruptly. A painful color had swept to his forehead. "Er—no. On second thoughts—I—I can't to-night. He corrected. In his haste to—his voice sounded

almost harsh. "But you—you're coming to dinner with us—to-morrow night, aren't you?"

"Oh, no, no, thank you," began the doctor hastily. Then, suddenly, he encountered his friend's steadfast eye upon him. "Er—that is," he amended in his turn, "unless you—you are willing to let me come very informally, as I shall have to leave almost at once afterwards. I'm taking the eight-thirty train that evening."

"Very good. We shall expect you," answered the younger man, with a curious relaxation of voice and manner—a relaxation that puzzled and slightly worried the doctor, who was wondering whether it were the relaxation of relief or despair.

The doctor was not sure yet that he had rightly interpreted that steadfast gaze. Two minutes later, Burke, once again self-conscious, constrained, and with his head high, took his leave.

On his way back to work Burke berated himself soundly. Having deliberately bound himself to the martyrdom of a dinner to his friend, he was now insufferably angry that he should regard it as a martyrdom at all. Also he knew within himself that there seemed, for the moment, nothing that he would not give, to spend the coming evening in the quiet restfulness of his father's library with the doctor and an Egyptian scarab.

As if all the Egyptian scarabs and Babylonian tablets in the world could balance the scale with Helen on the other side!

CHAPTER VIII.

Of course the inevitable happened. However near two roads may be at the start, if they diverge ever so slightly and keep straight ahead, there is bound to be in time all the world between them.

In the case of Burke and Helen, their roads never started together at all; they merely crossed; and at the crossing came the wedding. They were miles away at the start—miles apart in tastes, traditions, and environment. In one respect only were they alike: undisciplined self-indulgence—a likeness that meant only added differences when it came to the crossing; and that made it all the more nearly impossible to merge those two diverging roads into one wide way leading straight to wedded happiness.

All his life Burke had consulted no one's will but his own. It was not easy now to walk when he wanted to sit still, nor to talk when he wanted to read; especially as the one who wanted him to walk and to talk happened to be a willful young person, who all her life had been in the habit of walking and talking when she wanted to.

Burke, accustomed from babyhood to leaving his belongings wherever he happened to drop them, was first surprised and then angry that he did not find them magically restored to their proper places, as in the days of his boyhood and youth. Burke, accustomed from her babyhood to being picked-up after, easily drifted into the way of letting all things, both hers and his, lie as they were. It saved a great deal of work.

(To be continued.)

PEACE BELLS OF LONDON,

Octogenarian Ringer of St. Paul's Cathedral Still Carrying On.

The joy bells of old London will soon be ringing for peace. From a hundred towers we shall hear their melody:

The swinging and the ringing of the bells, bells, bells—in a paean of joy.

But could all the bellfries of London ring in unison? Are there enough ringers to keep all the peals going at once? Mr. E. Horrex, the octogenarian ringer of St. Paul's Cathedral, doubts it, and thinks that bands of ringers will have to go from bellry to bellry if all the peals are to ring.

"Sunday by Sunday for forty-one years I have rung the bells of St. Paul's," said Mr. Horrex. He has been a ringer since he was 18 years old, and though now in his 82nd year, he is still tall and upright, keen and active. On Armistice Day he was ringing for 4 hours and 5 min.

Over 20 years ago he rang 11,111 changes in 7 hours and 35 minutes. He looks forward to taking his place in the bellry on Peace Day.

Fruit stains on linen should be smeared with glycerine and left for about an hour, then wash the stains in warm soapy water; repeat the process if necessary.



Your Son Can Make a Good Refrigerator.

One of the ways in which large quantities of perishable products are rendered unfit for human consumption is through improper methods of home-storing. Dairy products, meat, fruit, and others of the more perishable types of foods must be kept within a certain range of temperature which will insure that the molds, bacteria, yeasts and other organisms which cause fermentation and spoilage are not allowed to grow and multiply. For it is through their multiplication and growth that ordinary spoilage is thus brought about.

This range of temperature is considerably lower than the normal average summer temperature of the ordinary home. To bring about the cooling condition necessary for these products to keep, we are in the habit of using some cooling substance, such as ice or some form of ammonia system. In some sections of the country where flowing wells and springs abound, a convenient form of cold water refrigerator is arranged. It is not always possible to have this, however. Neither is it always possible to have ice.

A simple form of iceless refrigerator is now available to all and is being used extensively in some sections where ice is not readily procured. This "Iceless Refrigerator," as it is called, depends for its efficiency upon the old well-known principle that water in evaporating requires heat. It is well known that sprinkling the lawn and porches on a hot day will lower the temperature of the house and grounds. This is due, of course, to the fact that the water, to be evaporated, requires heat and heat thus used must come from the surrounding atmosphere and objects.

A simple cupboard with four uprights or corner posts, and containing four or five shelves, can be constructed of a size so that the ordinary dripping pans available from all hardware stores will set conveniently in the top of the posts. The bottom of these posts can be set into the next larger size dripping pan. The sides of this cupboard are then covered with cotton flannel, as is also the door. A flap or wick of flannel is extended up into the drip pan from the sides and door. Water is then poured into the top drip pan and the iceless refrigerator is all ready for use.

The flannel acts as a wick and the sides of the refrigerator are soon covered with a film of water. Should any of the water drip off the bottom it is caught by the lower pan. As the water is evaporated into the surrounding atmosphere, heat is drawn from the interior of the cupboard. This, of course, renders the inside of the cupboard much cooler; while the constant evaporation of the water keeps the temperature at this lower level.

The range of cooling will depend largely upon the circulation of air around the cupboard, since this is the determining factor in the rate of evaporation.

This simple iceless cupboard can be made easily and costs but very little. There is no excuse for allowing milk, meats and other perishable food stuffs to spoil when such a refrigerator will assist in keeping them.

Let Birthmarks Alone.

"Old wives' tales" sometimes have a lot of real wisdom in them. For instance, there is grandmother's advice about not disturbing birthmarks. Science now knows why the advice is good—why moles and the like, which do not feel sore or tender, and are reposing peacefully in the skin of the face or the neck, should be left carefully alone.

The fact is that there is danger of cancer in unskillful attempts to remove such natural growths. We must understand that most cancers are the result of a "pre-cancerous condition," plus the factor of local irritation—

for example, the rubbing of badly fitting eyeglasses or one of those boned collars. Such irritation may be either severe or acute, all at one time, or constant and chronic, enduring through years. And I am here warning especially against cancers that may result from injudicious operations and by "inexpert" persons who are likely to be ignorant of the danger: "Such manipulations may have the effect of irritating the tissues in and under the skin and thus incite those parts to cancer development."

The novice may remove most but not all of a birthmark. He may take away as much of the growth as was visible to the naked eye, but leaves a microscopic remainder which becomes a source of irritation predisposing to cancer.

Hair moles are the most dangerous to irritate or to operate on, either by the use of the electric needle, carbon-dioxide snow, or the X-Ray. The electric needle would leave an unsightly scar; the "snow" an area of parchment skin, and exposure to the X-ray has, in unskilled hands, been the forerunner of many a cancer.

Of course, any sore that will not heal within reasonable time after the application of the usual remedies, or any wart or mole that suddenly begins to grow rapidly, or any growth that shows swelling, inflammation, and redness, and is painful, must be attended to—but only by responsible doctors.

Kitchen Lore.

The kitchen scale is more important now than ever before. Potatoes rank next to the cereals as a source of carbohydrate.

Men's trousers can easily be cut down for boys' knickerbockers.

Growing children should have a great deal of milk in their diet.

The floor mop should be boiled in lye and thoroughly rinsed and dried once a week.

One way to lower the doctor's bill is to raise the fruit ration. An oiled dustcloth is good to wipe a stove with; also wet newspapers.

When sausage is served it is well to accompany it with fried apples.

Sliced apples, baked slowly in a casserole with butter and brown sugar, are served with cream.

The secret of brown sauce is having butter and flour well browned before adding the milk or stock.

For an insipid pudding like cottage pudding use a highly-flavored sauce; for the highly-flavored pudding an insipid sauce is better.

A prepared milk food taken before bedtime will often make an old person or an invalid sleep better.

Badly soiled clothes, if soaked in borax overnight, will wash more easily.

Flaxseed tea is useful when the children have a cold. Wash two tablespoonfuls of the seed, add four cupfuls of water, cook slowly for an hour, add lemon juice and sugar, and strain.

To preserve health, clean food is most important. Insist upon the grocer and provisioner keeping food from the three dangerous "F's," namely: Fingers, filth and flies. Do not handle food more than is necessary. Always wash your hands with plenty of hot water and soap before you start to prepare the meal and before you eat. Do not allow persons who are sick to be in the kitchen, to handle or come near the food.

A Revelation.

"Hiram, what do you think. Our son in the city has a telephone right beside his bed."

"I always knew he was lazy, but I never imagined he'd go so far as to lie down to talk."

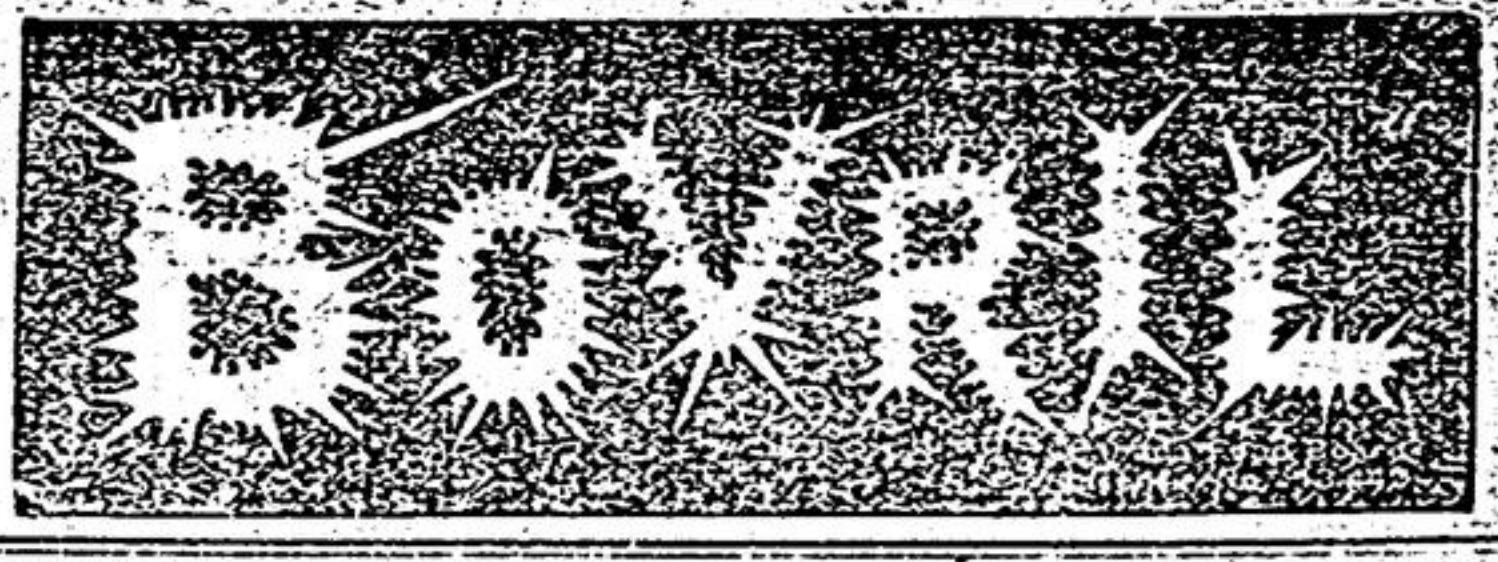
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SOUP AND THE SAILOR.

A Humorous Story of St. Dunstan's Hostel For the Blind.

Sir Arthur Pearson, the blind British nobleman, author of "Victory over Blindness," told a humorous story while he was lecturing in this country about one of the few sailors who have been blinded in the war.

This sailor arrived late one night at St. Dunstan's Hostel, the School for the Blind which Sir Arthur has established in London. The nursing sister had supper prepared for him and set a plate of soup before him, salting it carefully and thoughtfully. Then she went away.

Another sister came along. Ah! He

will want his soup salted, was her thought, followed by action. Before the blind sailor attacked the soup a third nurse with similar inspiration salted it. The man took a spoonful and then in wonderment asked what it was.

"Soup," was the response.

"Oh, Soup? Funny thing! I've been salting on that for the last ten years."

"There are glimpses of Heaven granted us by every act or thought or word which raises us above ourselves—and more of others—which has taught us something higher and truer than we have in our own hearts."—Dean Stanley.

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