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# "SALADA"

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## The Road to Understanding

—BY—  
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### CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

Even so simple a matter as the temperature of a sleeping room had its difficulties. Burke liked air. He wanted the windows wide open. Helen, trained to think night air was damp and dangerous, wanted them shut. And when two people are sleepy, cross, and tired, it is appalling what a range of woe can lie in the mere opening and shutting of a window.

Burke was surprised, annoyed, and dismayed. Being unaccustomed to disappointments, he did not know how to take them gracefully. This being married was not proving to be at all the sort of thing he had pictured to himself. He had supposed that life, married life, was to be a new wonder every day; an increasing delight every hour. It was neither living adjustment, self-sacrifice, and economy. And he hated them all. In spite of himself he was getting into debt, and he hated debt. It made a fellow feel cheap and mean.

Even Helen was not what he had thought she was. He was ashamed to own it, even to himself, but there was a good deal about Helen that he did not like. She was not careful about her appearance. She was actually almost untidy at times. He hated those loose, sloppy things she sometimes wore, and he abominated those curl-paper things in her hair. She was willful and fretful, and she certainly did not know how to give a fellow a decent meal or a comfortable place to stay. For his part, he did not think a girl had any right to marry until she knew something about running a simple home.

Then there was her constant chatter. Was she not ever going to talk about something but the silly little everyday happenings of her work? A fellow wanted to hear something, when he came home tired at night, besides complaints that the range didn't work, or that the grocer forgot his order, or that the money was out.

Why, Helen used to be good company, cheerful, often witty. Where were her old-time sparkle and radiance? Her talk now was as meaningless chatter of trivial things, or an irritating, wailing complaint of everything under the sun, chiefly revolving around the point of "how different everything was" from what she expected. Great Scott! As if he had not found some things different! That evidently was what marriage was—different. But talking about it all the time did not help any.

Couldn't she read? But, then, if she did read, it would be only the newspaper account of the latest murder; and then she would want to talk about that. She never read anything worth while.

And it was for this, this being married to Helen, that he had given up so much; dad, his home, everything. She didn't appreciate it—Helen didn't. She did not rightly estimate what he was being made to suffer.

That there was any especial meaning in all this that he himself should take to heart—that there was any course open to him but righteous discontent and rebellion—never occurred to Burke. His training of frosted cakes and toy shotguns had taught him nothing of the traditional "two bears," "bear" and "forbear." The marriage ceremony had not meant to him "to be patient, tender and sympathetic." It had meant the "I will" of self-assertion, not the "I will" of self-discipline. That Helen ought to change many of her traits and habits he was convinced. That there might be some in himself that needed changing, or that the mere fact of his having married Helen might have entailed upon himself certain obligations as to making the best of what he had deliberately chosen, did not once occur to him.

As for Helen—Helen was facing her own disillusion. She was not trying now to be the daintily gowned wife welcoming her husband to a well kept home. She had long since decided that that was impossible—on sixty dollars a month. She was tired of being a martyr wife. Even the laurel wreath of praise had lost its allurements; she would not get it, probably, even if she earned it; and, anyway, she would be dead from trying to get it. And for her part she would rather have some fun while she was living.

But she wasn't having any fun. Things were so different. Everything was different. She had not supposed being married was like this: one long grind of housework from morning till night, and for a man who did not care—now. Once, the first thing he wanted when he came into the house was a kiss and a word from her. Now he had his dinner. And he was so

fussy, too! She could get along with cold things; but he wanted hot ones, and lots of them. And he always wanted finger bowls and lots of spoons, and everything fixed just so on the table, too. He said it wasn't that he wanted things decent. As if she hadn't had things decent herself and without all that fuss and clutter!

After dinner he never wanted to talk now, or to go to work. He just wanted to read or study. He said he was studying something about his work. As if once he would have cared more for any old work than for her!

And she was so lonely! There was nobody now for her to be with. Mrs. Jones had moved away, and there were never any callers now. She had returned every one of the calls she had had from Burke's fine friends. She had put on her new red dress and she had tried to be just as bright and entertaining as she knew how to be. But they never came again, so, of course, she could not go to see them. She had gone, once or twice. But Burke said she must not do that. It was not proper to return your own calls. If they wanted to see her they would come themselves. But they never came. Probably, anyhow, they did not want to see her; and that was the trouble. Not that she cared! They were a "stuck-up" lot, anyway; and she was just as good as they were. She had told one woman so, once—the woman that carried her eyeglasses on the end of a little stick and stared. That woman always had made her mad. So it was just as well, perhaps, that they did not come any more, after all. Burke was ashamed of her, anyhow. He did not like anything she did nowadays. He was always telling her he did wish she would stop saying "you was," or holding her fork like that, or making so much noise eating soup, and a dozen other things. As if nobody in the house had a right to do anything but his way!

It had been so different at home! There everything she did was just right. And she was never lonely. There were the parties and the frolics and the sleigh-rides, and the girls running in all the time, and the boys every evening on the porch, or in the parlor, or taking her buggy-riding. Nothing there was ever complete without her. While here—Well, who supposed being married meant working like a slave all day, and being cooped up all the evening with a man whose nose was buried in a book, and who scarcely spoke to you?

And there was the money. Burke acted, for all the world, as if he thought she ate money, and ate it just to spite him. As if she didn't squeeze every penny till it fairly shrieked, now; and as if anybody could make ten dollars a week go further than she did. To be sure, at first she had been silly and extravagant, running up bills and borrowing off Mrs. Jones, as she did. And of course she was a little unreasonable and childish about keeping that account book. But that was only at the first, when she was ignorant and inexperienced. It was very different now. She kept a cash account, and most of the time it came right. How she wished she had an allowance, though! But Burke utterly refused to give her that. Said she'd refused to give and spend it all the first day. As if she had not learned better than that by bitter experience! And as if anything could be worse than the way they were trying to get along now, with her teasing for money all the time, and him insisting on seeing the bills; and then asking how they could manage to eat so many eggs; and saying he should think she used butter to oil the floors with. He didn't see how it could go so fast any other way!

(To be continued.)

### What To Do With Daddy.

Daddy was confined to the house with Spanish influenza, and mother was busy sterilizing the dishes which had come from the sick-room.

"Why did you do that?" asked four-year-old Donald.

"Because, dear, poor daddy has germs, and the germs get on the dishes, so then I boil them, and that kills the horrid germs."

Donald turned this over in his little mind for several minutes. Then:

"Mother, why don't you boil daddy?"

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### Guarding the Rain Water.

There is perhaps no greater blessing known to households than having good water. There are various methods of water supply, but one of the most common and convenient ways is to have it in a cistern. As a reservoir the cistern is subject to contamination in several ways, and in ways that are often overlooked by the owner.

We take it that all cisterns have their supply of water regulated by a cut-off in the spout above the curb, which is in turn operated by the owner. The roofs of houses gather more filth than we realize. Some of this filth may be classified as bird droppings, insects, either dead or alive, molding leaves, dust, etc. Once in a while you will find a mouse going its way into the cistern.

It would be a good thing for all inlet spouts to pass their waters through a filter before entering. A filter could easily be constructed, and would call for a chamber either of galvanized material or proofed wood filled with sand and charcoal arranged in alternate layers, with strainers to assist or to hold the ingredients from running away with the water. In conjunction with the filter a careful and reasonable use of the cut-off should keep the water free of anything coming from the roof or the eaves.

Some other conditions that assist in making a cistern secure against contamination are proper ventilation of the water reservoir and protection against the entrance of anything like dirt, insects, or small animals, such as mice or rats. There should be a strong screen between the platform and the curb to allow air to pass, as well as screen-protected tubes on opposite sides of the curb high enough to keep the water from flowing out but allowing air to come through. This should supply plenty of ventilation. Moreover, the walls and bottom of the cistern should all be well plastered, and be investigated whenever the cistern is drained for cleaning. A small amount of slaked lime can be dropped in at times to disinfect the water. The lime may cause the water to be rather "hard" for a few days, but this condition soon passes.

Locations so often regulate the construction of platforms that it is next to impossible to name any one particular material for their construction, but for an all-purpose platform we believe there is nothing that can beat concrete. A concrete platform, unlike wood, will not allow dirt to drop into the cistern. The opening at the top should be large enough to admit an ordinary-sized man when the cistern is to be cleaned.

The edge of the opening should be provided with a sort of elevation over which the upper curb may sit to prevent the flowing of any surface water into the cistern from the platform. All these things can be regulated if the owner is serious enough to look into the matter and really wants to keep his cistern water at its best.

### Contributed Recipes.

**Carrot Soup**—1 pint milk, 1 cup cooked carrot pressed through colander, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon onion juice, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, celery or celery salt. Heat the milk, combine the other ingredients, add milk and allow the vegetables to become thoroughly blended with the milk. The addition of a small amount of flour will make the soup the consistency of thin cream.

**Raisin and Nut Loaf**—½ cup halved raisins, ½ cup coarsely chopped walnuts, ¾ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 cups milk, 4 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt. Mix together the dry ingredients and sift four times. Add the nuts and raisins, mixing them well with the flour. Beat the eggs, combine with the milk and pour the liquid into the flour mixture. Put in a large, well-oiled bread tin, let stand twenty minutes, then bake fifty minutes in a moderate oven.

**Vegetable Chowder**—½ pound dried lima beans, 2 cups diced carrots, 1 sliced onion, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon flour. Soak the lima beans overnight, then cook in that water until tender. Melt the fat, brown the onion in this and add it and the carrots to the beans. Cook slowly about half an hour, or until all the vegetables are very tender. Blend the flour with the milk and add ten minutes before the chowder is to be served.

**Peanut Butter Pudding**—2 cups milk, 4 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons peanut butter, 4 tablespoons cornstarch, ½ teaspoon salt. Scald milk, add sugar, cornstarch, peanut butter and salt mixed together. Stir until smooth, cover and cook for twenty minutes in a double boiler. Turn into individual molds or cups which have been wet with cold water. When cold turn out and serve with cream or fruit juice.

The tactful woman is she who doesn't know what you want to explain to her! Any man will testify to this. She never "lets on" that she

has been to any place or entertainment that you are offering her. Furthermore, she appears to enjoy it immensely and never fails to thank you for it as appreciatively as if it were a very special treat.

If you are serving her refreshments in your own home she never makes the mistake, for instance, of thanking you for cocoa when you are serving chocolate. More likely she asks if you used vanilla to give it such a delicious flavor and listens attentively while you dilate upon your pet company recipe.

She never asks if "you made your dress yourself?" She merely admires its chic and tells you how becoming it is, and then if you confide that you did make it yourself, she admires your cleverness with the needle.

She admires your domestic arrangements, such as "your cosy furnishings" and does not expand upon hers unless asked. Indeed, she doesn't dwell conversationally upon any of her newest or most up-to-date possessions for fear of making any one uncomfortable by an obvious contrast.

She never sees what you don't want her to see, and this is what makes her an ever welcome friend at all seasons. Yet her tact is not of that peculiar subtlety that makes every one supremely aware that she is "trying to smooth things over."

For all things considered, the tactful woman is your best friend, for she is too tactful to be selfish, gossipy, jealous or rude and she is clever enough to be comforting, quiet, jolly or lovable as the occasion requires!

### How We Do It.

**For the Birthday Cake.**—In placing candles on a birthday cake try heating the point of a hatpin very hot and push it into the base of the candle about a half-inch; pull out pin and insert a toothpick. The wax will harden about the toothpick, the other end of which may be inserted into the top of the cake, and the candles will have a secure foundation.—Mrs. R. M. D.

One of the handiest devices for the housewife is a bread or cake cooler. I purchased a piece of fine meshed heavy wire fencing. I turned down about four inches in each end and had the hardware man bind it with tin. This made the side pieces for the cooler to stand on, and when finished it was one of the most inexpensive articles I possessed.—Mrs. M. B. G.

A quick method of separating the whites and yolks of eggs is to take a small funnel and break the egg into it; the white will run through the small end and the yolk remain in the funnel.—Mrs. L. M. T.

To cook onions so that the odor will not be noticeable, place a small dish of vinegar on the stove and let it simmer while the onions are cooking.—Mrs. C. W. D.

When making noodles add a pinch of baking powder and they will be light and digestible.—Mrs. J. L. G.

If you are in a hurry for potatoes to bake, let them stand in boiling water a few minutes before putting them into the oven.—M. F.

**For Busy Mothers.**—Make your little one's every-day dresses open all the way to the bottom like an apron, and you will find this saves much time when ironing them, and they are much easier to put on.—Mrs. J. J. O'C.

**To Start a Fire.**—I keep corn-cobs soaking in kerosene oil in a covered tin pail; one cob when lighted will kindle a fire quickly and with less danger than if the oil is poured directly on the wood. Mrs. N. T.

**Moth Preventive.**—Balls of cotton dipped in oil of cedar and placed in boxes and drawers are a good moth preventive, and unlike the detestable moth balls, the cedar oil imparts a delightfully clean and fresh odor.—M. A. P.

When buying stair carpets it is a good plan to buy an extra yard and fold it under at each end. When taken up to be cleaned it can be put down again so that the wear will come in a different place on the carpet, which will last about twice as long.—E. I. L.

When washing white enameled woodwork or any light painted wood, use half milk and half water, adding to this a teaspoonful of baking soda

to one quart of milk and water. It will make the woodwork look like new.—Mrs. J. J. O'C.

An article I find handy in my home is a long broom handle with a strong hook in the end. It saves me from climbing up and down from a chair every time I hang a picture or dust the molding or the picture frames. A stout hook can be purchased at any hardware store for a few cents, and it takes only a moment or two to insert it in the end of an old broom handle.—M. B. G.

When you are cleaning house do not overlook the value of the oil can. Carefully oil all castors on beds, dressers and tables and you will be astonished at the greater ease with which these articles that you have been tugging at will move. A drop of oil in the door hinges or on an obdurate lock will work wonders.—Mrs. J. J. O'C.

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