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The Baby's Second Summer.

Uneasiness is often manifested by mothers regarding the baby's second summer. It is generally supposed that this period is one of the most dangerous in the life of the child.

The development of the child brings it in contact with many sources of danger. It will spend much time upon the floor, either creeping or beginning to walk, often putting dirty things into the mouth and in other ways exposed to dangers from which it was immune while in its bed or chair.

If the child had previously been breast fed, weaning time has come, and often the milk given the child is too rich in certain elements or may not be pure or clean.

It is for these and similar reasons that the second summer is made so dangerous for the little one. Of course, at this period the child is often teething, and a great deal too much stress is placed upon this fact.

If the diet and surroundings receive as much care during this period as during the earlier months of the baby's life, many of the supposed dangers will be avoided, and many of the dreaded troubles of the second summer won't appear.

Let Them Talk.

"She's got nothing to say for herself," was the unanimous verdict of the drawing room as the door closed on a pretty but tongue-tied girl guest.

Probably the girl herself had quietly suffered agonies at her lack of social ability. Probably she will miss much worldly advantage thereby, for the world judges largely by exteriors, and seldom has time to seek for the gold beneath.

More than one boy and girl have to thank their parents for ill-success in business and in social life. Not that education in the ordinarily accepted sense of the word has been denied them, but because their parents have never tried to "draw them out" as children, to express their own ideas.

As a matter of fact, the large majority of people deliberately suppress what they please to call "chatter" in children.

If you want to attain perfection at anything you have got to devote many hours to practice. This applies to most any art. Why not to conversation?

Self-assurance, an easy manner, a good flow of language, original ideas, more often than not due, unconsciously, perhaps, to careful home tuition in the art. A home environment where children are heard, as well as seen, where they are encouraged to ask questions, and to vent their own ideas, will, nine times out of ten, develop conversational ability in a graceful manner in the child in years.

A precocious child, of course, is such to be pitied as its timid playmate, but there is a happy medium struck between them, and par with their well-worn "be quiet, do!" would do well to remember

Canning in Hot Weather.

Lack of a gas stove often makes canning in summertime exceedingly difficult, as the ordinary range heats the kitchen to an almost unbearable degree. In our home canning factory a devised a method which has proved very efficient, especially if the cooker is operated.

I pulled out from the old iron standard of a discarded separator the cooker, placed on this the convenient height for

working over it comfortably. The small iron cream basin shelf affords a convenient place for utensils, etc. Under the cooker we use a gasoline fire pot such as plumbers use in their work. It requires a little less than one quart of gasoline an hour to operate the fire pot.

Incidentally, the fire pot is one of the most useful equipments we have on the farm. I use it frequently for soldering irons, heating nuts or coupling other similar purposes where a quick and intense heat is required. Last winter we took it into the woods with us and made hot coffee for dinner quicker than could have been done at home on the kitchen stove.

Some Delicious Salad Dressings.

Physicians tell us that a diet of meat and starchy vegetables is responsible for many of the present-day ills and they urge a liberal diet of the uncooked succulent greens, such as lettuce, watercress, celery, cabbage, cucumbers, corn salad, endive, romaine, green peppers, radishes and the various herbs, such as parsley, chives, onions, leeks, tarragon, sorrel and chervil.

These leafy plants contain a valuable mineral element which is necessary for our daily growth and physical well-being. Now that these foods are abundant, they should be served in the form of an appetizer and a salad.

Since dietitians have made these facts plain many of the old diseases due to poor and impoverished blood stream have disappeared. The old days of sulphur and molasses are no more. We of the twentieth century prefer to take our tonic in more palatable forms.

Thousand Isle Dressing—One cup of stewed tomatoes, three onions chopped fine, one green pepper chopped fine. Place in a saucepan and cook until thick. Rub through a sieve into a fruit jar and add one tablespoon of sugar, one teaspoon of salt, one teaspoonful of red pepper, one-half teaspoon of mustard, three-quarters cup of salad oil, juice of one lemon, two tablespoons of vinegar, juice of one-half orange, two tablespoons of raw onion, grated, three tablespoons of finely minced parsley. Shake until creamy and then use. This mixture will keep until used if kept in the refrigerator.

Italian Dressing—One-half cup of salad oil, four tablespoons of vinegar, one teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of red pepper, three tablespoons of grated cheese. Place in a fruit jar and then shake the blend.

Sour Cream Cucumber Dressing—Pare the cucumbers and then soak in ice-cold salt water for one-half hour. Wipe dry and then grate. Place in a bowl and add two tablespoons of grated onion, three tablespoons of finely minced parsley, two tablespoons of lemon juice, one teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of red pepper, one-half teaspoon of mustard, one teaspoon of sugar, one cup of sour cream, beaten stiff. Blend well and then use on fish or meat, salads, lettuce, tomato and lettuce or potato salad.

Plain French Dressing—Place in a fruit jar or a wide-mouthed bottle one teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of sugar, one-half teaspoon of red pepper, one-half cup of oil, juice of one lemon or three tablespoons of vinegar. Shake until creamy.

All of these dressings will separate if left standing any length of time, but if mixed in a fruit jar they may simply be shaken until creamy again and then used.

Mayonnaise Dressing—Place the yolk of one egg in a soup plate and add one teaspoon of lemon juice, one-quarter teaspoon of red pepper, one-quarter teaspoon of mustard. Beat with a fork until thick and creamy before adding the oil. Then beat in the oil, adding a little lemon juice or vinegar from time to time. This dressing may be made in a bowl with a dower egg beater. Add the salt last of all.

Russian Dressing—One beet, one carrot, one onion. Pare the raw vegetables and then grate them into a bowl, and add one and one-half teaspoons of salt, one and one-half teaspoons of red pepper, three-quarters teaspoon of mustard, two teaspoons of sugar.

It happened on Bridget's "afternoon out" when Helen was alone with the baby. Dorothy Elizabeth, propped up in her high chair beside the dining room table, where her mother was writing a letter, reached covetous hands toward the fascinating little fat black bottle. The next instant a wild shout of glee and an inky tide surging from an upside-down bottle, held high above a golden head, told that the quest had been successful.

Things happened then very fast. There were a dismayed cry from Helen, half-a-dozen angry sobs on

The Road to Understanding

—BY— Eleanor H. Porter

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CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

And how delightful it would be when she was old enough to meet him on his own ground—to be a companion for him, the companion he had not found in his wife! He would be pretty, of course, sweet-tempered, and cheerful. (Was he not to train her himself?) She would be capable and sensible, too. He would see to that.

To no man, in the future, should she bring the tragedy of disillusionment that her mother had brought to him. No, indeed! For that matter, however, he should not let her marry anyone for a long time. He should keep her himself. Perhaps he would not let her marry at all. He did not think much of this marriage business, anyway. Not that he was going to show that feeling any longer now, of course. From now on he was to show only calm contentment and tranquility of soul, no matter what the circumstances. Was he not a father? Had he not, in the hollow of his hand, a precious young life to train?

Again all this was very well in theory. But in practice— Dorothy Elizabeth was not six months old before the young father discovered that parenthood changed conditions, not people. He felt just as irritated at the way Helen buttered a whole slice of bread at a time, and said "swell" and "you was," as before; just as impatient because he could not buy what he wanted; just as annoyed at the purple cushion on the red sofa.

He was surprised and disappointed. He told himself that he had supposed that when a fellow made good resolutions, he was given some show of a chance to keep them. But as if anyone could cultivate calm contentment and tranquility of soul as he was situated!

First, there were not only all his old disappointments and annoyances to contend with, but a multitude of new ones. It was as if, indeed, each particular torment had taken unto itself wife and children, so numerous had they become. There was really no peace at home. There was nothing but the baby. He had not supposed that one thing or person could so monopolize everything and everybody.

When the baby was awake, Helen acted as if she thought the earth swung on its axis solely to amuse it. When it slept, she seemed to think the earth ought to stand still—lest it wake Baby up. With the same wholesale tyranny she marshaled into line everything and everybody on the earth, plainly regarding nothing and no one as of consequence, except in its relationship to Baby.

Such unimportant things as meals and housework, in comparison with Baby, were of even less than second consequence; and Burke grew to feel himself more and more an alien and a nuisance in his own home. Moreover, where before he had found disorder and untidiness, he now found positive chaos. And however fond he was of the Baby, he grew unutterably weary of searching for his belongings among Baby's rattles, balls, shirts, socks, milk bottles, blankets, and powder-puffs.

The cool, calm serenity of his determination he found it difficult to realize; and the delights and responsibilities of fatherhood began to pall upon him. It looked to be so long a way ahead, even to teeth, talking, and walking; to say nothing of the charm and companionship of a young lady daughter!

Children were all very well, of course,—very desirable. But did they never do anything but cry? Couldn't they be taught that nights were for sleep, and that other people in the house had some rights besides themselves? And must they always choose four o'clock in the morning for a fit of the colic? Helen said it was colic. For his part he believed it was nothing more or less than temper—plain, right-down temper!

And so it went. Another winter passed, and spring came. Matters were no better, but rather worse. A series of incompetent maids had been adding considerably to the expense, and little to the comfort—of the household. Helen, as a mistress, was not a success. She understood neither her own duties nor those of the maid—which resulted in short periods of poor service and frequent changes.

July came with its stifling heat, and Dorothy Elizabeth, now twenty months old, showed a daily increasing disapproval of life in general and of her own existence in particular. Helen, worn and worried, and half sick from care and loss of sleep, grew day by day more fretful, more difficult to get along with. Burke, also half sick from loss of sleep, and consumed with a fierce, inward rebellion against everything and everybody, including himself, was no less difficult to get along with.

Of course this state of affairs could not continue forever. The tension had to snap sometime. And it snapped over a bottle of ink in a baby's hand.

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a tiny hand, a series of shrieks from Dorothy Elizabeth, and a rapidly spreading inky pall over baby, dress, table, rug, and Helen's new frock. At that moment Burke appeared in the door. With wrathful eyes he swept the scene before him, losing not one detail of scolding woman, shrieking child, dinnerless table, and inky chaos. Then he strode into the room. "Well, by George!" he snapped. "Nice restful place for a tired man to come to, isn't it? This is your idea of a happy home, I suppose!"

The overwrought wife and mother, with every nerve tingling, turned sharply. "Oh, yes, that's right—blame me! Blame me for everything! Maybe you think I think this is a happy restful place, too! Maybe you think this is what I thought: 'I would be being married to you! But I can tell you it just isn't! Maybe you think I ain't tired of working and pinching and slaving, and never having any fun, and being scolded and blamed all the time because I don't eat and walk and stand up and sit down the way you want me to, and—Where are you going?' she broke off, as her husband reached for the hat he had just tossed aside, and started for the door. Burke turned quietly. His face was very white.

"I'm going down to the square to get something to eat. Then I'm going up to father's. And—you needn't sit up for me. I shall stay all night." "All-night!" "Yes, I'd like to sleep for once. And that's what I can't do—here." The next moment the door had banged behind him.

Helen, left alone with the baby, fell back limply. "Why, Baby, he—he—" Then she caught the little ink-stained figure to her and began to cry convulsively.

In the street outside Burke strode along with his head high and his jaw sternly set. He was very angry. He told himself that he had a right to be angry. Surely a man was entitled to some consideration!

In spite of it all, however, there was, in a far-away corner of his soul, an uneasy consciousness of a tiny voice of scorn dubbing this running away of his act of a coward and a cad.

Very resolutely, however, he silenced this voice by recounting again to himself how really abused he was. It was a long story. It served to occupy his mind all through the unappetizing meal he tried to eat at the cheap restaurant before climbing Elm Hill.

(To be continued.)

PLEBEAN NAMES OF NOBLES.

Some of Peers of Great Britain Have Common Family Cognomens.

When one glances, casually at the roll of British peers and sees such high-sounding names as De Montmorancy and Cholmondeley, Grosvenor and Howard de Walden, one is impressed by a sense of the grandeur and proud descent of our nobility, says an English writer. But a closer examination dispels this illusion; for, rubbing shoulders with such splendid patronymics, suggesting long centuries of blue-blooded ancestry, you will find scores of surnames such as Smith and Robinson, Hogg and Gardner.

Two of our marquesses have for surnames Browne and Hay, in common with many a farm laborer, while Lord Headfort is a Taylor, like his remote forefather, who probably earned his bread by his scissors. Among the wearers of earls' coronets, Lord Enniskillen is a Cole, and his lordship of Leicester signs himself Coke. The Earl of Dartmouth is a Legge; Lord Desart, a Cuffe, and Lord Dudley bears the name of his ancestor, the goldsmith's apprentice—"Ward," with "Humble" before it. We have an earl who is Hardy; one is a Boyle; two others are "Hay." There are also a Browne and a Scott, a Harris and a Hare.

In the group of viscounts figure a Ward and a Flower, a Gage and an O'Grady, a Smith and a Gully; first made famous by an old-time prize fighter. Among the barons are Luke White, Lord Annaly and Algernon Strutt, Baron Belper. Lord Cloncurry is "Lawless" by name, though not by nature; Baron Glentworth calls himself Jenkins, and Lord Dynevor is a Rice. Howard de Walden is a title of which its bearer is prouder than of his patronymic, Ellis, and Lord Inverclyde is really plain "James Burns."

We have a baron who was cradled in "Graves;" another whose father, like himself, was dubbed Hogg, and a third, who, if he were not a peer, would be simply James Hozler, a name probably derived from an ancestor who sold stockings.

In the extreme north of the Russian province of Archangel, where the Allies have been fighting of late, dwells one of the queerest and least known races of mankind. These are the Samoyedes, the wandering tribes of the vast frozen marches which extend to the shores of the Arctic. These peoples owe allegiance to no master, Civilization has passed by them in its stride and they live to-day pretty much as their ancestors lived centuries ago. They worship idols and their sole wealth consists in reindeer.

CURIOUS SOUNDS AND NOISES.

Some Small Animals Have Remarkable Vocal Powers.

It is a very curious fact that the loudest sounds are not always made by the largest animals. The roar of the lion exceeds in sonorosity the cry of the elephant. Anyone who had only heard, without seeing, a bull-frog, might well suppose that its fearful voice, breaking the silence of the night, must certainly come from the throat of an animal of formidable dimensions.

Perhaps the most remarkable case of vocal power in an animal is that encountered by a traveler in the highlands of Borneo. He was informed by some natives that they had heard a tiger roaring in the neighborhood. Such news is always startling to a stranger in the jungles, and hardly less so to the natives.

An investigation was accordingly set on foot, which resulted in the discovery that the alarming roars had been emitted by a toad! This toad of Borneo, however, was by no means an ordinary member of the family. It measured no less than fourteen and one-half inches around the body.

That the natives should not have recognized the true source of the sound shows that the existence of such toads was either unknown to them, or at any rate, they had never discovered the remarkable vocal capabilities of the animals.

In this relation Bates tells of an incident that occurred during his travels along the Amazon. Among the many sounds heard in the dense Brazilian forests was a kind of loud metallic clanking, that sometimes rang through the trees, and the origin of which the traveler was unable to discover. Whenever it was heard, the natives cowered with fear, ascribing it to a supernatural origin. Possibly the noise was so loud that they missed its location by searching only for something of corresponding physical dimensions.

The Autograph Fiend. General Smuts tells with gusto this story against himself: "I was once at a social gathering with my distinguished friend and colleague, General Botha," he says, "when two pretty flappers of sixteen or so came up and asked me for my autograph. 'I haven't got a fountain pen,' I said, much flattered. 'Will pencil do?' 'Yes,' said the other flapper, and so I took out my pencil and signed my name in the daintily-bound little book that she had given me. 'The flapper studied the signature with a frown. Then she looked up and said: 'Aren't you General Botha?' 'No, I said. I'm General Smuts.' 'The flapper turned to her friend with a shrug of disgust. 'Lend me your India-rubber,' May, she said."

Germany sold goods valued at \$835,000,000 to the British Empire in 1913. Canada's opportunity is waiting, the Canadian Trade Commission says.

LARGEST WATER WHEEL.

Isle of Man Possesses the World's Biggest Overshot.

The largest water wheel in the world is in Laxey, a small mining town of the Isle of Man, and it is used to pump the drainage water from the deep mines of the vicinity. These mines have been worked for almost two centuries and are now over fourteen hundred feet deep.

The wheel is an overshot wheel, and the water for driving it is conducted from a reservoir on a hill near by and ascends inside the round masonry column at the left of the wheel. The wheel has a diameter of seventy-two feet and six inches and is six feet broad. It exerts two hundred horse power and is capable of pumping two hundred and fifty gallons per minute from a depth of twelve hundred feet. Its crank stroke is ten feet. The wheel forms one of the principal attractions of the island, both

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cause of its mechanical interest and because of the fine view that can be had from the platform at the top. It is said by the natives that on a clear day it is possible to see the ocean on all sides of the island, although I have never been able to do so.

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