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what an infusion of Really  
Pure Fine Tea Tastes like



**"SALADA"**

Black, Green or Mixed - Never Sold in Bulk



The Housewife's  
Corner

Let's Have Picnic Suppers.

To many people a picnic supper means long preparation and hard work. Half the fun is thus spoiled and one of the most refreshing of good times made nearly impossible. This can be avoided by simple planning early in the summer. Why not inaugurate picnic suppers to be enjoyed very often—not less than once in two weeks?—which will take the place or be like little bright vacations in the middle of the work days. These vacations need not make extra nor interfere with necessary work. Especially should they not cause Mother a bit of clutter or a single extra step.

First let us plan to have on hand a supply of necessary equipment. This includes a good-sized substantial basket—if you are to drive to the woods-nook or by-the-stream-place where you like to gather. If you will only go so far as half a mile to your own wooded pasture, you will like to divide the things to be carried into several smaller baskets or boxes. Cardboard shoe boxes are ideal for carrying small items. If you need to get water from a spring or river, you will have to have a pail and dipper or a smaller pail with a stout string with which to let it down into the water. You will think of all these things; the point is, to have them thought out beforehand and kept clean and ready where you can get at them instantly. A picnic list, written and on the wall, is good.

You will need a supply like this: Lightweight dishes which will not break easily; cups with handles;

can cook at home on the stove-top. Potatoes may be baked in hot ashes or fried in the pan. Eggs cooked with bacon make fine hot sandwiches. Green corn on the cob is delicious roasted at the camp fire or boiled. Spring chicken, sausage and other meats are delicious when prepared in the long handled fry pan, steak or bacon can be broiled. Or hot meats may be entirely dispensed with.

Now, two cautions: First, be very careful to keep your clothing from the fire and second, always remember to empty the contents out of tin cans as soon as you open the can. Never serve salmon, sardines and the like from tins. I have known cases of serious poisoning resulting from eating meat from tin cans at picnics.

When the picnic lunch is over and you pack your "mess kit" for home, pick up all papers and leave everything shipshape for your next visit. I hope many of us will make this a summer of out-door living. Let us move the dining table and ourselves to our porches, eat there, and there peel potatoes, shell peas, husk corn, mend socks. Then, just as often as possible, you girls, get the lunch-basket ready and lure the folks into the woods for a genuine picnic outing—where you all can get a big lot of pleasure out of a camp fire and supper under the blessed sky. You cannot do this too often.

Tested Recipes.

**Brownies**—1-3 cup butter, 1-3 cup sugar, 1-3 cup molasses, 1 egg, 1 cup pecan or other nut meats, 1 scant cup flour, 1 level teaspoon baking powder. Cream the butter and sugar, add molasses, egg and chopped nut meats and lastly the flour and baking powder. Mix together. Bake the cakes in fancy pans well greased. Do not bake the oven too hot.

**Banana Dessert**—1 cup prunes, 1 cup chopped nuts, 3-4 cup sugar, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder. Mix together the sugar, flour and baking powder. Bake in a push-button near

There was a perceptible pause. Then, steadily, and with easy cordiality, came John Denby's reply. "Why, certainly, my boy. I'm glad to see that—that your old man made ready for you," he said, with a push-button near

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The Road to Understanding

—BY—  
Eleanor H. Porter

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CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

His father greeted him cordially, and with no surprise in voice or manner, which was what Burke had expected, inasmuch as he had again fallen into the way of spending frequent evenings at the old home. Tonight, however, Burke himself was constrained and ill at ease. His jaw was still firmly set and his head was beginning to fail him, and his mind was full of questionings.

"How would his father take it—this proposition to stay all night? He would understand something of what it meant. He could not help but understand. But what would he say? How would he act? Would he say in actions, if not in words, that dreaded 'I told you so'? Would it unseat his lips on a subject so long tabooed, and set him into a lengthy dissertation on the foolishness of his son's marriage? Burke believed that, as he felt now, he could not stand that; but he could stand less easily going back to the Dale Street flat that night. He could go to a hotel, of course. But he did not want to do that. He wanted dad. But he did not want dad—to talk.

"How's the baby?" asked John Denby, as Burke dropped himself into a chair on the cool, quiet verandah. "I thought she was not looking very well the last time Helen wheeled her up here." Always John Denby's first inquiry now was for his little granddaughter.

"Eh? The baby? Oh, she—she's all right. That is"—Burke paused for a short laugh—"she's well."

John Denby took his cigar from his lips and turned sharply.

"But she's not—all right?"

Burke laughed again.

"Oh, yes, she's all right, too, I suppose," he retorted, a bit grimly.

"But she was—er—humpf! Well, I'll tell you." And he gave a graphic description of his return home that night.

"Jove, what a mess!—and ink, too," ejaculated John Denby, with more than a tinge of sympathy in his voice. "How'd she ever manage to clean it up?"

"Burke shrugged his shoulders. "Ask me something easy. I don't know, I'm sure. I cleared out."

"Without—your dinner?" John Denby asked the question after a very brief, but very tense, silence.

"My dinner—I got in the square," Burke's lips snapped together again tight shut. John Denby said nothing. His eyes were gravely fixed on the glowing tip of the cigar in his hand.

Burke cleared his throat and hesitated. He had not intended to ask his question quite so soon; but suddenly he was consumed with an overwhelming desire to speak out and get it over. He cleared his throat again.

"Dad—would you mind—my sleeping here to-night? It's just that I—I want a good night's sleep, for once," he plunged on hurriedly; in answer to a swift something that he saw leap to his father's eyes. "And I can't get it there—with the baby and all."

There was a perceptible pause. Then, steadily, and with easy cordiality, came John Denby's reply. "Why, certainly, my boy. I'm glad to see that—that your old man made ready for you," he said, with a push-button near

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one other condition," he continued, lifting a quick hand to silence Burke's excited interruption. "I need a rest and change myself. I should like to go to Alaska again; and I'd like to have you go with me. Will you go?"

Burke sprang to his feet and began to pace up and down the wide verandah. (From boyhood Burke had always "thrashed things out" on his feet.) For a full minute now he said nothing. Then, abruptly, he stopped and wheeled about. His face was very white.

"Dad, I can't. It seems too much like—"

"No, it isn't in the least like quitting, or running away," supplied John Denby, reading unerringly his son's hesitation. "You're not quitting at all. I'm asking you to go. Indeed, I'm begging you to go, Burke. I want you. I need you. I'm not an old man, I know; but I feel like one. These last two years have not been—er—a bed of roses for me, either."

In spite of a certain lightness in his words, the man's voice shook a little. "I don't think you know boy, how your old dad has missed you."

"Don't I? I can—guess." Burke wheeled and resumed his nervous stride. The words, as he flung them out, were at once a challenge and an admission.

"But—Helen—" He stopped short, waiting.

"I've answered that. I've told you. Helen needs a rest and a change."

Again to the distraught husband's ears came the echo of a woman's wailing. "Maybe you think I ain't tired of working and pinching and slaving—"

"Then you don't think Helen will feel that I'm running away?" A growing hope was in his eyes, but his brow still carried its frown of doubt.

"Not if she has a check for—ten thousand dollars," replied John Denby, a bit grimly.

Burke winced. A painful red reached his forehead.

"It is, indeed, a large sum, sir,—too large," he resented, with sudden stiffness. "Thank you; but I'm afraid we can't accept it, after all."

John Denby saw his mistake at once; but he did not make the second mistake of showing it.

"Nonsense!" he laughed lightly, with no sign of the sudden panic of fear within him lest the look on his son's face meant the downfall of all his plans. "I made it large purposefully. Remember, I'm borrowing her husband for a season; and she needs some recompense! Besides, it'll mean a playday for herself. You'll not be so unjust to Helen as to refuse her the means to enjoy that!—not that she'll spend it all for that, of course. But it will be a comfortable feeling to know that she has it."

"Y—yes, of course," hesitated Burke, still frowning.

(To be continued.)

ANCIENT SLINGS.

Weapon in Common Use on This Continent Before David's Time.

Popular sympathy has always been on the side of David in his little bickering with the giant Goliath. It ought to be quite the other way, because there never was a minute when Goliath had a chance against an agile antagonist who could choose his own position and distance, and who was equipped with a long-range weapon.

This is a problem which has been thoroughly worked out by modern military men and naval tacticians. A fight of the kind can have only one result.

We are accustomed to think of the sling as an Old World weapon, but there is no question of the fact that it is in common use among the natives of Mexico, Central America and Peru. Goliath and David were

Del Castilla, de Mexican natives; with our many

PREPARING FOR 1870.  
How Bismarck Arranged Matters Between Austria and Prussia.

An incident from Mr. C. G. Robertson's life of Bismarck throws interesting light on the methodical way in which Bismarck worked out his state policies. It concerns the negotiations opened between France and Austria after 1866 for an alliance against Prussia. Emperor Francis Joseph had emerged from the Seven Weeks' War desirous of revenge and with substantial forces still intact. Napoleon met Francis Joseph at Salzburg, and a few weeks later the Austrian emperor traveled to France with his military suite and gave orders that the imperial train should stop nowhere on German soil, and, in particular, that it should pass the South German courts at night in order to avoid embarrassing interviews.

Nothing marred the monarch's peace of mind until, in the dead of night, the train approached the German frontier near Baden-Baden; there it suddenly came to a standstill. The aide-de-camp, on inquiring for the reason, was shown a lonely figure wrapped in a dark military cloak standing in a pouring rain. The stranger wanted to speak to the Emperor Francis Joseph. Who was he? It was King William of Prussia.

Thus, on a dark September night in 1867, did the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia meet for the first time since Koniggratz. The interview lasted several hours and took place in the rear carriage of the imperial train. What passed is not known, but the writer is satisfied that William of Prussia asked Francis Joseph not to betray the German cause; and warned him of the forthcoming Franco-German War. On reaching Paris Emperor Francis Joseph proved adamant to the most tempting offers of alliance. The incident remained a secret; a few local papers referred to it as merely a slight mishap to the imperial train.

Twenty Years Ago.

Operations were rare. Nobody swatted the fly. Nobody had seen a silo. Nobody had appendicitis. Nobody wore white shoes. Nobody sprayed orchards. Cream was five cents a pint. Most young men had "livery bills." Cantaloupes were muskmelons. You never heard of a "tin Lizzie." Doctors wanted to see your tongue. Milk-shake was a favorite drink. Advertisers did not tell the truth. Nobody cared for the price of gasoline.

Farmers came to town for their mail. The hired girl drew one-fifty a week. The butcher "threw in" a chunk of liver.

Folks said pneumatic tires were a joke.

Nobody "listened in" on a telephone. Strawstacks were burned instead of baled.

Publishing a country newspaper was not a business.

People thought English sparrows were birds.

Jules Verne was the only convert to the submarine.

Haricot bean is another name for string bean.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

**SALT**  
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A correction of the Canadian point of view towards British trade is suggested in a communication from the Canadian Mission in London to the C. T. C. The tendency runs too much to detail. Trade would be better in most cases if handled by trade groups.

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