

# Particular People

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## "SALADA"

TEA

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### SOUL-TRYING HALF JOBS.

An old rule of my childhood, one which my father held us to religiously, was "Never half do a task. If it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well." When we were inclined to differ with him, he said: "You will find that a task half done or a makeshift of some kind is never wholly satisfactory."

And isn't it surprising how long that temporary shelf has lasted that was put up in place of the neat-looking cupboard you intended and how poorly it continues to serve your needs? Somehow there never has been time to pull out those nails that were put up behind the door to serve until you could get some nonrustable hooks. Only last week a too hasty tug put a three-cornered tear in a good slicer hanging there. It does look as though all the other buildings on the farm would need repairing before that unsightly temporary shed showed any signs of falling to pieces.

It really would be better before we spent money on the various devices which keep doors shut without banging—which, nevertheless, continue to stay open or bang—to teach the members of the family to close the door gently. If this is impossible, let us make the effort to get the money for a really noiseless, sure-shut door closer, or let the door bang and think about something else.

This is the way I feel about many of our household devices. They do serve our immediate purpose. But at the same time they often serve to cover up the real cause of the trouble and merely put off the day when it will have to be cured. A little less consideration for the easing of our immediate discomforts and a little more in discovering and correcting the first causes of those troubles will do more to solve our problems, especially for the future housewives, than all the latest models in floor mops and window cleaners.—Ruth Lovejoy.

### CONVERTED BEDROOM INTO BATHROOM.

I have several conveniences in my home which save me time and lighten my labor.

Some time ago I had a small bedroom refurnished and converted into a modern bathroom supplied with hot water and cold soft water. My kitchen is also supplied with hot and cold water. At one end of the sink is a soft water pump and at the other end is a hard water pump.

Two or three steps from my back kitchen door, and on the level with it, there is a building twelve by sixteen feet. In this there is a gasoline engine which supplies power for my washing machine and wringer, churn and cream separator. My washer is connected with the main drain from the kitchen.

Other conveniences in this room are work tables, a large refrigerator and a four-burner oil stove. My gasoline flatiron is also a great labor saver.—F. J. M.

### SAFEGUARDING GLASSWARE.

Place your tumblers, chimneys or vessels which you wish to keep from cracking in a pan filled with cold water, add a little cooking salt, allow the mixture to boil well over a fire and then cool slowly. Glass treated in this way will not crack even if exposed to very sudden changes of temperature. This process is simply one of annealing, and the slower the process, especially the cooling portion of it, the more effective will be the work.

### A SEWING RUG.

When sewing must be done in the living room a sewing rug is a great help toward orderliness. It may be made from denim, a generous sized square of table oilcloth, or even from a partly worn sheet.

Before beginning to sew, spread this rug beneath the sewing chair and well under the cutting table. When the work is finished gather up the rug by the corners and shake outside, and there will be no litter of threads and

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clippings to clear from the living room rug.

The rug should be frequently washed and helps to keep the sewing clean and fresh. Such a rug is fine to use under the children's table and chairs when they indulge in paper cutting, sewing or painting.

### REMOVE SPOTS YOURSELF.

Save the cleaner's bill by removing spots yourself, is the advice of home economics specialists. There are very few stains that cannot be removed.

Egg—Cold water, then ordinary laundering, will remove egg stains in washable material. If a grease spot remains, use treatment for grease.

Fruits—Pour boiling water through the material from a height for washable material. Silk and wool may be sponged with warm water, or bleached with lemon juice and sunlight if the color is fast.

Glue—Warm or boiling water will remove blue stain from washable material.

Grass—Alcohol will remove grass stains from any material. Hot water and soap may be used for washable goods.

Grease—Warm water and naphtha soap is good for washable material. For other materials the following may be used: Gasoline, benzol, chloroform, or carbon tetrachloride. (The first two are inflammable.)

Writing Ink—Soak washable material for a day or two in milk. Material also may be soaked for a few seconds in oxalic acid and rinsed in clean water. Put a few drops of ammonia in the final rinsing water.

Iodine—Sponge with alcohol.

Paint—Sponge with turpentine.



### A POPULAR APRON STYLE.

4543: Percale with bias binding in white or in a contrasting color would be good for this design. Gingham, linen, cambric and sateen are also desirable.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A Medium size requires 8 yards of 27-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Company, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

### An Emergency Repair.

A repairman received a call from a motorist who had become stranded on the road due to breaking of the fabric in the universal joint on the drive shaft. The mechanic knew he could not procure another fabric until the next day, but the car owner insisted that he must proceed on his way as he had an important business engagement. The mechanic then determined to improvise a repair which would meet the emergency.

He knew that strength combined with flexibility was required of the part, but at first was at a loss what to use until he thought of a chain which seemed to possess the required properties. Accordingly, sections of a skid chain were cut off of a length sufficient to reach between the arms of the universal.

The small man also has his place; you would not go canoeing in an ocean liner.

## "When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YCRK MILLER

"When hearts command, From minds the sagest counsellings depart."

### CHAPTER III—(Cont'd.)

And now there was to be this excursion to the farm on Monte-Nero. "Mother's friend," Alice explained to Philip Ardeyne. "His funny name is Hector Augustus Gaunt, and he's invited us to lunch."

"Not really?" Ardeyne's eyes shone.

"Not the Gaunt?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Carnay, "I believe he is the Gaunt. Was he one of your childhood's heroes?"

"I should rather think so," the doctor replied. "I say, it's awfully kind of you to include me in this. Are you sure?"

"Quite," said Mrs. Carnay. "Mr. Gaunt invited us and I told him we must have a cavalier. That is, I wrote to him. He doesn't come down from his mountain any more."

"He must be an old man," mused the doctor.

"Mrs. Carnay protested: "Oh, indeed not! Certainly he isn't more than fifty-seven or eight."

"But that is old, mummy darling," said Alice.

Mrs. Carnay looked a little flushed and annoyed. "Really—really!" she exclaimed.

"The arrogance of youth," said Philip Ardeyne, his voice teasingly indulgent as he smiled at Alice.

Yes, they were head over heels in love with each other, those two. It was turning out as Jean Carnay had hoped and prayed for.

There was so much in Philip Ardeyne besides the mere good looks of which he possessed a little more than his share. Perhaps it was his immense vitality which had appealed to Mrs. Carnay in the first place. He looked as though he had never suffered a day's illness in his life nor was likely to do so.

He was a long-limbed fellow and walked like the wind. He had dark hair with the merest touch of silver at the temples, grey eyes, and a merry laugh. One had to stop and think hard to remember that he was by way of being distinguished in a most exacting branch of the medical profession.

But then, of course, he also was on a holiday, and he played ardently with Alice for the most charming of playfollies. Tennis, mountain walks, excursions to Monte Carlo and Mentone, dancing, evenings at the Jolly little Casino—with these diversions time was passing much too quickly.

Under it all ran the magical subcurrent of love—love as yet unacknowledged, love trembling on the brink of declaration—the most precious moments of life, particularly for a young girl.

Jean Carnay's heart ached and yearned over her daughter. Now that the crisis approached her fears increased. Perhaps she had been foolish.

Perhaps Philip Ardeyne was just the one man in the world who should have been kept out of Alice's way.

It was the evening before their proposed excursion to Monte Nero that the doctor, with refreshing, old-fashioned courtesy, begged Mrs. Carnay's permission to ask Alice to marry him. He told Jean all about himself with an anxiety which was almost boyish, and seemed to think that the opportunity to become a Harley street specialist's wife could scarcely be considered a treat for any girl, more especially for a girl like Alice.

Mrs. Carnay, on her part, confessed their own poverty. "My husband was a major in the Indian Army," she said, "and we have very little besides my pension. Very little, indeed."

Then, flushing becomingly, and in her pretty manner of nervousness punctuated with fluttering smiles and an occasional dab at her eyes with a wisp of a handkerchief, she went even more deeply into the story of their privations, telling Philip Ardeyne that even this holiday was more or less of a pretence, not to say fraud. How many years she had taken to save for it she could not quite say. But she had wanted just one happy hour for Alice, so that whatever befell the child would have something pleasant to remember.

"Dr. Ardeyne was deeply touched by the pathetic narrative. If anything were needed to fan the flame of his ardor it was this appeal to chivalry. All that troubled him now was the fear that Alice might refuse him. On that score Mrs. Carnay was wise enough not to say what she privately thought. But she wished him the best of luck."

The question in his mind was: Should he ask Alice to-night and by risking a refusal spoil to-morrow's excursion, or wait until to-morrow night?

Mrs. Carnay would give no advice. She smiled her nervous smile and left the matter entirely to him. But after dinner she developed a sudden weariness. She wanted, she said, to be quite fresh and strong for the climb to the top of Monte Nero, even though her part of the excursion was to be accomplished on the back of a mule.

"And I should advise you not to sit up too late," dear," she said to Alice. "To-morrow will be a long and strenuous day."

"I'll take care of her," Philip Ardeyne assured the anxious mother. Already his manner was proprietary.

When Jean Carnay went upstairs the handsome young doctor was fetching a cloak for Alice. Perhaps he meant to ask her to stroll on the terrace with him.

### CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Carnay went first into her bedroom and switched on the light over the muslin draped dressing-table. It cast long shadows against the high walls, and the air was romantic with the sweet scent of the flowers which her old friend, Mr. Gaunt, continued

to supply. She had her own sense of excitement. To-morrow she would see Hector Augustus Gaunt again, and she wondered what he would be like and if he would find her much changed. Ah, indeed, there must be a great change. She had only been eighteen or thereabouts when she lived at the Villa Tatina as old Mme. Douste's companion.

What a wonderful night it was, a Riviera night for lovers such as she well remembered, with a silver-gold moon riding high, making a glittering pathway across the sea to Corcaia; with whispering among the leaves of the tall palm-trees; with the scent of oranges and lemons, lavender and mimosa.

This was Alice's hour. Mrs. Carnay stepped out on to the balcony which led from the little sitting-room and breathed a fervent prayer for the happiness of her daughter. With a husband like Philip Ardeyne Alice would be safe. God keep her safe always. . . . and happy. Surely this mistake of the mother should not shadow a girl's life. No—no—no! It was all dead and buried a thousand years ago. Hugo, too, was safe. Jean Carnay snatched. The night air was cold. Lucky Dr. Ardeyne had thought of fetching Alice's cloak. Of course he would take care of her. . . . now and always.

But Jean Carnay had to think for herself, for there was no one just at the moment to remind her that she might be caught by a chill on the balcony, no love to warm the blood in her veins. So wisely she came in.

When she switched on the table lamp she found a letter which had come by the last post, the sight of which caused her heart to skip a beat. It was from Christopher Smarle, her husband's cousin, the solicitor who looked after her affairs. Christopher's letters were few and far between, but they never failed to cause her a momentary flutter of apprehension. Christopher invariably mentioned Hugo. He perhaps conceived it his duty to remind her, if only by a brief bulletin on Hugo's health, that the latter was not quite so dead, not quite so deeply and irrevocably buried as the supposed widow would like to believe. One could, if one chose, visit Hugo; Christopher Smarle took advantage of that sorry pleasure as often as it was permitted. There never was such a man for duty.

Mrs. Carnay opened the rather bulky envelope. As a rule his letters were not nearly so fat as this one. It contained an enclosure, a letter from somebody else, and Jean read the enclosure first. There was an unreality about it, an uncanny quality that made her flesh creep. Her eyes grew large with horror. Oh, Heaven be kind, what was this! From the Home Office—an official communication, sent in care of Christopher Smarle and opened by him, but originally addressed to her; that is, addressed to "Mrs. H. R. Smarle," a name which Mrs. Carnay had half forgotten that she ever possessed, that indeed, she still possessed. For fifteen years she had called herself Jean Carnay.

"Madam,—We have to inform you that your husband, Hugo Richard Smarle, who was convicted of manslaughter at the Winchester Assizes in November, 1907, and being found insane, has since been detained at Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum, has now been certified as sane and will be released at the end of the week. I am, madam, very truly yours,

L. C. KNIGHT,

(For the Home Secretary.)"

The end of the week! According to the date, that was nearly three weeks ago. Hugo had been a free man for a fortnight.

And now Jean Carnay (Mrs. Hugo Richard Smarle) read Christopher's letter.

Her husband's cousin in his precise, fussy handwriting, informed her meticulously that he had been put to a little trouble in discovering her present address, having first to write to the pension in Florence; that he, himself, had gone down to Broadmoor to meet Hugo; that Hugo was quite a normal being now and most anxious to see her. The Smarles, naturally, felt that his place was with his wife and daughter, who would, of course, be rejoiced at this piece of good news. So keenly did they feel about the reunion that they had scraped together a hundred pounds with which to enable Hugo to rejoin his wife and enjoy

a holiday with her. Christopher himself had seen to Hugo's passports and bought his ticket.

(To be continued.)

### Try That Salt Cure.

The human body is a marvellously adaptable organism, but few people would be willing to make in person the experiment described at a recent meeting of the Institution of Mining Engineers.

In order to show how the living body could adapt itself to different temperatures by evaporation on the skin, a man was enclosed in a chamber of dry air at a temperature of 200 degrees. A steak was also enclosed in the chamber, and the man watched this cooking in the heat without himself showing any discomfort.

With reference to cramp and fatigue caused by working in hot, dry places, it was stated that these could be cured by adding salt to any water drunk while at work. This discovery is expected to add twenty per cent. to the efficiency of miners working in a heated atmosphere. It is also thought that ship stokers and iron workers will benefit by it.

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