

When Exposed to Air

tea loses its freshness and flavor.

"SALADA"

TEA #561

For that reason is never sold in bulk.



Woman's Interests



SICK HOUSE PLANTS.

During midwinter season many of the plants that were so beautiful and green in early fall, become stunted and are in a thoroughly wretched-looking condition.

There are many reasons for this change. Usually, the atmosphere is at fault. Plants require a warm, moist air, and in our houses, be they ever so modern, we have just the reverse. The air is warm and dry. This lack of moisture always causes a gradual lack of vitality.

The kitchen, especially if the laundry work is done there, is really the ideal place for plants. The atmosphere there is usually moist, due to steam cooking and laundry work.

Once a plant becomes stunted, which means it has ceased to grow, just that soon, in nine cases out of ten, it becomes affected with a disease called rust. The foliage becomes hard and the ends of the shoots black and in many cases gnarled and twisted.

Heliotrope, verbenas and fuschias are especially susceptible to such ills, although young, growthy plants are not so easily injured unless they have been propagated from rusty stock.

The rust usually comes from want of vigor in the plant, which has been growing in the same window all winter with but little fresh air, and so has become thoroughly pot bound and impoverished. In this condition, a plant at once falls prey to the disease described above.

When this condition arises, the first thing to do is to remove the pot to a cooler place, with just sufficient heat to keep the plant from freezing. Then give all the air possible. If it is the season for planting out in the yard, the plant could be set out; it would soon recover and grow out of the disease, showing clearly that a change is needed, but cold weather conditions prevent this simple first-aid method being practiced.

If you can not, for want of room, report the sick plants, then they should be well cut back and, as soon as they begin to show new growth, give them manure water, mild at first and stronger afterward. They will at once show signs of life and begin to push out vigorously, thus outgrowing disease. By planting out time they will be fine, healthy plants once more, if they have been closely watched and cared for.

Primroses that have been flowering all winter will be pretty well filled with seed pods. These flower shoots should be cut back, all yellow leaves picked off and the plants fed with strong manure water. This treatment will at once cause them to send up more flower stalks, and you will get quite a generous show of bloom from them before warm weather. But if you fail to take this trouble they will stop blooming.

AN OBSERVATION GAME.

Place beneath the table a covered box or basket containing the most variously assorted small articles possible to secure, the more unexpected the better. No player must see the articles placed in the basket. When all is in readiness, the guests assemble around the table and the articles are taken from the basket and passed rapidly from hand to hand below the table, ending in the hands of the hostess, and by her placed in an empty bag provided for the purpose. Distribute pencils and ask the guests to write down as many of the objects passed under the table as they can remember. A prize should be provided for the person who hands in the fullest list of the objects. Next, blindfold each guest in turn and place in his hands, one at a time, various objects, the names of which are to be guessed aloud. If curious and unfamiliar objects are selected, this will prove very amusing.

PASTE FOR STICKING LABELS ON SYRUP CANS.

To stick paper labels on tin cans used for maple syrup, use one-half ounce of water glass, one ounce of corn starch and one and one-half

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pints of cold water. Add starch and water glass to the water, stir until smooth, then place in a double boiler and heat till the starch is like gelatin. Make new paste often, as it soon loses its sticking qualities.

TO RELINE A COAT.

It is an easy matter to reline a long coat or the jacket of a suit, if you proceed along these lines: Rip one-half of your old lining out of the coat, ripping all the seams carefully. Press each piece and cut the entire lining of the new material, using the pressed pieces for the pattern. Place the coat or jacket on a dress form, wrong side out, and having sewed the seams of the new lining, begin to pin it in to that part of the coat from which you removed the original lining.

Use the other (unripped) side as a guide, seeing exactly where the tailor placed his fullness in the lining and under-turned tucks that give to a garment the proper "set" when finished.

Put new covers on the weights found in the lining and sew them where they were placed before. After one-half of the new lining has been securely pinned or basted in place, rip out the other half of the old lining using your new half as a guide. One often finds the lining in a tailored garment somewhat different in shape from the outer material and when you rip the entire lining out at once you are at a loss to know where the small fullness should be placed. This method of working with but half of the lining, following the other half exactly, insures correct results.

After the whole lining has been basted in place, the real finishing can be done; blind hemming the lining to the coat material. By this method even an amateur seamstress can make a success of lining an outer garment. The figured satens are excellent for relining coats; for by the time a garment needs a new lining, it has arrived at the stage when given hard wear, and these heavier materials give better service than the linings usually found in new garments.



A PRACTICAL UNDERGARMENT.

4587. This pretty model comprises a vest and "step-in" drawers. The vest portion may be finished with "camisole" top or with shaped shoulders. If desired a closing may be effected at the side of the panel. Crepe, crepe de chine or nainsook is suitable for this design. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; and Extra Large 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Panel of Embroidery requires 1/2 yard 9 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 78 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

The young man entering upon life's great highway, he who hopes to achieve the measure of success commensurate with his abilities and ambition, must avoid debt as he would the contagion of a loathsome disease; if he would attain his ideals and reach those heights to which he now looks with longing eyes, he must literally obey the precept of the apostle, "Owe no man anything."

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

"Mumsey, did you—did you love my father very much?" Alice's voice was timid, a little humble. She had never thought of her mother in quite that way before, as a young girl beloved and wooed, doing something rather daring in the name of love.

And Jean answered her, carelessly, careful—Jean was groping out of the sea now—"I suppose I must have loved him. It was so long ago. And if you don't get to bed soon it won't be worth while going."

Again they embraced, and Alice departed. Mrs. Carnay muttered fretfully to herself: "I didn't tell her a single untruth, not one. But," she added, "every word was a good as a lie. Yes, I am a most accomplished liar!"

It was then the idea occurred to her that perhaps this situation could be lied out of, although the perfect success of her plan depended upon Hugo.

CHAPTER VI.

On awakening the next morning Mrs. Carnay's first thought was of her husband. "Just starting on his journey now."

She tried to imagine what he would look like. No doubt one must be prepared for a change. Would he show a mark of that terrible place, Broadmoor? For fifteen years he had lived in close association with criminal fanatics, many of them murderers, like himself. No, not exactly a murderer; the jury had called it manslaughter. He had never meant to kill Tony Egan, of course. Jean lay in bed, her eyes fixed wearily on the bars of sunshine which streamed across the counterpane, and thought of Hugo Smarle's crime. Hugo had killed his best friend in a squalid quarrel over money. He had always been mad, always. The family history on his mother's side was really appalling. It had been disclosed at the trial and recorded in the dossier which committed him to Broadmoor. Because his grandfather and one aunt had ended their unfortunate lives in madhouses, and another aunt committed suicide, and because Hugo, himself, had shown the wildest eccentricities since his earliest youth, he had escaped at last prison; if not actually the gallows. Yet his maddest act had remained unrecorded, and to that Jean herself had been a party. No one but Jean and that man of silence, Hector Augustus Gaunt, knew that Hugo's maddest act had been his marriage.

"Mumsey, your bath's ready. Oh, you lazy girl!" Here was Alice, already dressed for their excursion, looking so fresh and lovely in her white woolly frock and lace panama. "Look!" she cried, holding out her left hand.

Mrs. Carnay looked and gasped. Yesterday that sapphire and diamond ring, with its regal, old-fashioned setting, had been in the "antiquity woman's" window. Alice had admired it ever since their arrival, and Jean had privately enquired the price, only to sigh regretfully that it was far and away beyond her means to buy. And now it glittered on Alice's slim little hand.

"But—how—when?" Mrs. Carnay stammered. Alice laughed and blushed and looked adorably self-conscious. "It's after nine, you lazy girl. Philip and I were out before eight o'clock. We climbed all over the Old Town and then we went down to Gallo's for coffee, and coming back the antiquity woman was just taking down her shutters and—Philip wanted me to choose a ring at once. So I did."

Mrs. Carnay sighed inaudibly, but there was a fiercely maternal gleam in her eyes. The ring somehow decided things—the ring that Alice had wanted and they couldn't afford to buy. It was now safely anchored on the third finger of her left hand, her engagement ring, the gift of her accepted lover. Thus are promises to marry signed and sealed. There was no retreat from the gift of that ring. It seemed to settle the affair for Jean. She was not going to break her daughter's heart for all the Hugo Smarles in the world. If Hugo refused to agree to her plan, then—but he couldn't refuse. She wouldn't allow herself to think of that evil possibility. "Can you be ready in half an hour?" Alice asked anxiously, as her mother scuttled about in dressing-gown and slippers, gathering accessories for her tub.

"I can try."

"I'll order your coffee and lay out your things. What are you going to wear?"

"Oh, anything—anything!" No, that wouldn't do. Jean stopped short and smiled in a wintry fashion. "Mr. Gaunt used to be a great admirer of mine," she confessed unexpectantly. "I think I ought to look as nice as I can. No, I won't be ready in half an hour—nor anything like it. Run down to your Philip, my dear, and expect me when you see me."

Alice was inclined to think this a great joke. She ordered the coffee and then, as bidden, went down to join Dr. Ardeyne, who was waiting for her on the terrace. The mule, which was to convey Mrs. Carnay up

the rather stiff little mountain, had arrived in charge of a half-grown peasant girl. He wore bells on his bridle and a voluminous saddle like an easy chair, carpeted with faded plush. Several of the hotel staff were admiring him from the doorway, when an enormous silver touring car preceded by an insistent Klaxon horn sharply rounded the drive and pulled up in front of the hotel. It was driven by a hatless woman with bobbed hair and beautiful arms bare to the shoulders. She was as brown as a gypsy, with a reckless smile and a careless eye, which helped to explain the forlorn attitude of the Italian maid huddled so fearfully amid a welter of luggage in the tonneau. With a final, hideous roar, the engine subsided and the woman jumped out before the attentive conceal and his underlings could go to her assistance.

Alice, watching the arrival, failed to notice that the handsome man at her side was slightly affected by it. Dr. Ardeyne gave a start and if there had not been quite so much noise before the engine was turned off one might have overheard a remark he made to himself.

The woman left her car and her maid and her luggage and rushed across to him. Her legs, like her arms, were bare, and she wore bathing sandals; under the sleeveless cloak of striped Roman satin, she was clad in a bathing-suit. Her fuzzy, short hair, standing out so grotesquely attractive, dripped little beads of sea-water.

"Oh, Phil—what luck! I knew you were here, but I didn't expect to find you up so bright and early," she exclaimed. Then she broke off short, staring at Alice, with a look which said as plainly as speech: "Who's this girl you're with?"

And Alice hated her, as one may hate instinctively at first sight, without the least rhyme or reason for it. "How do you do?" said Dr. Ardeyne. (Man is a sorry muddled.)

"I do pretty much as usual. Going for a mule ride?"

Contempt, ridicule, silent laughter, were expressed in the bold, bright eyes. But, most of all, intimacy. And again the eyes asked the impertinent question, "who is this girl you're with?"

"Mrs. Egan, may I—er—Alice—"

For Alice was turning away in the half-abstracted fashion suitable to such a situation. Alice turned back again, forcing a hypocritical smile for the (to her) detestable woman in the half-concealed bathing-suit. "May I introduce my—my fiancée, Miss Carnay? Alice, Mrs. Egan is an old friend of mine."

"Your fiancée!" The gypsy-looking woman stared at him as completely taken aback as though he had pointed a revolver at her breast. But it was only for a moment. Then she laughed and said: "I've just motored over from Monte, where I've been staying for a few weeks. Pots of luck. Thought it best to quit while I was on the right side. Took a dip at Cap Martin on the way over."

"You'll catch cold," admonished the doctor.

Mrs. Egan made a funny little grimace at him. "Not I. By the way, Phil, I've got a bone to pick with you. Never mind it now. I must find somebody to run the car down to the hotel garage. My chauffeur's laid up at Monte with flu." See you later."

She flew off without a word to Alice, and disappeared into the hotel.

Alice said, "Who is that woman?" "Oh, just a friend," Philip Ardeyne replied with a poor attempt at being casual. "An old friend," Alice reminded him. "Yes, she's—er—well, considerably older than she looks."

"Little Boy Blue."

The former American Ambassador in London, Colonel Harvey, was in his earlier years a great friend of Eugene Field, the American poet who wrote "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," one of the classics of child literature. But the following poem, though about a child—the poet's own little son, who died—is not for children. It is the last word in poignant pathos.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair;
That was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make a noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.

And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Aye faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting these long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

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Not Insulated.
Among the children of a well-known electrical engineer is a boy of nine. One day this lad picked up a wasp. When his dad rushed out to discover the cause of the commotion, the tearful young hopeful was usefully sucking his thumb.

"What's the trouble, Hughie?" asked the father.
"That bug," was the technical explanation Hughie offered between sobs of pain. "I think his wrin' is wrong. I touched him an' he wasn't insulated at all."

Diplomacy.
Hubby—"Really, Ethel, thirty-five dollars for a hat is the height of extravagance!"

Wife—"Well, my dear, I simply have to look nice when I am with you; you're so distinguished-looking."

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