

# Ask Your Grocer

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# "SALADA"

GREEN TEA #461

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Women's Interests

## KEEPING MOTHER ON THE FARM.

We hear and read so much these days about the discontentment of farm women. Some magazines seem to delight in presenting before their readers the dull, drab, burdensome life led by the soprano sex on the farm.

I remember reading an article in a popular ladies' magazine that read something like this: "The town women pass by in their expensive automobiles and point out the growing grain, the beautiful flowers, the beauty of it all. They say our butter looks golden in the churn. But those same women have never seen my kitchen, hot, stuffy thing that it is; they probably never churned a batch of butter in their lives. They do not know the work attached to it."

This is just a short extract of the original epistle. Doesn't it make you nearly "froth at the mouth"? Perhaps, some farm women have read that same article and looked upon it as authentic. But those of us who are lovers of God's "great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world" look upon it as scintillating rot.

It is not paved streets, the perpetual jingle-jangle of street cars, nor the jostling of elbows that makes some women want to leave their own glowing country fireside and live in the metropolis, a panorama of bright lights. Oh, no, it is usually the conveniences associated with the latter.

Does the farm kitchen have to be a hot, stuffy thing? Not when there is fresh air outside. It does not have to be. Give the average farm woman more light in her kitchen and she will look upon her vocation in a new light. Whatever lessens woman's work benefits the race. Why not study her daily routine to see if her day's steps cannot be lessened, her day in the kitchen abbreviated a little by a few inexpensive conveniences, which, after all, spell true success?

Any man who is handy with tools can furnish a built-in wood-box. I have been slightly unfortunate in having a husband who is not especially graceful with a hammer and saw. But nevertheless my ship has come in and I have a built-in wood-box at last.

No woman can work hard all day and "come smiling through" like a newly-washed window. New linoleum, to cover that bare floor, a kitchen sink, and plenty of water close at hand will make her smile broader than she has done for a long time. Convenience, hominess, a touch of the artistic are within the reach of all.

It doesn't cost a cent more to buy gay cretonne draperies for your living room that will strike a note of harmony with the surroundings, than to buy plain scrim or marquisette ones. The old-new, braided and hooked rugs are more beautiful than ever before. They do not look like rags at all; they look like marvels.

## DINA SAVES STEPS.

Although our home isn't modern in all respects, we have a furnace, built-in cupboards, and so on, but the one I find helps me most is "Dina," or my dumb-water. It is built alongside of chimney and connects with milk and fruit rooms below and kitchen above. I use it for left-overs from the meals, also for cream and butter.

We separate our milk and I find it very handy to send down water to flush the separator bowl. Also pitcher for cream and plate for butter, and if fruit is wanted husband puts it on the dumb-water and sends it up when he is there to separate.

In canning time I put one dozen cans or more of fruit in it and send

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Our new illustrated Catalogue is now off the press. Everyone interested in Radio should have one.  
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## down while my husband is there to unload for me.—Mrs. J. C. D.

**TO RENOVATE SHADES.**  
To renovate a window shade, tack the shade to the floor or table and go over it with a good paper cleaner, which can be purchased at most any store, or else rub it with a heavy rough flannel that has been dipped in dry starch. If the lower edge is faded, pull out the tacks and reverse the shade, tacking the lower edge to the roller and make a new hem.

4643



## A COMFORTABLE REST OR BATH ROBE.

4643. Beacon Cloth, eiderdown, flannel, corduroy, crepe, or satin could be used for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 4 1/2 yards of 40-inch material.

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

## THE TAILOR'S PATCH.

The tailor's patch, made by basting or pinning a piece of similar material smoothly underneath the tear, with torn edges together evenly, then sewing up-and-down rows of machine stitching—long stitch—lengthwise of the material, one closely beside the other until all the tear and breaks are covered, makes a mend that is quicker, more durable and better looking than the usual handmade darn or patch. My husband taught me this better way of repairing damages one day when a right badly torn pair of almost new trousers had to be darned. I use it for many other things—underwear, children's clothes and even linens.—Mrs. B. M.

## A BLENDED TEA IS BETTER.

Tea from one garden, no matter how fine it is, possesses certain desirable qualities but may lack others, because all characteristics are not developed under the same conditions. If the tea has a perfect flavor, it may lack body; if it has body it is perhaps without the same perfection of flavor. To combine all desirable characteristics in one blend has been the work of the "SALADA" experts for over a quarter of a century. "SALADA" is the fruit of their labors. The flavor is tea grown.

Insulted.  
A Dublin car driver was stopped for careless driving by a zealous constable. He refused to give his name.

"You'll get yourself into trouble if you don't give me your name."

Still the driver refused.

"Now, then, what is it?" persisted the constable.

"Better find out," retorted the driver. "Sure and I will," said the constable, going around to the side of the car where the name should have been, only to find it rubbed off.

"A-ha," said the constable, "now you'll get yourself into worse disgrace for your name is obliterated."

"You're wrong," roared the driver. "It's O'Brien."

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

# "When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)  
Mrs. Carnay forgot her spotless shoes and raced across the greasy tracks calling out and waving her hand.

"Here I am, Hugo! Here I am!" The little man straightened up with a rather frightened expression, pushed his eye-glasses more resolutely into his face, and then broke into a sheepish, somewhat tremulous grin.

"Oh, yes—there you are. Why, yes, of course—it's Jean. Not a day older—not a day. Well, well, well!"

She kissed him, first on one cheek and then on the other, and he accepted the salutation with bashful pleasure.

"Now I call this good of you, Jean. I do, indeed. Where—'he peered about—'near-sightedly—'where is Alice?"

"She—didn't come. Oh, she wanted to, Hugo. But I'll tell you about that presently. Shall we look for your heavy luggage?"

"I haven't got any—only these."

Poor Hugo was very shabby. In his doilman coat and with the little creased felt hat perched high on his head, struggling with those bulging, outrageous bags, he looked like an old-fashioned German professor on holiday.

But Jean was much more sorry for him than ashamed. If she was ashamed of anybody it was of herself. Poor, poor Hugo. One could scarcely believe that that weak, harmless-looking little creature had ever snatched up a revolver and put a bullet through another man's brain.

Jean managed to secure the attendance of a porter and as soon as the Customs had been passed Hugo and his bags were trotted across to the Hotel de la Gare. He said he was ravenously hungry and they sat down at a table outside, the dining-room being rather crowded. There was nothing very beautiful to look at, only the station and the wide, dusty place, where a couple of mongrel dogs sunned themselves and half a dozen faces weltered in the heat.

But the lunch in any way remarkable, except for its mediocrity. But the discharged lunatic convict seemed entirely satisfied with things as they were. He tucked into the stale hors-d'oeuvre with avidity, apologizing for his greed.

"Sometimes I get a little tired of the food at Broadmoor," he said. "It was very good—but one likes a change now and again. I can't tell you how I've enjoyed my meals lately. And this is wonderful being here. Do you know Jean, there were times when I thought it quite possible I'd never see Italy again? That's an unpleasant sort of idea to get. It discourages one."

Not a word of reproach because she'd never been near him during the whole of those fifteen years.

"Hugo, it was because of Alice that I didn't come to see you," Jean said hurriedly. "I—I couldn't bear her to know—things that she didn't absolutely need to know. I wonder if you understand? It seems so selfish now. I—I didn't quite realize—"

"My dear little girl, of course I understand. You don't take me for a lunatic, do you?" (Jean winced. Why should he put it like that?) "Our little daughter—of course it had to be kept from her."

"Our little daughter?" What, precisely, did he mean? Hugo knew that Alice was Hector Gaunt's daughter.

"I don't want her ever to know that her father was put away in an asylum," Hugo went on, speaking while his mouth was still occupied with food. "And such an asylum!" He waved his fork before plunging it into the little barrel of salt herrings.

"Locked up with maniacs who had committed all sorts of horrid crimes. Those have been my only companions. I wonder I didn't go mad. Ah, well, it's over now." He subsided with a weak sigh and helped himself to butter.

"Alice thinks that you are dead," Jean said in a desperately off-hand fashion. "At least—she thinks her father is dead."

"And I might as well have been," Hugo Smartle agreed. "So that's why you didn't bring her to meet me."

"Yes—er—yes, that was one of the reasons. She knew I was going to meet somebody. Jean managed a flat, mirthless laugh. "I told her you were my brother."

Hugo Smartle attacked his troublesome eye-glasses again and stared blandly at his wife. Because she had laughed, he smiled. Doubtless this was a joke, and he was perfectly willing to try to understand it.

"Your brother? Did you ever have a brother, Jean?"

"Yes. His name was John—John Ballis, of course. He died when he was ten years old—about the time I was born."

"Did you tell Alice that I am her Uncle John?"

"Yes. That's what I told her. You see, Hugo, she's going to be married. Such a nice fellow—"

"Married? Married?" Hugo Smartle was terribly bewildered for a moment. "Good heavens, Jean, what can you mean? A child like that—a child—"

"Why, Alice is nineteen, Jean reminded him. "Of course, it is young, but—"

"Nineteen?" he stared pitifully, and then a fine sweat broke out on his forehead and his lips quivered.

husband for her if—I'd chosen him myself."

"A doctor? Ugh! I hate doctors." Hugo pushed away his plate with a peevish gesture, but drew it smartly back again when the hand of the waiter reached out to possess it.

"I don't think you'd hate this one, Hugo. So kind and devoted. He adores Alice, and she's head over heels in love with him. He's rather well off, too—although that wouldn't have counted with Alice. She's a romantic child. I suppose she gets that trait from—"

No longer could Jean bear the suspense of wondering what Hugo meant by those sentimental references to Alice as his little girl.

"Yes—I was always romantic," he said pensively. "I daresay she does get it from me."

Jean seemed to be swept by a breath of cold air. She looked at her husband, hesitated, then said deliberately: "Hector Gaunt still lives here. We went up to his farm yesterday."

"Does he? By jove, good old Hector! I should like to see him again. Has he changed much?"

"Not a great deal." Mrs. Carnay played with her food for the remainder of the meal.

As far as she could judge, Hugo was sane enough—as sane as he had ever been," according to Christopher Smartle. Had he really forgotten that Alice was Hector Gaunt's daughter? He had never been deceived, never even pretended self-deception when Jean and he were alone. He had rushed her into marriage with him "to save her name," and he had been incredibly good to her and to the little girl he had so generously fathered, but between him and Jean there had never been the ghost of pretence. That was what made it so difficult to labor the point now. Again Jean let it pass.

She really did not know what to say. "You call yourself Mrs. Carnay, don't you? Christopher said he suggested your using the Carnay name, but he didn't tell me you were supposed to be a widow." Hugo went on.

"Well, I shall do my best to remember. I'm Uncle John."

"Balis," she reminded him.

"Yes. I don't think I'll forget. Your brother." He looked at his wife a little wistfully. "I'd rather be your brother than no relation at all. It's kind of you to put up with me, Jean. I won't bother you—or Alice. I'll do whatever you say so long as I may be with you. Just now I'm a little bewildered. I don't seem to be able to find my way about easily. Christopher was very kind, too. He came all the way to Ostend just to see me safely in the train, and he paid a double fare so that I had a wagon-lit all to myself, and he said to me, 'Now you stay right where you are until the very end of the journey.' He even paid to have my meals sent in from the dining-car, and told the conductor to see I did exactly as I was told. I was so afraid you wouldn't meet me, Jean. I got nervous as anything towards the end. What shall I do if she isn't there? I said to myself, 'But I haven't known you'd come. Christopher said it would be all right. And now I think I've had enough lunch. What do we do next?'"

Jean swallowed at a lump in her throat, smiled with a great assumption of cheerfulness, and sent the waiter for a flask.

Hugo allowed her to help him into it. He did not look like a murderer, this dazed, pathetic little man; but he talked a great deal, and his chatter, though detailed, was inconsequential, even frivolous. Knowing what she did about him, it was plain to Jean that his brain was by no means normal.

He talked and she listened, but only half-attentive. Her mind was still busy with the problem of his suddenly assuming that Alice was really his daughter. Suppose it should become necessary to declare the true facts concerning Alice's parentage? What would happen if Hugo Smartle held to this position, he had suddenly taken up?

(To be continued.)

## WOMEN CAN DYE ANY GARMENT, DRAPERY.

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Underwoods for practice purposes. Special rates to students. Also rebuilt Underwoods for sale at moderate prices by the makers.

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## Universities Should be Interested in Music.

Our universities should be particularly interested in the development of musical studies, since they profess to give a liberal education, and since no education can be called liberal which does not provide some place at least for the fine arts.

Of all the fine arts the one which has the widest appeal, and which can be cultivated most readily and most profitably by the ordinary person, is the art of music. It is very unfortunate that since the beginning of public education in Canada there has been a widespread tendency to regard music as an extra, a something which could on occasion be wholly dispensed with without any particular loss to the pupil. Only in very rare instances has music been given a place of equal honor with such subjects as arithmetic, literature and history, and yet there are very strong reasons indeed why such a place should be accorded it.

The need for training in musical appreciation is at the present time particularly urgent, although no sensible person would undervalue the importance of training in musical expression. The present plague of the silly and the primitive in popular music has not come uninvited. We have, as a people, sought it by our persistent neglect of music in its more ennobling and more intelligent forms.

## "Standby" Cakes.

For use with this and other desserts and to serve with tea or at luncheon one may make these attractive "standby" cakes instead of the usual cookies. These get their name because they are the housewife's "standby"—they can be kept on hand always and, instead of getting stale, they improve with age.

Cream three-quarters of a cup of butter and then gradually add a cupful of brown sugar. Beat two eggs well and stir them up. Sift together a cup and a half of flour, a teaspoon of cinnamon, a quarter teaspoon of cloves and half a teaspoon of nutmeg (this last may be omitted if desired), and add these to the other ingredients. Then stir in a cup of seedless raisins and half a cup of chopped nuts.

Place the batter by spoonfuls on shallow greased enameled ware baking pans and bake until brown.

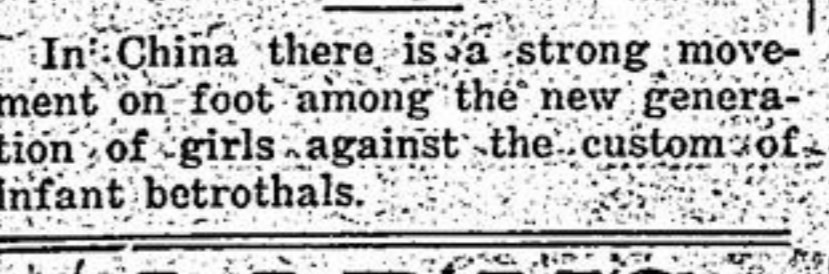
He knocks boldly who brings good news.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

In China there is a strong movement on foot against the custom of infant betrothals.

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## EDDY'S MATCHES

always satisfy the housewife

## IN SOUPS, STEWS,

gravies, savoury dishes, and in hundreds of different ways Oxo beef cubes will make food more tasty and nutritious.

## OXO CUBES

In tins of 4, 10, 50 and 100.

## Potatoes!

The average-sized Canadian family's potato bill is \$25.00 a year. That warrants the use of a special pot. Here it is. The SMP Potato Pot. The ideal thing. Fill with water, through the spout without removing cover. Note how the handle locks the cover on. You can drain off water, leaving potatoes mealy and dry without spilling potatoes or scalding hands. Selling at low prices in hardware and general stores. Note the trade mark on the pot. Be sure you get

## SMP Enameled WARE

Three finishes: Pearl Ware, two coats of pearl grey enamel inside and out. Diamond Ware, three coats, light blue and white outside, white lining. Crystal Ware, three coats, pure white inside and out, with Royal Blue exterior.

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after every meal  
Cleanses mouth and teeth and aids digestion.

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Wrigley's is double value in the benefit and pleasure it provides.



The flavor lasts

She Had Him.  
The bazaar was in full swing when a young man strolled round the stalls. He had no intention of buying anything. As he passed a tastefully decorated stall the pretty saleswoman detained him.

"Won't you buy a cigarette holder?" she asked.

"No, thank you; I don't smoke," was the curt reply.

"Or a penwiper worked by my own hands?"

"I don't write."  
"Then do have this nice box of chocolates."  
"I don't eat sweets."  
The young woman's patience was exhausted.

"Sir," she said, grimly, "will you buy this box of soap?"

"The young man paid up.  
If you make money your god, it will plague you like the devil.

## FREE PIANO PLAYER PIANO GRAMAPHONE

For any Musical Instrument write for booklet of 24 musical records. This will be sent you FREE OF ALL COST and without any obligation on your part. But state plainly the instrument you own. A. Gilbert, 217 St. James St., Toronto. Canada Post Bert Calwell, 199 Yonge St., Toronto.

## Brook Trout for Sale

Brook trout fry (salmo fontinalis) spawned from wild trout, guaranteed healthy and vigorous. For April delivery, \$4 per thousand. P.O. Box 21, Shelburne, Ont. Orders accepted for less than \$500.—Wanted: Brook Trout Hatchery, Formosa's Mills, Dufferin County, Ontario. Shelburne station. L. G. A. Brother, proprietor.