

In the Realm of Women---Some Interesting Features

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LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGone Gibson

The New Home.

When we drew up before the house I could not repress an exclamation of happiness. It was the most beautiful home in town and good back from the street and on a rising knoll of ground—a rambling new house of old English type. We drove under the port-couchere and some one, who evidently had been waiting for us, opened the door.

John's face beamed and I knew that he had made this arrangement. I gave an exclamation of surprise and happiness and told him it was a wonderfully good omen that some one should have opened the great front door as we arrived.

"I am so glad, dear," I said, "that we are to see the new home together."

"So am I," he answered, as he strode forward.

"Come back, John, come back!" I exclaimed.

"What is the matter, dear?"

"Nothing, only you and I must step over the threshold together."

John picked me up in his arms as though to carry me in, and while I knew this to be an expression of appreciation of my idealistic outburst, yet he was taking the masculine view of it; he did not know any other.

"Put me down, John, put me down."

"What is the matter?" he again asked, as he dropped me so suddenly I almost fell.

"Nothing, dear, only I don't want you to carry me in as you would a child or some helpless creature. That is the way men have long done. It is an illustration I know, of man's protection for the one he loves, but I want to walk in beside you dear, your arms about me, of course."

"Nothing, dear, only I don't want to build a home out of this house; that I am part of it as creator, not a bit of creation."

For once John entered into my mood and, throwing his arms about me, we both stepped over the threshold together.

I knew John thought how lovable and sweet and feminine I was in this little idiosyncrasy and, living up to his creed of what I didn't know didn't worry me, he was determining in his own mind never by any possibility to tell me that he had stepped over this same threshold many times with Elizabeth Moreland.

I, however, was not going to let what I did know worry me. I "forgot" completely when I stepped into that great wonderful living room. It was at least forty feet long by thirty feet wide. At one end of it was one of the most exquisite marble fireplaces I have ever seen. I found out afterward that it was a replica of Wordworth's home on the Island of Capri. This room was full of unex-

pected nooks and in the corner was a superb staircase. Above a balcony was a stained glass window, reminding me of the Orient with its many jewel-like bits of glass in metal settings.

"I didn't think it possible that any other person could have any exact idea of what I most wanted in a home of my own," I exclaimed.

"Oh, John, I can just see this room decorated with deadgold paper, a background for my Japanese prints. Over there," I continued, pointing to another corner of the room, "I shall have a black satin covered divan resting on a dais covered with black velvet. Behind it I shall place that striking piece of black and gold brocade that father, mother and I brought from Japan when I was a girl."

"I can see that there are wonderful possibilities in this room, John," I repeated. Then I looked through the doorway into a smaller room.

"This shall be fitted up to form a part of this studio living room and we will draw that magnificent screen, which you admired so much in my mother's house, across this archway when we use it as a dining room."

John looked a little bewildered.

"Aren't you going to have a dining room, dear? I was thinking that your Colonial dining room suit would look about right in it. In fact, I told Elizabeth so the last time we were here. John stopped abruptly and colored. I felt rather the same his furtive glance at me, but I acted as though I had not heard his slip. He went on, in relieved quickness.

"What are you going to do with the dining room set?"

"I am going to leave it in mother's house, John. We shall want to go there summers anyway until Mary is grown, and I would like her to grow up with some idea of that austere Colonial atmosphere. But, John, I have always had a theory that really modern women of the modern house foolishly depend on conventions when they build and furnish a room wholly for eating purposes. When the occupants of the house entertain as much as I expect to, a dining room is superfluous. Why, in these days of efficiency, should we put aside a room to be used only about three hours a day which might be used to much better purposes as far as comfort and expediency are concerned? The usual dining room, my dear, is built to impress the neighbor and not for the pleasure of one's own family. Coffee and conversation in the living room after dinner, and it seems to me that the dining room can be relegated to old styles and obsolete places."

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That luscious taste of the sugar cane in brown sugar, Grandmother knew just how to use it to the best advantage. She used practically nothing else in her baking, the memory of which still lingers!



KITCHEN ECONOMIES

By ISOBEL BRANDS
Of the Applexcraft Experiment Station

Five Ways To Make Green Pickles.

Glass jars or stone crocks are the best containers for pickles. On no account should cheap, glazed earthenware or metal jars be used, as the strong action of the vinegar on the metal may render the contents unfit to eat. Green tomatoes, small cucumbers or "gherkins," make the best pickle, as well as combinations of vegetables like cauliflower, peppers, onions, etc.

Pickled Gherkins.

100 gherkins
1 cupful of salt
2 tablespoonfuls of mixed whole spices
Boiling vinegar of alum

Wash the cucumbers, sprinkle with salt and cover with boiling water. Let stand for 24 hours, then drain. Fill the preserve crock with cucumbers, add the spices, alum and boiling vinegar to fill the jar. Seal and let stand for one week, when it will be ready for use.

Green Tomato Pickle.

1 peck of green tomatoes
1 cupful of salt
2 1/2 pounds of brown sugar
3 quarts of vinegar
2 quarts of water
2 tablespoonfuls of cinnamon
2 tablespoonfuls of allspice
2 tablespoonfuls of mustard seed
2 tablespoonfuls of ginger
2 tablespoonfuls of mustard
2 tablespoonfuls of cloves

Sprinkle the sliced tomatoes with salt and let them stand overnight. In the morning drain and boil with two quarts of water and one quart of vinegar for 15 minutes. Then drain again. Mix with the other ingredients and boil for 15 minutes. Pack in crocks and seal.

Sweet Piccalilli.

3 quarts of green tomatoes
3 quarts of ripe tomatoes
2 red peppers
3 onions
2 quarts of vinegar
1/2 cupful of sugar
4 cupfuls of sugar
1 teaspoonful of cinnamon
1/2 teaspoonful of clove
4 tablespoonfuls of white mustard seed

The quickest method is to run the tomatoes through a cuisinart or food chopper. Sprinkle with salt and let stand overnight. In the morning drain and cook with the other ingredients for 45 minutes.

Chow Chow.

2 quarts small white onions
3 quarts of cucumbers
3 heads of celery
2 heads of cauliflower
4 green peppers
3 quarts of vinegar
2 cupfuls of sugar

1/2 cupful of flour
2 cupfuls of dry mustard
1 teaspoonful of turmeric
1/2 teaspoonful of curry powder
1 cupful of salt

Run the various vegetables through a food chopper, using the coarse knife, sprinkle with salt and let them stand for 24 hours. Heat in this brine until the boiling point is reached, then remove from stove and let drain quite dry. Rub together the various dry ingredients and gradually mix with boiling vinegar. Pour over the chopped vegetables, place in crocks and seal.

Pepper Pickle.

6 green peppers
6 red peppers
6 onions
1 small cabbage
1 quart vinegar
1 cupful of brown sugar
2 tablespoonfuls of salt
2 tablespoonfuls mustard seed

Remove the seeds from the peppers and chop with the other ingredients. Place in a cheese cloth bag and scald with boiling water, then drain dry. Heat the vinegar with spices and pour over the vegetables, then bring to boiling point.

Twelve students from Colborne High School wrote on the lower school Part 1, entrance to normal examinations, and all were successful. Four obtained honors.

Ernest Trudeau, Montreal, died on July 15th, aged twenty-two years. He suffered from tuberculosis. His former home was Tweed.



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KEELERVILLE ACCIDENT.

J. E. Anglin Fractured Wrist While Unloading Hay.

Keelerville July 27.—J. E. Anglin met with an accident last week while unloading hay. The trip-rope was broken and he fell on the ground and fractured his wrist.

John Robb has returned from a pleasant trip to Niagara Falls, attending a gathering of the Free Masons. Quite a number from here attended the horse races at Kingston Monday. Thomas Freeman is drawing wood to Battersea cheese factory from David Sleeth's. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Williams, a baby girl, and to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Yateman, a boy. Miss Susie and Mamie Sleeth spent Tuesday at Donald Sleeth's, Cedar Lake. David Sleeth spent Sunday at Charles Sleeth's, Round Lake. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sleeth last week. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, of Milburn, visited recently at James Boal's. H. Richard and brother, of London, England, arrived here yesterday and are at William Dixon's.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Darrah and Mrs. Saunders and daughter, of Kingston, accompanied by J. E. Anglin, spent yesterday fishing on Horse Shoe Lake. Miss Mossie Hanley, of Ida Hill, is visiting at David Sleeth's. Isaac Melroy made a business trip to Lyndhurst last week. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tighe and family motored to Lyndhurst recently. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Anglin and little daughter, Wilma, of Battersea, and Miss Olive Todd, of Kingston, spent Sunday at J. E. Anglin's.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Clark and family, of Lake, spent a day recently at John Robb's. Reuben Clark and family, of Milburn, spent a day last week fishing on Horse Shoe Lake. A number of American tourists from Battersea, spent a few days last week fishing on Horse Shoe Lake. Mrs. E. Andrews and Miss Susie Sleeth visited friends at Delta recently.

Mrs. Anne LaBarge passed away last Saturday at her home a few miles north of Tweed. In 1879 she married Charles LaBarge, of Hungerford, who predeceased her several years. Mrs. LaBarge lived to the age of eighty-one years.

Mrs. Ella Jane Merriman, widow of the late John S. Black, Sterling, and daughter of the late James Monroe Merriman, collector of customs, of Colborne, Ont., passed away in Toronto, in her seventy-third year.

At the Methodist church parsonage, Brockville, Friday evening, Rev. G. McCall united in marriage Miss Helen Minnola Clow, Tin Cap, to Harold Stanley Moorehouse, Glen Buell.



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The employees at Beatty's factory, Pembroke, have presented Harry J. Coombs recently married in Renfrew with a handsome clock as a wedding present.

The death occurred Monday at her home in West Templeton, Ont., of Mrs. C. W. Barber, aged seventy-nine years. The late Mrs. Barber was born at Lansdowne, Ont.

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