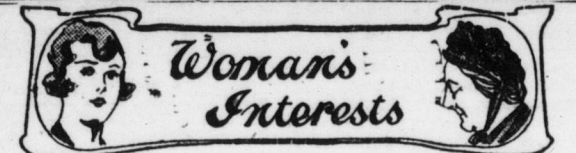


# Your Guarantee is the name "SALADA"

It insures tea that is fresh, fragrant and pure — Try it.



## CATERING TO COMPANY.

A housewife was once asked how she managed to do so much entertaining without apparent effort. "I give company whatever I have," she replied, "with lots of hospitality."

The country housewife who understands the use of what she has is most likely to make visiting enjoyable for herself as well as for her guests. No woman who has not lived in the fresh country fare may be a treat to city is likely to realize what a treat fresh country fare may be. The common, everyday dishes of one neighborhood are rarities to the visitor from another. If you don't know your guests' tastes, try to find them out. Nothing pleases a visitor more than to have you remember his likes and dislikes.

The most successful breakfast that I ever served consisted of fruit, buttermilk pancakes, maple syrup, homemade sausage and coffee. That I knew our guest's appetite for pancakes.

You're not likely to serve chicken too often. Broilers and fried chicken are quickly prepared and sure to be appreciated. A delicious chicken pie can be served on an hour's notice if you boil and bone your fowl the day before. Biscuits with honey or warm maple sugar and cottage cheese are a popular offering at suppers.

When the supply of asparagus is limited serve it in cream soup or on toast, where a few stalks go a long way. If there aren't enough peas to go round alone, stir them into the mashed potato. This makes a delicious combination, especially to serve with chops or cutlets. Peas and carrots, covered with cream sauce, are another successful partnership. Heat a can of tomatoes, add gelatin to stiffen and mold in cups or individual molds. Served with salad dressing it is a delicious accompaniment to roast chicken or any other meat.

Canned strawberries make an appetizing shortcake when fresh berries are not in season, especially if served with whipped cream. If the supply of any kind of fruit for a shortcake is limited, use jelly for the filling and put the fruit on top. Crab-apple jelly with strawberries, currant jelly with raspberries and raspberry jelly with blackberries are a few delectable combinations.

Ice cream and sherbets are easily prepared. For an ice cream foundation use one and a quarter cups of sugar and a junket tablet for every quart of milk. When the milk has jelled, add whipped cream and flavoring to taste, and freeze as usual. Fruit ice creams call for a little more sugar and cream than plain ones. If chocolate ice cream is desired melt the chocolate in a bowl over the kettle, add a cupful of the sugar called for, stir to a smooth paste with a little boiling water, add to the whipped cream and pour over the jelled milk.

To the juice from a can of cherries add gelatin to stiffen, dissolved in a little boiling water. Pour into individual molds and add the cherries, which will thus be distributed throughout the jelly. Served with whipped cream and cake or cookies it makes a dessert to please the most critical guest.

## WHEN PARTY SLIPPERS HIDE AWAY.

Have you seen those quaint crocheted shoe pockets, reminiscent of great-grandmother's day, in which party slippers hide away when not in use? Just ordinary twine of good quality and of medium weight is used to fashion these conveniences, and one's knowledge of crocheting need not extend beyond the most simple of stitches.

Merely crochet a chain of seventy-two stitches, holding the twine loosely. On the second row throw the twine once over the crochet needle and insert in every other stitch, continuing to make this honeycomb pattern until thirty rows of thirty-six stitches each have been completed. Break the twine and join these two edges together with stout cotton thread. Likewise join one of the two other edges,

**"Don't get tired—  
drink  
Bovril"**

# "When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

## CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)

When her sweetheart had gone Alice asked: "Mumsey, have I ever heard of Uncle John?"

Mrs. Carnay was very busy setting the room to rights for the night. Sometimes the guest impression of being a rather fussy little woman. She opened the windows to the balcony and carried out a couple of vases of flowers.

"What's that?" she asked over her shoulder.

Alice varied the form of her question. "I don't seem ever to have heard of Uncle John," she said.

"Perhaps not," her mother agreed. "As a family we've never clung together very much."

"But how did he find out where we were?"

"Oh, he saw your cousin Christopher recently," Mrs. Carnay replied. And Christopher happened to mention that we were on the Italian Riviera. He's coming by the train de luxe. That gets in a little earlier than the one we came by."

"Do you really want to meet him alone?" Alice asked. "Or is it that you just don't want Philip?" Because I could come with you. Philip would understand—"

"Oh, no, dear—I'd much rather meet him alone," Mrs. Carnay replied. "As I said, he's been ill—in a nursing home, Christopher said—and he's bound to be a bit odd and cranky. Of course, he may not want to stop over here—"

"I should like to see him," Alice mused a little wistfully. "I don't mind a bit how cranky he is. It was so nice meeting Mr. Gaunt, Mumsey. Dear me, it does seem as though Bordighera is full of people we—we know and—"

"There's Philip and Mr. Gaunt, and now your brother and Mr. Gaunt, rather love it, Mumsey. It's so nice to have friends and—people one truly cares for."

Mrs. Carnay set out the last of the flower jars and took an opportunity to inspect the night before coming in. She didn't want Alice to see there were tears in her eyes. Poor Alice! Yes, it had been a lonely life for a young girl. But now Alice was going to be married and all that would be changed.

"You liked Mr. Gaunt?" Jean called out from the balcony.

"I simply adored him," Alice replied. "Mumsey, you won't be angry if I say something?"

"Good gracious, no! But I think I know what it is," she laughed unsteadily. "You're going to say that dear old Hector Gaunt is in love with me—or was."

"Yes, he is, Mumsey—but I was going to say worse than that. Perhaps you will be angry. I think you're just a wee bit in love with him."

Mrs. Carnay laughed again: a little too boisterously this time. "How ridiculous you are, my pet! Just because you're in love yourself you imagine you can ask the world to take sides soberly. Well, it's true enough. I was in love with him years ago."

"And then you met poor daddy and got over caring for Mr. Gaunt?" Alice signed.

"Something like that," said her mother. Here was Alice again trying to lead her out of her depth, but she resisted stubbornly.

"I suppose he's a widower," Alice mused. "He doesn't look like an old bachelor."

"I believe he is a widower," Jean agreed, adding with grim humor—"if his wife is dead."

"Was she living when you first met him?"

(Oh, Alice, what a tiresome young woman you are!) "Yes, she was."

"Living with him here? Did you know her?"

"No—I never saw her. They had separated, I believe."

"And he couldn't marry you because he already had a wife? I don't know what I should do if I suddenly learned that Philip was married."

"How did you know I—I learned suddenly that Mr. Gaunt was married?"

In spite of her best efforts to resist, poor Mrs. Carnay had been led into to see again and was bounding heavily.

"But it must have been that way," Alice said quietly. "Otherwise, he would never have given you up—or you, him. I think it was a mistake, Mumsey. You oughtn't to have married daddy when you and Mr. Gaunt cared so much for each other."

"Really?" Jean gasped. "I don't think I understand the girls of today. Where do you get such curious ideas, Alice?"

"But, Mumsey dear, it's just common sense. However, I don't suppose I should have been here if you hadn't married daddy, and I'm glad I'm here."

Mrs. Carnay sighed deeply, and it was a sigh of relief. Thank heaven, Alice's deadly line of deduction had ended short of the whole truth. Yet it seemed to Mrs. Carnay, now, that her sacrifice had been in vain. Perhaps Alice wouldn't have minded being the acknowledged child of Hector Augustus Gaunt. Truly the modern girl was a strange creature.

But one could not alter the matter now.

Jean Carnay slept better that night than she had expected. Little things could excite and fluster her, but she had always managed to meet a crisis with calm dignity. As Hugo's train was due somewhere around noon she decided to go early to Ventimiglia and spare her of an unprofitable morning hanging around with nothing much to

do but watch the clock. Besides, she wanted to get away from Alice's searching questions. No, she said, she and "Uncle John" wouldn't be back for lunch. There was always the chance that he might not wish to alter his plans, in which case they would have to lunch in Ventimiglia, so it was better to arrange it that way, anyway.

So with a slightly guilty feeling the little woman watched her opportunity and slipped away while Alice and Philip had, so to speak, turned their backs for a moment. She walked halfway down the Strada Romana before taking a turning towards the sea, boarding the tram on the out skirts of the town instead of, as was usual, in front of the English Stores, and by this ruse unwittingly dodged for a second time a meeting with a woman the sight of whom would have changed every plan she had made, and sent her flying to the very ends of the earth. As Mrs. Carnay hurried along the Strada Romana, up the Rue Regina Elena came Carrie Egan's monstrous car with its owner at the wheel.

They missed each other by a matter of seconds, and while in the flash past Mrs. Egan might neither have seen nor recognized Mrs. Carnay, the latter would certainly have noticed the striking-looking woman whom Hugo Smarke had widowed.

"Oh, no, dear—I'd much rather meet him alone," Mrs. Carnay replied. "As I said, he's been ill—in a nursing home, Christopher said—and he's bound to be a bit odd and cranky. Of course, he may not want to stop over here—"

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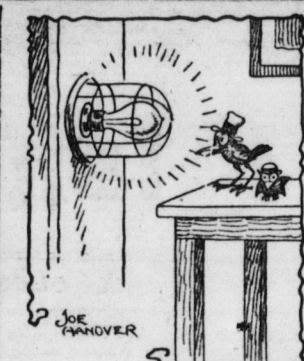
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Perhaps. "Hey, Bill, I wonder why they put a muzzle on that thing?" "Dunno. Guess they think it will bite!"

## Mutton and Macaroni.

When the cold mutton has lasted so long that the housewife dreads putting it again before her family, let her try it under this guise. Cut the cold meat into cubes. To two cups of meat have one cup of cooked macaroni, two cups of tomato sauce, one cup of cracker crumbs, two tablespoonsful of butter, salt and pepper. In a well buttered enamelled ware bake dish put a layer of macaroni, bread crumbs and tomato sauce, then a layer of mutton with bits of butter, pepper and salt. Alternate until the pan is filled. Sprinkle bread crumbs on top with enough extra butter to brown them. Serve in the dish in which it is cooked.

## An Exquisite Reason.

Mr. Boggs, the butcher, was a jovial soul. As he was cutting up an order of lamb chops for a lady customer the lady asked curiously: "Mr. Boggs, what led you to choose your present occupation?"

"Well, I don't really know, ma'am," said Boggs thoughtfully. "Maybe it was because I have always been fond of animals."

The United States of America is the most neuritic country in the world, with Britain a close second, according to a well-known doctor.

## Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Eton, England's leading public school, has a waiting list of pupils long enough to fill it till 1934.

## A Thousand Cooking Uses.

For soups, sauces, gravies, savoury dishes, meat jellies, beef tea, and restoring the flavor to left over dishes.

## OXO CUBES

In tins of 4, 10, 50 and 100.



## After Dishwashing! CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM

is simply wonderful for keeping the hands beautifully white and soft and smooth. Positively prevents redness and chapping. Use it at once after washing dishes, and note the improvement of your hands.

Keep a bottle handy by the kitchen sink

## What Does This Trade Mark Mean?

You will see this shield-shaped trade mark in hardware stores everywhere. You won't see it on cheap, inferior goods. It goes only on household utensils of the highest quality, yet selling at moderate prices, because of the tremendous quantities sold each year.

Choose cooking and baking utensils that carry this trade mark. Choose SMP Enamelled Ware, with its very hard, smooth surface. Heats faster, cleans easier, imparts no metallic flavor, causes no dangerous acid re-actions. Ask for

## SMP Enamelled WARE

Three finishes: Pearl Ware, two coats of pearly-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 edging.

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MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR DANDRUFF.

# WRIGLEYS

After Every Meal

It's the longest-lasting confection you can buy—and it's a help to digestion and a cleanser for the mouth and teeth.

Wrigley's means benefit as well as pleasure.

Sealed in its Purify Package

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM

Canned Romance.

Mary had a little can. She filled it full of jam. She opened it for Samson Stikes—And now she's Mrs. Sam.

Where Ignorance is Painful.

Old Lady—"I believe in post mortems. It is awful not to know what you have died of!"

## 5-Room ALADDIN 798

6-Room ALADDIN 898

7-Room ALADDIN 1337

7-Room ALADDIN 1367

7-Room ALADDIN 1612

12-Room ALADDIN 2391

The Canadian Aladdin Co., Limited.

Aladdin Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

## EDDY'S MATCHES

Remember to ask for Eddy's when you order matches

ON SALE EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

# ROMANTIC MOOR BRITAIN'S MOST

Though not the biggest, or, in some respects, the most beautiful of the English moors, the great and historic region in central Devon which goes under the name of Dartmoor is certainly the best known, the most famous, and the most romantic.

The towns which lie on its edge—Tavistock in the west, Okehampton in the north, Hovey Tracey in the east, and Ivybridge in the south—are very interesting and delightful as holiday centres. But it is the great moor itself which allures, charms, mystifies, and enslaves the thousands of visitors who come year after year to see it, to breathe its clean, health-giving air, to enjoy its wide expanses of heather and brake, and to try to understand the magic and the mystery of its allurements.

The surprisingly large number of interesting churches on or near the moor, the fascination of the famous prison at Princetown, the little single railway line from Yelverton, with its one coach, and the magnificent views of Devonshire available from the carriage windows, the deep valleys, huge tors, moorland recesses, kindly natives and curious customs, all tend to attract more and more people every summer.

## Menace in Winter.

But in winter what a different story is to be told. Then Yes Tor and all its scores of rivals are hiding their heads in cloud and mist; the rocky sills, with its enormous masses of dead bracken and heather, becomes a terrible area of bog, deceptive marsh, and fatal foothold. Even the two or three main roads crossing the moor are best avoided by all but those thoroughly acquainted with their windings and changes. The moor is then a veritable deathtrap, unless you have known it and its depths for years.

Even in summer, on a warm day, the air up at Princetown, nearly 1,500 ft. above sea level, is sharp and cool. What it feels like up there when a winter gale is raging you may easily guess.

There are few lonely parts of England which have been more frequently described in literature. Edith Phillips has made it almost his own; Thomas Hardy, in more than one of his famous novels, has dealt with its people and scenes. And among Devon's own sons, the late Rev. B. Barling-Gould, Robert Herrick, and Charles Kingsley have sung its praises and described its charms in both prose and poetry.

There is something mystic, something magical, something grand and alluring about Dartmoor which seems to be missing from most of the other great moorlands of England. And this remark applies equally to the people as to the moor itself.

To its natives, fairies, elves, and spirits are still real things. Tradition, legend and superstition still play a great part in their lives. They call their home "Dart-moor," and speak of it as if it were a living thing. Perhaps it is!

## The Royal Peacock.

The distinguishing characteristics of the peacock are the crest or aigrette on the top of the head, and the peculiar structure of the tail covert feathers. The peacock's train, when erect, forms a fan of the most splendid hues.

When pleased, or in sight of his females, every movement is full of dignity—he bends his head and neck nobly back, his step is slow and solemn, and he turns slowly and gracefully around, murmuring a hollow sound. At other times, his cry, which is often repeated, is very disagreeable.

Peafowls have a very wild disposition, and as a rule roost on trees, or on the very top ridge of a roof, to which they easily fly. The hen hides her nest with the greatest of care, and ordinarily lays from five to nine eggs. The eggs incubate in about thirty days.

Not more than three or four hens should be given to a male. Common hens make poor mothers, as they are apt to leave the young before they are able to endure the night air.

They are fed and cared for like turkeys, and must be let out on the grass during dry weather. In general, the food is also similar to that of turkeys. They crave animal food, and worms, insects or raw meat cut fine must be in their ration.

The peacock does not secure his full beauty until he is two years old, and he is at his best when from four to six years. Peacocks are long-lived, and have been known to live for twenty-five years.

## Curious Monument at Dorset.

A very curious monument is that set up at a place called Swanage, in the County of Dorset, England. This consists of a huge stone globe of the world, measuring ten feet in diameter and having a weight of forty tons. On its surface the outlines of the continents and oceans are shown, the latter in light relief. Carved into the stone are lines representing the meridians of longitude, the parallels of latitude, the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn, the equator and the Arctic and Antarctic.

London's Zoo was visited last year by 1,613,125 people; this is a record.