

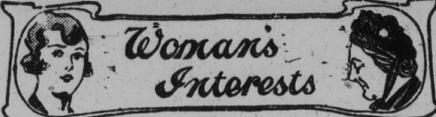
When Exposed to Air

tea loses its freshness and flavor.

"SALADA"

TEA. 2551

For that reason is never sold in bulk.



OUR INDOOR TOILET.

The most annoying feature for women who live in the country, is the evil-smelling, unsanitary (and that means disease-breeding) outdoor toilet. Where there are small children, it is especially inconvenient in winter. And it is horrible and unhealthy, for many reasons, winter and summer.

We have overcome this annoyance by installing a standard flush toilet without the prohibitive cost of a water system. We expect to have the latter soon but we have had the use of the toilet for three years, while waiting for the more expensive equipment, which can be added without the loss of the equipment already in place.

Money was very scarce with us when we made the venture but we achieved the apparently impossible by following this plan:

Our small income was budgeted and after carefully considering the various expenses, we found that by extra economy in some items, for a period of three months, we could save one-half of the cost of the toilet. We determined to make our little garden yield a surplus which we could sell and thus raise the remaining half.

Here is a record of actual produce raised and sold from our kitchen garden. We planted extra seed of the vegetables demanded in our locality and matured everything very early, getting the top prices.

3 bushels string beans	\$7.50
2 bushels very early harvest apples	4.00
10 bushels plums	8.50
Cucumber pickles	5.00
5 bushels tomatoes	5.00
12 doz. ears Golden Bantam corn	3.00

For three months we put every penny saved in any way from our income together with the garden money in a special box and then had enough for installation of toilet and building of septic tank.

We flush the toilet in the usual manner, filling the box by pails of water from the well. We keep two extra pails filled with water in the toilet recess. There is no odor and perfect satisfaction.

A concrete septic tank outside the house disposes of all sewage. Let every woman insist upon the abolition of the disease-breeding outdoor toilet. It can be done.—Mrs. B. B. G.

LAMPS THAT WON'T SMOKE.

Every farm housewife knows how hard it is to keep kerosene lamps from smoking. An ounce of prevention saves much work.

When the lamp smokes it is wasting fuel. Therefore, the first secret of a well-burning kerosene lamp is to have clean oil in the lamp. It should never be mixed with other oils or have dirt in it. Fill the bowl each day as the lamp is used to within half an inch of the top of the bowl. A full bowl also makes for a safe lamp. Have the chimney fit the holder. Keep the wick well trimmed and even. In addition, see that it entirely fills the opening through the burner.

This prevents the fire from burning back down the burner and igniting the oil in the bowl. Keep the charred part of the wick brushed off even with the top of the slit in the burner. A burnt match is useful for this purpose.—Hazel Blair.

WASHING A SWEATER.

In washing a sweater, put it in a small pillow slip, squeeze it in a lather of good soap, rinse in three waters, each time squeezing the water out. Never wring; shake well and hang on the line in the bag until dry, just giving it an occasional shake. The result will be a clean, fluffy garment that will not sag or stretch out of shape, results that too often follow our efforts to restore to their original freshness these comfortable and popular articles of dress.

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If interested in Sporting and Athletic Supplies, or in Motorcycles, advise us, when Catalogue and Prices on these goods will be mailed.

ing it an occasional shake. The result will be a clean, fluffy garment that will not sag or stretch out of shape, results that too often follow our efforts to restore to their original freshness these comfortable and popular articles of dress.

USE BRAN FOR HEALTH.

Fig Raisin Pudding—3 c. fig pulp, 1 c. seedless raisins, 1 lemon (grated, rind and juice), ½ tsp. salt, ½ c. flour, ½ c. bran, ½ c. sugar, 1½ c. water.

Wash and drain dried figs then run through the food chopper. Simmer until tender with the water, sugar, raisins, salt and bran. Add the other ingredients—after making the flour into a paste with a little water—let boil two or three minutes and pour into individual molds. Serve cold with whipped or plain sweetened cream.

Bran Broken Bread—1 c. bran, 1 c. sour milk, ½ c. raisins, 1 tsp. molasses, ½ c. sugar, 1 c. flour, 1 tsp. soda, ¼ tsp. salt.

Mix together bran, sour milk and raisins. Add molasses, sugar, and flour which have been sifted with the soda and salt. Put the mixture into a greased can; cover tightly and steam for three hours.

Bran Griddle Cakes—1 c. bran, 1 c. flour, 1 tsp. sugar, 2 tsp. baking powder, ½ tsp. salt, 1 egg, 1½ c. milk, 1 tsp. melted shortening.

Mix and sift flour, sugar, baking powder, salt; add bran. Combine egg with milk and add to the dry ingredients. Add melted shortening. Beat thoroughly and bake on a hot griddle.

Bran Muffins—2 tbs. shortening, ¼ c. sugar, 1 egg, 1 c. sour milk, 1 c. bran, 1 c. flour, ½ tsp. soda, ¼ tsp. salt.

Cream shortening and sugar together, add egg. Mix and sift flour, soda, and salt. To the creamed mixture add bran, then milk, alternately with sifted dry ingredients. Pour into greased muffin tins and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. Fahrenheit) for 20 minutes. This should make 12 large muffins. If sweet milk is used instead of sour replace the ¼ tsp. of soda with 2 tsps. of baking powder. Raisins or dates may be added to the muffins as desired.



A "NATTY" SUIT FOR THE SMALL BOY.

4694. Pongee, linen, kindergarten cloth, gingham and seersucker are good materials for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size requires 8¼ yards of 27-inch material. To make collar, cuffs, belt and pocket of contrasting material as illustrated, will require ¼ yard 36 inches wide.

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.

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Spring & Summer 1924 Book of Fashions.

A CORNER FOR THE BOYS.
The corner of our large living room is given over to the two young boys of the family, who are interested in music. In this way they feel that they have a real part in the home and are not crowded out.

OUR SALT SHAKERS.

A piece of gummed paper over the hole in the bottom of your salt shaker does the work as effectually as a cork, and it does away with the necessity of searching for one of the right size. If no gummed paper is at hand use the flap of an envelope and a bit of mullage.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd.)

Alice, not being entirely a fool, caught glimpses of what lay behind the tattered curtain which had been drawn for her deception. Here and there she saw a fragment of something which was very ugly. The horror of it made her weak with fear and shame.

Hugo—that had been her father's name, but her father was supposed to have died—how long ago? As many years or thereabouts as Uncle John had possessed his old hat. His rambling talk of the early morning began to have some meaning for her. Was this strange old man her father? And if so, where had he been this long time? In that Place? Had he been in prison by any chance?

And it seemed to her that Philip knew perhaps even more than she herself feared to guess. Her mother, she could see, was half wild with apprehension. "Oh, yes—a very good idea to lunch quietly—yes, a very good idea indeed," the distressed little woman kept repeating. "Then afterwards we could go at once to look at this place I've found. It's called the Villa Charmil. Isn't that a pretty name? Mr. Gaunt says he will get me a servant. Wouldn't it be jolly if you could think we could? What do you think, Philip?"

"I should advise it—by all means," Ardeyne replied. "There was a professional note in his voice that made Alice wince, but Jean was too upset to notice anything."

An hour later, lunch being over, they went to inspect the Villa Charmil, and found Hector Gaunt there, faithful Mary, and an Italian girl he had discovered somewhere. The latter's name, he informed Jean, was Louise, and she was a good cook and laundress.

With shirt sleeves rolled to the elbows, and his grey flannel shirt tucked negligently into belted trousers, had started to wash the windows. His mule was tethered in the tiny strip of terraced garden, and in the uncovered corridor he had unloaded a choice supply of provisions—a couple of chickens, vegetables, flowers, butter, eggs, a flagon of olive oil, and a small cask of wine—all the produce of his own farm. He had taken it very much to his heart that the Villa Charmil had been a success, and had made all the necessary arrangements for her.

She, poor woman, almost wept in her gratitude. It was such a novelty to her to see a man who had once so scornfully believed in this good fortune.

Maria had built fires and was very busy airing the beds and linen. Gaunt had already made out a list of what he considered necessary for the way of groceries and other things and had despatched his boy, Carlo, into the village for them.

It suddenly occurred to Mrs. Carnay that for fifteen years she had never enjoyed what might be called a home of her own. True, the Villa Charmil was only a rented home, sparsely filled with the rather poor sticks of furniture deemed sufficient by a parsimonious landlord, but in her eyes it was her own. True, she could see how, with a touch here and there, with flowers and cushions and furniture covers, it could be made a very haven of joy.

Gaunt had come out to the gate to greet them and explain his own presence on the premises, and it was thus that Hugo Smarke and he met for the first time since Jean's curious marriage. The last occasion had been here in this very town in the old Villa Taina, something more than a good stone's throw distant.

Poor Hugo looked an awe-stricken, shriveled little creature surrendering his hand to the big paw of Hector Augustus Gaunt. It seemed as though the sheer bulk of Gaunt gave him moral ascendancy over Jean's husband. There were no protests from Hugo that he didn't want to be cut off from the pleasures of hotel life and immured behind the pink walls of this little tucked-away house.

Gaunt, behaving rather as though it were his own place, showed them around. The long windows of the salon opened upon the balconies overlooking the sea, but directly overhanging the railway line, although these were invisible by reason of the thick growth of palms and olives which covered the steeply terraced slopes. The Villa Charmil seemed somehow to hang mysteriously between sky and sea, upheld only by the feathery tops of the palms.

Hugo, promised his meals in the arbor, took heart of grace and recovered from his fit of overwrought despondency. Almost immediately he attached himself to Hector Gaunt and begged to be allowed to wash windows. The favor being granted he was left to wash them alone—which wasn't quite what he wanted—while Gaunt discussed the various household arrangements with Jean. Alice and Ardeyne went back to the hotel to pack up the Carnays' and Hugo's clothes, and also give this rather sudden notice that the suite would no longer be required.

Hector Gaunt and Jean sat in the arbor with the stone table between them, Jean, with her bag tumbling out a heterogeneous mass of soiled Italian notes, and a stub of pencil jangling memoranda on the various expenditures.

There was the month's rent, for which Gaunt had settled in advance,

and the money he had given Carlo for the groceries, and what Jean felt he ought to give Maria for her share in the labor and—oh, any amount of other items. Their voices rose in altercation and reached Hugo.

In imitation of Gaunt, Hugo had stripped off his own coat and rolled up his sleeves, but he still stuck to his new hat. He peered out furtively, pretending to be wringing the water from the grey strip of towelling he had been washing the windows with, and then bobbed back again when he thought himself in danger of being discovered.

Gaunt saw him and called out: "Tell Maria to bring us some beer!" Hugo disappeared like a jack-in-the-box and a few minutes later came back with a tray.

"I brought it myself," he said. He set it down, looked at them all the while, and was edging off again, when Gaunt—still quarrelling with Jean about money—interrupted himself to invite Hugo to join them. "But fetch another glass for yourself," he said. "You've only brought two."

Hugo bounded off like a happy puppy, and the extra glass was duly procured. Gaunt poured out the beer, foaming, light stuff, deliciously cold, and Hugo settled himself as near as he could get to the big man. There was something pathetic in the pale, near-sighted eyes that dwelt upon the careless Gaunt. One understood then, how in his day of great adventures—and very likely still—Hector Augustus Gaunt had been a master of men, a leader whose lightest desire was as a law to his adoring followers. Hugo Smarke had once followed this big fellow through the trackless waste of uncharted seas; that past, persistent gaze went back to the day when there had been no Jean Carnay, no tame Italian Riviera on their maps; a time when life's course was marked by the stars and life itself was full to the brim with the romance which included not the name of woman.

Mad Hugo's gallantry in marriage may have been actuated by a double motive, the second—though perhaps not the lesser—his great admiration for Hector Augustus Gaunt. Such a motive might be difficult to account for and trace from its obscure beginnings to its even more obscure fulfilment, but undoubtedly it could exist in the complex psychology of a Hugo Smarke. Yet adoration may be a little mixed with jealousy. Hugo sat half-enviously at the feet of his idol, and Hugo's psychology included many things besides self-abnegation. It included, for one item, a desire to be great himself.

He now interfered in the financial discussion, at first timidly, then—being tolerated—with some decisiveness, taking Jean's part. "Hector, we can't—my wife and I—accept charity from you. It's very kind of you. We do appreciate it. Don't we, Jean? We're frightfully grateful for all you've done, but we can't accept charity. And there's no need for us to do so. Did I tell you about meeting Carrie Egan? She owes me pots of money, and she promised to pay it. In a few days we'll be rolling in wealth."

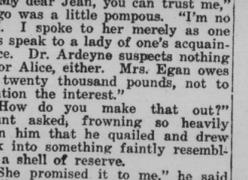
Jean turned upon Hugo, puzzled and annoyed. "Hugo, what can you mean about Mrs. Egan owing you money? And how could you speak to her? In front of Alice and Dr. Ardeyne, too. You give me your solemn word of honor—"

"My dear Jean, you can trust me," Hugo was a little pompous. "I'm no fool. I spoke to her merely as one does speak to a lady of one's acquaintance. Dr. Ardeyne suspects nothing—nor Alice, either. Mrs. Egan owes me twenty thousand pounds, not to mention the interest."

"How do you make that out?" Gaunt asked, frowning so heavily upon him that he quailed, and drew back into something faintly resembling a shell of reserve.

"She promised it to me," he said sulkily. "But Hugo, for what?" Jean demanded. "Tony Egan left no money, you know. Your financial venture had failed. Don't you remember, Hugo?" She averted her eyes, shivering a little. "It was over that. . . . you quarrelled. Tony's having done something queer with your share of the money."

(To be continued.)



Could She Answer That?
Farmer—"Mother, that boy of ours ain't doin' nothin' at college but foolin' round with the girls."
Wife—"Oh, I think not, Hiram—he's a-workin' hard."
Farmer—"A-workin' hard, eh? Then what you make of this here Alma Mater he's allus writin' 'bout he loves so much?"

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Friendly Stiles of England.

The stiles begin to exercise their old charm when the time for country wandering arrives. They appeal to you now. They are irresistibly friendly. They would not try to make it easy for you to pass to the other side of the hedge did you need to go further, like a trespasser, looking this way and that, writes P. W. D. I., in "The London Daily Mail."

Wherever there are stiles they are friendly. They differ much in form, from the rude steps on the fern and foxglove walls of Cornwall to the ornate and fashioned into stepping ways amid the briars and brambles of Norfolk hedges.

They mark the short cuts to rest as well as work. They are crossed for gallantry no less than dispatch. It is the loiterers' season that is starting now. The lure of the field paths is strong. There will be wanderers alone and wanderers in threes and fours, but perhaps as often as all others there will be wanderers in twos, tramping from stile to stile till they find one more friendly than the rest—a lovers' seat.

Summer comes, with billows of leaves and surge of flowers, with unceasing drone of insects in the sunny air. The quiet woodside that the little path hugs is grown bosky; the back in the hollow thickets over its pebbles beneath the plank bridge and then is lost in a forest of willow herb; the corn is grown so high that children crossing the fields are seen only as they top the stiles; and every stile is deeper set, so have the luscious brambles pread their long arms around and all the hedge-row plants given themselves to abandon. The lovers must sit closer.

And then will the small meadow-brown butterflies disport around these spots from morn to eve. We call them gatekeepers, because they haunt the field gateways with wink of eyes and wings and airy dancing. They keep a stile as gleefully.

A Few Chuckles from Ireland.

Many good things have come from Ireland, not the least of which are its characteristic mirth-provoking jokes and anecdotes. Of recent years, alas! the people have had little enough cause for light-heartedness; and yet, as Miss E. Somerville points out in her memoirs, there are still in Ireland some to make jokes and others to laugh at them.

A man with authority, she writes, came upon one of his workmen who was clearing a water course; two other workmen were standing near by, watching him do it.

"Well, boys," he said, "this is what we always see in Ireland! One man working, and two more looking on!"

"There's three of them now, sir!" said one of the lookers-on politely.

And the old people can still laugh at themselves, which is perhaps the touchstone of humor, especially the old women, who regard the world and its needs and follies as from another plane, having never had time or folles and having outlived all needs except a pinch of tea and a pair of 'n' boots. I who, dying, said gaily:

"Sure, three inches of a coffin'll do me! 'Look, I says to them, 'make the coffin a small sign too big, the way the people'll think the womanen in inside in it wasn't all out so little as what she was!'"

And consider the two old "nurses" at Ross, one of whom was acting as butler and housemaid, and the other as cook and yard boy; each, conscious of her own absurdity, would describe herself and her companion as, "Me an' the other owd halloo!"



We Know.
Bug—"How are things going?"
Appleworm—"Not so good. The landlord has just raised our rent to forty apple seeds a month!"

Let us build altars to the Blessed Unity which holds nature and soul in perfect solution and compels every atom to serve an universal end. Let us build to the beautiful Necessity which rudely or softly educates him to the perception that there are no contingencies; that law rules throughout existence; a Law which is not intelligence; not personal or impersonal—it disdains words and passes understanding; it dissolves persons; it vivifies nature; yet solicits the pure in heart to draw on all its omnipotence.—Emerson.

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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.



Nature's Night-Lights.

What is the most efficient light in the world?
Some people might vote at once for the "last word" of science in artificial illumination, but they would be wrong. The most efficient light known to us was known in the days of pine torches and rushlights. It is that with which Nature has endowed the glow-worm and the firefly.

Science has so far failed to solve the problem of the production of light without heat—a problem which seems to have given Dame Nature no difficulty. In an artificial light production an enormous amount of energy is lost in the form of heat rays and chemical rays.

Thus a four-watt carbon glow lamp, has a luminous efficiency of less than a half per cent, and the most perfect artificial illuminant has an efficiency of only four per cent.

Science here compares badly with Nature, for the luminous efficiency of the firefly is no less than 99.5 per cent, whilst the glow-worm's light is eighty times more efficient than a tungsten lamp.

Love is the only fire that is enough to melt the iron obstinacy of a creature's will.

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