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So delicious! Try it today.



LET THEM FIDGET.

Among the minor worries of parents is the fidgety child. To-day, in thousands of homes, thousands are parents must have enjoyed thousands of children not to fidget!

Ought children to fidget? The reply of the majority would certainly be in the negative. Children should learn to sit still. To fidget is a bad habit; it gets on the nerves. And, as a clincher, to fidget is bad manners.

Manners apart—for what is good manners-to-day may be bad manners to-morrow!—for a child to fidget is as natural and as necessary as physical growth—in fact, fidgeting is growth!

It is a sign of vitality, health, and mental and physical development. Children must fidget, and to suppress the habit is wrong. It hurts the child, and may lead to mental trouble. A kettle of water put on to boil soon becomes "alive." The life moves the lid, and out comes the steam. Fix the lid and block the spout, and there'll be trouble.

This provides an excellent illustration of what happens when the natural fidgeting of a child is suppressed.

The muscles are forming, the nerve system is being developed, and fidgeting is only an external sign of the internal life. It's a safety valve, and it is as crucial as urine to suppress it. Parents, of course, have noticed that there is extra fidgeting on days when, owing to inclement weather or the like, a child has had to stay indoors.

That should give fresh point to what has been written above. Play, romping, exercise take the place of fidgets. Deprive a child of its play and it is bound to fidget. Many children, too, must fidget as well as play. They are of the type with great vitality and health.

Fidgets should be free. Life is motion and movement, and to suppress the motion and movement is always injurious. Parents should be worried if a child doesn't fidget—not when it does!

SOME CHOICE DESSERTS.

Home-made ice cream is always a treat, but on warm days it is doubly so. It is a dessert, too, that mother can prepare out under a shady tree instead of by the kitchen range in the hot kitchen. If the recipes are slightly varied from the old standby, it will be a pleasant surprise for all.

These recipes are suitable to the two-quart freezer.

Chocolate Ice Cream—5 lb. cocoa, 1 cup sugar, 4 lb. water, 1 cup cream, 3 cups milk, pinch of salt, 1 lb. vanilla. Mix cocoa and water and cook until creamy. Scald milk and cream together and add the cocoa mixture.

Strawberry Sherbet—2 cups peach pulp, 1 cup water, 2 cups sugar, ½ lemon, 1½ tsp. vanilla, 5 egg whites. Boil water and sugar two minutes and when cool add it, with the juice of the lemon and vanilla, to the peach pulp. Mix thoroughly and add the slightly beaten egg whites. Freeze.

Raspberry Sherbet—2 cups raspberry juice, 4 cups water, 2 cups sugar, 1 tsp. gelatin. Add gelatin which has been softened in one teaspoonful of cold water. When cool, add raspberry juice and freeze.

French Ice Cream—2 cups cream, 3 cups milk, 3 egg yolks, 1 cup sugar, salt, 1 lb. vanilla. Mix sugar with the egg yolks and add milk and cream. Cook slowly over hot water until creamy. Cool, add flavoring and freeze.

One part salt to three parts cracked ice gives the best results when freezing. Since some flavors are partly destroyed by freezing, it is necessary to make the mixture rather sweet and highly flavored when preparing to freeze.

After the cream is frozen, the salt water is drained off. It is best to remove the dasher and pack the ice cream firmly down with a spoon. Put a cork in the top of the can and pack with four parts ice and one part salt.

COMPLEXION TROUBLES.

When describing complexion troubles, correspondents often write that conditions are worse in winter than in summer. This is a perfectly natural state of affairs, for the pores are more active in warm weather than in cold weather. Perspiration carries off much waste matter and bathing also opens the pores; the average person bathes more frequently in summer than in winter. Then there is the very important item of diet. Fresh fruit takes the place of candy, rich cakes and desserts; vegetables provide both vitamins and roughage and more skin is taken into the system. If these conditions could be maintained throughout the year, better complexion would result.

As a remedy for the complexion, buttermilk is invaluable. Used as a lotion it is excellent for tan and sunburn; it will remove mild cases of freckles; it also nourishes and softens the skin. Apply several times a day and the last thing at night.

Buttermilk used as a drink may not do quite all that is claimed for it by scientists who assert that it postpones the ravages of age by preventing hardening of the arteries, but there is no doubt that it is a wholesome and satisfying food; and as to its perpetuating youth, any one who can recall the youthful bloom of some elderly country women who are active and vigorous though old in years and who like to drink fresh buttermilk from the churn, will be convinced that at least it has a clarifying effect on the skin and is a good food. People who live in the country can have the genuine article always at hand by keeping it in a cold place and it is so valued as a health food that many city people now make it daily by adding a lactic tablet (bought at the drug store) to a pint of fresh milk. One glassful of buttermilk contains as much nourishment as a pint of oysters, and it does not increase the weight.

Cucumber juice also relieves sunburn and has a cooling and whitening effect up on the skin. Cut ripe cucumbers in slices and rub over the skin several times a day and the last thing at night. The same properties are claimed for tomato juice.

Tomato juice will remove fruit and vegetable stains from the hands; so will lemon juice. When making lemonade (and I hope you serve it often, for it is very wholesome if not made too sweet), cut the lemons in half and extract the juice by means of a glass reamer. To remove discolorations from hands and finger-nails thrust them into the squeezed lemons.

Getting Even.

Mother—"Jennie, the next time you hurt that little, I am going to do the same thing to you. If you slap it I'll slap you. If you pinch it I'll pinch you. If you pull it I'll pull it. If you jerk it (after a moment's thought)—"Mamma, I'll pull it tail!"

LIFEBOUOY HEALTH SOAP
More than Soap—a Health Habit
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
TORONTO 13-44

Dusty hands are germ-carriers
Everywhere, every day, the hands are touching things covered with dust. Countless times these dust-laden hands touch the face and the lips in the course of a day. Consider—dust is a source of infection and danger.

Lifebuoy Protects
Take no chances—cleanse your hands frequently with the rich, creamy lather of Lifebuoy. Lifebuoy contains a wonderful health ingredient which goes deep down into the pores of the skin, purifying them of any lurking infection. The clean, antiseptic odor vanishes in a few seconds, but the protection of Lifebuoy remains.

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LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
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"When Hearts Command"—

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From minds the suggest counselling depart."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"I really cannot understand it, Hector. I'm so worried. Here it is a whole week, and nothing at all from Alice—not a single line, not even so much as a postcard."

"But you had a telegram," Hector Gaunt reminded her.

Jean expostulated irritably. "I told you the telegram was from Philip. He sent her love, of course, and merely said they had arrived safely at Lucerne. But Alice herself has not written."

Gaunt smiled. "She's on her honeymoon, Jean, dear. I don't know much about such things, but I believe they're supposed to be rather engrossing."

"Oh, don't talk nonsense!" It was nonsense. A week since they had waved good-bye to the bridal couple, and not a line from Alice to the mother she loved so dearly, and whom she knew must be getting anxious.

"If anything had happened—if she were ill—I'm sure Ardeyne would let you know," Hector Gaunt said. "But something may have happened to both of them. Suppose they were out in a skiff and capsized—or if there had been a railway accident?—accidents on those horrid mountain railways. Do you remember that awful one at Murren?"

"Don't be silly," Gaunt said crossly. "That's what I'm always telling her," piped Hugo. "Not to be silly." He had been so quiet for a long time that they had almost forgotten his presence.

It was getting very hot indeed in Bordighera, and the close, little terraced garden of the Villa Charnell was a trifle stuffy. Jean looked languid and washed-out with the heat. Her bright prettiness had deserted her for the moment.

"Jean is always crossing bridges before she comes to them," Hugo amplified. "He picked up his guitar and began to strum idly. Gaunt shifted his position. The little iron chairs were ill-suited to accommodate his huge frame.

"All the same, I cannot understand why I don't hear from Alice," Jean repeated. "It's a whole week and a half. If you don't get a letter to-morrow you can telegraph," Gaunt interrupted. "Let's go for a walk. It's so hot and close here."

Hugo laid aside his guitar and reached for his hat. He was ready instantly. For an hour he had been hoping that somebody would suggest a diversion. Even a walk was better than nothing.

"Well, yes, I don't mind. Only I really ought to speak to Louisa about dinner. It's time she discovered a new way to cook spaghetti. And there are all these flowers you brought waiting to be arranged, Hector, and quite a number of other things I ought to do."

Gaunt banged his fist on the table. "Woman, I'm sick of you and your fussiness!" he belovied. "Get your hat and come."

"Oh, very well—very well. But you needn't be rude about it. She hurried into the house and Hugo followed the bully.

"If I talk to her like that she doesn't pay the least attention," he said. "She is fussy. You've no idea—"

"She's far too good for you!" Gaunt rounded on him. "Yes, I know that," Hugo meekly agreed. "Oh, yes, I know that quite well. Far too good. I'm lucky—don't you think so, Hector?" He cast a sly, veiled glance at his friend. "So lucky to have now such a wife as Jean. I count my blessings all the time."

Gaunt's face grew dark. He knew that that was Hugo's way of getting back at him for his reprimand. Anybody who hit Hugo always got a full return.

"I'm glad to know you're so appreciative," Gaunt growled. "Then as Jean reappeared: 'Oh, here you are! Wonderful! Quick you've been. Didn't expect to see you again for at least an hour.'"

She looked up at him and smiled in her nervous, fluttering fashion. "Don't be cross with me, Hector." "He's jealous," said Hugo, his voice unusually high and piping. "He's jealous because you're my wife, and he doesn't believe I know how lucky I am. But, do, Jean. I know it better than anybody else in this whole, wide world."

"Don't be absurd, Hugo," she flushed and let him tuck her hand into the crook of his arm, but her real inclination was to slap him.

"I can't help being absurd," he confessed. "I am absurd. It's the way I'm made."

"By Jove, you're right," Gaunt agreed. "Where shall we go?" Jean had no suggestions to offer, but by common consent they turned towards the old town. Behind were the olive groves, and they could not wander too far afield because dinner would be ready in an hour.

In the little square place by the church Hector and Jean were for turning sharply to the right to avoid a certain cul-de-sac which terminated in a well-remembered gate. But Hugo was all for the cul-de-sac.

"Let's have a look at the old Villa Tatina," he cried shrilly. "Oh, that would be fun!"

Is Your Wife Still Your Sweetheart?

If so, treat her to a meal at Mumby's Dining Room, west end of Grand Street, Toronto Exhibition.

So he remembered, too.

"We can't," Jean said. "Somebody is living there." Her voice was very sharp. "Come at once, Hugo."

But Hugo had darted ahead. Jean turned to Gaunt.

"Hector, stop him. I don't want to go in there. Not with you and Hugo. Oh, dear, what's he doing now?"

Hugo had swung open the magnificent wrought-iron gates leading to the driveway and was in animated conversation with a middle-aged Italian woman of the peasant class, who was coming out with a basket on her arm, attended by a little yellow mongrel dog.

He shouted out to them that the dog's name was Tito, and that the woman who was the caretaker of the villa said it was unoccupied at the moment, and they could go in and have a look round if they liked. "Oh, do come on," he pleaded. "I should think you'd like to, Jean. Why, it's here that we first met, you and I."

Jean winced. It was here that Hector Gaunt and she had first met, also. As he waited for them, Hugo engaged in more conversation with the caretaker, who had become most beaming and hospitable, in a stately, dignified way. She bowed deeply as Gaunt and Jean approached, and there were tears in her eyes.

"Why—it's Maddelina!" cried Jean. "Sure enough it was Maddelina, who had been cook here in old Mme. Douste's time. All these years Maddelina had been here at the Villa Tatina—cooking, no doubt. She remembered them both, Hugo and Jean. Hector Gaunt, of course, was a familiar figure, but, curiously enough, he had forgotten her."

There was no getting out of it now. Maddelina had to go into the town for something, but she begged them to make themselves at home in the garden until her return. She hurried away, with her little dog, promising not to be long.

"There, I told you," said triumphantly Hugo. "I knew it would be all right. I saw the 'To Let' sign on the gate several days ago." He skipped on ahead of them with the agility of a child.

Gaunt and Jean walked slowly. It seemed as though nothing had been touched or altered in all these twenty years. Time had stood still in this old garden. Nothing—nothing—nothing was changed.

There were the same borders of burning red salvia and calla lilies, the same path of gravel and grass, the driveway as had welcomed Jean and her friend, Mme. Douste, upon their arrival so long ago. There were the rose garden and the old sundial, the marvellous shady fern garden dripping with dew and moisture; the little mandarin grove, the big stone-walled pools glittering with goldfish, the ancient fig-tree that overhung the gardener's cottage, the silver-tongued brook rippling down beside the long rose arbor.

"Nothing seems to be changed here," said Gaunt, as though reading Jean's mind. His voice was a little husky. "Only us," she replied.

"That's so. . . I wish we hadn't come. That confounded little devil of a Hugo! I wish he'd go to blazes and stay there."

But Hugo was enjoying himself hugely. He was here, and, everywhere, an impish, insistent spirit, full of tiresome pranks that got insufferably upon Jean's nerves.

He all but fell into the great tank at the side of the villa in his anxiety to climb up and see if it, too, was sparkling with goldfish.

He ran about trying all the doors, impatient to go inside even before Maddelina returned. He picked flowers to adorn his hat, and finally—to their relief—subsided with a length of bamboo and his pocket-knife. A true Pan, he must make a pipe. They left him seated cross-legged on the grass leaning against the trunk of a giant rose arbor, busy in making his pipe.

Self-consciously, Jean strolled beside Hector Gaunt, but neither of them had anything to say. It was here, on a moon-flooded night in April, that he had first kissed her—here by the big pool—and so impetuous had been his wooing that in less than three weeks he had whirled her into that ill-fated second marriage.

She dared not look at him now. Her heart was too full. If he had so much as uttered a word she would have burst as anyone could wish. Perhaps the lonely years had taught him the great gift of silence.

They went down the little flight of stone steps to the herb garden which had been old Mme. Douste's pride, and across the flagged path to the long rose arbor, where they knelt in the rushing stream.

A faint, fairy sound suddenly broke the stillness; sweet high notes with just a vestige of connected melody. It was Hugo, playing on his pipe. He had forgotten them. There he sat, a strange figure, with his feet tucked under him and his flower-decked hat pushed to the back of his head. His eyelashes were wide and his face wore an expression of beatific happiness.

Golden smoke—Pan piping in the garden, where old lovers who might not speak of all that had been, stole silently with aching, saddened hearts.

"I can't bear it," Jean said. "We must go."

"Come on, then," Gaunt raised his voice. "Come on, Hugo, we're going."

"I don't want to go," he shouted back. "I want to wait for Maddelina."

"We'll wait for dinner," Jean said sharply. "Come at once, Hugo."

Sulkily he followed them, keeping at a little distance to mark his displeasure. As they neared the Villa Charnell Jean hurried on ahead. She had caught a glimpse of the postgirl just going in. There was no post at this hour, so it must be a telegram. Her heart was in her throat. Some thing had happened to Alice. That was all she could think of—something must have happened, and for a little while she had forgotten Alice in mooning about with profitless memories. What a heartless mother she was!

She began to run, calling out that she had seen the postgirl, and reached the villa white and breathless.

(To be continued.)

She—What's your idea of a perfect marriage?

He—"You and me."

Nothing Could Stick This Amazing Student.

"My husband's old friend Huxley," Lady Strachey writes in the Nation, "became a very intimate friend of mine, too; a more delightful companion I never met. To his inexhaustible knowledge of every kind was added a love of argument and discussion, a most brilliant wit, humor and love of fun."

He told me an amusing story of how, at one of the examinations he was holding, one of the students proved to be a young man of great ability and accurate knowledge, so much so that he made the unheard-of score of 99 out of 100 full marks. At the end of the verbal examination, in which every question had been accurately answered, Huxley said to himself that he was determined to ask the young man one question that he would certainly be unable to answer.

He mentioned a perfectly insignificant and unknown waterfall in an obscure part of Jamaica, which he had passed when travelling, and gravely asked the young man what was its height. After a look of startled amazement, the young man replied, "256 feet."

"How in the world do you come to know that?" cried Huxley.

"Well," said the young man, "as a matter of fact, this waterfall happens to be on my father's estate in Jamaica!"

Maps in Trees.

Trees sometimes assume very grotesque shapes, and one can trace in their branches the outlines of animals or birds.

Occasionally, too, the monarchs of the forest may resemble the giants and monsters of legendary lore. But not often do they grow so as to give the idea of a geographical formation.

Such a tree, however, can be seen growing in "The Lady of the Lake" district in Scotland. Its short and long limbs give a distinct impression of the map of England.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

The Cook's Chauffeur.

Mistress—"Mary, we'd rather you didn't entertain policemen in our home."

The Cook—"The man in uniform ye saw, mum, was no officer of the law, but me own private chauffeur."

Willie's Opinion.

"Our early settlers, that motive impelled, now settle to journey westward in their covered wagons."

"I guess it musta been curiosity, teacher."

Good Samaritans of To-day.

Calculus to human suffering are not—in spite of a certain hardness that war induces. The other day a great liner far out at sea answered the radio signal of a freighter, aboard which, a suddenly stricken fireman needed medical attention. The obscure man's life was saved even though the hundreds of persons on the steamer who had important business in Europe had to put up with serious delay. We venture to think that not one of those persons failed to applaud the decision of the captain to act the part of the Good Samaritan.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

With a dog as her principal companion, an English lady recently travelled 20,000 miles into the middle of Africa.

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Don't buy your Electric Fixtures or Appliances until you have seen our fine display of the latest designs, in the Manufacturers' Annex Building, under the Grand Stand, Booths 16 and 25. Special prices at goods sold during the Exhibition. If not convenient to call, send for our New Electric Fixture Catalogue, larger and better than ever. Any other information or advice we can give you will be gladly supplied either by mail or at the Exhibit.

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WRIGLEY'S After Every Meal

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Wrigley's means benefit as well as pleasure.

Sealed in its Purity Package

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM

THE FLAVOR LASTS

Growth of Milling Industry in Canada.

From its humble beginning at Port Royal (now Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia, in 1605, flour and grist milling in Canada has grown to be one of the Dominion's most important industries.

According to an early census there were nine mills in operation in New France in 1665, while the latest figures (those for 1922) compiled by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, show 1,364 operating mills in Canada with a daily capacity of 134,125 barrels. The amount of wheat milled and flour produced by these mills showed a considerable increase during 1922. This year saw 81,413,649 bushels of grain converted into flour, as compared with 70,065,373 bushels in 1921 and 61,116,380 bushels in 1920. The production of flour during the 1922 calendar year reached 17,787,928 barrels, an increase of 2,466,170 barrels over the previous year and 4,660,609 barrels greater than 1920.

Easy access to the Atlantic seaboard has heretofore been a determining factor in deciding the location of flour and grist mills in Canada. Of the 1,364 mills in operation in 1922, 1,211 were situated in Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces. In the early days of the industry Montreal became the centre of flour and grist milling and it has held its predominant position, the daily output of the mills in its vicinity totalling nearly 20,000 barrels in 1922. However, with the development of the Pacific trade, the growth of western points as milling centres is being accelerated, and there is every indication that the industry will continue to expand in proportion to the Dominion's position as one of the great wheat-producing countries of the world.

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OPENING OUR SCENIC RESOURCES

EXTENT OF NATIONAL PARKS' HIGHWAYS.

Growing Interest of Canadians in Grandeur and Beauty of Their Playgrounds.

During recent years there has been a noticeable increase in the interest shown by Canadians in the beauty of their own country and the potentialities latent in its great natural scenic resources. The motor car, which has revolutionized modern modes of travel, is taking people into the open and giving them opportunities to see the wonders of nature such as they never before had, and in this way our citizens, in growing numbers, are beginning to realize the extent of the nation's wealth of scenery and especially to appreciate the rich possibilities for enjoyment and recreation offered by the Canadian National Parks. The construction and maintenance of good motor roads is in keeping with the demands of the age and of the ever-increasing army of motor tourists, the use of which is being made of the parks to appreciate the rich possibilities for enjoyment and recreation offered by the Canadian National Parks. The construction and maintenance of good motor roads is in keeping with the demands of the age and of the ever-increasing army of motor tourists, the use of which is being made of the parks to appreciate the rich possibilities for enjoyment and recreation offered by the Canadian National Parks. The construction and maintenance of good motor roads is in keeping with the demands of the age and of the ever-increasing army of motor tourists, the use of which is being made of the parks to appreciate the rich possibilities for enjoyment and recreation offered by the Canadian National Parks.

Growth of Motor Travel.

A good part at least of the steady growth in the number of visitors to the parks must be attributed to motor travel. Last year 8,000 cars entered Banff National Park, the majority of which were owned by Canadians. Many of these visitors come with tents and camping equipment and spend their entire holiday in the park. The use that is being made of the parks in this way is a thoroughly democratic one and in keeping with the ideals behind their creation. For while no one can travel through the Canadian Rockies or spend even a few hours among the wonders of the National Parks without gaining a new conception of the greatness and beauty of Canada and of the possibilities of national life, still the mountains yield their real riches only to those who come and live among them, absorbing through weeks their silent strength and peaceful serenity. These are the benefits the parks were created to give and they can't be given by the visitor who rushes through them in a few hours either by railway train or motor car.

The extension of good roads in the parks has done much to bring the visitor into closer touch with those points of greatest scenic attraction and the erection of tea-houses, camps and other conveniences along the principal highways has contributed to the enjoyment of the visit. The great advantage of motor over railway travel is that it permits the traveller to take his time. He may start when he will and stop where he pleases and there will be no time-table to regulate his proceedings.

In order that the extent of the highways constructed and maintained by the Canadian National Parks Branch of the Department of the Interior may be the better realized a few chapters with prominent highways will be of interest. The total length of the motor roads in use in the parks is a little over 330 miles, a mileage nearly as great as that of the famous Columbia River highway in the state of Oregon, and is practically the same as that of the road between Montreal and Toronto. Banff National Park, the oldest and best known of the parks, contains 130 miles of motor road, including a greater part of the Banff-Windermere highway. Sixty-two miles of the Banff-Windermere road extends through Kootenay National Park. Jasper National Park contains 39 miles of motor road, including the completed portion of the new Edith Cavell highway; Waterton Lakes and Yoho Parks each have 32½ miles of good roads; and the remaining 3