

Particular People

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EATING FOR HEALTH.

The cleansing season for the body as well as for the house has come. Greens in some form should be eaten at least once a day; better twice—cooked for dinner and as a salad for luncheon or supper. Occasionally cooked spinach may be added to the morning omelet, or creamed asparagus may be served. Spinach and carrots are the richest of all vegetables in iron, though dandelions, salad plants, beets and most other vegetables contain limited quantities of it.

Cabbage, cauliflower and onions are rich in sulphur and phosphorus, and asparagus not only supplies salts but stimulates the kidneys.

Supply some of the needed protein in other forms besides meat and your family will feel far more comfortable and much more like working. Do not, however, construe this to mean that meat must be totally eliminated from the diet; but let it appear in the lighter forms now. Spiced meats are seldom seen on our tables, yet they are pre-eminently warm weather dishes. Then there are appetizing meat mousses.

But the salads which contain the meat elements should appear most frequently; they will lighten the work of the cook as well as the stomach. Cheese may be served as a meat substitute; a plentiful supply of it grated and added to French dressing will give an ordinary lettuce salad a sufficient quantity of the protein element for this season.

A most complete salad may be made by poaching eggs until they are hard, trimming and arranging them in nests of lettuce leaves, dotting over the whole a goodly quantity of mayonnaise and surrounding with beet pickle.

Complexions shine when fruit is in the regular diet. Rhubarb is now to be had in most places very early. Try it in omelets, salads, fritters, dumplings, puddings, shortcakes and bettles.

Pineapples have splendid tonic properties. When mayonnaise is used on this or any other fruit salad, leave out the mustard and use lemon instead of vinegar; omit the pepper and add a little sugar. I have found it best never to use a boiled dressing with a fruit salad, as the milk and vinegar do not form a healthful combination with the acids in the fruits. If you have no tendency to rheumatism eat all the strawberries you can as soon as they come into the markets, for their acids and salts carry to the body fresh vitality.

Eat little or no pastry. Replace the winter pie with simple puddings. Though hot breads have a certain place in the winter diet, they should be laid aside now.

Green people should drink at least two quarts of water a day, children in their early teens three pints, and the smaller ones in proportion.

PUT THE OIL CAN TO WORK.

Don't insult your sewing-machine oil can by using it only on the rare occasions when the machine itself needs its lubricating attention.

The chances are that your sewing-machine oil can is even now anxious to show you what it can do. Get it out of its dark and dismal drawer and use it on the hinges of your squeaky doors. A drop or two of its soothing substance will silence that squeak.

Door locks, like all other machinery, require oil to operate successfully, and yet who ever thinks of attending to this? No member of the household need take upon himself this additional duty if you will simply let your oil can put a drop of oil on the door key once in a while. The key will attend to the matter of oiling the lock and will keep it in first rate condition.

WE MAKE WORK FUN.

"Surely, boys! I will take a load of wood and a peck of potatoes this fine morning."

Many times last summer this was the greeting I gave to my five and three-year-old sons as they came to

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my back door. The wood is produced at once, and piled neatly in the wood box, and they hurry off to the garden, dig a pile of potatoes, wash them, and bring them in. Then they receive their pay; I usually wear aprons with pockets in which I keep a number of small slips of paper money.

We are very busy farmers, and from the time our children were small tots we have made helpers and companions of them. We have tried to make them feel that they are business partners, and on active part of the great organization called "home." We make their work attractive, and encourage them to make believe—for children do love to act a part.

I scarcely ever send them off alone to play; we work together and play together. Instead of leaving them to dig in the sand pile, I take them to the garden with me. They drop the beans, corn, and potatoes for me, and thus learn to count.

Last spring was wet and rainy, and we were at our wits' end for entertainment. I had a pile of old magazines with fancy covers. The children cut the covers off, I made them some flour paste, and we papered one side of the kitchen wall.

We put them on a nice light side over the kitchen table, where I could wash dishes and do lots of my other work and look at them. Then we each composed a story and told about those pictures. Even the youngest child learned to describe the most minute object, and I tried to have him use good English. These pictures remained on the wall all spring and summer, and when the oldest one started to school this year the teacher marveled at the way he could handle his words.



A SMART MIDDY DRESS WITH COLLAR AND TIE IN ONE.

4686. Plaided gingham is here combined with white Indian Head. This is a good model for wool repp, and for serge, also for linen and pongee.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. To make as illustrated requires 1 1/2 yards of plain material and 2 1/4 of plaid material 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.

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The good in which you let others share becomes, thereby, the better. There is no worse evil than a bad woman and nothing has ever been produced better than a good one.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)

"If you're quite sure it's wise for you to go out—Alice repeated dubiously. "What does the doctor say?"

"I haven't seen him for two days," Hugo replied with a touch of annoyance. "And do I have to ask permission? Or is this an asylum?"

"In my hospital we didn't have lady nurses—"

"Oh, please don't think—"

"No, my dear; it's all right. Your poor old father—your poor old Uncle John has had a hard time of it lately. You must forgive him if he's peevish."

There was a doctor at That Place—Cross, his name was—decent enough chap. He used to say: 'Now, Smarley—I should say, 'Now, John Balis—'

"Nice, I should say. Dear me, of course—you're my niece, not my daughter. Don't tell your mother I said that. She'd be awful cross. Why, John Balis never was married. How could he be a poor fellow? He died when he was ten years old. But don't tell your mother I said that either. She's so touchy about little things. I believe we're quite ready. Oh, my hat—yes, here's my hat. Now shall we go down into the town and select a new hat for me? This one's rather old, I've had it for about sixteen years. What do you think of that? The only hat I've got, too."

"Perhaps it is time to get a new one," Alice agreed. "I'll be glad to help you. It was plain enough to her now that poor Uncle John was not quite right in his head. Of course, he'd had an illness and one could see that he was still delicate. She began to feel sorry for him and annoyed with herself for disliking him. Poor, fussy, foolish little man."

He trotted along beside her, grasping at her arm now and again to steady himself, until she took him firmly by the elbow. His movements were as uncertain as those of a mechanical doll.

"We shall have great adventures, you and I," he chattered brightly.

"Don't mind if I sometimes call you my daughter, but I'll be very careful not to when your mother's about. I never had a proper daughter. She was another man's child. But hush—not a word of that, not a word! . . . Ha! I believe I know where your mother's gone to. It's Hector Gaunt, isn't it? That's it. A fine fellow, Gaunt—but mad. Mad as a hatter. Always was. What do you think he did once? Married a girl when his own wife was still alive. If that wasn't mad, I don't know, who'd you'd call it. They should have put him in That Place—not me."

"Did you know Mr. Gaunt?" Alice asked. (What was the absurd little man trying to tell her?)

"Know him? We had a voyage together once. I was always one for adventure. Ask your mother. Romance and adventure. Yes, yes, those were wonderful days. Oh, neither of us knew your mother then. I'd have done anything for good old Gaunt. Indeed, I did do one thing for him that he's not likely to forget—or your mother, either. But you must stop me talking. I talk too much, don't I?"

How to stop him? Alice attached no serious meaning to his babble, but she became more and more uneasy. Her mother's name and Hector Gaunt's constantly recurring gave her an eavesdropping sensation. She had always felt the presence of mystery in her mother's life—in her own life, too—and Uncle John was stirring things up too well.

"Did you ever know my father?" she asked, as they emerged from the lift.

The question had no ulterior motive. It was merely to get him off the subject of her mother and Mr. Gaunt.

Hugo chuckled wisely.

"Know your father?" he repeated.

"Well, well, well! Now that's hard to answer."

"He died so long ago," Alice said wistfully.

"Died? Yes, of course he died. Shortly after I bought this hat I'm wearing. That was when your father died. They buried him alive."

Alice started, her expression horrified.

"Oh, no—no! What am I saying? That wasn't your father. Another fellow altogether. Only a joke, my dear."

Alice had been brought up to show respect to her elders, otherwise she might have reminded Uncle John that his joking was in bad taste. But all at once there was a change in his manner and he became studiously quiet. He had been letting himself go under the impression that his audience lacked sufficient mature intelligence to piece together these grim witicisms, but now he pulled himself together with something like a jerk.

Dr. Ardeyne was in the verandah waiting for Alice, and several other people were sitting about.

The doctor hurried forward, and poor Hugo quailed under his quietly surprised glance. Hugo's memory was good enough when he chose it to be so. He knew, for instance, that not in any circumstances was he to give it away that he and Philip Ardeyne had ever met before. With men of Ar-

deyne's profession he had learned to be very much on his guard. Over such as he men like Ardeyne held a power which was as great as that of life or death. Indeed, Ardeyne—or his kind—could and did sentence one to a living death.

"This is my Uncle John," Alice said. "And this is Philip Ardeyne, Uncle John—the man I'm going to marry."

Hugo solemnly acknowledged the introduction and the two men shook hands.

"I'm sorry to hear you've been ill," Ardeyne said. "Better now, I hope?"

"Oh, yes, thank you. Much better. My niece and I are going down to choose me a new hat."

"May I come along?" the doctor asked.

Alice was surprised at her uncle's sudden primness. His manner could only be likened to that of a rather naughty child confronted by a nurse—or other guardian whom he both respects and fears. "That would be very kind of you," he murmured in reply to Ardeyne's question.

Alice was on pins and needles, but she worried unnecessarily. Hugo said nothing, did nothing that was in the least out of the way. His silence seemed unnatural. He answered nicely when spoken to, but rarely advanced remarks of his own, and never once did he forget that he was Uncle John Balis, the brother of Jean Carnay.

Privately, Alice was also worrying a great deal about her mother, but did not like to bring up the subject for fear of starting Uncle John off on his trail of rambling and somewhat scandalous reminiscence. Finally, after the hat was purchased and they had returned to the hotel and found that Mrs. Carnay was not yet back, her anxiety got the better of her.

"I do wish I knew whose mother is," she said, trying to speak for Ardeyne's benefit alone.

Hugo dashed a hand at his eyes, and settled them momentarily.

"Has your mother gone out somewhere?" the doctor asked. This perhaps explained how Hugo Smarley happened to be at large.

"Yes, she must have started ever so early—long before I was up."

Hugo was staring vacantly towards the mountains. Perhaps in imagination he was on Monte Nero.

"She's gone to Hector Gaunt," he said slowly. "Like in the old days . . . poor Jean, poor Jean!" Then he pulled himself together smartly.

"I beg your pardon, what were we talking about? Let's walk a little way along the Lower Corniche. Perhaps we'll meet her."

CHAPTER XVI.

But before Hugo's suggestion that they should walk towards San Remo in the hope of meeting Mrs. Carnay could be put into action a curious incident happened. It caught Philip Ardeyne and, more particularly, Alice unawares.

Carrie Egan strolled out of the hotel, short-skirted, sleeveless, bare-headed, smoking a cigarette in an absurdly long holder. Her coffee-colored frock, composed chiefly, as it seemed, of tiers of silk fringe, very nearly matched her brown skin. A scarlet ribbon was tied around her head and fastened on the top with an eccentric bow. She looked like a stage pica-ninny or pseudo-Hawaiian maiden.

Ardeyne's heart sank into his boots and he tried to turn Hugo Smarley's attention from the startling apparition, but it was a little too late. Hugo had seen Mrs. Egan, and he stopped

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dead in his tracks and stared at her apparently fascinated. He jabbed fiercely at his insecure eye-glasses, and shook off Ardeyne's hand.

Mrs. Egan came on down the steps to the terrace, but midway she halted suddenly, and a queer expression flitted across her face. Was it fear?

"Are we going to meet mumsey?" Alice inquired. The sight of Mrs. Egan always filled her with instinctive distrust. She wanted to get away.

"Wait a minute," said Hugo. "I know that lady, unless I'm very much mistaken."

"I don't think so," the doctor put in uneasily. "Come, let's go. You mustn't stare like that. It's not nice."

The quietly stern note of authority smote upon Hugo's ears with an unpleasant sense of the familiar. He almost obeyed it. Then he straightened himself up and shook off the hand again.

"Leave me alone," he exclaimed peevishly. "I daresay I may speak to a lady if I have once had the pleasure of her acquaintance. How do you do, Mrs. Egan. Perhaps you don't remember me?"

(To be continued.)

STARCHING HINTS.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure when it comes to the matter of sticking to irons. Put a small piece of paraffin into the starch, taking care to have it all dissolve, and sticky irons will no longer try your patience and soil your garments.

Save the water from boiling rice and use it to starch dainty articles of fine, sheer texture. It gives just the right degree of stiffness to voiles and organdies, which are so often spoiled in the laundry process by becoming too stiff.—A. C. H.

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