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Lucy Barnhill's Garden

By J. GRACE WALKER.

"I'm not one to beat about the bush," Mrs. Wiersema began briskly; "so I'll say right out I've come to ask you something and to tell you something. And the first is, Did you ever raise flowers?"

"Not any to speak of," the girl replied coldly. She cast a disinterested eye on the seed catalogue in Mrs. Wiersema's hand. "There's some people flowers won't grow for," she added. Her face fell into bitter lines.

"There's some places flowers won't grow," Mrs. Wiersema admitted, "and of course if they're planted too deep, why, then—But that brings me up to the thing I wanted to tell you. I wanted you should hear about Lucy Barnhill, who moved into this house in the fall, twenty-one years ago last November." She followed Rhoda's eye to the clock and added, "That is, if you've got the time to hear."

The girl made a little impatient gesture of assent. Mrs. Wiersema went on: "Lucy came to this town that fall a plain little runt of a thing that nobody looked at twice; and she and her aunt settled down here in this house just 'fore snowfall, as I recollect. There wasn't anybody to show a smidgin of interest in her when she came. I was some older than she was and more taken up with the man I finally come to marry than I was with new neighbors. Come to find out afterwards, I guess nobody went near the house all winter, and she just slipped out after groceries and shut herself in again, without saying ay, yes nor no to a soul. Lucy Barnhill was quiet, but land, when we come to know her—"

"You see, along about the middle of April I pulled my head out of the clouds (Dave and I were engaged by then), and there I see Lucy Barnhill diggin' round the house with a hired boy to help and setting out bushes and things,—bulbs in here and seeds over there,—anybody could see she'd put in a considerable garden. Right away thinks I, I'll drop in and see that girl. I was fond of a garden, and so was Dave. But one thing and another came up, and I didn't go."

"You know how spring comes some years—such a little bit every day that you don't take notice, and then you just wake up some morning, and there it is! Well, sir, I'd been all took up with thinking of what I was going to be married in,—satin or velvet, I couldn't decide which,—and one mornin' I put up the shade and looked over here, and everything on the place had just jumped right out into leaf. The sweat peas were halfway up the lattice, and the snapdragons had got a start over there in the south corner. There was a great clump of pink spirea she'd put in next the steps, and bridal wreath and snowball on the other side."

Rhoda's eyes expressed an involuntary interest. "What was in that bed just to the left of the gate as you come in?" she asked. "I've always wondered; there's a ring of stones left as if something had been planted."

"Seems to me it was these big cinnamon pinks," Mrs. Wiersema reflected. "There was a bed somewhere near the street; people used to lean over the front fence to sniff at 'em, going past. Next the fence 'twas hills of the valley as thick as pins in a pincushion. There was no such another garden anywhere in the block, and it turned out later, not anywhere in Hennepin. Just as soon as something new would begin to blossom, people would say to each other, 'You ought to go down Elm Street and look at Lucy Barnhill's larkspur,' and later it'd be 'Lucy Barnhill's fireball.' It got to be a great walk for couples."

"Lucy'd sent away for a crimson rambler to set out by the front porch, and it did real well even that first year. But the second summer if that bush wasn't a sight for angels I never expect to see one. It just took hold and went all over the porch and hung so thick with those little red roses I never looked out the window without catchin' my breath."

"Just as soon as those flowers began to come out, people began to fall over themselves to get acquainted with Lucy. You know how it is; folks on committees find it real handy to say, 'I'll get Lucy Barnhill to furnish roses.' First it was for that, and then it was for her."

"By the next spring Lucy had many a bean. 'Twasn't many Sundays a rig wasn't hitched to that tie ring, sometimes as early as three. Seems like,

they couldn't give in she wasn't going to have them. My cousin, Elam Tenny, was one of them. It was nip and tuck between them all, as far as we could see, for the best part of a year. Then one afternoon there was a knock at our side door, and there stood Elam with a look on his face—goodness me it took my breath away! He caught hold of my hand, and he says, 'Come on over to Lucy's, Henrietta. It don't seem possible—and I ain't worth it—but she's promised to marry me.'"

Mrs. Wiersema sat silent a moment, looking round the room. "And they was married right there in that bay window, and I stood up with her in a blue silk dress with rows of gray-silk stitching round the skirt every two inches."

Rhoda Larkin had been leaning forward in her chair to listen, with her dark eyes following Mrs. Wiersema's gestures. It was almost as if plain little Lucy Barnhill's wedding ceremony had just taken place in the quiet room.

Suddenly she drew back with a quick intake of breath. "What good is all this to me?" she asked bitterly.

Her visitor laughed. "I've been all round Robin Hood's barn coming to my point," she admitted. "But I've got a point, and here it is. Do you want to get to know the young folks here and be in on their parties and picnics, or are you set on clearing out, like Lucy Barnhill admitted to me she come near doing?"

Rhoda made no answer to the question. "Next week Lucy Tenny's oldest girl is coming to make me a visit, a month anyhow and maybe all summer. She's been here most every year since she was knee-high. Sometimes I think the young folks act plumb daffy about her, the way they carry on when she comes. I suppose it's just the Lucy Barnhill comin' out in Isabel."

"Now, here's what I want you should do. You take that twelve dollars you got for a ticket and put it into seeds—seeds and bulbs and bushes. Isabel will be tickled to help you put them out; she's a master hand with plants. The little boys can spade. And the first day after she gets here I'm going to give a party for you two—a coming-out party for her and a coming-out party for you. I'll expect you to help me with the cakes and decorations, but you musn't help serve because you'll be a guest of honor."

Rhoda's laugh was bitter. "Me a guest of honor in Hennepin!" "And now I've got to go start my supper," Mrs. Wiersema went on serenely. "I'll leave the catalogue here where you can look at it when you get a minute. Where there's extra good offers there's a leaf turned down. I'll look for you over this evening, and we'll pick out which grows best in this ground. We ought to get off an order to-night, so that the things'll get here about the time Isabel does. She's a hustler; she'll want to pitch right in. Then I'll need some help off and on all week to manage for the party."

She went down the walk, saying fervently to herself, "Now, if only Carrie Shoemaker doesn't try to put a finger in!"

From six to seven o'clock was supper time in Hennepin. That was fairly safe. At seven o'clock, with the dishes out of the way, Mrs. Wiersema posted herself at the front window. Presently the door across the way opened, and Rhoda appeared, with her two little brothers close behind. They shot ahead of her as she came slowly across the road. Just as she turned in at the gate, a large woman in an imposing black hat swept round the corner and approached aggressively on the other side of the street. With a chuckle of nervous relief, Mrs. Wiersema welcomed the three Larkins indoors.

Rhoda's face, with the bitterness in abeyance, had a plainly humorous cast. "Who was that fat girl that I told I was going to leave?" she asked, with her dark eyes twinkling.

"Oh, that," said Mrs. Wiersema, with an answering flash. "That's Ilvira Shoemaker. Her folks is leading citizens. You'll meet her and earn all about her at the party."

(The End)

Life is a journey on which we are always hurrying along to see what's round the corner.

About the House

Why I Like to Be My Own Boss

First let me say that what I earn is my own to do as I like with. My husband does not dictate—"it's just understood"—and yet he knows he could have every cent if he really needed it. We have lived on the "ranch" three years, after years of town life, nine miles out and with few neighbors. I thought at first that my chance to make money away out here would be limited to poultry-raising. I have always raised enough for our own use and a few for sale, but have never tried it on a large scale. In town I did dressmaking, raised vegetables and flowers, and always managed to keep myself in pin-money.

I find, however, that I can make more and like the work better here than in town, by raising lambs, and pigs, and sometimes a calf.

My husband makes hog-raising a side issue with farming, and often, in a large litter of pigs, there will be one or more small ones—"runts" he calls them—that would probably die if left with the others. I rescue them, raise them by hand, and by giving it extra feed and care the runt is often the best hog in the lot at selling time. I have three now, two months old, out of a litter of twelve, that cannot be classed as runts by any means. I sold one last year for \$10 at nine weeks old.

Sometimes I raise a calf. If I hear of one that I can have for taking it away, I surely go get it. One such calf I sold for a veal at seven weeks, and got \$15.30 for it. Another from good stock I am keeping. She is a fine heifer, six months old.

Next spring I mean to take all the orphan lambs I can get, and buy as many others as I can care for. I will keep the best ones to add to my small flock, kept from last spring, and will soon have a real flock of sheep of my own.

One month last autumn I earned \$78 in cooking for a threshing crew. I helped out a neighbor in distress, as well as adding a neat sum to my purse. I did not seriously neglect my home or my husband, as I was home nights and part of every afternoon. I would not care to do that for long, however, as keeping two houses going is not easy.

I am forty-seven years old, and have two lovely children—a son, married, and our daughter, "the baby," though past nineteen, is always in a position. I have a piano and numerous other things for the house which I have paid for myself; I also paid about half on our car. Husband is paying for the ranch, while I add the "trimmin's."

My outdoor work makes for better health, and does not interfere with household duties as sewing for others did. I am my own boss, with no one to find fault with my work. I can go calling or to town with no one's gown to finish up by a certain time.

Short Cuts Other Women Use

I have always enjoyed candlelight, but have neither the money to purchase "dripless" varieties nor the time to clean my candlesticks every time I use them. I was delighted when I found that by painting the ordinary candle with varnish it would burn without even a suggestion of a

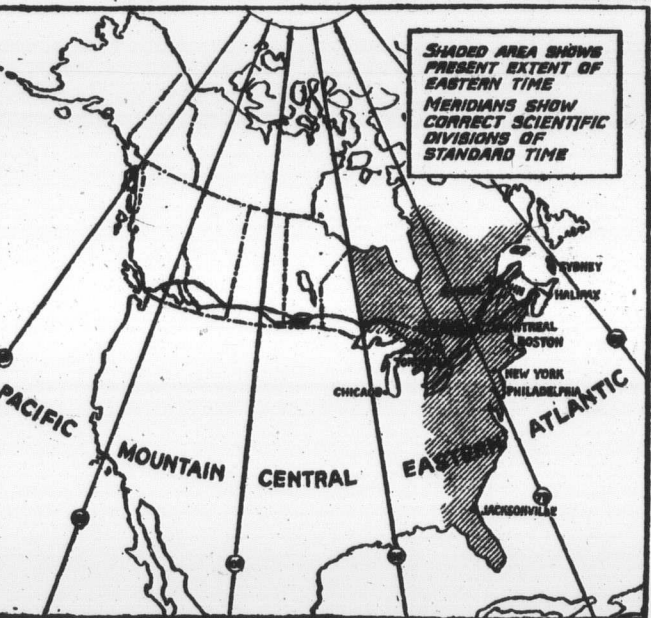
Why the East Wants Daylight Saving

Within a few weeks, the question of daylight saving will probably once more become the subject of more or less heated debate in which business men, city fathers, farmers with cows to milk, mothers with children of school age to look after, and last but not least, railroads with time tables to print and trains to run if possible to the minute, will demand to have their say. The advocates for daylight saving will point out that in England the economy in coal consumption effected by daylight saving during the summer months amounted to \$2,500,000, whereas the dairy farmers of the middle west protest that the morning dews and the natural milking time for cows cannot be regulated by clock, while in the North-West, where the summer sun shines eighteen or twenty hours a day the mother of seven children wishes to goodness that the darkness and the hour for bed time came twice as soon and lasted twice as long—what she wants is a darkness-saving law.

The demand for daylight saving, however, is most insistent in Eastern

into another, thus introducing a time at variance with the theoretical time of that zone. The contention of the railroads is that time should be changed only at the points at the terminals of train dispatching districts when train crews are relieved. They claim it is hazardous to require train crews to change from one standard operating time to another during a trick of duty, and impracticable to have train dispatchers operate trains under two standards of time.

Now it is noticeable that the demand for adoption of daylight saving time by the larger towns and cities is almost exclusively confined to Eastern Canada, New England States and the City of New York. On examination, this appears to be due to the fact that Eastern Standard time which theoretically extends only between the 75th and 90 meridians, has been carried in actual practice a very considerable distance east of the 75th degree. According to this meridian places all of the Province of Quebec, and all of New England, New York City and part of New York State in the Atlan-



Canada and the Eastern States and for every insistent demand there is usually a real reason. The reason apparently is that the so-called standard time in force in the area in question varies considerably from the mean sun time upon which the actual length and intensity of daylight is based. Standard time is a convenient artifice established in order to secure uniform time for neighboring communities or places. The sun is travelling from East to West and the noon hour originally travelled with it, but it was found inadvisable to fix definite areas in which the noon hour and other hours should remain the same for the convenience of the operation of railroads and telegraphs and the transaction of business wherein contracts involved definite time limits.

The situation was complicated, particularly in the Eastern States and Canada, by the railways themselves, where in actual practice it was found necessary to fix the time-breaking zones at terminals or division points. As branch lines have been constructed, the carriers have extended on these the standard time observed at the junction point or upon the main line. There are instances where the branch lines radiate out of one zone

drip. The varnish is both colorless and odorless.—Miss J. L. E.

When cleaning woodwork, there is ever present the danger of soiling the wall paper with the cleaning cloth. This is especially true when washing the mopboard. A good way to avoid the somewhat unsightly streak on the paper at the top of the board is to use a stiff piece of cardboard. Hold the cardboard flat against the wall and tight against the mopboard. The wall will be protected and the cardboard will receive the streak. It is really much easier to use this precaution than not. The strain of preventing the damp cloth from touching the wall is removed, and one works with greater freedom and ease.—Mrs. C. H.

When preparing cornmeal mush to fry, I pour it into jelly glasses, first wetting the glasses in cold water to prevent sticking. The mush cools quickly, and is in good shape to fry when sliced, as there are no corners to break off. Before frying I dip each slice in flour, and find that it fries quicker and browner.—Mrs. T. M. S.

My home-made medicine cabinet is very convenient. In it all the household remedies are assembled, within reach of the older members of the family and out of the reach of youngsters. We partitioned off an ordinary box, and then gave it three coats, inside and out, of white enamel paint. To improve the appearance I stenciled a small design in blue on the outside, and hung a little blue curtain in front. In the back of the cabinet are two gimlet holes for hanging upon nails driven in the wall. In the different partitions I keep different things—boxes of pellets in the smaller top partition, boxes of salves in the other. In the shorter of the two lower partitions I keep short bottles, tall ones in the other.—Mrs. F. E. H.

A small scrub brush as a part of my laundry equipment has been found of great value in washing overalls and badly soiled collars and cuffs of men's work shirts. I lay the wet article on the washboard, rub laundry soap on the brush, and brush the soiled article vigorously, often dipping the brush in water. This is much easier than scrubbing, and saves wear on clothing as well.—M. E. G.

In emptying the pillow ticks to be laundered this spring, try my way of keeping the feathers from wasting and flying all over the house. I take a flour sack (one with the starch still in it is best), turn it wrong side out, then rip an opening in the end of the pillow tick, and sew this opening to the mouth of the flour sack with a strong thread. Invert the tick, and shake the feathers into the sack; tie securely, and rip the sack loose. After laundering, sew it and the tick together again, and shake the feathers back into the tick.—Mrs. I. W. J.

I had a georgette waist that needed washing very badly, but I was afraid to attempt to wash it for fear it might fade. It was made of two-colored georgette, and embroidered in a different shade. One day I made suds of warm soft water and white soap shavings, and added a large tablespoon of salt. I soused the waist until all of the dirt disappeared, then rinsed it several times in warm soft water to which salt was added. I then squeezed it as dry as possible, and, taking Turkish towels, "wiped" it until it was much drier. Next I took a piece of clean blotting paper and absorbed all of the moisture where the two colors of materials joined, and about the embroidered place. I then hung it in the shade to dry, and pressed it with a warm (not hot) iron when slightly damp.—C. S.

Try flouring your cake tins after having thoroughly greased them, and you will have no more trouble with your cakes sticking.—Mrs. P. H. W.

Removing Stains From Clothes. Fruit or indigo stains: Spread stained part over a vessel and pour boiling water through the stain. The water should strike with force. Scorched fabric: Scorched fabrics can be restored if the threads are uninjured. Wet the stained portion and expose to the sunlight. Repeat. Spots on wool or silk: For wool,

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disolve the grease with gasoline or alcohol. A little salt added to gasoline prevents its leaving a ring. For silk, use ether or chloroform.

Iron rust: Salt and lemon juice will remove rust stains in white clothes if applied to the spots and the clothes placed in the sun. A second application may be necessary.

Ink stains: Experiment with one corner of the spot; ink varies greatly in composition. If the stain is fresh, soak the stained part in milk. Change the discolored milk for a fresh supply.

Blood stains: Rub with common soap in cold water. If necessary, add a teaspoonful of turpentine to the water. If the cloth is thick, apply raw-starch paste to the stain. Renew paste until stain disappears.

Grass stains: Wash with soap and cold water. If the fabric has no delicate colors, and the stain is fresh, treat with ammonia water or alcohol. For colored fabrics apply molasses or a paste of soap and baking-soda. Let stand over night.

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The idea of straw houses has been put forward by an expert in textiles, who, not content with perfecting his own branch of manufacture, has invented a process for making bricks from compressed straw.

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