

# The Economy of "SALADA" GREEN TEA

is in the larger number of cups it gives per pound. — Delicious! — Try it.



## STICK TO YOUR COLORS.

Everybody wonders why I wear brown so much—it seems that everything I buy is some shade of it. "Gracious, I'd think you'd get sick and tired of it!" a friend said when she saw me buy a spring hat with the same colors of my winter one.

I smiled and tried the hat another way before I answered. "I believe in sticking to my colors!" She didn't quite understand at first, but when I picked up a radiant rose hat which looked just like spring, she must have understood, for my face probably showed how I long for this beautiful color which fights so terribly with the uncompromising red of my hair.

"Well, I guess that is a pretty good plan at that," she conceded. "You always look well in brown and, after all, that is the result we are seeking!" Probably she had a mental vision of me in the rose hat and was trying to comfort me.

Years ago I learned that the woman who can't buy new clothes often seems to be better dressed if she buys the colors which best suit her coloring and hair and features. The shoes and stockings and gloves and hats all harmonize, and when a new dress is bought it does not mean the necessary purchase of another hat to wear with it.

I used to resent the fact that I must stick to browns, but I went into the shops and found that there were hundreds of shades and that I could wear most of them. Then I deliberately picked the shades that fit my hair, did not deaden it—combined shades which made the garment seem anything but orange; and then I often added an orange handkerchief to cheer myself up.

My little girl has blue eyes and black hair and I can satisfy my love for rose color by making a gypsy of her. And when I can't find a place at home for some glorious color, I enjoy sending it to someone I know can wear it.

But even though I am known as the "woman in brown," my husband says it is my color and that settles it—he always knew what he liked. So I think I had better stick to the colors that make the children and this special man say "Gee, mums, you look nice!" — E. M. P.

## RECIPES FOR LEFT-OVERS.

To make left-overs so appetizing that a "picked-up meal" is hailed with delight is true culinary art and an art worth cultivating. It needs imagination, for the materials and the quantities vary, but the satisfaction of preparing an attractive dish from what might seem unattractive material is well worth the effort.

**Scalloped chicken** can be made with a small quantity of meat or fish, eked out with eggs. To three-quarters of a cupful of chicken, veal, ham, sausage or fish, add four to six eggs, three-quarters of a cupful of butter, egg cracker or bread-crumbs, and one pint of white sauce. Meat should be finely chopped, eggs hard-boiled, then chopped; fish should be flaked and all bones removed. Sprinkle the bottom of the baking dish with the buttered crumbs, cover with half the chopped eggs, cover eggs with the white sauce, and over this sprinkle the meat or fish. Repeat the process, covering the top with crumbs. Place in the oven until the crumbs are browned.

**White sauce**, used in so many dishes, is made with two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one cupful of milk, salt and pepper to taste. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour, stir until it bubbles, add milk and seasoning and stir until the sauce thickens. These quantities make one-half pint of sauce.

**Stewed chicken and biscuits** is another toothsome dish. Split open a sufficient number of baking-powder biscuits, butter lightly and arrange on a platter. Four parts of the gravy over the biscuits, pile the chicken on top and serve together.

**Left-over chicken** can be made into a dinner dish thus: Cut the chicken in small dice. Boil macaroni until tender, drain and rinse. Melt one or two tablespoonfuls of butter (according to the amount of macaroni) in a baking dish, stir in the macaroni, moisten with chicken broth, slightly thickened. Cover with the diced chicken and a sprinkle of cheese, place in the oven for a few moments and serve hot.

**Corned beef hash**, made with shredded corn beef and cold boiled potatoes (cut in small pieces), is well known. The food value of this dish is increased

by placing poached eggs on the browned hash.

**Half-smoked sausages** which have been cooked and left over can be cut in slices one-quarter of an inch thick and added to scrambled eggs, or to bean soup.

**Potatoes and fish** can be made into a delicious dish thus: Flake and remove bones from any kind of white fish, mix with white sauce, place in a baking dish, cover with mashed potatoes, sprinkle with grated cheese and brown in the oven.

**Potato soup** can be made of mashed potatoes thus: Place in a double boiler one quart of milk, one small onion, one teaspoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Cook until the onion is tender, then add the mashed potato (from one to two cupfuls). Stir until well blended and thoroughly heated; serve hot. The soup can be made very quickly if flavored with onion salt instead of waiting until the onion is cooked.

**French toast** is an old favorite. It is known by various other names, but is always delicious. Cut bread in slices one-half inch thick and remove crusts, if hard. Make a thin batter with flour, eggs, milk and salt. Dip slices of bread first in plain milk, then in the batter and fry at once in hot, browned on both sides.

Serve with maple syrup, with sugar and cinnamon, or with marmalade or stewed fruit.

**English monkey** is made with one cupful of stale bread-crumbs, one cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two-thirds of a cupful of mild cheese cut into pieces, one egg and a few grains of cayenne pepper. Soak the crumbs in the milk for fifteen minutes. Melt the butter, add the cheese, and when cheese is melted, add the crumbs, milk, the eggs, slightly beaten, and the seasonings. Cook for three minutes and serve on slices of dry toast or toasted crackers.



**A NEW SMART BLOUSE.** 4690. Figured silk was used for this model. The collar and vest may be of self or contrasting material. This is a good style for linen, silk, a'paca or flannel.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. To make the blouse for a 38-inch size requires 3 yards of 32-inch material.

To make the collar and vest of contrasting material will require 1/2 yard 4 1/2 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

Send 10c in silver or stamps for our up-to-date Spring and Summer 1924 Book of Fashions.

**WOMEN! DYE FADED THINGS NEW AGAIN**

**Dye or Tint Any Worn, Shabby Garment or Drapery.**

**Diamond Dyes**

Each 15-cent package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint any old, worn, faded thing new, even if she has never dyed before. Choose any color at drug store.

# "When Hearts Command"—

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command, From minds the vaguest guessings depart."

## CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd.)

Hugo doffed his new hat, holding it delicately so as not to disturb the crease. "I didn't expect to find you here, Mrs. Egan. How well you are looking. Not a day older, if I may be permitted to say so."

Carrie Egan's face changed to an uneasy, sickly green hue. In his time Philip Ardeyne had seen negroes turn pale with fright, and the sight of her unnatural-looking pallor reminded him once again that she certainly must have a taint of dark blood in her veins. She made a movement as though to go back, but Hugo had marched straight up to her and was holding out his hand with apparently no suspicion that she might refuse to take it. The hand of the man who had shot her husband?

She did take it. Ardeyne drew in his breath and tried to move Alice out of earshot.

"My name is Baliss now," Hugo was saying. "John Baliss. We thought it better to change it. By the way, don't you owe me some money? A matter of twenty thousand pounds or so, if I'm not mistaken. I think I wrote to you once from That Place, but you took no notice. Doubtless you thought I shouldn't be needing it there, but you might have remembered that I had a family. Now, when we meet to discuss this little matter of business? Are you staying in this hotel?"

There was nothing of menace in Hugo Smarle's voice or manner. He was quite pleasantly engaging, no more reproachful than if he were reminding someone of a five-pound loan which might have been overlooked but assuredly would be paid.

"I shan't press you for interest," he added. "But we're rather hard up, my—my family and I. My daughter—my niece, I should say—is going to be married shortly. That will take her money. Her money, you know, we are to find the money for it."

He rattled on, not waiting for answers, scarcely expecting any. Every time Mrs. Egan's pallid lips parted to speak, he broke in afresh with his voluble explanations.

"This is my niece, Miss Carney, and this is Dr. Ardeyne, whom she's going to marry. Oh, you know them? But, of course. You and Jean must have met already. How did you think she was looking? Not a day older? Oh, you women are wonderful! Look at me. I don't look very young, do I? But I've been ill. I shall pick up presently. Now about that money, Mrs. Egan—"

"I'll tell you have it," she broke in hurriedly. "I'll tell you have it at once. Mr.—er—what was the name?"

"Baliss—John Baliss," Hugo informed her. "Now that is kind of you."

"Not at all." She began to retreat up the steps, and he shouted after her. "You won't forget, will you?"

"No, I won't forget. I'll attend to it at once."

"Twenty thousand—never mind the interest."

"You'll hear from my solicitors."

"Oh, thank you so much, Mrs. Egan. But by this time Mrs. Egan was inside the hotel, and did not catch his shrill thanks.

Hugo threw a cheerful glance at the verandah, and rejoined Ardeyne and Alice, linking arms with them both as an aid to his tottering steps down the steep driveway.

"Well, that's what I call luck!" he informed them confidentially. "Fancy running into that woman here. She owes me a lot of money more than twenty thousand, really, but I don't want to press her too hard. Women have such poor memories, haven't they? No doubt it passed entirely out of her mind. I used to be in partnership with her husband years ago. He's dead, poor fellow. Well, well, fancy meeting Carrie Egan again! And, really, she doesn't look a day older. I'm not exaggerating. Your mother will be pleased to hear about this, Alice. Such a splendid piece of news to tell her."

The incident had stirred Alice strangely. At every touch and turn Uncle John advertised the fact that there was some dark mystery about him in which she and her mother might also be involved. For instance, why had her mother and Mrs. Egan pretended not to know each other when they were introduced yesterday? And it was quite obvious—made so by himself—that Uncle John's real name was not Baliss. Alice was vaguely frightened by what it all might portend, but she tried to play up to him, and Ardeyne was doing the same.

He bubbled on and on about the riches he would soon possess, then switched suddenly to a grimmer topic.

"In That Place where I was, that hospital—you know, Ardeyne—here he winked broadly and drew the doctor in the ribs—"there was a concert party sent down from London to give us a bit of Christmas cheer, and one of the songs they sang—a rattling fine song, too—'twas called 'There's a Good Time Coming.' Some of the fellows went quart. I shed a few tears myself. But I surmised, it's true! 'There's a good time coming for everybody, I guess, if only they'd pull themselves together and believe in it. You shall have that good time, Alice, when, Mrs. Egan pays me what she owes.'"

He was terribly excited, poor little fellow; his frail body trembled violently as he trotted along clinging to their arms, and his voice cracked on distressing high notes.

"I'm not thinking of myself at all," he repeated over and over again. "I'm not mercenary, and if she were a poor woman I wouldn't press her, but she

was left very well off. I asked my cousin, Christopher Smarle, about it. He's a solicitor, too. Perhaps I ought to write to Christopher, but I've never told him that Mrs. Egan owes me money. I just asked him if she was comfortably fixed. Poor woman—I did feel so sorry for her. It was most unjust of Tony. He accused her of the most dreadful things, and no wonder she—but there, that's all dead and done with. Is her little boy with her by any chance?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I didn't know she had a child," Ardeyne said. Hugo laughed unsteadily. "If he's alive he'd be sixteen or thereabouts. Dear me, how awkward it must be for her!"

By this time they had reached the end of the Strada Romana and were toiling up the road that skirted the foot of the old town, and here—Hugo had predicted might happen—they met Mrs. Carnay in a ramshackle two-wheeled cart being driven back by one of Gaunt's workmen. The cart was pulled up and she descended, looking very flustered and upset at the sight of Hugo.

"Ah!" he exclaimed cheerfully. "While the cat's away the mice will play. And I've been having a good time, my dear. How is Hector? Am I going to see him soon? Who do you think I ran into just now? Well, you'd never guess. Tony's widow—Carrie Egan. She owes me such a lot of money, but she's going to pay it. She said she'd fix it up with her solicitors at once."

Poor Jean was utterly confused and the reference to Mrs. Egan nearly resulted in her complete collapse.

"I shan't press you for interest," he added. "But we're rather hard up, my—my family and I. My daughter—my niece, I should say—is going to be married shortly. That will take her money. Her money, you know, we are to find the money for it."

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## Christ's Death Warrant Discovered.

A document which archaeologists believe to be the Roman military order under which Jesus Christ was tried and crucified by Pontius Pilate, has just been discovered by the French government's ethnological mission in Southern Tunisia.

It substantiates the history of the Saviour's trial and death as described in the New Testament, and seems to place the legal responsibility on the Roman government rather than the Hebrew high priests.

Christ was executed, it appears from this document, because He was called "King of the Jews"—a claim that implicated disloyalty towards Caesar. The document is worded as follows:

"To all Colonial Governors of the Roman Empire in Palestine and Near and Further Arabia:

"Prophets and religious revolutionists have arisen among the people. These prophets are not to be interfered with under the Roman law except when their teachings are of such nature as to cause disturbances among the people. In such cases they are to be effectively suppressed.

"It is particularly desirable that these prophets be not allowed to interfere with the collection of taxes or with any other political affairs."

The edict was signed by Augustus Caesar, ruler of the Roman empire, and of Palestine as one of its colonies, at the time Jesus was born. Pontius Pilate, a Roman official, was the procurator of Galilee at the time of Christ's trial, and must have had the edict before him.

There is corroborative evidence to show that it was the actual law under which the trial proceeded. Its order that prophets be not allowed to interfere with the payment of taxes may well be linked to the Saviour by His enemies: "Ye that would give tribute unto Caesar or not?"

The high priests hold Jesus guilty of blasphemy, and worthy of death because they claimed He had said: "I am the son of God." That was not, however, a charge which meant anything to Pontius Pilate. So, as the Bible story indicates, the priests stressed the charge that Christ had claimed to be "King of the Jews," and had, therefore, "spoken against Caesar."

It was on this accusation that Pilate convicted Jesus and—as the only authority who could order capital punishment—directed that He be crucified.

Among the terrors of the sea is the whip-rap; this fish is armed with an ivory dagger about ten inches long, in its tail. When attacked, the fish lashes its tail round, inflicting deadly wounds with its dagger.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

"Yawning is one of the most healthy forms of exercise," says a doctor. "It indicates relaxation and freedom from poisons in the system, and does not necessarily express boredom." So don't be afraid to yawn.

GERMAN MONEY for sale—100,000 marks, 25c; 500,000 marks, 90c; one million marks, \$1.25; ten million marks, \$6.50. Specialty Import Co., (Dept. 3-W) 3 W. Dundas St., Toronto.

(To be continued.)

He who lives without folly is not so wise as he thinks.

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Money in the Bank!

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Houseswives who need more ready cash, schoolgirls with books and dresses to buy, teachers, men or women, any one can sell R. & E. Hosiery and make money. At the same time they do a real favor to their customers.

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ISSUE No. 16-24.

## WRIGLEYS

Chew it after every meal

It stimulates appetite and aids digestion. It makes your food do you more good. Note how it relieves that stuffy feeling after hearty eating.

Whitens teeth, sweetens breath and lifts the goody sheet.

SEALED in its Purity Package

WRIGLEYS DOUBLEMENT CHLORINE TOOTH PASTE

R25

Explosives weighing 2 1/2 tons are to be put into the largest air bomb in the world, now being constructed. It is intended for use on isolated land in the United States to test the effect of the explosion.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Early delights cannot long survive.

When there is no love in trouble its weight grows double.

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We want YOUR Cream. We pay highest price. We supply cans. Make daily returns. To obtain best results write now for cans to BOWES CO. LTD. TORONTO

SMART'S

The Mower that's Guaranteed

The materials from which Smart's Mowers are made are the way they are made guarantee durable and satisfactory service.

The lowest cutting power money can buy. See for a Smart's Mower by name. JAMES SMART PLANT. BROCHURE ONE.

MOWERS

Always have Mustard on the table

It's not just custom that makes people take mustard with their meals. Mustard aids digestion and helps to assimilate the food. It is a good habit to acquire. Mix it freshly for every meal.

but it must be Keen's

Save Fuel in Cooking

Boils in 5 minutes

Boils in 8 minutes

The illustration shows an interesting test you should try in your own kitchen. It proves the superiority of good enameled ware for cooking purposes. Take an SMP Enameled Ware Sauce Pan, and a sauce pan of equal size made of aluminum, tin or other metal. Into each pour a quart of cold water. Set both sauce pans over the fire.

The water in the SMP Enameled Ware Sauce Pan will be boiling merrily in about five minutes, while the water in the all-metal sauce pan will come to the boil in about eight minutes—three minutes longer. Save fuel in cooking. Use

SMP Enameled WARE

"A Face of Porcelain and a Heart of Steel"

Three finishes: Pearl Ware, two coats of pearl-grey enamel inside and out. Diamond Ware, three coats, light blue and white outside, white inside. Crystal Ware, three coats, pure white inside and out, with Royal Blue edging.

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MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG EDMONTON VANCOUVER CALGARY

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THE PEONY

Words cannot describe the beauty of the modern peony. Only those familiar with recent introductions have any conception of its charm, with flowers four to eight inches in diameter on long stiff stems, rivaling the rose in sweetness of perfume and the carnation in epineity. It stands in the front rank of flowers without a peer, massive without being coarse, fragrant without being pungent, grand without being gaudy, besides being free from insect pests, and having a considerable range of color.

The peony, like the iris, likes the sun. In making the bed remove the soil for a depth of two and one half feet and at the bottom place drainage of broken material. Now fill in the bed, say for two feet, with soil well mixed with the well rotted manure, taking care never to allow the manure to come in contact with the roots, as it causes club root disease. The Peony is a gross feeder, and as the bed is so very seldom made, make it to begin with. The top foot must be good soil mixed with bone meal only.

In planting, place the crown no deeper than three inches at the deepest, as deep planting is often the cause of shy blooming or no blooming at all. Peonies are much better planted in the fall than spring as they commence root growth so early that they retard them if you plant them late in the spring and thereby lose a year's bloom. Peonies ripen about the first of September, and should, if possible, be planted after that time to make root growth; then they will bloom the following spring. Oftentimes newly planted plants will not produce the typical bloom, the double varieties very often coming out single and small this being due to the fact that the plants are not established. Peonies are more slow in developing than many other plants, but when once established they will increase and bloom for years. In fact they are known to live for a century.

The peonies should be fertilized with garden fertilizer or pulverized manure every spring. Plenty of water must be given them at all times and the ground kept well cultivated around them. In the fall, cut down the foliage before covering. Then cover with well-rotted manure. In the spring, dig into the bed.

As to varieties, a well selected list might include: Festiva Maxima, early, pure white; Delicatissima, early, lilac rose; Edulis Superba, early, deep pink; Baroness Schroeder mid-season, white; Venus, mid-season, hydrangea pink; Felix Crousse, mid-season, red. Among the later bloomers are: Avalanche or Albatre, white; Couronne d'Or, yellowish; Sarah Bernhard, deep pink; Grandiflora, pink; Karl Rosenfeld, crimson; Marie Lemoine, white, cream centre.—Ontario Horticultural Association.

The Chance Goes By.

A man does not always know his chance when it comes to him, but if he lets it pass, he will learn in time that it went by. Then, too late, he will overwhelm himself with reproaches for not seizing the golden opportunity.

Business men decry tardiness in those whom they employ, for that means not simply the waste of time that should be spent in work, but the failure to be present when Opportunity, coming without warning, knocks peremptorily and, being unanswered, summarily departs. Returning belated, one may listen eagerly for a repetition of that summons to rise and confront Destiny face to face, but it does not come. The great chance appeared unheeded and found us wanting and went away, leaving no address with which we may communicate.

For our chances do not come with brass-band music and pennons waving. They stealthily approach; they seldom advertise. They come, like successful burglars, when we expect them least. "If only we had known!" we cry with vain regret. But they promptly went where there were others waiting for them, with trimmed lamps. These others seized what might have been our own, and all our boast of what we might have done had our "luck" been different is unavailing.

What is luck? Most of the time it means to be in the right place at the right moment. The one who is there is the winner over one who is elsewhere. And he who is there must be present not simply in the physical sense; he must attend with all his faculties. As Shakespeare reminds us, it is of no use to have our eyes open if "their sense is shut." A sentinel may be at his post, but he is futile if he sleeps.

Thus, to recognize, and to improve the opportunity one must be broad awake to it with the keen edge of the senses whetted. The worker who brings only part of his mind to his "dash is not worth the whole of the pay he draws. He will miss chances not merely for himself—those that quickly seized may promote his own fortunes—but for