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## The Revolt From Four Walls

By C. COURTNEY SAVAGE.

### CHAPTER IV.

Madeline Wardell loved to putter with a small garden that Guy had spared. In all her work she was joined by Rose Baker, a charming companion, blossoming into womanhood as beautifully as the flower for which she was named. She taught in one of the local schools in the winter and was to be married that summer.

"I know folks think that I'm crazy," she told Guy and Madeline, "for they don't understand. You see, my man's in the secret service of his country and he can't hang around me for days at a time. I haven't heard from him for a month and I haven't seen him for two but I know that he loves me and I trust him. That's what married life ought to be—trusting."

Madeline nodded gravely, wistfully. "In July he gets his new appointment to a more permanent post and we'll get married. If I don't hear from him until the middle of July, I'm going on planning to get married around the twentieth."

All of which had sounded very well to Guy Wardell and made him hope that he and his wife were at last on the highway to happiness. He was going to do his share.

That was why he whistled as he walked down the lane that warm evening and why he slept dreamlessly that night until he heard a man's strident voice outside the house saying:

"You won't find the darn skunk at home—I'll bet his skunk is!"

He sat bolt upright in bed and looked in Mad's direction. She was lying wide-eyed, listening.

"What is it?" she whispered, and for an answer came the call of an angry man's voice, "Wardell! Come down here, Wardell!" It was not a summons that a brave man would obey, and Wardell was certainly no coward, so he pulled on his trousers and slipped his bare feet into his shoes. A quick glance from his window showed that there were four or five men there, all neighbors and one of them, Horace Chambers, he knew for a very distant cousin.

"Well!" he asked as he flung open the door leading to the verandah, "well!"

"Well!" one of the men mocked. "Where were you last night? It's been kind of suspicious round here that you had something to do with all the trouble about hired hands. That cock-and-bull story about chucking up your job and living near the land is all right in books but this is real life and there were those around here that suspect you of having a reason for coming here."

"I don't understand."

"No," Horace Chambers said quickly, "but last night you made a mistake when you backed down a fruit tree. You forgot to take your check-

ered cap along. See!" and he produced the cap.

"Chopped down? I haven't chopped down any trees! I haven't moved from this place since I came from work at six o'clock. What's the idea, anyway?"

"No, he hasn't moved from this place since he came in from work," it was Madeline who repeated the statement. She had hurried into her clothing and now she slipped through the door, and beside—before, if necessary, her accused husband.

"Tain't likely that you'd admit it if he was," one of the men said sullenly.

"Tell me just what happened!" she demanded, silencing Guy, and they told her of the discovery of the destruction of two prize apple trees, both of them sawed off at the trunks, and of how Guy Wardell's checked cap, with the Warren Falls mark in it, was found just north of the trees.

"North of the trees? Say, I wouldn't have been going north. I wore that cap yesterday afternoon and took it off because it was too warm. I was working in John Baker's south field."

"Yeah," one of the men agreed and an angry murmur went through the small group.

"Wait!" Madeline Wardell advanced a step, forestalling any movement that would be made. "Don't you men do anything for which you'll be sorry afterwards. This isn't any time to lose your heads. Guy didn't chop those trees. If you'll think a minute you'll know he didn't. Whoever did it put Guy's hat there. I've learned that there's been some trouble brewing all spring. Why don't you get to the bottom of it?"

"It's been worse since you folks came," one of the men shouted.

"Well, why didn't you discover who it was worse?"

"Because we suspected you folks," "Yes, and because the agitators are afraid of my husband they have cast suspicion on him—tried to run him down from the Point. Now you listen to me—I haven't been asleep if you have!"

A stir ran through the men.

"The first morning I was here," she spoke very deliberately, "I went down by those raspberry patches and was pulling out some of the dead wood when I heard two men's voices. One of them said, 'It'll be a cinch to get rid of him, then you can't move back. Cut down a couple of trees or kill a couple of sheep and frame him by leaving some of his clothing about. The natives will do the rest.' Then they both laughed and the man who had been talking said, 'Is he a dip or a happen-so?' I don't know what 'dip' means. Do you?"

"A detective," Warren said quickly.

"Well, I didn't hear any more but I crouched low and got near the shore

to see if I could see them. All at once I heard the splash of oars and I looked out through the cedars and saw a rowboat headed north."

"H'm," this came from Horace Chambers.

"You didn't tell me that!" Wardell said quickly.

"I did not want you to think I was afraid. Besides, it didn't mean a thing to me then but now I understand."

"Could you see the two men in the boat? Was one of them very tall and thin?"

"Yes. And the other was tall and very heavy."

"Now I understand," Guy said quickly. "If you men will come up through the cedars, I will show you something."

He led the way, telling as he went of his meeting with the ferret-faced man the first night, of John Baker's mention of the unrest of the hired help, and how he had gone there and discovered that the sap house had been used as a hiding place, probably as the headquarters for the agitators who were working in the neighborhood. When he reached the sap house, he threw open the door.

(To be continued.)

### Little Sister's Interest.

Little Jeanie gazed long and thoughtfully at the young man who was calling on her grown-up sister Maude.

"May I climb up on your knee, Mr. Greene?" she inquired at last.

"Yes, of course, dear," smiled the young man, who wanted to make a bit with the family. "Want to pull my hair—eh?"

"No, I want to see if I can find that word," replied the little girl.

"What word?" asked the visitor, in bewilderment.

"I heard Maude say this morning that if a man ever had the word 'idiot' written all over his face that man was 'idiot'!"

Glass baking dishes are a constant joy.



## Woman's Interests

### Pointers on Curing and Storing Meat.

The two ways of curing pork and beef are brine curing and dry curing. Brine curing is less trouble than dry curing. If brine is properly made it will keep for a reasonable length of time. If it becomes rancid it must be poured off and boiled, or a new brine must be made. A cool cellar is the best place for both methods of curing. Rub the surface of the meat with fine salt and allow it to drain, flesh side down, for from six to twelve hours before the meat is cured, either with brine cure or dry cure.

Brine cure: For each 100 pounds of meat use eight pounds of salt, two and one-half pounds of sugar or syrup, two ounces of saltpeter and four gallons of water. In warm weather nine or ten pounds of salt are preferable. All the ingredients are poured into the water and boiled until thoroughly mixed. Then let the brine cool. Place hams on the bottom of the container, shoulders next, bacon sides and smaller cuts on top. Pour in the brine and be sure it covers the meat thoroughly. In five days pour off the brine and change the meat, placing the top meat on the bottom and the bottom meat on top, after which pour back the brine. Do this again on the tenth and eighteenth days. If the brine becomes rancid take the meat out and wash it thoroughly, also the container. Boil the brine or make new brine, replace the meat in the barrel and cover with brine. Allow four days' cure for each pound in a ham or shoulder, and three days' for each pound in bacon sides and small pieces. For example, a fifteen-pound ham takes six days. When meat is removed from the brine it should be soaked for about half an hour in water before being placed in the smoke-house.

Dry cure: This requires more work than brine curing. For each 100 pounds of meat use seven pounds of salt, two and one-half pounds of sugar and two ounces of saltpeter. Mix all the ingredients thoroughly, rub one-third of the mixture over the meat and pack the meat away in a box or on a table. The third day rub on half of the remaining mixture and again pack the meat. The seventh day rub the remainder of the mixture over the meat and pack it to cure. Allow a day and a half cure for each pound in a piece of meat. A twenty-pound ham will take thirty days to cure. When meat is removed from dry cure it should be washed with lukewarm water before being smoked. Sometimes there is trouble in keeping meat after it has been cured or smoked. It should be stored in a dry, cool and well-ventilated place. If allowed to hang up unprotected it is almost certain to be blown with flies and become infested with skippers. The most satisfactory way to handle the meat is to wrap it up in paper and then enclose in strong muslin sacks, tied tightly at the tops.

What Milk Does for Kiddies.

The school nurse in one Missouri town weighed and measured all the children in the first four grades, finding only fifteen per cent. of them normal. Of the eighteen hundred

### Fortunes Tossed Away.

Most people, it has been said, throw away a fortune in the course of a lifetime through waste in small things, and certainly the "cheese-parings and candle-ends" do count for more than is usually realized.

Take water, for instance. A New York crusade against dripping taps produced some astounding figures.

In two years alone a saving of forty thousand million gallons was effected by a tax of two dollars for any defective tap. Since such a leakage will waste 1,500 gallons per day, this will be readily understood in Canada and elsewhere.

Articles of food habitually wasted, are fruit and vegetables. For even in these times much fruit which might be sold or bottled is allowed to rot, either from carelessness or the difficulty of finding a quick and handy market.

The thrifty country-folk of France immerse their potato-crop for a few seconds in boiling water before putting them away, and this keeps them sound until the next crop is available.

How many men bother to untie parcels and preserve the string? More frequently the cord is damaged by cutting, and is then thrown into the waste-paper basket.

Some idea of the loss involved may be gathered from the known fact that the rag-pickers of Paris have gathered string to the value of \$500 a year from the rubbish-boxes in the public places of that city.

Few articles occasion more waste than the ordinary match. A cigarette-smoker would be surprised to find how many boxes, containing forty or fifty matches, he has used in a week.

In a small town, not long ago, after a fire, some children held a fair. The sum realized they sent to the pastor of the church. Their letter read: "This \$30 was raised by a fair, and we are sending it to you. Please give it to the fire sufferers. P.S.—We hope the suffering is not all over."

When the bell rang citizens were supposed to cover their fires with ashes, and so bank the hearth that flying sparks would not reach the open spaces. When William I. conquered England and began to impose his strict laws, he added to the curfew or "couvre-feu" the rule that citizens should retire for the night as well as bank their fires. Henry I. restored the use of lamps and candles at court after the curfew bell.

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wife has to upset a whole shelf before the right cover is found. A very convenient way to keep them is to have a small rack on the inside of the kitchen cupboard door. The best arrangement is to have three laths, one foot apart, screwed to the inside of the door in a horizontal position.

Under each end of the laths a small block, about one inch square and one inch thick, should be put so as to allow for a one inch space between the lath and the door. The covers when "dropped into the racks will take up very little space, and any special one can be selected at a glance.

With the price of paper steadily advancing, I began saving all the circular letters which came into the house, most of which are blank on one side. By cutting the envelopes open the children could use the clean side of them and the letters for arithmetic and their compositions, as they usually want to write them once or twice before they are satisfied. When ready for the teacher's approval they could copy on their good notebooks. This has saved a great deal of good notebook paper in my large family.

### The Tally.

It isn't the job we intended to do. Or the labor we've just begun. That puts us right on the ledger sheet.

It's the work we've really done. Our credit is built upon things we do. Our debit on things we shirk.

The man who totals the biggest plat is the man who completes his work.

Gopi's intentions do not pay bills. It's easy enough to plan.

To which is the play of an office boy? To do is the job of a man.

### BUY "DIAMOND DYES" DON'T RISK MATERIAL

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### An Anticlimax.

An amusing story comes from Italy, the dramatic personae being two men, devoted friends from childhood and eventually partners in a small grocery business, who had a quarrel over a girl. She was featherbrained, pretty and coquettish, and after showing marked favor to the senior partner suddenly threw him over and became engaged to the younger. The jilted one was in despair. He raved, sobbed and tore his hair. His family and friends after quelling him as best they could persuaded him to complete by letter the severance of business relations with his successful rival.

"Oh cruel world! Oh treachery of man!" he wrote. "Thus is our friendship broken, our partnership dissolved. I can neither think, plan nor act; I can but weep. My brother, who brings you this, my last word, I empower to represent me in arranging the miserable details. They are nothing to me. How should I care about trifles when my heart is breaking? Only this I stipulate: the cat and the pup you may retain entire, but on no consideration will I part with my half of the denkey."

A historic instance of anticlimax scarcely less complete is related by Madame d'Arblay. The Monte de Lally, the famous French-Irish soldier, when he held a command in India was seriously displeased with an officer, who, being charged with a commission to the Dutch East India authorities, had compromised its success by a blunder of the sort he had once before committed and been forgiven for. Seizing his pen the moment he had finished the erring officer's report, the general wrote furiously:

"If you are guilty of that fault again, I warn you that if you nas the head of my son on the shoulders of my father I will have it chopped off!"

At that moment the steward entered and said: "What do you want?" demanded Lally.

"Sir, I have just heard that you are sending an express to the Dutch, and as we shall soon be out of coffee I came to ask you if you would not enter an order for some."

"Very well," said the general, whose explosion in ink had already relieved his anger, and reopening his letter he added:

"P.S.—I request you to do me the favor of sending by the bearer a packet of coffee."

The offender kept his head and sent the coffee.

### Facts About Fireworks.

Fireworks, as we know them today, were not known to antiquity, but the ancients employed works of fire in connection with their religious feasts.

The early monarchs of Asia, according to Herodotus, commanded that emblems of fire, considered holy and eternal, should be carried at the head of their armies on little altars of silver.

Fire was used by the Romans in their religious rejoicings; but the Greeks introduced illuminations. Lighted lamps were held at a certain feast in honor of Minerva, who gave them oil; of Vulcan, their inventor of lamps; and of Prometheus, who was said to have rendered them service by the fire which he had stolen from heaven.

Great illuminations and bonfires figured in the Secular Games of the ancients. For three whole nights there were continuous lights, these celebrations taking the form of England's "Guy Fawkes night" in triplicate.

Fireworks, in the modern sense of the word, can be traced back to the close of the thirteenth century. They were called "feux de joie," and were invented soon after the introduction of gunpowder.

It may be assumed that we really owe fireworks to the Egyptians and the Chinese. They began their feasts of St. John the Baptist and the Assumption with wooden edifices, adorned with painted statuettes, and from the mouth and eyes of which issued a beautiful fire. Dragons, swans, eagles, etc., built on such a large scale as to carry many persons, were also made to emit amusing fireworks.

In Rome, at the creation of the Popes, illuminated "hand-grenades" were thrown from the tops of castles, and about the commencement of the fourteenth century fireworks had become an art in which inventors displayed great ability in combining the powers of architect, sculpture, and painting.

### Worms Now Color Silk.

While the silkworm has no fancy for any particular color, preferring to weave its cocoon of a drab gray so that it will not show against a gray tree trunk, one man has discovered a method whereby he can make the little spinners produce any one of eighteen shades at his pleasure. The man is Dr. Vartan K. Osgilan, son of a long line of silk manufacturers, and he has an extensive silk worm farm near New Orleans.

Osgilan has discovered that upon feeding the worms certain leaves they will respond by spinning certain colors. He has carried out his experiments until he has the eighteen varieties of food to produce the like number of colors. The silk thus shaded will not fade in either water or sunlight. Not only has he secured colored silk, but in addition he has increased the cocoon in size until a single one provides 1800 yards to a strand and there are two strands to a cocoon.

of the bottom ascertained by photography from airplanes.



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What Milk Does for Kiddies.

The school nurse in one Missouri town weighed and measured all the children in the first four grades, finding only fifteen per cent. of them normal. Of the eighteen hundred

Household Helps.

Besides having a bag for your clothes pins, make one for the clothes lines. It is a comfort to be sure that it is clean when washing morning comes. One care less.

Put a lump of alum about as large as a green pea into starch while hot and stir slowly till it is dissolved. Then the irons will not stick and articles will keep clean a long time. Use that amount of alum to a quart of starch.

If you are one of the wise people who understand how to color garments, do not forget to keep on hand white thread silk and dye the exact color of the garment to be made over. It is not always easy to match thread.

Wild grape and apple juice in equal parts makes delicious jelly. Even grape juice is better if part apple juice is added. It will not crystallize.

When looking for a particular saucypan cover, the average house-