

Until You Try "SALADA"

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SALAD DAYS AND SALAD WAYS.

"A salad a day" is just as healthful as "an apple a day" and should form part of either the midday or evening meal. Salads, like soups, are endless in variety and can be made with meat, poultry or fish, fresh or canned vegetables or fruit, nuts, and cheese. Vegetables used in the preparation of salads, should be tender, crisp, cold and dry. The exception to this rule is potato salad, which is sometimes served hot, or at least warm. Mayonnaise dressing is at its best on a meat or fish salad, served at luncheon or supper. Dinner salads require a lighter dressing.

Some salad combinations make use of left-overs in a delightful way. The following are both interesting and toothsome: Prunes (cooked and seeded), marshmallows and blanched almonds on lettuce leaves. Sliced oranges and seedless raisins on shredded lettuce. Dice boiled potatoes, chopped peanuts and chopped green peppers. Chopped celery, peanuts and raisins. A slice of pineapple (on a lettuce leaf), covered with sliced bananas, garnished with chopped nuts and a red cherry. Oranges, chopped dates or figs and diced pineapple. Shredded cabbage, sliced bananas, chopped celery and nuts. And there is an infinite variety of others which the housewife can work out for herself.

Corned beef salad is made with one and one-third cups of finely shredded cabbage, one and one-third cups of sliced boiled potatoes, one cup of shredded green peppers and one cup of very thin strips of cold boiled corn beef. Mix these all together with a sharp mayonnaise and serve on lettuce leaves. Garnish with slices of hard boiled egg.

Cream-Cheese and Nut Salad—Form cream-cheese or cottage-cheese into small balls; roll in chopped nuts, arrange on lettuce leaves, or on crisp and finely chopped cabbage, and serve with a cooked or mayonnaise dressing.

For Waldorf Salad mix one cup of apples diced and sprinkled with lemon juice to prevent discoloration, one cup of dried celery, one-half cup of chopped nuts. Moisten with salad dressing and place mixture in red apples which have been cored and hollowed out. Serve on lettuce leaves.

Baked Bean Salad is made with one cup of baked beans, one cup of finely shredded cabbage, one small onion, chopped. Mix with French dressing or any salad dressing preferred. Garnish with thin slices of cucumber pickle, or canned pimiento. Canned string beans may be used instead of the baked beans.

Thousand Island Dressing requires one cup of mayonnaise, one-third cup of chili sauce, one-third cup of whipped cream, two tablespoons of chopped sour and sweet pickles, or chow-chow, and one chopped pimiento. Combine the ingredients in the order given and serve at once. This is delicious with any green salad or with eggs, salmon, chicken, ham, tongue, celery or asparagus.

Hot Potato Salad requires four boiled potatoes, one onion, two slices of bacon, one tablespoonful of flour, one-quarter cup of vinegar and water combined, salt and pepper. Fry the bacon, then remove slices, add flour to bacon fat, rub together until blended, then add vinegar and water, salt and pepper. Cook until the dressing thickens. Dice the bacon and potatoes, slice the onion. Add the dressing, mix well and serve hot.

ADENOIDS.

Adenoids is the name given to an enlargement of the lymphoid tissue that lines the back of the nose and mouth. The enlargement forms a kind of third tonsil and though it frequently comes with the swelling of the real tonsils, may also come when the tonsils are healthy. Although it is a disease of child life, it often persists in adults.

Adenoids are not only troublesome but, since they block up the nose and the openings that deal from the throat to the ears, are also a menace to health. The child that suffers with them cannot breathe properly and may be unable to hear well. Mouth breathing, which he must resort to, brings an endless train of evils with it, among which are constant colds and rapidly deteriorating teeth—both evils that are induced by germs that easily find their way into a constantly open mouth. However, mouth breathing gives an ugly nasal twang to the voice. A child with such handicaps

as those is naturally slow of mind, inattentive and irritable. His dull facial expression—the open mouth and the pinched nostrils—shows clearly what is wrong, and mother, nurse and teacher should be guided by it. It is cruel to scold and punish a child who is struggling with incipient deafness, a permanently stopped-up nose, improperly aerated blood and other symptoms of a bad case of adenoids.

It is easy to help them, especially if the case is discovered early. The treatment is surgical and is now so well recognized as the only good way that it is performed without hesitation on the youngest children. The adenoids are removed—usually under an anaesthetic—and relief is prompt. Sometimes even when the most skillful surgeon removes them they will return, but the operation can be repeated. After an operation much can be done for a child by training him to good habits of breathing and to a hygienic mode of life.

SOLVING A CLOTHES PROBLEM.

The daytime clothing of my two children is easily and willingly put into place since I put up two wooden towel racks on the casing in their bedroom. Each rack has three swinging arms, and on each are tied two wooden spring clothespins. These pins are just far enough apart to clasp onto the shoulders of the garments. Thus a dress may be on one, the underwaist with bloomers attached on another, and underwear on a third, with the ends of two arms serving for the stockings and the third for supporters.

The clothes kept this way are not wrinkled, dressing is done in the least possible time, and it is so easy for me to slip into the clothespins just the garment I want put on in the morning when a change is desired.

MICELESS CUPBOARDS. To shut off the runways of mice made in cupboards or baseboards, stuff up the holes with wire wool. It has been said that steamships annually use tons of this material to stop the pests until other repairs can be made.



4710. This "costume" is quite up-to-date, and attractive for any of the material now in vogue. The jacket may be omitted, or it may be made of contrasting material.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 2½ yards for the dress, and 1 yard for the jacket of 40-inch material. Mustard color linen with stitching in brown floss would be nice for this model, or pongee in a natural shade with pipings or bindings of white or green.

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.

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Spring and Summer 1924 Book of Fashions.

EASIER JELLY MAKING.

To adjust a jelly bag properly gather the hem over an embroidery hoop, sew a tape firmly on both sides to hang up by, and suspend over the crock or kettle and allow the juice to drip. The hot fruit can be easily poured into such a bag, and it can be hung up much easier. Make your jelly bag with a sharp point to insure the maximum pressure, and the juice dripping out at one point with less danger of spilling.

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From minds the sagacious counselings depart."

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Cont'd.)

They took a little walk up to the groves behind the Villa dei Colli, but the afternoon seemed to hold uncertainties. Every line of Alice's sad, bewildered face, every curve of her drooping body claimed Ardeyne's passionate pity and protection. He was not conceited enough to assume that should she lose him her life might be blasted, although their mutual love called for such an assumption. It was the news of her possible heritage which would mark the cruelty. Even it might bring about the very thing he feared, for too clever a doctor not to appreciate the value of the danger of suggestion. The less she was told about it the better; best of all if she were never told.

Afterwards he often thought of that afternoon in the olive grove above the old town. It marked such a curious crisis in his life; a revolution in thought and in deed. Alice was silent most of the time, a little frightened and miserable. His caresses were scarcely acceptable, since there was this secret separating them—the thing he could discuss with Mrs. Egan but not with her. She suffered his arm about her waist, his tender kisses, but she guessed accurately that in some way—not yet clear to her—she was an object of pity.

"Alice, dear, would you mind if we were married almost at once?" he asked.

His question, unexpected, gave her a feeling of panic. It was as though he had read her mind. She had been saying to herself: "If Philip and I aren't married soon—quite soon—perhaps some terrible thing will happen to prevent our marrying at all."

"I don't—I don't mind," she brought out in a hurried little gasp.

"With your mother's consent, of course," he added. "It would have to be at Genoa before the British Consul. But we could be married afterward in church—directly afterwards."

That was how her mother had been married, or something like it. She was a little confused, and pressed him for details. Would such a ceremony be legal in England? Yes, if her mother didn't object; yes, she wouldn't mind being married in Genoa, and soon. It would save a lot of bother and expense. If Philip was quite sure—

He tried to make it plain to her that he was more than sure, yet suddenly there was a change in the nature of his love-making. His arms encircled her in what might be called a fatherly embrace. He adored her, yet he was remote on his passionless pinnacle. But Alice felt the change and was bewildered by it. Those were the kisses of a friend, not of a lover.

That was a father's or a brother's arm lightly clasping her waist.

Still, there was not such a great difference that she could suspect at once what had taken place in his mind. It was not his heart.

They walked down through the Old Town to the Villa Charnil, arriving just in time for the evening meal, which proved to be an unsatisfactory performance partaken of in the earwiggy arbor. The macaroni came an old and the chicken was a little tough and underdone. It began to rain before they were quite finished, and everybody had to pick up plates and rush for the shelter of the house. But afterwards there was some good hot coffee and Hugo, discovering an old guitar in the box-room, tuned it up and sang and played to them. He had a surprisingly sweet tenor voice and an endless stock of sentimental songs.

Hector Gaunt, who had stayed on, walked restlessly to and fro the length of the glass-covered corridor smoking a cigar. Hugo's love ditties set his teeth on edge, but he did not like to complain.

It was some time before Ardeyne could get a word in with Mrs. Carnay alone, but finally there was an opportunity, and he asked her if she would object to his and Alice's marriage taking place in Genoa as soon as it could be arranged. If so, he would go at once—to-morrow—and see about it.

What appealed to her most was the fact that he could be got rid of, and—oh, yes, she nodded, if Alice wanted it. Rather than that? Still, it had to come some time. She warmed up to the idea more and more, her mind ranging lightly ahead. In three weeks? Yes, doubtless he would have to take up residence in Genoa, and then, of course, the honeymoon.

Ardeyne suggested Lucerne for the honeymoon.

Hugo's plaintive voice went on, accompanied by the soft strum of the guitar. The silver rain falling. Just as it fell-eth now! And all things slept gently! Ah! Alice, where art thou? Alice, curled up in a dim corner, shielded her eyes with her hand. She felt like crying, although the reason was obscure to her. If only Mr. Gaunt would go back to his mountain-top and Philip to his hotel and Uncle John to bed. She wanted to talk to her mother.

But at bedtime, when ultimately it did arrive, Mrs. Carnay had become almost as remote to Alice as had Philip Ardeyne that afternoon in the olive grove. She was there, of course, affectionate, consciously sympathetic—but, oh, the immense detachment from things that seemed to matter. Alice had awaited the moment with a longing that grew positively frenzied as it was delayed by so many seemingly trivial things.

First, there was the departure of Mr. Gaunt, Maria and the mule. One could understand their hesitation to set forth. The silver rain was falling,

as in Hugo's song; they had a climb of three miles or so up the black mountain-side and it was warm and cosy in the Villa Charnil, at least for Gaunt and Maria. But at length they did go, and finally Philip was persuaded to retire and finally Philip—still in his mood of self-exaltation—pressed a friendly kiss upon his fiancée's brow and also departed.

Finally, Mrs. Carnay had finished her fussy round of the villa and her lengthy talk with Louisa on the subject of breakfast and how water was to be heated for morning baths. The front gate was locked and bolted, the doors and windows fastened, a leak discovered in the ceiling of the salon and worried over, a hot water bottle fetched for "Uncle John," who must not be allowed to catch another cold.

Candle in hand, clad in a flowing white gown with her pretty hair falling about her shoulders, Jean Carnay flitted about the house as though pursued by a demon of perversity. Three times she said a firm good-night to Alice, who trailed her in a most exasperating fashion.

But at last she was caught. She had slipped stealthily into her own bedroom, taken off her shoes so as to make no noise, and was just congratulating herself that Alice must be quite asleep by now, when the persistent child appeared again—also with a candle—and demanded an audience.

"But, my dear, it's so late!" Mrs. Carnay complained.

"It's only eleven, mummy. And I simply must—"

"But I'm so dreadfully tired—"

"I know. I won't stay a moment. Please don't be impatient with me, or try to put me off—"

"But, my dear, I hope I'm never impatient with you!" All the same, there was a note in her voice which belied the gently reproachful words.

"We've got such a lot to do, haven't we, if you're to be married so soon? I've heard of quite a good dressmaker here. We can get the silk for your wedding dress in San Remo and have it made up—simply, you know."

"Mummy, it's about Uncle John I wanted to ask you."

Mrs. Carnay bent over her pillow, pounding it to a fuller roundness.

"Well?" The question was a little harsh.

"Is Uncle John really my father?" The woman's heart gave a sickening thud and she felt herself turn deadly pale. She continued to thump the pillow, keeping her face turned from Alice. "Thank heaven, she could—in this instance—answer truthfully with an emphatic denial. She did so."

"Certainly not! What could have put such a dreadful idea into your head?"

"I'm sorry, mummy. Please forgive me. It was something he said—so many things he said."

Mrs. Carnay dreaded to ask what he had said, while a burning, white hot hatred of Hugo seared her breast. After his solemn promise to her!

"Really?" she gasped.

"There's something queer about him," Alice faltered. "Has he been in prison, mummy?"

"Prison? Prison? Good heavens—what are you talking about?"

"Is he quite—quite an ordinary person? I mean his mind seems a little queer."

"Your poor uncle! Queer, if you like. He's been dreadfully ill. I can't understand what you're driving at. You're making me feel most uncomfortable, Alice."

"I know. That's just the way Uncle John makes me feel. At first I didn't like him very much. But now I feel sorry for him—although he sets me on pins and needles, particularly when Philip is about. . . . Mummy, please, please forgive me for keeping on asking you. I must know the truth. Is Uncle John really my father?"

Mrs. Carnay's face was red and pale by turns as she faced Alice. "I told you once that your Uncle John isn't your father. I repeat that he isn't. Is there anything more you would like me to add to that statement?"

Never, never had she spoken to Alice like that before. Never before had a harsh word passed her lips to this most beloved of daughters. And now she was what you're driving at—furious angry. Alice began to cry.

"Mummy, I—oh, mummy darling!" "There, there, go to bed. . . . No, I'm not annoyed with you, only, only—"

Jean broke off and laughed distractedly. "It's so funny—so terribly funny! Oh, how funny it is!" The laughter rose and fell on a wild note, then stopped as though a gush of water had been turned off at the top. She was too wise a woman to be overtaken by hysterics. For a moment she had let herself go, but only for a moment. (To be continued.)

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To An Old Friend.

I like to dream of some established spot, Where you and I, old friend, an evening through Under tobacco's fog, streaked grey and blue, Might reconsider laughter's unforgotten. Beside a hearth glow, golden, clear and hot, I'd hear you tell the oddities men do: The clock would tick, and we would sit, we two— Life holds such meetings for us, does it not?

Happy are men when they have learned to prize The sure unvarnished virtue of their friends, The unchanged kindness of a well-known face; On old fidelities our world depends, And runs a simple course in honest wise, Not a mere taxicab shot wild through space.

—Christopher Morley.



He—"I wonder what it is about spring that gets into the blood?" She—"Spring tonics, I guess."

When Baby Walks.

Don't put the kettle on the fire with the spout pointing out into the room. If the water boils without your noticing it, baby, running past, may be seriously scalded by the steam.

Don't leave pins and needles lying about; they may find their way into baby's mouth.

Don't polish the floor underneath loose mats. Baby's unsteady little feet slide with the rug, and he has a nasty fall.

Don't have any unguarded fires. Keep a guard permanently and securely fixed in front of each.

Don't, if you live in a flat, leave the front door open "just a few moments" while you run down the stairs for something. Baby may run after you with frightful results. And, if you live in a house with the nursery upstairs, don't omit to fix a gate at the top of the staircase. It need not cost much.

Don't put bowls of hot water within baby's reach. Remember that he is very curious, and he may, on a voyage of discovery, tip a whole stream over him.

Don't forget that baby likes to look out of the window, and that, therefore, all windows which he can reach, and from which a fall would be dangerous, must have bars or be kept closed at the bottom.

Don't have food and drink about except at meal times. If baby sees either he will naturally want it, and it is bad for him to eat or drink at odd times.

Don't keep anywhere in baby's way any bottles or boxes containing poisons for cleaning or medicinal purposes.

Bees on Farm

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ISSUE No. 21-24.

Eases Kitchen Work

To Women Who Do Their Own Work: Suppose you could save six minutes every day in washing pots and pans—two minutes after every meal. In a month, this would amount to a saving of three hours of this disagreeable but necessary work. This saving can be made by using SMP enameled kitchen utensils, as their smooth sanitary surface will not absorb dirt or grease. No scraping, scouring or polishing is needed when you use Diamond or Pearl Ware Soap, water and a dish towel is all you need. Ask for

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Doing Away With Sleep.

Medicine has its terrors no less than war. It was announced recently that two medical men are collaborating in an attempt to abolish sleep.

The human brain, according to these enterprising gentlemen, is a sort of storage battery, and while it continues to supply electric energy to other parts of our organism we don't feel sleepy. It is when the electricity is exhausted that we become tired.

Accordingly, the experimenters have concluded that, if we can recharge the brain battery, the necessity for sleep will vanish. Presently, therefore, instead of going to bed, we will sit down, apply an electric current to the brain cells, and in about a quarter of an hour will be ready to start another day's work.

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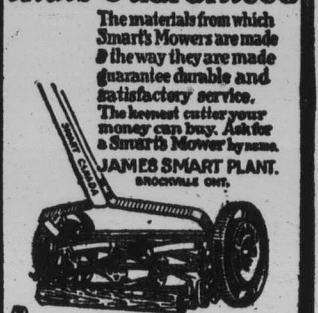
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