

After You Have Used

# "SALADA"

GREEN TEA

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## THE HUMBLE HERB SOCIAL.

A delightful country social I have in mind is called the Humble Herb Social, and is to be carried out when a way to raise money is the country church's problem.

Decorate the church or hall to represent the attic of an old Colonial farm house. Hang the rafters with bags and bunches of every kind of herb procurable—catnip, lavender, dried clover blossoms, thyme, pennyroyal, sage, celery, peppermint, mullein, pine needles, cat tails, etc.

The ladies on the receiving and entertaining committee should be dressed in old-fashioned calico or "print" dresses with tight basques and be-ruffled skirts (with "hoops" if available), with old-fashioned breastpins, collars, "half-bands" and hair-dressing.

At the booths everything offered for sale should be made of or contain herbs—packets containing herbs for culinary use, for medicinal use, catnip for the family pet, little sachet bags filled with sweet scented herbs, such as rosemary, mint, balm, rosegeranium leaves, myrrh, rose petals, lavender. Prices range from five to twenty-five cents each (seldom over).

Muslin slips measuring 20x20 inches may be filled with soothing herbs and sold as "invalids' pillows"—they may be decorated or not, and will sell well and at a good price. Mint jelly, neat bath bags (with fragrant herbs to give perfume), herb relishes, recipes, etc., may be offered for sale and will be classed among the "best sellers." Serve tea, and cookies and cakes, mint sandwiches (meat or chicken paste filling seasoned with herbs), home-made mint candies and various other dainties that will suggest the "herb" idea at the refreshment booth, charging at least thirty cents for the complete menu.

The committee in charge will arrange for a moderate amount of music, games and recitations. Afternoon will be the best time to hold this kind of social as, in winter, both men and women, old and young, will be able to attend and a fine sum netted for the church, aside from the refreshment of spirit to be gained by these simple little social gatherings that tend toward keeping alive not only the little country church, but neighborhood interests as well.—Mrs. G. S.

## I MADE A RAG RUG.

We farm women rather pride ourselves upon having gotten away from the rag carpet which entirely covers the floor but since our city sisters have manifested such an interest in the various kinds of rag rugs, we too have renewed our appreciation of their homelike and dependable qualities as well as their artistic possibilities.

With this in mind, I got out my accumulation of "bit-and-miss" carpet rags. I had been saving them for several years for no special reason except that I could not entirely get away from my early training along this line. These had been cut from the scraps of each job of sewing and saved, a handful at a time. They were of wool and cotton, thin and heavy goods, all new and clean and strong.

One day when the mud was too deep to warrant housecleaning or much

## 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.



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## "When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

### CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Cont'd.)

"Suppose we talk about you?" Ardeyne suggested.

"Yes—I wanted to do that," Mrs. Egan started, and half rose as a sound of coughing came from the next room. He noticed the quick clenching of her hands and an expression of anguish which crossed her features.

"That's my boy—my son," she explained. "He's not very well. I want you to have a look at him presently and advise me what to do."

"Your son?" Ardeyne repeated. Then he remembered a curious reference Hugo Smarke had made to Mrs. Egan's son. As though there was something a little mysterious about her having a son at all.

"I want to tell you first," she lowered her eyelids. "He's been living in Jamaica with my parents, and that's why I went out so suddenly. My father wrote that he was in poor health, and he thought the climate was bad for him. But I didn't realize how serious it was. And I'm terribly afraid."

Ardeyne rose. "Let me see him, Carrie. That cough sounds rather bad—but one never knows. How old is he?"

"Sixteen." Then, a little defiantly she added: "He's Tony's child."

"Your husband's?"

"Tony's and mine." I meant that Tony was his father.

But beyond that, Ardeyne wondered what she was driving at.

"Philip, I want to tell you, first. Before you see him. There's some queer blood in my family. Tony never knew, and when poor little Max was born—well, I suffered a great deal. You see, my grandmother—on my mother's side—called herself a creole but she was really—"

Ardeyne took the hand with which she was gesticulating nervously, and held it in a firm clasp of sympathy.

"I understand, Carrie. Your little son was what we call a 'throw-back.'"

Mrs. Egan averted her face and her lips twitched.

"In plain language, Philip, he's a negro—at least a mulatto. Tony couldn't bear the sight of him, even when he was a baby. She burst out passionately: 'Oh, I could never, never tell you that! I've been through—what I've suffered!'"

"Never mind!" She dried her eyes hastily. "Just let me tell you you're here. He's a good boy, quiet and gentle. And he loves me dearly. I haven't neglected him as much as you might think. Only—for the sake of Tony's fame, couldn't they be with me in England. But they're dead now, and it doesn't matter. I shall never leave him again—only, I think perhaps he's going to leave me. Just a moment."

She disappeared into the next room and then came back, beckoning to Ardeyne.

"This is Max, my boy," she said as the doctor followed her. "Max darling, my old friend Dr. Ardeyne has come to see you." Her voice lacked nothing of maternal solicitude and affection.

The boy lay on a couch half covered with a Persian silk shawl. He was startlingly handsome and extraordinarily like his dead father, in spite of the fact that the dark blood in his veins proclaimed itself much more than it did in his mother. With her it had raised no more than an occasional suspicion or question in Philip Ardeyne's mind. With him it was certainly.

His hair curled in soft ringlets all over a small, well-shaped head. His skin was coffee-colored—*café au lait*—and his eyes were big and brown and lustrous. He held out a skinny, dark hand to the doctor.

"How do you do?" he said courteously, his English accent, possibly French. "It is very kind of you to come to see me, sir. Will you forgive my not getting up?"

"I'd not move," said Ardeyne.

He drew up a chair and sat down beside the couch. Mrs. Egan brought a hassock and crouched on the other side. Her eyes were tender and only left the boy's face to question the doctor.

From the first it was plain enough to Philip that poor little Max Egan was doomed. Tuberculosis had set its seal on him, although it had scarcely seemed to touch his physical beauty. The doctor talked to the boy, and presently they were on very good terms.

"You must get your mother to take you to Switzerland," Ardeyne said. "What, you've never seen any snow? Well, you've got a treat in store for you. In no time you'll pick up and be another person."

"Shall I skate and ski?" the boy asked eagerly. "Do you really think—?"

"Not just at first," Ardeyne interrupted. "Oh, at first you must take things very easily. I'll give your mother a letter to a famous doctor out there, and you'll live in his house."

"You mean in a sanatorium?" the boy said, making a very face.

"Not the usual sort of sanatorium," Ardeyne assured him. "In fact, it's a most delightful little colony of chalets, and no doubt you and your mother will have one all to yourselves. And there will be the big mountains. You've no idea how big they are. I rather envy you going to Switzerland for the first time."

"I want to climb mountains," said the boy.

Ardeyne nodded. "Get well first. Then you shall." He snapped open his watch. "And now I'm afraid I must go. Indeed, I'll have to hurry if I'm to meet that train."

He tried to say good-bye then and there, but Mrs. Egan followed him out and detained him a moment longer.

"Phil, I want the truth. Please tell me."

"My dear child, I can't tell you the lad's in a bad way, and his age is against him, but one never knows. You must get him away as soon as possible. Come and see me to-morrow—no, that won't do. I shall be out of town."

"I'll come down to Maidenhead, Phil. What's the name of your place?"

"I don't feel I can wait even until Monday. Max has a nurse to look after him, and I could motor down and back in the morning."

"If you like, the house is called The Rushes. Anyone can direct you. Come for luncheon, Alice would be delighted."

"Thank you, Phil. Yes, I'll come. The Rushes—you say—I'll write it down at once. Good-bye—I don't know how to thank you, but—"

"I'm afraid there isn't very much to thank me for," Ardeyne said gravely. "Good-bye, then—until to-morrow."

He hurried away, consulting his watch again. In his interest in Carrie Egan's tragic son, he had almost forgotten Monsieur Carre.

And in the arrival of the French scientist and in motorizing him down to The Rushes in the middle of the night, and in the excitement of their long-winded conversation together the next morning, Ardeyne almost forgot Carrie Egan.

Then he recalled her with an uncomfortable jolt of memory, together with the fact that he had not mentioned to Alice that he had met her and she was coming to luncheon. There was some excuse, for he had scarcely seen Alice that morning. She had breakfasted in her own room and afterwards gone out on the river with a Mr. and Mrs. Hemmingsley, a young married couple who were staying with them, in order to leave Philip quite free to enjoy Monsieur Carre's society.

But they were all back now—Dick Hemmingsley, puffing a pipe in the garden, the two women indoors, and he himself, in order to leave Philip quite free to enjoy Monsieur Carre's society.

When he remembered Carrie Egan he hurried upstairs at once to Alice's room, where the parlourmaid said he would find her. The sound of a motor-horn quickened his footsteps.

Alice was standing before the mirror, adjusting her hair.

"Oh, Philip—have you had a nice morning?" she asked, with her sweet, friendly smile.

"Perfect," he replied. "So altogether absorbing that I nearly forgot something rather important. I met Mrs. Egan at the Savoy last evening and asked her to luncheon to-day. She's motorizing down and will be here any moment. I fancied I heard a car just now."

The smile faded from Alice's lips. That tugging sense of fear took possession of her, and it had been from the beginning whenever she saw or even thought of Carrie Egan.

"Yes, Philip," she said quietly. "You don't mind dear? I ought to have told you before, but I clean forgot it."

"Of course I don't mind. What an odd question!"

In spite of all good intentions, Alice's voice sounded strange even to herself.

Ardeyne hesitated. Should he tell her why Carrie Egan was coming? He might mention poor little Max without going into details, but somehow he did not care to do so. The very idea of it seemed unprofessional. Alice would realize that he was keeping something back. Better say nothing at all, and let Mrs. Egan give what information she chose.

Alice noticed the hesitation. "I'd better go down now," she said. "Perhaps she has come and I ought to be on hand to welcome her."

"You're a darling!" Ardeyne tried to take her hand, but she slipped past him and was halfway down the stairs before he quite realized that she had purposely evaded a possible demonstration of affection.

He wondered a little, then shrugging his shoulders followed more slowly. During the honeymoon, Alice had confessed to jealousy and in that connection poor little Max without mentioned, but lately she had shown no trace of such a thing, either by word or look. It was a little disappointing that he should do so now.

It was not Mrs. Egan's car he had heard and she did not arrive until they had given her up and were sitting down to lunch, which had been kept waiting longer than was good for it. Monsieur Carre was cross, in consequence. He was not used to such a late mid-day meal. Alice was nervously distrustful, and the Hemmingsleys joking and curious.

(To be continued.)

### Japanese Pin Money.

Once every year, seldom for longer than a month and a half, the women and children on the farms of Japan turn to silk culture for pin money. Silk is their "velvet" crop. Except the cost of fertilizer for the mulberry trees that the worms feed on, the industry requires little or no outlay. A year ago Yaku took the premier silk port of Japan, was almost obliterated by the earthquake. Now it has virtually recovered its chief business, which is exporting silk.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.



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RINSO is ideal for any wash-day method you use. You do not have to change any of your usual steps—just use Rinso where you used to use ordinary soap.

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Just soaking with this new kind of soap loosens all the dirt until a single rinsing leaves the clothes clean and spotless.

However you do your wash, make it easy by using Rinso.

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LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED TORONTO

The Old, Old Way. The good ship stems the steady swell. The sea, it glitters bright. The land is fading fast to port. And all is calm and quiet. All, save the song the blue lips sing—The siren song of old. Which lures the hearts of gallant men Upon adventures bold.

The funnel fades, smoke disappears—A ghostly mist I see. And white sails fill upon the breeze Above the ancient sea. It matters not the ship or crew, It matters not the day. The sea-maid weaves her spell, and we Would sail the old, old way.

—Lorraine Ballantyne.

## Sanctuary.

There's a tingly sort of feeling In the atmosphere to-day: And the wild goose is starting For the southland away.

The night wind is crooning Dirges o'er the lonely nest. For the pilot-bird is trailing The horizon in the west.

"Honk, honk!" it is the tocsin Of the dusky cavalcade. Flying swiftly and unerring For the southern everglad.

The marshland is lonely. And the lone and empty nest. But the pilot-bird is veering For the sanctuary blest.

—Horace Seymour Kelley.

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Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.



## Bovril keeps you "warm as toast"

## Odd Ways of Reaping the Ocean's Harvest.

We know that the Chinese train their morrisons to catch fish for them, while in England otters have been used for a similar purpose. But to use one fish for the purpose of capturing another is the strangest of ideas, and is practiced only in North Queensland.

The tribe of blacks who fish in this extraordinary fashion live near Amity Point. When they see a shoal of mullet close to the shore the men run down to the sea and begin striking the water with paddles or pieces of wood. This is to call the porpoises to help them, and, incredible as it may seem, the porpoises understand, and, charging the shoal of mullet on the outer side, drive them shorewards.

The mullet, flying before their big enemies, rush into shallow water and are scooped out by the waiting natives with hand nets.

The Negroes of Jamaica have an altogether odd method of getting fish. They go out on a calm moonlight night and row about until they notice a spot where the water is ruffled. This means that a shoal of red snappers are on the surface.

Rowing to the spot one of the men begins beating on the side of the boat with a wooden club. The fish are terrified and jump high into the air, and some at least are sure to fall into the boat. From a dozen to twenty may be caught out of one shoal, and since they are big fish, weighing from two to five pounds apiece, the take is well worth having.

The writer has seen mullet taken in similar fashion off the Florida coast. The boat, however, went out on a dark night and was provided with a strong flare in the bows. Then the surface of the water was beaten with the oar blades and the mullet jumped in scores, quite a number falling in the boat or into the hand nets stretched to receive them.

## Words as Monuments to Famous Men.

When you tell your friends that you wireless headphones are of 4,000 ohms, you are, though you may not realize it, honoring the memory of one of the greatest pioneers of electrical research. The unit of electrical resistance (or opposition to the flow of the current) is named after George Simon Ohm, a German physicist.

A professor at Nuremberg and Munich, he discovered the most important law in electricity, now known as "Ohm's Law." All electrical calculations are based on this law.

Had there been no Volta we should not speak of "volts" when referring to the pressure of an electric current. This Italian Count, who died nearly one hundred years ago, was responsible for many electrical inventions.

"Farads"—or "microfarads"—are of ten referred to by wireless enthusiasts. Faraday, the great scientist from whom they derive their name, was the son of a blacksmith, and was born at Newington Butts, England, in 1791. He is famous as the discoverer of magneto-electric induction. Sir Humphry Davy helped him in his early days by employing him as assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution.

"Faradization," a term used in medicine, refers to the application of a faradic or interrupted current. It is employed in paralytic cases, and as a preventive of wasting.

On the other hand, the galvanic or continuous current, also favored by medical men in electro-massage, perpetuates the memory of Luigi Galvani, an Italian professor of medicine who made many important electrical discoveries.

The "ampere" has its origin in the name of Andre Marie Ampere, a French physicist who conducted researches into the relation between magnetism and electricity.

## Doing Away With Sleep.

Two medical men are collaborating in an attempt to abolish sleep. The human brain, according to these men, is a sort of storage battery, and while it continues to supply electric energy to other parts of our organism, we do not 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 be ready to start another day's work.

## TRY THIS WORD GAME.

The next time the children are plying away in idleness for something to do, get them started on this word game.

The first player spells out a word—just any little word of three letters. The next player spells another word of three letters, but it must begin with the last letter of the word before. For instance, if b-e-d was given first, the second player might spell d-e-y, and the next player y-e-t.

That is all there is to it. Each new word should have only three letters and must begin with the last letter of the word just before. No words can be given twice and anyone who cannot think of a word when his turn comes must drop out of the game.

No receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shift or confession.—Bacon.