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**"SALADA"**



**The Housewife's Corner**

**Extracted Honey.**  
The production of honey by the general farmer is coming into favor, as the keeping of two or three stands of bees will provide sufficient honey for the average home. Many women and farm girls have taken over this work to their pleasure and profit. The production of comb honey seems to be considered the most favorable plan but a larger flow of honey can be secured by extracting.

We have followed both plans, usually utilizing one hive for comb honey and the others for extracted honey. One advantage of having the extracted honey is that it can be used in baking where the comb honey cannot; it makes delicious cookies and cakes and candies. If one desires to use the comb honey for this purpose the comb must be mashed, the honey squeezed out and strained. The extracted honey can be kept for years and is easily stored in tin buckets; if it granulates and it is delicious in this sugary confection, it may be melted in an hour by immersing the can in moderately hot water. It should never be heated over a direct fire or on a hot stove.

A larger flow of honey will be secured by extracting; because the bees do not have to spend a lot of effort in building up a new comb each time. When the honey is extracted and the frames put back in the hive the empty cells are there all ready to be filled with new honey and capped by the bees.

This is a great advantage in a summer when the honey flow is light; with the comb waiting to be filled the bees have only to gather the nectar and feed the brood. The honey can be extracted at any time of the season, though it is well to wait until most of the comb is filled and capped. If the flow is darker or less desirable at one time than at another, the different grades may be extracted separately and stored in separate receptacles.

The cost of an extractor may deter some from using this plan, but for a good many years we have owned a part share in one and did not find this a disadvantage. Where two or three owners it cuts the cost to a few dollars and it will last for twenty years if properly cared for; one that will accommodate four frames is large enough for use with from two to five or six hives.

In using the extractor the caps are removed from the comb with a wide-bladed knife and the frames put into the baskets of the extractor. The baskets are then revolved and the honey is thrown out of the comb on the outer side, after which the frames are reversed and whirled in the same manner. The extracted honey is drawn from a spout at the base of the extractor. If extracting is done at the end of the season the combs are not returned to the hive but stored until needed again the following spring.

Frames for producing extracted honey are similar to those used for brood. The bees are given a little foundation material to build the comb first. The frames are put in a super which fits on the top of the brood chamber. If the supers are added early in the season it will help to prevent swarming. If the day is pleasant extracting may be done in the open, though the bees will be more or less bothersome; the best place to do it is in a room where the windows and doors are covered with mosquito netting or wire screen.

Extracted honey should not be stored right away, but allowed to stand a few days and strained through a fine honey screen. Care should be taken that all vessels used are clean and dry as water in honey causes it to sour readily. We store most of the honey in three and five-pound friction top tin cans; these are easily handled, and when there is a surplus to sell it is sold more readily in small bulk.

**How To Hang Pictures.**  
Hang large pictures with two wires and two hooks. Small sizes need a single wire run from centre of picture to hook at moulding, or may be fastened with push tacks.

Let picture rest flat against wall, by attaching wire near top of frame instead of one-third the way down. Hang about on eye level, usually with lower edges on a line.

Keep Mink's Liniment in the house.

**The Road to Understanding**

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**CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)**

There was plenty to talk about. There were all the old interests, and there was business. Burke was giving himself heart and soul to business these days. In July he won another promotion, and was given an advance in wages. Often, to Burke's infinite joy, his father consulted him about matters and things quite beyond his normal position, and showed in other ways his approval of his son's progress. Helen, the marriage, and the Dale Street home life were never mentioned—for, which Burke was thankful.

"He couldn't say anything I'd want to hear," said Burke to himself, at times. "And I—I can't say anything if he wants to hear. Best forget it if we can."

To "forget it" seemed, indeed, in these days, to be Burke's aim and effort. Always had Burke tried to forget things. From the day his six-months-old fingers had flung the offending rattle behind him had Burke endeavored to thrust out of sight and mind everything that annoyed and Helen and marriage had become very annoying. Systematically, therefore, he was trying to forget them. His attitude, indeed, was not unlike that of a small boy who, weary of his game of marbles, cries, "Oh, come, let's play something else. I'm tired of this!"—an attitude which, naturally, was not conducive to happiness, either for himself or for anyone else—particularly as the game he was playing was marriage, not marbles.

The summer passed and October came. Life at the Dale Street flat had settled into a monotony of discontent and dreariness. Helen, discouraged, disappointed, and far from well, dragged through the housework day by day, wishing each night that it were morning, and each morning that it were night—a state of mind scarcely conducive to happiness on her part.

For all that Burke was away so many evenings now, Helen was not so lonely as she had been in the spring; for in Mrs. Jones's place had come a new neighbor, and Mrs. Jones, who was even brighter and more original than Mrs. Jones ever was, and Helen liked her very much. There was a hint of information as to housekeeping secrets, and she was teaching Helen how to make the soft and dainty little garments that would be needed in November. But she talked even more loudly than Mrs. Jones had talked; her laugh was nearly always the first sound that Burke heard across the hall every morning. Moreover, she possessed a photograph which, according to Helen, played "perfectly grand tunes"; and some of these tunes were usually the first thing that Burke heard every night when he came home. So he called her coarse and noisy, and declared she was even worse than Mrs. Jones; whereas Helen retorted that of course he wouldn't like her, if she did—which (while possibly true) did not make him like either her or Mrs. Jones any better.

The baby came in November. It was a little girl. Helen wanted to call her "Vivian Mabelle." She thought that was a swell name, and that it was the name of her favorite heroine in a perfectly grand book. But Burke objected strenuously. He declared very emphatically that no daughter of his should have to go through life tagged like a vaudeville fly-by-night.

Of course Helen cried, and of course Burke felt ashamed of himself. Helen's tears had always been a potent weapon—though, from over-use, they were fast losing a measure of their power. The first time he saw her cry, the foundations of the earth sank beneath him, and he dropped into a fathomless abyss from which he thought he would never rise. It was the same the next time, and the next. The fourth time, as he felt the now familiar sensation of sinking down, down, down, he outflung desperate hands and found an unexpected support—his smile. After that it was always with him. It helped to tinge with righteous indignation his despair, and it kept him from utterly melting into weak servility. Still, even yet, he was not used to them—his wife's tears. Sometimes he fled from them; sometimes he endured them in dumb despair behind set teeth; sometimes he raved and ranted in a way he was always ashamed of afterwards. But still they had the power, in a measure, to make his heart like water within him.

So now, about the baby's name, he called himself a brute and a beast to bring tears to the eyes of the little mother—toward whom, since the baby's advent, he felt the remotest tenderness. But he still maintained that he could have no man, or woman, call his daughter "Vivian Mabelle."

"But I should think you'd let me name my own baby," wailed his wife. Burke choked back a hasty word and assumed his pet "I'll-be-patient-if-it-kills-me" air.

"And you shall name it," he soothed her. "Listen! Here is a pencil and paper. Now, write down a whole lot of names that you'd like, and I'll promise to select one of them. Then you'll be naming the baby all right. See?"

Helen did not "see" quite, that she would be naming the baby; but, knowing from past experience of her husband's temper that resistance would be unpleasant, she obediently took the paper and spent some time writing down a list of names.

Burke frowned a good deal when he saw the list, and declared that it

was pretty poor pickings, and that he ought to have known better than to have bound himself to a silly-fool promise like that. But he chose a name (he said he would keep his word, of course), and he selected "Dorothy Elizabeth," as being less impossible than its accompanying "Veras," "Violets," and "Clarissa Muriels."

For the first few months after the baby's advent, Burke spent much more time at home than he had ever, evidently to be trying to pay special attention to his wife's comfort and welfare. He was proud of the baby, and declared it was the cutest little kid going. He poked it in its ribs, thrust a tentative finger into the rose-leaf of a hand (emitting a triumphant chuckle of delight when the rose-leaf became a tightly clutching little fist), and even allowed the baby to be placed once or twice in his rather reluctant and fearful arms. But, for the most part, he contented himself with looking at it, and asking how soon it would walk and talk, and when would it grow its teeth and hair.

Burke was feeling really quite keenly these days the solemnity and responsibility of fatherhood. He had called into being a new soul. A little life was in his hands to train. By and by this tiny pink roll of humanity would be a prattling child, a little girl, a young lady. And all the way she would be turning to him for companionship and guidance. It behooved him, indeed, to look well to himself that he should be in the ways of a fit pattern.

It was a solemn thought. No more temper tantrums, and impatience. No more idle repinings and useless regrets. What mattered it if he were disillusioned and heartsick? Did he want this child of his, this beautiful daughter, to grow up in such an atmosphere? Never! At once, therefore, he must begin to cultivate patience, contentment, tranquility, and calmness of soul. He, the pattern, must be all things that he would wish her to be.

(To be continued.)

**The Blinded Soldier.**

"Who goes there?" cried the sentry. The sentry who stood at the door. "A wounded Canadian soldier—Wounded and something more." Back came the voice of the sentry. "Clear a silver bell." "Pass, wounded Canadian, soldier. Pass, all will be well." "What do you mean?" groaned the soldier. "How can it all be well With me who have lost my eyesight. Who suffer the torments of Hell?" He carried the German bullet That had robbed him of his sight. Hopeless, defiant, helpless, Afraid of eternal night. Scarcely a twelve-month later The sentry came to the same door. That soldier who had been wounded—Wounded and something more. Confident, resolute, cheery, Sure-footed, alert and bright, Just a normal human being Doing without his sight.

"Who goes there?" cried the sentry. The sentry making his rounds; "A happy Canadian soldier, Confident, homebound." Quick came the voice of the sentry. Clear as a silver bell— "Pass, confident, happy Canadian, Pass, all is well."

—Sir Arthur Pearson.

**In Memoriam.**

A monument for the soldiers! And what will ye build it of? Can ye build it of marble or brass or bronze.

Outlasting the soldiers' love? Can ye glory in ye legends? As grand as their blood have writ From the inmost shrine of this land of thine

To the outermost verge of it? And the answer came: We would build it

Out of our hopes made sure, And out of our purest prayers and tears, And out of your faith secure.

We would build it out of the great white truth that had sanctified, And the sculptured form of the men in arms.

And their faces ere they died. A monument for the soldiers! Built of a people's love, And blazoned and decked and panoplied

With the hearts ye build it of, And see that ye build it stately, In pillar and niche and gate, And high in pose as the souls of those It would commemorate.

Harry Hawker, the intrepid aviator, is the son of an Englishman. His father was a Cornishman who emigrated to Australia, where the flying man was born.

If you have books that are too precious to throw away but are too shabby for the bookcase, place them in pasteboard boxes before putting them away on the closet shelves or in the storeroom. This will save much handling and dusting.

Ask for Mink's and take no other.

**Do It Now.**

"If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing, If you like him or you love him tell him now; Don't withhold your approbation till the pardon makes oration As he lies with snow lilies on his brow. For no matter how you shout it, he won't know how many tear drops you have shed. If you think some praise is due him now's the time to slip it to him. For he cannot read the tombstone when he's dead."

"More than fame and more than money is the commend kind and sunny, And the hearty, warm approval of a friend;

For it gives to life a savor, and it makes you stronger, braver, And it gives you heart and spirit to the end.

If he earns your praise, bestow it; if you like him let him know it. Let the words of true encouragement be said; Do not wait till life is over and he's underneath the clover, For he cannot read the tombstone when he's dead."

**A Novel Name.**

Miss Blank, who wished to become a candidate for the position of teacher in the public schools, went up for examination recently. Among other things she was called upon to read a passage from "Macbeth" which closes with the words which Macbeth speaks to Lady Macbeth, "Prithce, come with me."

"And what," asked the examiner, "do you understand 'prithce' to mean?" "I understand it to be a corruption of 'prate thee,'" replied the would-be teacher, surprised at so trivial a question.

"I am glad," said the examiner. "The lady who came just before you assured me that it was the Christian name of Macbeth's wife."

"I'll take your part when you are wrong; I'll fight your battles to the end; I'll listen when you sing a song. And never count your tales too long. Because you are my friend."

"Placing Canada on the map of trade," is the happy way in which Mr. W. B. Ramsay, Montreal, who represented a group industry in London, and who has brought back heavy orders to Canada, describes the work of the Canadian Mission in London.

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"Ships are the secret of our success," says Mr. Lloyd Harris, head of the Canadian Mission in London. "We must find means of joining our railways with the railways in Europe. Ships only do this."

There is every indication says the Canadian Trade Commission, that cost of manufacturing in Canada for a long time will not be greater than in Europe. Canada in the meanwhile could get a footing in the foreign markets.

It was six o'clock when I came on deck, and the sun was just rising out of the sea, a great red ball of fire, with an Eastern traveller. The sun in the "barrel" at the masthead was swinging about watching the water ahead. Suddenly he clapped the glasses to his eyes, gazed toward the open sea, and shouted excitedly: "Kujira!" (whale). I jumped as though a bomb had been exploded on the bridge and whirled around just in time to see a silvery fountain of spray shoot up almost in the eye of the sun. It hung a moment in the air, then drifted away on the wind just as two other white jets spouted out of the water near the first.

A moment later I saw three black bodies which revolved slowly and then disappeared in the hollow of a great swell. Instantly the ship was all astir. Members of the crew were rushing back and forth along the deck. The little vessel leaped forward, describing a long loop and headed for the whales. In five minutes the ship had reached the mirrorelike patches of water where the whales had gone down, and with her engines at "dead slow" was swinging in a wide circle waiting for the animals to come up and blow. Suddenly three snow white jets shot up about a quarter of a mile away.

The Coming of the "Killers."

The engine room bell clanged impatiently and the vessel leaped through the water at full speed. The whales came up astern next time and we swung about to intercept them, but they spouted only once, and slipped under water and headed towards the beach.

The Main was now twisting and writhing about as though possessed of a demon. We circled about, each time coming closer to the whales, but the animals were still heading for the rocks not more than half a mile away.

Then something happened which made me forget my seasickness and the cold and the wind. The men in the "barrel" with both hands to their mouths were shouting: "Takimatu! Takimatu!" and pointing wildly out to sea. Melson wheeled around. His face red with excitement and shouted: "Killers! Now we'll get 'em. The killers are coming. Stand by and you will see some fun."

I jumped to the gun platform by the side of the captain, and when the ship rose to the crest of a huge billow we saw half a dozen scythe-like black fins cutting the water in streaks of white foam. On they came, six abreast their high dorsals aloft like the standards over a charging cavalry troop. They were the dreaded killer whales, the savage seal-eaters, which hunt in packs, and are the terror of everything that swims. Just then the gray whales spouted two hundred fathoms away.

A Race in Ocean's Depths.

The killers darted forward after the gray whales like bloodhounds. They seemed literally to fly through the water toward their victims, who were now blowing lazily. Suddenly one of the gray whales spied the killers, and, hurling his gigantic body half out of the water, he turned head-down in a long dive. The others followed him by this time the racing killers had nearly reached them, and all went down together. The ship was running at full speed in the wake of the whales, but lay to with engines stopped at the spot. We hovered for fifteen minutes over the spot where the killers went down, the Main rolling drunkenly on the swell.

About fifty fathoms off the water was beginning to smooth itself into a glassy green patch within the circles described by the animals swimming just beneath the surface. A devilish shot to the surface followed by two killers. The huge black whale thrust itself half out of the water, falling back in a shower of spray as the killers dashed for its head. The devilish twisted about, thrashed the water with its ponderous flukes, tried to dive and escape, but the killers closed in on it. Instantly it rolled to the surface, this time almost under the bows of the ship. I saw the captain bend over the gun, the top of the harpoon drop a little, and the next instant a blinding cloud of vapor shot into our faces. The blast of the gun was deafening. Through the clearing cloud of smoke I saw black flakes hurling out or the sea, and the devilish fell back with a tremendous, smashing blow upon the water. Then the gigantic figure quivered, straightened out and slowly sank. For a moment there was not a sound on the ship save the measured "step, step, step" of the line on the deck as the deadweight of forty tons dragged it from the water. The killers had disappeared at the flash of the gun, but before the winch brought the carcass of the devilish to the surface we saw all six of them in full pursuit of the other two gray whales which were racing for the shore. I tried to follow them with my glasses, but they were lost in the sun and I never saw them again.