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My Flower Money.

It is high time to make plans for the fast-approaching springtime. Let me tell you how I earned money with my flower garden. Through selling flowers I earned enough money to buy my own clothes, table linen, curtains for the parlor and a sewing machine. I had the dining room, hall and stairway lined and papered. My bank account showed a balance of \$300.

It was twelve miles by water from our farm to the city. A tug left the village, half a mile away, every morning and returned every evening. Many kinds of flowers bloomed in our old-fashioned garden but few of these were suitable for sale. For one dollar I purchased nine small but healthy violet plants which I carefully planted in a protected spot. These threw out many suckers. I kept the surrounding ground well cultivated, the suckers soon took root and within two years I had large beds of fine, pale blue violets. A few violets with a spray of fern sold readily for ten cents.

Another plot of ground was plowed and planted to chrysanthemums. In August and September I removed many of the small buds so that those which bloomed were of fairly good size.

I planted my roses in rows. After the spring bloom I trimmed them back, had them plowed and kept free from weeds. As a result I always had a fine fall bloom.

From bulbs I raise double daffodils, large clusters of single jonquills and graceful, pale yellow narcissus. Friends gave me bulbs and I bought some. The beds for the bulbs were under-drained and prepared according to the instructions given in my floral magazine.

I sold dozens of bunches of white, pheasant-eyed pinks. By starting with only one package of seed within a year I had three large beds of these fragrant flowers.

My first step in selling my flowers was to secure a ticket at the Women's Exchange in the city where flowers were in great demand. One of the boatlands on the mail tug agreed to take the filled baskets to the Exchange and bring back the empty ones for a specified sum for each basket. I lined large stick baskets with oilcloth to keep in the moisture, fastened uprights to each corner and over these fitted a cover of strong homespun which tied underneath the basket. These covers protected the flowers from the sun and the dust. I wrapped the stems of each bunch in wet moss, packed the bunches in close together, sprinkled them with water and tied the cover over. In this way the flowers reached the Exchange as fresh as if just picked. After awhile my flowers became so well known that people would delay purchase till they arrived.

I had my housework to do, dairying and the care of the poultry, so only a part of my time was devoted to the flower work.

It is having a system as well as willingness to work hard, that enables one to "put over" an extra piece of work such as this. First, I had this plan of turning my flower and plant friends into money, in my mind. There, I worked out the plan and by orderly methods and keeping everlastingly at it, found it was not a great hardship and most certainly included much pleasure as well as cash gain.

Care of the Hands.

A little care and a few toilet requisites will keep the hands in a presentable condition, no matter what your household tasks may be. Learn first to protect the hands. With the aid of a dish-mop and a wire dishcloth, the hands need to be kept in the dish water but a small part of the time, while the dishes can be washed quite as well and much more quickly than when a dish-cloth only is used. White canvas gloves will afford the protection needed when working in the poultry house or about the fires. Old, loose gloves can be worn when sweeping and dusting, and a paper bag drawn over the hand before blacking the stove is also protection.

Careful drying of the hands is of great importance, especially in cold weather. Exposure to the air when the hands are but partially dry causes the skin to chap and roughen, and no amount of ointment will counteract carelessness on this point.

While soap and water are good cleansing agents, the stains which fol-

low the paring of potatoes, and certain fruits, require an acid for removal; a piece of lemon, a slice of tomato, or a mixture of cornmeal and vinegar, will remove these stains. When grime has settled in the skin, rub the hands thoroughly with vaseline; rub as if using soap until the vaseline is worked into all the interstices of the skin, then wipe off with a soft cloth, which can be burned, and wash the hands with warm water and soap.

To prevent discoloration under the fingernails, or in order to remove discolorations, draw the nails over a piece of soap, so that the soap fills the space between the flesh and the nails. A soap containing sand is best for this purpose.

An excellent lotion to be applied to the hands combines equal parts of glycerine, spirits of camphor and boiled soft water. The healing effects of this lotion will be appreciated when applied to the cracks which sometimes occur on the ends of the fingers. Another good lotion calls for two parts each of boiled, soft water and vinegar, and one part of glycerine.

When a glycerine preparation is found to be too drying for the skin, use one of the greasless or disappearing creams. A cream of this sort can be rubbed into the skin, leaving no trace on the surface, so that it can be used during the day, as well as at night before retiring. The cream is also absorbed into the roots of the nails, counteracting the brittleness which causes the nails to break, and making them soft and pliable. The nails can be kept in shape by means of a flexible nail file, rough or uneven edges being easily filed down. Frequent cutting of the nails is said to thicken them; when cutting is necessary, a pair of curved manicure scissors enables one to cut the nail's with greater ease than when ordinary scissors are used. Pointed nails are not admired; the nails should be carefully rounded so they will conform with the ends of the fingers.

After filing the nails soak the fingertips in warm, soapy water to soften

the cuticle, then push this gently back with the flat end of an orange-wood stick which can be bought for the purpose. The half-moon which appears at the base of the nails is considered a mark of beauty and, if this is to show, the cuticle must be lifted by gently running the stick (which has been previously dipped in oil) under the cuticle. The pointed end of the stick is used for cleaning under the nails. Sharply pointed instruments scratch the nails and should not be used for this purpose. A bit of absorbent cotton wrapped around the end of the cotton and moistened with peroxide will remove stains from under the nails and around the edges of the nails.

The nails should then be polished, placing a little polishing powder on a buffer which is to be rubbed gently back and forth over each nail. Avoid too much friction, as it heats the nails and produces the very high polish which is not admired. Wash the hands in order to remove the polishing powder, dry them thoroughly and rub the nails of each hand with the palm of the other.

It will not be necessary to manicure the nails so thoroughly oftener than once in two weeks, but constant care in washing and drying the hands, the use of the file and orange-wood stick and the cream or lotion, are needed to keep them in good condition.

A Fuel Economy.

When the housewife needs only a small fire and but little heat, she should keep a deep, short fire in the firepot by filling most of the pot with full of ashes as she would of coal, but filling one-fourth, one-third or one-half the length of the firepot with good coal. Every time she cleans out the fire portion and puts on more coal, she will need to put on more ashes in order to keep the ashes level with the coal. In this way she can have a good, hot, deep, live fire all the time, on which she can heat a little water or do light cooking. She can also bank such a fire and keep it low just as easily as if there were a full pot of coal. When a larger fire is needed, she can push through the grate such a portion of ashes as will make the desired space, fill this space with good coal and the adjoining fire will soon spread through the new coal. This method saves more tons of coal in a year than all other methods combined.

"Old Age is a Pose."

Sir James Cantile flatly challenges a current misconception in his statement: "Old age is just a pose. A man usually grows old because he thinks it is dignified. He sits back and lets the years do what they like with him." It is not so with this sturdy septuagenarian, who rises at 4:30 and dances Highland flings. He shares the spirit of Tompkins' "Ulysses," who could not bear to sit idle amid his island crags, or of Barrie's "Peter Pan," who refused to grow up, or of him who, according to another poet, kept the immortal child tarrying all his lifetime in his heart.

We do not have to look long for monumental examples of great men who, like Oliver Wendell Holmes in his poem, "The Boys," and in his personal example, defied the calendar. To one such perennially young gentleman,

namely, Dr. W. W. Keen, the community that affectionately reveres him is even now preparing to do honor. This will be the biggest part of his life's work.

The thought of growing old is chiefly oppressive to those who never grow anything else. Most of those who produce, create, achieve, are too busy to study crow's feet in the mirror or calculate percentages of lime in the bones or acid in the blood. They are not forever in a lonely observatory on the outlook for new symptoms. They are up and doing, with a whetted appetite for fresh adventure. There is "Labrador" Cabot, of Boston, who is forever starting out on a one-man expedition among the Indians of the barren not very far from the desolate spot where the balloon came down with Lieutenant Hinton and his comrades. It is useless to tell him that he is too old. You might as well try to persuade "Oom John" Burroughs to quit exploring swamps and forests and playing with squirrels. Nature, they tell us, has no favorites, but she has a way of granting to the naturalists a special grace in growing "old." The life of Fabre, which began in 1823 and did not end until 1915, might be cited, or that of Chevreul, 1786-1889. Many artists, moreover, are like St. Gaudens, and "do not count the mortal years it takes to mold memorial forms." "If I live to be 100," said the modest Hokusai, "perhaps I shall be able to draw a line." Such a man knows what it means to live for many years and to remain forever young because forever acquisitive, inquisitive, aspiring.

"The Land of Pretty Soon."

I know a land where the streets are paved
With the things we meant to achieve,
It is walled with the money we meant to have saved,
And the pleasures for which we grieve.
The kind words unspoken, the promises broken,
And many a coveted boon,
Are stowed away there in that land
Somewhere —
The land of "Pretty Soon."

There are uncut jewels, of possible fame,
Lying about in the dust,
And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mold and rust,
And, oh! this place, while it seems so near,
Is farther away than the moon;
Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get there —
The land of "Pretty Soon."

The road that leads to that mystic land
Is strewn with pitiful wrecks,
And the ships that have sailed for its shining strand
Bear skeletons on their decks.
Is it farther at noon than it is at dawn,
Or let us beware of that land down
Farther at night than at noon;
There —
The land of "Pretty Soon."

Heavy curtains, thick carpets, wall-paper, and other draperies all tend to spoil the breathable air of a room.
Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

The Runaway Wife

By CLARE THORNTON.

The door of the flat was opened to me by an elderly woman whom I recognized as the charlady who came once a week to "clean up." She informed me that Mrs. Graham had gone out, but that she had left a note for me in the sitting room.

I found the note on the dusty, littered mantelpiece, and tore it open, sighing as I glanced round at the middle and cheerlessness of the room, and noted the dying fire.

To my indescribable dismay, I read: "Dear Margery—It's no use—I simply can't stand this life any longer. I'm not one of the heroines who can rub along on nothing a year and keep smiling. I'm going back to father. I know you'll think me a dreadful coward, but I can't help it. I ought never to have married poor old Chris. Sorry to leave you the job of breaking this to him!"

I was horrified. Alice, my sister-in-law, had left her husband! She had found her life of poverty as his wife so unendurable that she had deserted him and come back to her father, who had refused to see or write to her since she married Chris.

He had often told her, I know, that if she left Chris he would welcome her with open arms. He had planned a brilliant match for her, and it had been a bitter disappointment for him when she married my penniless brother.

As well she had, after six months, found it impossible to live in a small, cheap flat on two hundred and fifty pounds a year. She had gone back to her father, knowing that by so doing she broke with Chris forever. Her father had repeatedly warned her that he would not have anything to do with Chris, whom he had never forgiven.

At first I had a sort of dazed sensation as if I were living in a dream. But the whole thing was real, horribly real. There was the little, poorly furnished room that I had so often vainly tried to "tidy," and everywhere evidences of Alice's occupation—a flaming orange jumper flung over a chair-back, paper-covered novels on the sofa, an open case of manicure instruments on the mantelpiece. Alice, pretty, vivid, gay, petulant, careless, graceful! How her personality filled the shabby, neglected room, as it had filled Chris's heart.

She was so lovable, in spite of her many faults. It had always been impossible to be severe with her. Chris, who adored her, had never tried. I had always known that she found it difficult to fill the role of a poor man's wife, for she had a craving for "fun" and a deep love of beautiful, extravagant possessions, but I had been certain that her love for Chris would be the making of her, deepening her shallow nature, teaching her that even poverty was bearable for his sake.

But she had left Chris. She had gone back to the father who had behaved so cruelly to them both. It was growing dark in the room. I shivered as I sat there. It was Chris's home, that stuffy, cheerless little flat; in spite of the discomforts of his life, in spite of Alice's hopeless untidiness, I knew that he had been happy there. Now it was no longer a home. There was no Alice to laugh, and thump ragtime choruses on the out-of-tune piano, and lounge on the sofa in a frayed kimono eating chocolates and smoking cigarettes when she ought to be cooking the supper. She had gone. And I would have to tell Chris.

Even as I sat there I heard his step. He called a cheery word to the charlady. He would be in the room in a moment. I prayed for strength and wisdom. He came in.

"Halloo, old girl! Alice said you were coming. Where is she, by the way?"

He bent and kissed me.

"By Jove, how cold you are! And the fire's nearly out." He bent over the fire, making a great clatter with the tongs. "Alice out, did you say?"

I felt that I simply couldn't tell him! Later on, I thought, but not quite yet.

"She doesn't seem to be in," I murmured stupidly.

He left the fire and came over to me. I saw for the first time that his thin face was flushed and his eyes brilliant with excitement.

"Something wonderful has happened, Margery!" he cried. "I can hardly believe it yet. A lawyer chap called at the office this morning and told me that old Mostyn has left me a lot of money. Fancy that old beggar! Guess how much it is, dear—guess!"

"Oh, Chris!" I gasped. Of course Chris thought my emotion quite natural.

"You never could guess! About five thousand a year! More, perhaps!" He spoke breathlessly, his words tripping each other up. Isn't it the most wonderful thing that ever happened? I always knew that old Mostyn had a soft corner in his queer heart for me, but—Great Scott! a few hundred was all I expected. I don't wonder it strikes you dumb, old girl!"

He gave a shout of jubilant laughter.

"Think what Alice will say! I wish she'd come in—she's never as late as this." He was pacing up and down restlessly. "All day I've been looking forward to seeing her dear face when I tell her. I say, bags telling her, Margery!"

He could have sobbed at the old schoolroom phrase on his lips. My nerves were strung to breaking-point. Luckily he did not seem to expect me to say anything.

"Oh, I must show you what I've bought for her!" he cried, and ran out of the room. I heard him whistling in the bedroom.

When he came back I would tell him. It had to be done. There was no sense in putting it off. I felt sure that he would never persuade Alice

to come back to him. She was very proud. She had failed him while he was poor. Impossible for her to return now!

He came back, carrying a big cardboard box.

"Chris—I must tell you—," I began. My voice was a mere whisper in my throat.

"What's that? I say, old girl, look here! What do you think of this?" He had undone the string and lifted out of its layers of tissue paper a dress of gleaming pink satin and tulle, a lovely thing. "I bought this for Alice. Her color, isn't it? And look—here's an evening cloak, too! Won't she just love them? I'm going to make her put them on to-night and come out to dinner with me. We'll go to one of those swell West-end places. I've never been able to give her pretty clothes, bless her, but now—thank Heaven— You do think I've chosen well, don't you, dear?"

"Chris!" I whispered, "I've got something very dreadful to tell you!"

"Dreadful!" He put the dress down on the table and looked across at me in amazement. But I could not say any more. I just looked at his dear, thin face, and remembered how splendid and brave he had always been, how gentle to Alice in her frequent moods of ill-temper. And now, when at last fortune had seen fit to smile upon his unsuccessful life, it was my task, with a few words, to break his heart. I began to tremble. I could not find words.

His eyes filled with alarm.

"What is it, Margery? Anything wrong at home? Any of them ill?"

"It's not that. It's—you see—this letter—"

I drew it out of my pocket. Then I heard a step in the passage, a quick, familiar step.

"Oh!" I gasped. "Chris! I believe it's—"

He stared at me as though he thought I'd taken leave of my senses.

"It's only Alice!" he said. "My dear girl, what on earth—"

The door was flung open. Alice stood there, staring from one to the other of us. Her face was white and her eyes haggard.

"Halloo, darling! You're late! Why, what's up? You look ill! My poor little girl, what's happened?"

Chris went and put his arm round her. She faltered out: "I feel faint! I've just seen an accident in the street. Oh, it was horrible! I—I'll be all right in a minute!"

He led her to a chair.

"My darling! You're trembling all over! Sit down now and I'll get you a drink. Look after her, Margery, old girl!"

He ran out of the room.

"I haven't told him, Alice!" I whispered. "I kept putting it off. I was just going to—when you came in."

"Thank Heaven!" She caught my hand in her hot, shaking one. "Oh, Margery, I don't know how I ever thought I could leave him! Ever since I left the flat I've been thinking of him coming home, and you telling him I'd gone. Oh, I do love Chris, Margery. I can't ever leave him! Being poor doesn't matter—h'eh. He's coming back."

He brought her a glass of water and bent over her while she drank it, all tenderness and concern. She invented details connected with the street accident. Then her eye caught the gleam of the pink satin dress on the table.

"Yours, Margery?" She got up and went to the table, excited and envious; even in her emotional stress the fiery drew her as a magnet. She stroked the soft folds, with little delighted exclamations: "How lovely! And a cloak! My dear girl!"

Then Chris told her. I had suffered a great deal during the past hour, but this made up for it all.

"Why you are queer, you women!" laughed Chris. "Tears! Good heavens! But they're tears of joy, I suppose. Hurry now, darling, and put on the dress and come out and celebrate. We've been poor for so long. Now I'm going to begin to give you a good time!"

"I don't want a good time!" He was puzzled by the passion in her voice, the sudden flaming color in her cheeks.

"But you love fun, and jolly clothes, and theatres and things?"

"No, no! I want you—nothing else! Other things don't matter!" sobbed Alice.

He laughed, still vaguely mystified. "Well, you've always had me, darling. There, don't cry any more!"

He was kissing her wet cheeks. I stole to the door.

"Margery! Why, you're dining with us, of course," he called.

"No, no! I'm going home. I can't stay, really. Alice will explain," I said.

I shut the door and ran down the four flights of steps, my bag containing Alice's scrawled letter clasped very tightly in my hand.

(The End.)

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, etc.

In Siam many women are employed in army workshops, in factories and on the railways and roads, where they are paid the same rates as men for equal work.

There is more said in Scripture about the generosity of the widow and her two mites than about all the rest of the givers in Hebrew history.

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