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The finest green tea produced in the world. — Ask for a trial package. FREE SAMPLE of GREEN TEA UPON REQUEST. "SALADA," TORONTO



SUCCESSFUL ROADSIDE MARKETING.

Two years ago I had a surplus of jellies, jams, canned fruits and vegetables. I had taken orders that summer from a few friends and tried to can a few jars over and above each order and my own requirements.

We live on a highway within easy distance of several towns. On Labor Day I put out a crude stand and covered it with white cotton cloth. I arranged my shining jars and glasses so attractively as possible and made many sales that first day.

Once a week after that, until my goods were gone, I put out my stand. Someone suggested that I sell chicken sandwiches; so I had a sign painted and nailed to a board and put it in front of my stand. It is surprising how many I sold. I made them only as people called for them. I had everything ready in the house to enable me to work quickly, and I wrapped each sandwich in a piece of waxed paper. I was generous with my butter and chicken.

I found that everyone was glad to wait for freshly made sandwiches. Some people would sit in their autos and eat them, but many liked to get out and sit on settees or chairs on the lawn and rest a while.

We also sell our garden and orchard surplus. My husband shows just enough fruit and vegetables to attract the eye. We keep very little of anything picked ahead, and often the customer goes into the field to get his own goods.

We plan to sell fruit and vegetables as near the wholesale market price as possible.

If we have apples that drop on the grass they are marketed and sold as dropped apples. We do not try to sell them for A's.

When our corn was ready we had a sign made, Sweet Corn Picked While You Wait, Twenty-five Cents a Dozen. My husband did nothing but pick corn until dark.

It is desirable to have a good approach to a stand, and if possible a parking space so cars can drive in off the road. Roadside markets are a nuisance if they block traffic.

One can try selling homemade cakes, pies, bread or doughnuts, but unless one has an order business it is rather uncertain in rainy weather. I have made sunshine cakes on a Saturday and sold them whole or by the piece and have made cup cakes and frosted them. They went well; I always sold all I cooked and sometimes parted with a pie or cake that I had made for the family.

CATSUPS.

Catsups may be included in the condiments of which it is impossible to have too great a variety, for with them the housewife may give a piquancy and change to the daily meals otherwise unobtainable.

An ordinary dish of bacon may be given an entirely new flavor by the addition of a vegetable catsup. When the meat is cooked remove it to a hot plate, pour off nearly all the fat and add a couple of teaspoons of catsup for each half dozen pieces of bacon.

Try a few drops in the soup, the salad dressing, croquettes, the gravy

WRIGLEYS

after every meal
Cleanses mouth and teeth and aids digestion. Relieves that over-entire feeling and acid mouth.
Its 1-a-s-t-i-n-g flavor satisfies the craving for sweets.
Wrigley's is double value in the benefit and pleasure it provides.
Sealed in its Parity Package.



and see the savoriness which is added. Catsup made from green tomatoes is especially adapted to the above. Chop one peck of green tomatoes and one-half peck of onions, add three ounces of mustard seed, one ounce each of salt, cloves, allspice, celery seed and black pepper; one pound of brown sugar and half a pint of mixed mustard. Cover with vinegar, bring slowly to boiling and simmer two hours. Strain through a puree sieve, reheat and bottle and seal when very hot.

PROTECT YOUR WALL PAPER.

The attractiveness of wall paper is preserved and the tendency to fade and mildew counteracted by giving the wall one coat of white shellac before the papering is done.

Outside walls in stone houses often discolor the paper in a short time while the paper on the other walls of the room remains as fresh and attractive as when first put on.

The coat of shellac on such walls has prevented this damage and saved us so much labor and expense that we want others to benefit by our experience.

CARE OF SMALL RUGS.

Small rugs are very apt to lose their sizing and become frayed at the ends by beating and shaking. When I find rugs in this condition I bind the frayed ends with skirt binding or some heavy piece of woolen goods. Before whipping the binding down, small metal washers are inserted at the corners, then the rugs are tacked face downward on a flat surface and a medium heavy starch, to which a small quantity of dissolved glue has been added, is brushed into the fabric.

The rugs are allowed to dry in this position, then the tacks are removed and the face of the rugs is brushed with a paste made of corn meal and gasoline. This should not be done near a fire. This removes all grease and grime and the rugs are again ready for service and look almost like new.

DAINTY TOUCHES IN BEDROOM ARE INEXPENSIVE.

An old dotted Swiss dress made in the days of "five breadths" to the skirt, was rescued from the attic, washed, ripped and pressed. The Swiss has a dainty leaf and rosebud spray and the material is good. I evolved a spread for a single size bed, a dresser scarf and bands for new Swiss curtains. I'm really proud of my dainty bedroom hangings and spread. The sewing, too, was worth some consideration.

If the fringe or scallops on a bed spread wear out first, trim off and run a narrow hem all around, or, with "tidy cotton," crochet a double crochet entirely around or, buy an inexpensive white fringe and sew on the edges firmly, using the sewing machine if possible. You'll be surprised how much longer the spread will last.

Worn bed sheets may be converted into crib sheets or pillow cases for the children's beds. If not too badly worn they may be torn down the middle, the outer edges sewed together and the torn edges hemmed and the sheet will be given a new lease on life, as it is the middle of the sheet that wears thin first.—G. S.

USES FOR SANDPAPER.

Sheets of sandpaper of several grades should be kept in every kitchen. Nothing aids so much in cleaning the inside of a burnt agate or iron kettle as a little square of rather coarse grade, rubbed smartly back and forth. The finer ones do not harm other cooking utensils and can be used on earthenware and heavy china.

When through dyeing, always give them a good rubbing with sandpaper to remove the little bits of color that get down in the pores somehow, unreached by the dishcloth.

With the aid of a rubber glove the inside of lavatory bowls grow white and clean when rubbed with a coarse sandpaper. The bowl will also respond and the tub itself, but a fine grade should be used for these.

When the clothesline has been left out in the rain, rub a piece of sandpaper along it and rest assured the clothes will not be marked.

Smooth up the sardons when starched by running over a sheet of the sandpaper tacked to the stand. It does them no harm.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

"When Hearts Command"—

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(Cont'd.)

The little man came out from his refuge, a queer-looking figure in the moonlight. He was breathing quickly, and his pinched face gleamed coldly white like a ghost's. A grim, embarrassed laugh broke from his lips.

Then he crossed to the big pool, took off his hat, rolled up one of his sleeves, and, lying flat on the wide rim, fished successfully for the lateness of the hour. He was the English doctor who had attended Hugo during his attack of influenza.

His presence and authority helped to steady Jean's nerves.

It was nothing more serious than shock, he said. No broken bones or fractures. The vine had saved Hugo from anything of that sort. But he was a long time returning to consciousness, and dawn had risen before the household settled down again.

Jean rolled herself in a blanket and lay on the couch in his room. She made no attempt to sleep.

But Hugo slept, groaning a little uneasily from time to time. Tito, unrebuked, nestled beside him, and whenever Hugo groaned Tito whined. Jean lay quietly watching them, her tired eyes fixed almost constantly on Hugo's face. Suppose he had been killed? Somehow, liberty at the price of poor Hugo's life did not seem particularly attractive. She was glad to know that she didn't desire his death.

What had he been doing out on that balcony? Leaning over too far and thus losing his balance? Perhaps Hector was right, and they ought to get an attendant for him, but poor Hugo wouldn't like that. After all, sane people have been known to have accidents. It was rather a shame always to be blaming whatever Hugo did or what happened to him on his supposed madness. One couldn't deny that he was a little childish and growing worse, but he didn't need a keeper. Let the question of what he might have been doing to get such a fall was persistent.

When he woke up, Jean asked him and at first he evaded the question. "I feel as though I'd been beaten all over. Ouch! Get off my foot, Tito. Who let that dog on my bed? When the doctor coming again? Do you think he'll allow me to get up? I'd like a couple of poached eggs with my breakfast."

"Hugo, how did you fall? What were you doing?" Jean repeated, ignoring his clumsy side-tracking tactics. "I don't know." He blinked at her. "But you do know how it happened," Jean persisted. "The doctor will be sure to ask you. He asked me." "It's clean gone out of my head," Hugo confessed blankly. Then he remembered that he asked, and began to groan again and struggle up to reach the bed.

"Lie still. What do you want? I'll get it for you," Jean said. "I want some hot water and my breakfast, and please get out of my room. I'd like to dress." In spite of his protestation he tottered to his feet. "I'm all right, I guess. This stiffness will pass off in time, if I don't let it take a hold on me. Where are my glasses? Oh, dear—I had them on when I fell. I guess they were. No, I hadn't. They fell off and I tried to catch them. They'll be broken, and I haven't got another pair. Oh, what I'd give to see an inch without them!"

But his eye-glasses were miraculously intact. Clementine brought them up with the breakfast tray, and Jean, who had written his own tune to them, the song became popular at once, and has remained so.

Afterwards the doctor talked seriously to Jean about herself. Hugo, apparently, was all right. "You look very tired, Mrs. Carnay," the doctor said. "A couple of days in bed would do you a lot of good."

Jean thanked him and still she would try to lie down a little in the afternoon. "But that isn't what I mean. Give me your hand a moment." He put his fingers on her wrist, and although he did not shake his head in the traditional way, his manner betrayed a certain amount of dissatisfaction. "Take things as easy as you can, and don't worry about your brother. He's much better than I expected to find him."

The news of Hugo's accident reached Gaunt on his way down to market that morning. He had promised to take Hugo and was about to call for him when he met Guido in the Old Town and heard what had happened. He sent his boy on alone to market, which poor Hugo's body was embedded, Guido's lantern flashing on the still, white face.

"He is dead," asserted Clementine. "Oh, the poor, poor Signor!" cried Maddelina.

"Help me lift him up," Jean said grimly. "I don't believe he's dead. Only stunned, I think."

"Not dead?" Clementine's voice held a slight edge of disappointment.

In a moment or more they were all bending over the tangle of vines in which poor Hugo's body was embedded, Guido's lantern flashing on the still, white face.

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NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Invalids, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three year's course of training to young women, having the required education, and desiring of becoming nurses. This Hospital has the latest and most complete nursing system. The pupils receive salaries of \$100.00 a month, and are provided with board, laundry, and traveling expenses to and from New York City. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

Tito, who had followed them, of course, was very busy licking one of his master's hands. "No, thanks be to the good God, he is not dead," said old Guido. "I myself have seen death often enough to know, and it is as the Signora says. He is but unconscious."

They carried him in and telephoned for the doctor, who arrived surprisingly soon considering the lateness of the hour. He was the English doctor who had attended Hugo during his attack of influenza.

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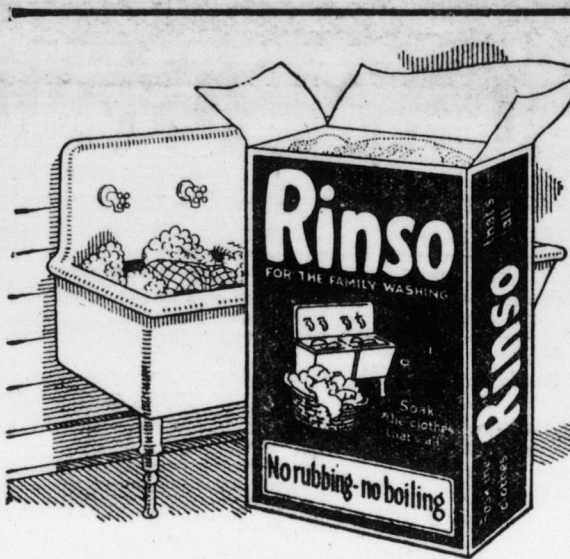
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Soaking takes the place of rubbing—

JUST by soaking the clothes in the suds of this new soap, dirt is gently loosened and dissolved.

Even the dirt that is ground in at neck-bands and cuff-edges yields to a light rubbing with dry Rinso. Not a thread is weakened. The mild Rinso suds work thoroughly through and through the clothes without injury to a single fabric.

Rinso is made by the makers of Lux. For the family wash it is as wonderful as Lux is for fine things.

All grocers and department stores sell Rinso.

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Thoughts.

Think truly, and thy thought Shall the world's famine feed; Speak truly, and thy word Shall be a faithful seed. Live truly, and thy life shall be A great and noble deed.

—Horatius Bonar.

Only An Empty.

Six-year-old Freddy, a city-bred youngster, was on his first visit to his uncle's farm. At breakfast he heard that his uncle's Jersey cow had been stolen during the night.

"That's a good joke on the man who stole her," was Freddy's comment.

"Why," asked his uncle, "did you think the use of the X-rays to internal cancer."

"Why, just before supper last night the hired man took all the milk out of her."

Canada's National Song.

A Canadian writer has been telling, recently, how Canada's national song, "The Maple Leaf," came to be written. The composer, Alexander Muir, who was also the author of the words, was walking one day in his garden, when a leaf fell on his coat. Despite his brushing of it, the leaf stuck to his coat, a fact which led him to think of the lines he afterwards wrote. And when they were written he went to a music store to look for music likely to fit them, but could not find any, so he sat down and wrote his own tune to them. The song became popular at once, and has remained so.

TO CLEAN THE OIL STOVE WICKS.

When the asbestos rings of the oil stove become hard and the oil fails to soak up through them, light one of the burners and turn the rings upside down on it. Let them burn a few minutes and they will be clear as new. Use a pair of pliers to take them off, so as not to burn the fingers. I have tried this and it works fine.—Mrs. C.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

If sunlight could be bottled and advertised as a cure for consumption, then consumption would disappear.—Dr. C. W. Saleeby.

BEAUTIFY IT WITH "DIAMOND DYES"

Perfect home dyeing and tinting is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes. Just dip in cold water to tint soft, delicate shades, or boil to dye rich, permanent colors. Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings, everything new.

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

—(To be continued.)

Bringing up children is the most thrillingly important business in the world.—Mrs. Despard, Pres. of the Women's Freedom League.

ISSUE No. 39—24.

Russian Music in a Rush.

Under the old regime in Russia the czar wanted a thing when he wanted it, and it was some one's extremely urgent business to see that he had it, and had it on time. Mr. Leopold Auer, in a recent volume of reminiscences, relates that when he and Rubinstein had arranged the programme for a concert to be given by the czar in honor of a visiting monarch they were dismayed to find that Davidoff, the court violinist, to whom an important part had been assigned, was absent without permission on a concert tour in Finland. Count Alderberg, the minister of the imperial household, forbade them to change their arrangements, promising a trifle grimly that the missing musician should return in time. He did return, though only just before the performance.

He told Auer that he had been accused in his room at Viborg, near the frontier, at five o'clock in the morning. Going to the door, he found the chief of police, who asked if he were Charles Davidoff, violinist soloist to the czar. He admitted that he was, and the official ordered him to dress, pack his belongings and come. He had not the least idea why or where, but it is not wise to resist arrest, and he went. He was escorted to the railway station, where an engine and a single car stood waiting, and was ordered aboard. The officer then saluted and handed him a telegram, which read:

"Telegraph office from the Minister of the Imperial Household to His Majesty the Czar: To all chiefs of police in Finland: Hunt up at once and find His Majesty's soloist, Charles Davidoff, and return him immediately per special train to Peterhof."

Special trains in Russia were seldom used except for royalty, and during the Journey Davidoff was divided between apprehension of punishment for being absent without leave and amusement at seeing peasants, soldiers and railway employees along the route hastily fall into line and salute with profound respect as he shot by.

Long before the days of railways a much more imperious ruler of Russia than the late czar, Catherine the Great, once sent for a missing singer who had slipped away to court a sweetheart in a distant town. It was winter, and he was brought back by sleigh at great speed by relays of horses and with no pauses for rest. When the poor man arrived he was nearly dead with fatigue. He was hurried at once into the presence of the empress and the court circle, but in a few minutes before it came his turn he fell asleep so soundly that when he slipped from his chair and landed upon the floor with a loud bump he remained there in a snoring heap without waking. The empress, who when she was not angry was very good-natured and often downright jolly, was greatly amused and made a kind of game of trying, and encouraging the courtiers to try, to find a way to awaken him. Anything in the way of noise was allowable, but pulling, pinching and slapping were barred. They whistled, shouted, banged pans and rang bells; the uproar was terrific, and half the court became helpless with laughter while the other half shrieked themselves hoarse; but the exhausted musician never stirred. At last, breaking her own rule, Catherine herself jerked and pulled the man to his feet, he rolled for a moment but his head dropped upon his breast before he had finished uttering an apology. She then ordered the other musicians to play a fanfarral lullaby, all present joining in the chorus, as a tall guardman at a sign from her picked up the sleeper as if he were a baby and carried him off to bed.

A Bath of Blood.

It is considerable of an "occasion" when a piece of electrical apparatus is dismantled in India in order to be superseded by a machine of large capacity. Having observed, with much wonder and admiration, the first coming of electricity, the natives apparently never get over their sense of awe at the apparatus which produces the magic current.

Hence, when it became necessary to take out of commission a generator rated at 720 kilowatts, which was to be replaced by a 2500-kilowatt generator, due to enlargement of the electrical plant maintained by the government of Mysore, the native coolies who were called upon to do the work showed interest in an unexpected manner.

The smaller machine, which had been in service for twenty-two years, had been giving uniformly good service, although working under severe overload conditions. It had come to be regarded as part of the official family for years past. And the coolies would not allow it to be taken out until they had performed "puja." They had to kill a sheep or a goat and sprinkle the blood at the machine. After that had been done, they set to work to dismantle the apparatus and install the new one in its place.

The Rollicky Rock.

Once there was a little rock A-sittin' on a hill With nothin' else at all to do But just keep settin' still; But soon a man sat on that rock, A big and heavy chap, An' then a girl sat down on him Right plump into his lap. They said and said such funny things, While they were settin' still That rock just rocked with laughin' An' hey all rolled down the hill! —Frederick Moxon.

Beans and Peas

Send Samples—State Quantities
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Huge New X-Ray.

To reduce the cost of treatment and increase its effectiveness, an X-ray tube has been invented which is said to radiate five or six times as many curative rays as ordinary tubes. Thus the time of exposure is cut down. Another process is being perfected to tend the use of the X-rays to internal cancer.

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BETTER THAN EVER

That is the secret of the wonderful demand for "Prince Edward" Fox Wire.

MOST DEPENDABLE FOX WIRE IN THE WORLD

Shipments received regularly from our Mills in England. Write or wire for samples and latest Price List.

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KELSEY Healthy HEAT

Kelsey Heating is Right Heating

The Kelsey warm air generator will heat every room in your house. It is easy to operate and costs less for fuel than any other heating method.

Heats both small and large houses with equal satisfaction. WRITE FOR PARTICULARS

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