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TRY THESE FOR STAINS.

Often an otherwise fresh garment is made unsightly by a stain which, if given immediate attention, may be removed at home, thereby saving the cost of having the entire garment cleaned, and also the inconvenience of having it out of use for several days.

At this season of the year table linen and linen frocks seem particularly disposed to acquire stubborn fruit stains. If such stains are saturated with glycerine and allowed to set for several hours before washing, they will usually disappear without a trace of damage. Coffee stains yield graciously to the same treatment.

Disfiguring ink stains may be removed from cotton or muslin garments by steeping the damaged part in boiling milk. If treated to a milk bath while the spot is fresh the stain will disappear and the color of the material will not be damaged.

Egg stains may usually be removed from a silk gown by rubbing them with common table salt.

If the gold lace or embroidery on an evening gown has become tarnished, it may be restored to its original freshness by applying powdered cork ammonia. A soft brush should be used for this. Slippers made of gold fabric may be treated similarly.

Tar spots usually succumb to a treatment of ether or chloroform. Saturate a piece of absorbent cotton with either of these preparations and cover the offending spot, allowing the moistened cotton to remain on the material for several minutes. If one application is not sufficient, repeat process until the spot vanishes.

White felt hats, which are modish for sports wear, may be kept fresh by frequent applications of bread. Merely take the soft inner part of a stale loaf of white bread and rub it over the hat. It does the work perfectly and takes very little time. Care should be taken, however, to brush the hat thoroughly before applying the bread.

HOW I USE FRUIT JUICES.

If there was no reason for canning fruit juices except that of making fresh jelly in the winter, for Thanksgiving Day, Christmas, and all other

CREAM
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Increase the feeding value of all feeders by cutting them with the Clinax Cutter.
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TORONTO ONT.



KELSEY Healthy HEAT
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.
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JAMES SMART PLANT
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Process the fruit juice thirty minutes, keeping the water simmering gently all the time. Remove the jars and tighten the lids immediately and discard the cotton in the bottles, replacing it with corks that have been dipped in boiling water. When the bottles are cold, dip the corks in melted paraffin or sealing wax.

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Pan was piping in the old garden. He had it quite to himself in the hush of the sunset, except for Tito and the twittering little birds who answered him back, apprehensive and daring at the same time.

What was that funny creature doing in their garden? How came he there—that feathered songster with the voice of thin, trickling gold?

Hugo had made himself a new pipe, a magical one over which he had spent considerable time and trouble. It had half notes as well as the scale, and he played marvellous tunes on it of his own composing. They were weird lyric melodies, such as only Pan's soul could be burdened with, and he spent them freely on the ambient airs of sunset.

The women in the public wash-house behind the high walls of the Villa Tatina ceased their labors to listen. One or two crossed themselves; others, less superstitious, smiled a little derisively. Every one knew that the curious little Signor of the Villa Tatina was mad, and madness is always interesting. Some children clambered up the terraces behind, hoping to catch a glimpse of the mad musician, but there were too many trees in the garden, and Pan was not visible.

To add to the mystery of him, now and again—following upon notes more piercingly sweet—would come the plaintive wail of a dog.

That said the children to each other, would be Tito, Madeline's little dog. Was the mad Signor murdering Tito? Hugo, Tito and the pipe were inseparable companions, and the garden was their lair. Between the three of them they made it by turns beautiful and hideous.

Gaunt, coming in through the gateway at the bottom of the garden, halted a moment and listened to the eerie piping. Then he walked on up to the villa. The drive was well-screened by shrubbery and Hugo did not see him.

The front door being open, Gaunt entered without the formality of ringing or having himself announced. Inside it was cool and fragrant, the marble stairs and floor having recently been sprinkled with water.

He went into the drawing-room, selected a book from one of the low cases which edged the walls, and stretched himself on the sofa. He was alone. He had heard the piping, but he was half an hour early.

He glanced up and saw her watching him from the portrait on the opposite wall—her expression, quizzical, humorous, kind, and he thought what a traitor he had been to her. She had made him free of her house in the old days, and he had rewarded her by ruining the life of the young girl who was living under her protection.

Gaunt winced. He did not like these tricks of conscience, and rarely suffered them. He was a man little given to contemplation of his inner self. He was much too masculine for that sort of thing. But now and again remorse caught him unawares, and he was forced to contemplate his errors. How could he have allowed Jean to be so? What had happened? For marrying him, as he had simply whirled her into doing, and for running away when she discovered that she was not legally his wife. Nor, in her shame and distress, for marrying the chivalrous Hugo. The one person to suffer blame for all of this was Hector Augustus Gaunt. He wished that it were someone else.

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Oh, well—he hunched himself into a more comfortable position and opened the book he had chosen, Ruffino's "Dr. Antonio." He had read it before, several times, but the old-fashioned charm of Lucy and Sir John never ceased to fascinate him. Probably there was not a library in Bordighera without its well-read "Dr. Antonio," yet this particular copy appeared not to have been opened for many years. Some pressed flowers fell out and a little scrap of paper, a note. Gaunt looked at it in a wondering way—a little note in his own hand-writing addressed to "Miss Balis," asking her to obtain permission to drive to San Remo with him. In those days young girls did not go about so freely with men as now, and again conscience

stabbed him when he remembered that kind-hearted and trusting Mme. Douste had given Jean the permission this note of his prayed for, and they had not only driven to San Remo, but had tea there and gone for a row, and not returned to the villa until after dark. Even then, Mme. Douste hadn't scolded. She merely hoped they had had a good time.

Someone came into the drawing-room and opened one of the long windows that led to the marble terrace. The Aeolian harp on the door played a jingling tune, chiming somewhat discordantly with the sound of Hugo's pipe outside.

Gaunt raised himself on one elbow. It was Jean, standing there at the window in a soft white dress, a little shaft of sunlight catching her fair hair and giving it back a touch of the pure gold of youth.

So slender and small she looked; her dress a little old-fashioned, her head drooping forward, displaying the pretty curve at the back of her neck. I was just for a moment Hector Gaunt had a dizzy feeling of having awakened from a long and exceedingly troublesome dream. Could it be possible that he had lived these twenty years in a dream and that he was really still a young man and that girl by the window was Jean Balis, whom he meant by hook or crook to make his wife?

She took a little handkerchief from her belt and dabbed her eyes. Jean was crying—not violently but rather miserably. She started, as she heard him move, and a smile flashed over her tears when she turned and saw him.

"Oh, Hector, I didn't know you were there!"

"What's the matter, my poor dear? What are you crying about?" he asked a little gruffly.

"I wasn't—well, nothing at all, really. Only life's so very sad, isn't it?"

"I know. And she's happy. She said she was happy. Nothing else really matters. I ought to be satisfied, and I am." But her voice belied her words, and he was very far indeed from being satisfied. She stepped out into the terrace and called down to Hugo. "Hector's here. If you're looking to change for dinner, you'd better come in."

Hugo had not heard her. He went on playing. But presently, with a disgruntled air, he thrust his pipe into his pocket and whistling to Tito, stalked reluctantly towards the house.

"Every day he gets more and more childish," Jean said to Gaunt. "Have you noticed?"

"Like a spoiled child," he amended. "You really ought to have someone to look after him."

"Oh, no—he's quite easy to manage, really."

Hugo trailed in, Tito at his heels. "Hello!" he greeted Gaunt, but when he spoke he was indeed a spoiled child. "Do I have to change? Won't it be enough if I wash my hands and put on a clean collar? What's the use of dressing up? It's only—" His voice was querulous and plaintive.

"Do as you like," Jean said. "Only hurry."

He flew off, delighted at having got his own way.

"Do you give in to him in everything?" Gaunt asked, jealously disapproving.

"Whenever I possibly can," she replied. "You mightn't believe it, but Hugo has a will of iron. He'd wear me out if I tried to oppose him. After all, what does it matter whether he dresses or not? I'm tired, Hector. Sometimes I think I shall drop down dead through sheer fatigue. Thank Heaven, there are plenty of books in this house! I don't have to stir out, and people have given up coming to see us."

Gaunt showed her "Dr. Antonio" and what he had found pressed between the leaves of the book as she read the little note of long ago.

"Why, Hector, why—oh, dear!" She mopped her eyes again. "Look—these were from a bunch of violets you gave me. I remember so well—"

"Mme. Douste had a good laugh at me. The garden was full of violets and I brought you these," he said ruefully.

"But I adored them. How terribly in love we were! Everything in this house reminds me of it. Sometimes it seems as though I was back again in those days. Then I hear Hugo playing and—and that sort of kills it. There's a mockery about Hugo's pipe. The other night after he had gone to bed I found it lying here on the terrace, and just for a moment I—I came near breaking the thing. But he would only have worried us all hunting for it, and in the end have made another. It amuses him. I'm a beast to complain. Poor Hugo!"

"Poor Hugo" came bounding in, demanding admiration for his clean hands and collar. They had dinner, and he ate ravenously, with an observable lack of nicety, slopping his food and talking steadily, usually with his mouth full.

His conversation was mainly directed at Gaunt and full of childish entreaties. Would Hector take him to the flower market to-morrow? Might he drive the little horse? Would Hector help him to select a thin linen suit? When were they going to have that long-promised boating picnic? Gaunt found himself agreeing and promising, just as Jean did.

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Farewell to Summer.

Warm is the sun on the high pasture-lands
Whereon rests the sweet lissome clover.

There's laughter and song where the farm-house stands,
There richest peace and contentment still hover,
Rays of the moon-sun fall burning and glowing

Upon the long hill, near the wild-rose crosses—
A lonely bird sits where the toilers are going—

It carols, "Sweet Summer, sweet Summer, farewell!"

Shrined in my heart are memories tender
Of all-perfect Summer, now folding her wings;

Across the worn threshold, there, falls the old splendor
Of Summer's calm close in the great soul of things.

Nay—but she will not mourn long for crosses—
Nor stay for the moon-sun far down in the dell—

Her spirit is hiding, she feels no distress—
The lonely bird carols, "Sweet Summer, farewell!"

—Charlotte Carson-Talcott.

FLAVORS FROM THE FLOWERS.

In our grandmothers' day many dainty dishes were prepared, the special attraction of which came from her flower garden. Of late years this seems to be a lost art. Seldom indeed do we find a modern housewife who knows the secret of making rose conserve, or a rose geranium cake. The girls of to-day have a fad of making anything popular which found favor in their grandmother's time, so I am giving below some of the recipes and secrets that were used by the quaint maidens of long ago.

Rose Geranium Cake.—Do not attempt to flavor a dark cake—either fruit or spice—in this way, but choose some delicate white cake, which is very light and feathery. When you butter the pan in which the cake is to be baked, lay three or four rose geranium leaves in the bottom. Pour the batter directly on these, and bake as usual. Let stand for twenty-four hours after baking, and with the leaves still laying on the bottom of the cake, before using, and you will be delighted with the dainty flavor from the leaves, which will have permeated through the whole cake.

Nasturtium.—Nasturtium petals, leaves and stems may be used in salads. They are fine in mint salads, and when used in this way, it is preferable to use the leaves and stems in the salad proper, and to use the petals or blossoms as garnishing.

The green seeds are fine to use in mixed pickles, as they give a deliciously spicy taste to the pickles. They may also be chopped and put in salads. When used in cooking of any sort, they should be picked while green, and before they reach maturity.

Courtesy Means Safety.

Courtesy is the essence of safety on the highway. Courtesy is usually the display of good judgment at exacting times.

Very often the man who complains of hard luck has been having too soft a time.



For every wash-day method

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.

If you like to boil your white cottons, Rinso will give you just the safe cleansing suds you need in the boiler. If you use a washing machine, follow the advice of the big washing machine manufacturers—use Rinso.

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.

Rinso is sold by all grocers and department stores

If you use a Washing Machine, soak your clothes in the Rinso suds as usual. In the morning add more Rinso solution and work the machine. Then rinse and dry—you will have a clean sweet snow-white wash.

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FREAKS OF THE FAMOUS

Idiosyncrasies of famous people provide a strange and surprising study, for many celebrities of the past have been obsessed with remarkable notions, and have engaged in freak hobbies and queer pastimes.

It is recorded of Daniel Webster that he had a peculiar fancy for painting the faces of his cattle, and he changed his color scheme frequently. One day the neighbors would see Webster's cows grazing in the park with their faces painted blue, and the following week the animals would appear with red-painted faces. Webster, it is said, delighted to mark the look of surprise with which his friends regarded the result of his strange hobby.

The ruling passion of Peter the Great was to ride about in a wheelbarrow, and many of his State visits to cities and towns over which he ruled were made in this fashion. The monarch being wheeled along in his homely conveyance pushed by a perspiring man servant.

One of the favorite entertainments of William the Conqueror was watching a dog fight. His subjects, knowing this, used to send him dogs, and the King would select from these the biggest and fiercest types. Then he set them to fight in pairs, and would sit all day watching the combats.

Training Fox Cubs.

Of a very different nature was George Washington, for, though he loved fox-hunting, his main idea of the chase was always to try to capture alive a young fox cub, which he would take home with him. Then, patiently and with much perseverance, he would teach his captive tricks, which the cub later performed for the amusement of Washington's friends.

Authors, it would appear, are more prone to eccentricity than any other class of men. Count Tolstol always went hatless and bare-footed, no matter what the weather. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle never wears an overcoat, even in the coldest weather, and has a trick of unbuttoning his vest when he is lecturing in a heated hall.

James Fenimore Cooper could not write unless he was chewing gumdrops, of which he ate large quantities as he evolved his famous novels.

Robert Browning was unable to sit still when writing, and always holes were worn in the carpet at his desk as the result of the constant shuffling of his feet. Edgar Allan Poe always took his cat to bed with him, and was very vain of the size and shapeliness of his feet.

The late F. Marion Crawford used one strawboard for the whole of one novel, and would not dream of changing for another until that particular story was finished. He always carried his own pen, ink, and paper with him wherever he went, and refused to write with any other. Disraeli had a pen stuck in each ear when writing.

Thackeray's Trick.

It is recorded of Thackeray that every time he posted the house in which he wrote "Vanity Fair" he threw his hat, and Hawthorne always washed his hands before sitting down to read a letter from his wife.

A peculiarity of the younger Damas was that every time he published a novel he went out and bought a painting to mark the occasion.

When Hieron went out for his daily walk he had his pockets filled with seeds, which he scattered in little handfuls on the road as he went along.

Peculiarities of dress in authors are remarkable. Disraeli wore corsets. Dickens had a weakness for flashy jewelry. Tolstol was fond of French perfumes, and kept even his linen scented. Bacon was so fond of fine clothes that he spent his old time in trying to design new styles and fashions. When he could not persuade anyone to wear them, he got what satisfaction he could by having men do his grotesque creations and promenade the streets in them.

Who Made the First Paper?

The credit for making the first sheet of paper is due to a Chinese named Ts'ai-lun.

In A.D. 75 he made the first hand sheet of paper from the bark of a mulberry tree.

Before this leaves of trees and various barks used in crude form had been good enough for the Egyptians, Romans, and other nations. The Chinese, however, did not use the crude inner bark of the tree as the final material on which to make his records. He used the bark merely as a raw material from which he produced a finished sheet of paper by a series of processes which, primitive as they may seem to us now, were the forerunners of paper manufacture to-day.

China monopolized the art of paper-making for about 500 years, until the secret was learned from her by the Arabs, who improved upon the Chinese process by using linen or cotton rags instead of mulberry bark.

Soon after 1500 the first paper to be made with wood pulp came into the market.

Nowadays, to meet the enormous demands of the press and commerce generally, over 400 varieties of wood and grasses have been called into requisition. Linen and cotton rags are used only in the making of the finest newspaper.

Of the paper now manufactured, 99 per cent is machine-made.