

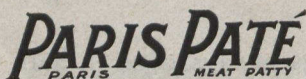


The very next picnic—

be sure and take with you some delicious sandwiches made from "PARIS PATE."

Have You Ever Tasted Paris Pate?

Maybe you do not know about this tempting delicacy. Well, Paris Pate is a choice French cooked-meat paste made by clever French chefs at Montreal. It consists of nutritious meat and spices prepared after a famous recipe and is one of the most appetizing ready-to-eat foods you ever tasted. Order a tin of



from your grocer to-day. A few dainty sandwiches of Paris Pate make a delightful picnic or outing lunch. Paris Pate is delicious.



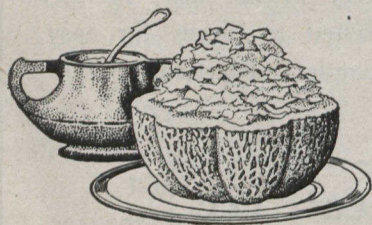
If your grocer does not sell it—

Send 25c for two full sized tins

addressing direct to us, and we will forward you two 10c. tins of Paris Pate, all mailing charges paid.

Societe S.P.A. 91 Reading St. Montreal

A Real Delight For Breakfast



Fill a Canteloupe With

Kellogg's

TOASTED CORN FLAKES

(10c. Package)

Cut canteloupe in half; clean out centre; fill with Corn Flakes, adding a little sugar to suit the taste.



MADE IN CANADA



THE SEMI-READY PICNIC

By DORCAS DORLITTLE.

Did you ever try a semi-ready picnic? If not, read what Dorcas Dorlittie says about the ideal way to enjoy these warm August days.

We are an outdoors-loving family, who covet, for the business workers and the children, as much as possible of the sunshine, the fresh air, the benefit of tree and flower and grass, the sparkle of the water, and the message of all God's beautiful out-of-doors. The short holidays of the different members of the family make it impossible to close the house without someone being neglected, so we take our back-to-Nature recreation on the installment plan. When the largest work of the household has been done, and often when it has not, we question the sky and the probs., and if they say "fair," we announce to the business members of the family that tea will be served at our camping place in a certain park or on the river-bank to-night. "Come, and bring a friend if you wish." We rush through the absolutely necessary work, pack up, and get to our destination in time for our noon lunch at the latest.

We count that week lost in which we have not managed to spend two or three days in the woods or parks or along the river, getting the children acquainted with the birds and trees and flowers. Each child has his own little book and pencil, and writes down the names or descriptions of new acquaintances he has made. They think it a splendid game to examine the bark of the trees and to gather different kinds of leaves during a ramble, then, when resting time comes, see who can identify them and describe the tree.

The Eats and the Drinks.

The important question of "eats" is not overlooked, for it is in this practical side of our outings that we shine. As we go so often and at a moment's notice, we have reduced the work of preparation to a minimum. On a certain shelf in the pantry is the picnic outfit, always refilled and replaced the next day. It consists of sugar, salt, pepper, in their small shakers; tea, vinegar (or salad dressing), in small, corked bottles; a stoppered bottle for milk, a small plate and bowl for butter, a can-opener, bread-knife, small spoons and forks, small cups that nest well, pasteboard plates, large and small; roll of oiled paper for wrapping the food separately, paper napkins and paper or common tablecloth, and two covered granite pails, one small enough to fit inside the other. These are excellent for carrying the lunch, and then can be used for the water and tea. In city or suburban parks one can usually buy hot water and rent pitchers to make one's tea, but when going farther afield, it is safer to have thermos bottles and have one for hot drinks and one for cold, or one can have two large bottles filled with cold tea or coffee at home. With everything so nearly ready, one can go off on a day's outing at very short notice.

For the "picnic," as the children call the lunch, we take what we have—for we remember when shopping to also buy for the picnic shelf—bread and butter, *uncut*; hard-boiled eggs, cold meat, or thin fried bacon, a tin of some meat or paste, macaroni and cheese, any cooked vegetable we have that may be eaten cold or made into a salad, celery, cucumber, tomatoes, lettuce or radishes, raw fruit and cake or a glass of jelly. The men think this method removes all the objections to the usual pickle and cake lunch. The final preparation of the sandwiches or salad is done after we get to the camping place at meal time, which is much pleasanter than doing it at home and answering the bell every five minutes.

Things are packed so that each person has something to carry and no one is burdened. The women take their fancy-work, their letter-writing, or their darning which, in such restful surroundings, becomes a pleasure instead of a pain. Each child is allowed to take one small plaything, and each in turn, allowed to invite a friend, and all go in easily laundered play-clothes. After tea, a romp with the children and a leisurely walk or car-ride home

prepares everyone for a good sleep and a bright to-morrow.

How we do envy the people on farms, who can picnic so often in their own woods, and have tea any time in the shade of their orchards. The men would enjoy the change, particularly if they found it did not necessarily mean a cold meal! When picnicking in the woods, if one can find an open space, where it is safe to build a fire, it adds greatly to the pleasure and to the menu to have hot bacon and eggs and hot tea or coffee, if the weather is not too warm.

One wise picnicker, who is a firm believer in a generous diet of plain food, took, as her share of the lunch, a kettle of potatoes and one of green corn, husked except for the silky inner leaves, in which it was to be cooked, as that retains and improves the flavor. The untrustworthy bearer of the corn was thinking long thoughts of the delicious lunch awaiting him, and not watching his footing; he and the corn went down the hill in a general mix-up. Like the grain of the Scriptural parable, it landed in all kinds of soil, but was rescued and dry-cleaned. Its perfectly delicious flavor when cooked convinced everyone that the only proper way to prepare corn was by that method.

When the fire was made, and the kettles of corn in the husk and potatoes in their jackets were cooking nicely, the head fireman accidentally upset the potatoes into the fire, and only the determined efforts of the rescue party, armed with forks and pointed sticks, prevented their being a burnt offering, but any proper-spirited picnicker thinks such disasters a part of the fun.

There is nothing more delightful than tea in the hay-field during the haying season. The quintessence of new-mown hay, the azure sky with the fleecy white clouds of perfect haying weather, when "Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune, and over it softly her warm ear lays," all combine to make the ideal summer day of Canada. When we are wise enough to learn some of the customs of the Latin races who are settling in our country, we hard-working Canadians will make of some of our seasons of bountiful ingathering a festa of beauty, instead of only an orgy of work. The sentiment of these observances adds a deeper refinement than can be attained by the expenditure of many dollars.

When I have a farm and all the proper machinery for cutting and loading and unloading hay, I am going to keep one field which shall not be sacrificed to these fearful and wonderful monsters of human ingenuity. It shall be entered only by men with scythes, who sing as they rhythmically swing their glittering blades. No hired man who has not a mellow baritone voice need apply. When the hay is ready to be gathered in, there will be a picnic and a frolic in the hay-field and then the huge hay-wagon will be loaded with the fragrant hay by the merry-makers, and the last load will carry them all for a joy ride. If the always dreaded rain of haying time threatens to fall at once, there will be all the more hands to help save the crop.

One large family, for whom Cupid and kind fortune had found homes within driving and motoring distance of one another, always gathered at the old home for a family picnic on the lawn or in the woods during the lovely weather of June or July. After the parents were gone, they decided to keep up the good custom and meet at one of their homes each year. Everyone enjoyed it, but greater than that was the strengthening of the family bond, which so often weakens after each member of a family has established his own home.

The majority of farm houses have long verandas, which would make delightful outdoor dining-rooms for summer. It is not a difficult undertaking to enclose them with wire screen, and could be done on rainy days. The comfort of both resting and eating in the open air, free from attacks of flies and mosquitoes, makes it well worth the trouble.

(Continued on page 31.)

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