12 JUN/24

The Fine Qualities of "SALADA" H453 GREEN TEA

cannot be adequately described but they can be appreciated in the teacup.

FREE SAMPLE of GREEN TEA UPON REQUEST. "SALADA," TORONTO

REMODELED WINDOWS.

In many of the very old country houses are to be found architectural features that are the despair of their modern occupants. Windows between connecting rooms are one of these; a wing was added to the house and the original windows were not removed.

If the dissatisfied modern occupant owns the house she very likely will have the windows removed and the openings plastered. But occasionally we find a housewife so ingenious that she utilizes these odd features in a way that actually adds to the attractiveness of her house and preserves the old-time charm in its unity.

In one old farmhouse there were two such windows, one at each side of the door leading from the living room to the dining room. The owner removed the sash and hinged them, like doors, at the edge of the casing on the dining room side. Glass doors were procured and hinged in the same way on the sitting room side. Then shelves were placed in the inclosed space. And here the mistress of the house arranged her pretty glass and china. The result is most charming. Never have her glass and china appeared at such an advantage as when seen with the light shining through the glass doors. The soft colors add greatly to the decoration of both rooms and the dishes are protected from the dust.

A window between dining room and kitchen could have paneled doors and would make a very inexpensive connecting cupboard where everyday table accessories could be kept and food passed. If one is troubled about such a window within the house, it pays to think twice before going to the expense of having it removed; because, with a fraction of the expense, a charming feature may be added to the house.—A. M. A.

CUTTING "CRAWLY" GOODS.

In working with organdies, crepes and other "wiry" or "crawly" materials, I find it is better to pin the material to paper before I cut into it. I used to have a hard time getting organdie collars to lie straight until I tried this plan.

Get big pieces of wrapping paper, or pin newspapers together in a strip. Lay your material on so that the selvages are parallel with the straight edges of the paper and so that the ends of the cloth are square. If the material does not have a visible grain or thread you may have to draw threads to get the ends even. It saves time in the long run.

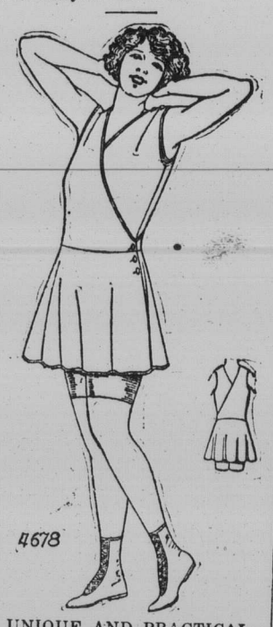
Pin the goods to the paper at close intervals, not only along the edges, but, if the pieces to be cut out are small, all over the surface. I use needles or glass-headed pins—which usually have fine points—if the material is delicate. In this case it is a good plan to keep the paper with the cloth until it is basted and stitched.

You will not only find this a time-saver, but your finished garment will also look better, as the skirts will hang straight, the collars will not twist and the seams will require little pressing and will not draw.—M. J. M.

SHELLAC YOUR KNOTHOLES.

When we painted the woodwork in our bathroom we knew that we should put a coat of shellac over the knotholes before applying the first coat of white paint, for the experienced Danish painter who was enameling the woodwork downstairs was directing our work. We forgot, however, to do it on one door. Within a few months our carelessness was revealed. Those knotholes stood outlined in yellow on the white enameled door. We shall not soon again forget to shellac knotholes before we paint.

It is a good plan, by the way, to shellac the entire surface before applying the flat coat or coats of paint which are the base for enamel. In enameling furniture or book shelves, or in doing any sort of fine interior finishing, much more uniform results can be obtained if the shellac is put on first. It dries very quickly, within an hour or so, and so your work need not be delayed.—M. J. M.



A UNIQUE AND PRACTICAL BATHING SUIT.

4678. This model provides Breeches joined to one-half of the waist and the Skirt joined to the other half, both forming the complete design illustrated. The waist portions cross each other in surplice style with a very simple effective closing. One could use jersey, oil silk, rubberized gingham, or silk, as well as alpaca, gingham or satin.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Spring and Summer 1924 Book of Fashions.

VERSATILE GINGERBREAD.

My gingerbread is easy to make and delicious to eat. You can bake it on baking day, with the bread, and save fuel. You can vary the recipe by adding nuts or raisins, or both. With these additions it tastes like real fruit cake.

You can bake it in a shallow pan and cut in squares, or in an angel-food pan. Or you can bake it in muffin pans. This way is the most convenient for the children's lunches.

Here is the recipe: Bring to boiling point one cupful of molasses and 1-3 cupful of butter.

Add 1¾ teaspoonfuls of soda and ½ cupful of sour milk. Beat vigorously.

Then add 1 egg, well beaten, 2 cupfuls of flour, 1 teaspoonful of ginger, ½ teaspoonful of salt, ½ teaspoonful of cloves, 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon, ½ cupful of raisins or nuts, or both. The raisins and nuts may be omitted if desired.

Bake slowly forty-five minutes.—E. F.

IF THE PITCHER DRIPS.

If the milk or cream pitcher drips from the spout, letting a line of liquid run down and spot the tablecloth, try rubbing a little butter on the under side of the spout close up to the rim. The liquid will not run over the greasy surface.

WRIGLEY'S

after every meal

Cleanses mouth and teeth and aids digestion.

Relieves that over-eaten feeling and acid mouth.

Its l-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 Purity Package.

ISSUE No. 23—'24.

"When Hearts Command"-

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd.)

But, oh, what happy things Jean hoped for from this marriage! Even at great personal loss to herself. She was—she knew—losing a daughter and not, as traditionally expressed, gaining a son. Alice would leave her for ever. Her own lot was cast in less pleasant lines. She had the burden of Hugo, and there was not much fun in that, but at least she would be occupied, and perhaps, after all, it was better to have Hugo than nobody at all. Despite his tiresomeness and the dreadful uncertainty of him, Jean found that she was becoming quite attached to the strange little man. Hugo was an awful creature, one never knew for one moment to the next what he would do or say; he made existence lively and uncomfortable, but he was at the same time woefully pathetic and anxious to please.

Love, as understood between men and women, seemed to have no place in his elf-like consciousness. He made no claims upon her as a wife, but he did find his place in her affections.

She began to see how, after all, everything was for the best. How could she have been so cruel as to have expected poor Hugo to spend the whole of his life in that dreadful place? What she had regarded as a cross might well prove to be her crown. Think what it would have been like alone in the world without Alice. Perhaps Hugo and she would stay here all the time, and if the heat got too unbearable in the summer, Hector Gaunt might invite them up to the farm for a few weeks, or some very, very cheap little place in the mountains could be found.

It was extraordinary how life simplified itself. One only had to wait, to take things quietly, not to worry—but it was difficult not to worry sometimes—however, know that everything was for the best, and suddenly the clouds slipped over and there was the sun that was always shining somewhere.

She sat down to count her money and discovered that a few of the clouds still lingered. Again that guilty feeling came over her. She had pretended to Hector that paying him back for all he had spent in getting them settled would be a matter of a few weeks at the most, but how awful it would have been had he accepted the money she had vainly tried to press upon him. They would have had nothing to live upon at all. Next quarter day was a long way off. Should she write to Christopher Smarle and remind him of his promise? She hated asking Christopher for money.

Alice's few hundred pounds were inaccessible for immediate purposes. One had to give thirty days' notice of withdrawal at the savings bank. And it was principally for Alice that she required money. They would have to go to Genoa, too, and there would be hotel expenses. Oh, dear!

Well—always remember that somewhere the sun is shining. At least there was enough to buy the silk for the wedding dress.

The next day they went gaily into San Remo and made that interesting purchase, and in the big lace shop Mrs. Carnay fell a helpless victim to the lure of an old confirmation veil—only Lire 500, not more than five pounds sterling—and three yards of Venetian rose point, the price of which had better not be set down. Before she was half way home, poor Jean made up her mind very firmly that she would forget at once and for ever the hole that Venetian point had made in her heap of soiled bank-notes.

When they got back, tired but immensely satisfied, a happy surprise awaited them. Jean discovered that she need not have worried all day about poor Hugo being left alone at the Villa Charmil, to fall over the cliff or otherwise make trouble for himself. Gaunt had looked in on his way to market and taken Hugo for a jaunt to Ventigmilia. Hugo had had a lovely day, and there he was with Hector Gaunt having tea in the arbor when his womenfolk returned, and Gaunt had brought them all sorts of things to eat, and there were new strings for the old guitar, and yards and yards of muslin for Jean to make up into curtains and cushion covers, and a new pipe for Hugo, and a big box of chocolates for Alice. Well, no end to it, really!

Jean tried to be shocked at Gaunt's extravagance, but in her heart she was pleased—though guilty to accept so much—and Hugo was as happy as a sandboy.

The little bride-to-be sighed for her lover, but there could be no sadness in this brief parting, and suddenly when dinner was over and the sea wore a filmy opal sheen under the light of the young white moon, and while Hugo was trilling an old Spanish love song by the aid of the guitar, Alice recollected that she could write a letter to Philip. Practically the first love-letter she had ever written.

She slipped away to her room, opening the window wide so as to be sentimentally toughed by "Uncle John's" song. It was like a play.

Hugo, his eyeglasses slightly awry and his toe beating time, sat in the earwiggy arbour and drenched the world in thin, sweet melody. There were faded red and yellow ribbons on the handle of the guitar, and Gaunt had playfully decorated the musician's ear with a red rose.

They laughed at him, Jean and Hector Gaunt, and he laughed back at them with the glee of a humor-loving child—but their laughter was near to tears.

"I think he enjoyed himself to-day," said as Jean and he sat down side by side on the edge of the steep terrace.

Jean nodded, her throat uncomfortably full.

"You've been so good to him, Hector. So kind and good to all of us. It's no use my trying to thank you. I simply don't know how to begin."

Gaunt enclosed the hand which lay nearest him in his big fist, tenderly, gently. Something stirred and fluttered in her heart. Oh, dear Heaven, so long ago it was they had met and loved each other—like a dim dream now.

"How little I've counted in your life, my poor dear—I, who expected to be so much," he said quietly. "You don't know what it means to me to have you here—you, and the little girl. Jean—I'm coming to the wedding. I'm—I'm going to give her away at the church ceremony. Hugo doesn't object. I asked him."

He released her hand, and for safety's sake she let it lie in her lap.

"Hugo doesn't mind?" she asked, her voice husky. "Did he—did he let you know that he understood about Alice?—about her not being his own daughter?"

Gaunt shook his head. "On the contrary. He was rather emphatic that she is his daughter. But he said he thought it would be better if I gave her away. He was horribly pathetic about it—little wretch! The years in That Place, as he calls it, have unnerved him. He feels that he'l be bewildered and perhaps make a mistake, and he'd be much happier if I stood to her *in loco parentis*. That was the way he put it."

Jean quivered and sighed. It was the one thing about Hugo that she hated: he would persist in that tiresome attitude. He had even managed to fill Alice with suspicion that he was her father.

At the present moment he had switched abruptly from the airs of Spain to "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent road." There was the sound of Alice's window going down with an insulted bang, and Gaunt rose and stretched himself. That was Hugo, a faun, an elf, an imp, making them all, figuratively speaking, dance to his tune. The atmosphere was swept of sentiment.

"What about spending a few days with me?" Gaunt suggested. "The ladies, I take it will have their hands full with all this dressmaking, and they'd be glad to get you out of the way."

Hugo beamed upon his idol, and Jean's heart gave a joyous leap. How wonderful it was of Hector to think of such things!

"Are you sure you want me?" Hugo asked eagerly. "Could I help with the flowers? I used to do a lot of gardening in That Place, you know."

"Fine! Why didn't you tell me before? Of course I want you, and of course you can help. What about to-morrow? I'll send Carlo for you directly after breakfast."

"What's the matter with to-night?" Hugo inquired. "It won't take me ten minutes to pack a bag."

There was a short, excited argument. Wasn't he too tired? It was a long pull up Monte Nero.

No, Hugo wasn't a bit tired. He danced around excitedly and begged to be allowed to go to-night. They could tie his bag and the precious guitar, which he now regarded as his, to the mule's pack. It would be nothing, climbing up in the moonlight.

Finally he was allowed his way.

It seemed lonely after he had gone, Alice, who had emerged to see what the racket was about, remarked that Uncle John made the place seem quite gay, and it might even be a little dull without him. Then she went back to the letter which had been so rudely interrupted by the "Old Kent road," and Jean, having unpacked their purchases, sat dreamily in the salon with the Confirmation veil that was to be Alice's wedding veil in her lap, stroking it with soft and tender gestures.

Dear Alice—dear, sweet little daughter! They seemed safely to have passed a terrible crisis, bridged a yawning horror.

Two weeks slipped by and they were well into the third, when one morning the post-girl left another letter besides the one which arrived daily from Genoa.

Alice brought it in and gave it to her mother. "For Uncle John," she said. "And Mr. Gaunt won't be in to-day. It looks important: I suppose we ought to send it up to the farm."

It did look important—"John Baliss, Esq., c/o Mrs. Carnay, Hotel Mimosa," etc., forwarded on to the villa. In the upper left-hand corner were the name and address of a London solicitor.

Jean's fingers itched to open it. Of course Christopher Smarle knew that Hugo was calling himself John Baliss—she had written and warned him—but this letter was not from Christopher.

"I'll take it up myself," she said.

(To be continued.)

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SEND NO MONEY—

Just drop us a card; we will mail you Die-Lice sufficient to treat 200 fowls. When it arrives pay postman $1 and postage. Money back if it fails. Secret how to tell sex of an egg before incubation, and wonderful new secret how to rid your place of rats, mice and gophers without the use of traps or poisons sent free with each box. Agents wanted.

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Drawer 55, - Wiarton, Ont.

Making wash day pleasant—

Just use Rinso where you used to use bar soap—for soaking, boiling, or in your washing machine.

THE hardest part of wash-day, rubbing, rubbing, rubbing, has given way to the new method of soaking the clothes clean with Rinso. This wonderful new soap gently loosens the dirt and a thorough rinsing leaves things white and glistening as you never could get them before.

Only spots where the dirt is ground-in, such as neck bands, cuff edges, and the like need a light rubbing, and a little dry Rinso rubbed on these spots quickly makes the dirt disappear.

Rinso is sold by all grocers and department stores

Rinso

R-4-23 MADE BY THE MAKERS OF LUX

The Young Huntsman.

Through the gray isles of the stark,
November trees
We saw him pass by, urgent as a fire,
Love, the young Huntsman, riding with
the breeze;
Red in the distance, the little Fox,
Desire.

Home with the pale moon, home with
the star,
Home with his quarry, hunted to the
death,
Oh, but the Red Fox rode him fast
and far;
Love, the young Huntsman, draws a
weary breath.

Blinds down and lamplight, veiling
starry eyes,
Off with the silver spurs, gone the
scarlet coat,
Love, the young Huntsman, grown old
and wise,
Sits by the fireside, incredibly remote.

Close by the chimney shelf, close the
Huntsman keeps,
Nods in an armchair, dreaming of the
chase;
Love has killed Desire; now he sits
and sleeps,
Gray and regretful, for a little space.

—Faith Baldwin.

EXTRA CURTAINS.

Few housekeepers, who have not tried it, realize the saving of work by having a few extra sets of washed draperies for the windows. Many times fresh curtains for a bedroom or the living room or dining room will be needed in a hurry. And it is sure to be when it is inconvenient to take down the soiled ones and launder them immediately.

To have a few in reserve is an excellent plan. Then the soiled ones can be done at leisure and at one's convenience. The simple, straight hangings are more desirable for summer when the windows are open.

The lace or lace-trimmed curtains may then be saved for cold weather furnishing.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Damage by Field Mice.

Field mice in the United States every year kill thousands of valuable orchard trees and do millions of dollars worth of damage to grain and other crops.

Just the Thing.

Lady Bug—"Run and get the tennis racquets and balls, Henry, that nice Mr. Spider has spun a fine net for us!"

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For the June Bride **Hotpoint**

3 HEAT GRILL

BOILS, broils, fries or toasts.

Any two operations may be carried on simultaneously. It may also be used with an ovenette to bake or roast.

Controlled by a three heat reversible switch. Equipped with two aluminum dishes, each 2½ pints capacity, also bright nickel cover to fit either dish, or for use as a reflector or cake griddle.

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