

Your Guarantee

is the name

"SALADA"

It insures tea that is fresh, fragrant and pure — Try it.



WOMAN'S INTERESTS

CATERING TO COMPANY.

A housewife was once asked how she managed to do so much entertaining without apparent effort. "I give company whatever I have," she replied, "with lots of hospitality."

The country housewife who understands the use of what she has is most likely to make visiting enjoyable for herself as well as for her guests. No woman who has not lived in the city is likely to realize what a treat fresh country fare may be. The common, everyday dishes of one neighborhood are rarities to the visitor from another. If you don't know your guests' tastes, try to find them out. Nothing pleases a visitor more than to have you remember his likes and dislikes.

The most successful breakfast that I ever served consisted of fruit, maple pancakes, maple syrup, homemade sausage and coffee. That wouldn't be a meal for everybody, but I knew our guest's appetite for pancakes.

You're not likely to serve chicken too often. Broilers and fried chicken are quickly prepared and sure to be appreciated. A delicious chicken pie can be served on an hour's notice if you boil and bone your fowl the day before. Biscuits with honey or warm maple sugar and cottage cheese are a popular offering at suppertime.

When the supply of asparagus is limited serve it in cream soup or on toast, where a few stalks go a long way. If there aren't enough peas to go round alone, stir them into the mashed potato. This makes a delicious combination, especially to serve with chops or cutlets. Peas and carrots, covered with cream sauce, are another successful partnership. Heat a can of tomatoes, add gelatin to stiffen and mold in cups or individual molds. Serve with salad dressing.

Canned strawberries make an appetizing shortcake when fresh berries are not in season, especially if served with whipped cream. If the supply of any kind of fruit for a shortcake is limited, use jelly for the filling and put the fruit on top. Crab-apple jelly with strawberries, currant jelly with raspberries and raspberry jelly with blackberries are a few delectable combinations.

Ice cream and sherbets are easily prepared. For an ice cream foundation use one and a quarter cups of sugar and a junket tablet for every quart of milk. When the milk has jelled, add whipped cream and flavoring to taste, and freeze as usual. Fruit ice creams call for a little more sugar and cream than plain ones. If chocolate ice cream is desired melt the chocolate in a bowl over the tea-kettle, add a cupful of the sugar called for, stir to a smooth paste with a little boiling water, add the whipped cream and pour over the jelled milk.

WHEN PARTY SLIPPERS HIDE AWAY.

Have you seen those quaint crocheted shoe pockets, reminiscent of grandmother's day, in which party slippers hide away when not in use? Just ordinary wrappings of good quality and of medium weight is used to fashion these conveniences, and one's knowledge of crocheting need not extend beyond the most simple of stitches.

Merely crochet a chain of seventy-two stitches, holding the twine loosely. On the second row throw the twine once over the crochet needle and insert in every other stitch, continuing to make this honeycomb pattern until thirty rows of thirty-six stitches each have been completed. Break the twine and join these two edges together with stout cotton thread. Likewise join one of the two other edges,

A HOME MADE CEDAR CHEST.

If you have an old chest made of any wood that is not extremely hard, paint the inside well with cedar oil, let this dry and give it another coat. The result is, to all intents and purposes, the same as the expensive cedar chests now so widely used for the necessary purpose of keeping moths out of garments.

A CURE FOR LUMPING.

"Oh, dear," sighed the young housekeeper, "this chocolate pudding is lumpy! Seems as if I never thicken anything with flour or cornstarch that I do not have to put it through a sieve before I can serve it."

"Try beating your lumpy pudding or gravy with an egg beater," suggested a friend. "A great many times that removes the lumps entirely and makes the mixture light in texture. Using the beater to mix the thickening in the first place would probably have prevented the trouble."

"But the best and easiest way is to place the water or desired liquid on the thickening at least fifteen minutes before it is needed. Let it stand and when you stir it you will find that it blends readily and without lumps."

USE THE NUTCRACKER.

The other day I found it impossible to get the cap off the top of the catch-up bottle, and I tried using a nutcracker. The cracker made an admirable wrench, removing the cap without difficulty.—L. C.

CREAMED PEANUT BUTTER.

Many of us do not use peanut butter as often as we would like, because it "sticks to the roof of the mouth." This feature is eliminated by creaming, and the process doubles the butter's bulk, making a tasty and delicate spread.

Put the required quantity of peanut butter in a cup or bowl. Cream it with a silver spoon, adding water or milk, a teaspoonful or two at a time. It will become so thick it will be hard to stir, but keep on adding liquid until it becomes a creamy mass a little thicker than mayonnaise, when it is ready for use.

Learn the luxury of doing good.

Learn the luxury of doing good. Goldsmith.

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"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YURK MILLER

"When hearts command, From minds the wisest counsels depart."

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd)

When her sweetheart had gone Alice asked:

"Mumsey, have I ever heard of Uncle John?"

"Mrs. Carnay was very busy setting the room to rights for the night. Sometimes she gave an impression of being a rather fussy little woman. She opened the windows to the balcony and carried out a couple of vases of flowers."

"What's that?" she asked over her shoulder.

Alice varied the form of her question. "I don't seem ever to have heard of Uncle John," she said.

"Perhaps not," her mother agreed. "As a family we've never clung together very much."

"But how did he find out where we were?"

"Oh, he saw your cousin Christopher recently," Mrs. Carnay replied. "And Christopher happened to mention that we were on the Italian Riviera. He's coming by the train de luxe. That gets in a little earlier than the one we came by."

"Do you really want to meet him alone?" Alice asked. "Or is it that you just don't want Philip? Because I could come with you. Philip would understand."

"Oh, no, dear—I'd much rather meet him alone," Mrs. Carnay replied. "As I said, he's been ill—in a nursing home, Christopher said—and he's bound to be a bit odd and cranky. Of course, he may not want to stop over here—"

"I should like to see him," Alice mused a little wistfully. "I don't mind a bit how cranky he is. It was so nice meeting Mr. Gaunt, Mumsey. Dear me, it does seem as though Bordighera is full of people we—we know and like. There's Philip and Mr. Gaunt, and now your brother's coming. I do love it, Mumsey. It's so nice to have friends and—and people one truly cares for."

Mrs. Carnay set out the last of the flower jars and took an opportunity to inspect the night before coming in. She didn't want Alice to see there were tears in her eyes. Poor Alice! Yes, it had been a lonely life for a young girl. But now Alice was going to be married and all that would be over.

"You liked Mr. Gaunt?" Jean called out from the balcony.

"I simply adored him," Alice replied. "Mumsey, you won't be angry if I say something?"

"Good heavens, no! But I think I know what it is. I think you're just a wee bit in love with him."

Mrs. Carnay laughed again; a little too boisterously this time. "How ridiculous you are, my pet! Just because you're in love yourself you imagine . . ."

"She broke off short and added soberly, 'Well, it's true enough. I was in love with him years ago.'"

"And then you met poor daddy and got over caring for Mr. Gaunt?" Alice sighed.

"Something like that," said her mother.

Here was Alice again trying to lead her out of her depth, but she resisted stubbornly.

"I suppose he's a widower," Alice mused. "He doesn't look like an old bachelor."

"I believe he is a widower," Jean agreed, looking with grim humor—"if his wife is dead."

"Was she living when you first met him?"

(Oh, Alice, what a tiresome young woman you are!)

"Living with him here? Did you know her?"

"No—I never saw her. They had separated, I believe."

"But, couldn't marry you because he already had a wife? I don't know what I should do if I suddenly learned that Philip was married."

"How did you know?—I learned suddenly" that Mr. Gaunt was married."

In spite of her best efforts to resist, poor Mrs. Carnay had been led up to sea again and was floundering heavily.

"But it must have been that way," Alice said quietly. "Otherwise, he would never have given you up—or you, him. I think it was a mistake, Mumsey. You oughtn't to have married daddy when you and Mr. Gaunt cared so much for each other."

"Really!" Jean gasped. "I don't think I understand the girls of today. Where do you get such curious ideas, Alice?"

"But, Mumsey dear, it's just common sense. However, I don't suppose I should have been here if you hadn't married daddy, and I'm glad I'm here."

do but watch the clock. Besides, she wanted to get away from Alice's searching questions.

No, she said, she and "Uncle John" wouldn't be back for lunch. There was always the chance that he might not show up, and she would have to arrange it that way, anyway.

So with a slightly guilty feeling the little woman watched her opportunity and slipped away while Alice and Philip had, so to speak, turned their backs for a moment. She walked halfway down the Strada Romana before taking a turning towards the sea, boarding the tram on the outskirts of the town instead of, as was usual, in front of the English Stores, and by this ruse unwittingly dodged for a second time a meeting with a woman the sight of whom would have changed every plan she had made, and sent her flying to the very ends of the earth.

As Mrs. Carnay hurried along the Strada Romana, up the Rue Regina Elena came Carrie Egan's motor car with its owner at the wheel. They missed each other by a matter of seconds, and while in the flank past Mrs. Egan might neither have seen nor recognized Mrs. Carnay, the latter would certainly have noticed the striking-looking woman whom Hugo Smarke had widowed.

CHAPTER XI.

During the long period of her supposed widowhood Mrs. Carnay had scarcely ever been conscious of loneliness. She had had Alice, and her own childhood having been a solitary one, the constant companionship of this much-beloved daughter more than sufficed. Alice had filled every nook and cranny of Jean's life. For years the girl had scarcely worn a garment which the mother's loving fingers had not fashioned. Generally they had roomed together, often sharing the same bed. Alice had attended day schools, picking up a good education—but precariously, and always it was her mother who had seen her safely to the school or convent door and called for her when the session was over.

As Jean paced to and fro on the platform in the great dingy station waiting for Hugo Smarke's train she suddenly realized that soon her happy life with Alice would be over for ever. Then she would be alone. Of course it was natural for Alice to marry, she told herself, and she ought to be ashamed to feel badly about it. Nevertheless, her eyes smarted a little. They would probably go to England—Alice and she—as soon as she had settled with Hugo about his own future, and no doubt Dr. Ardeyne would like the marriage to take place quite soon. June? Perhaps that would be a bit too soon. Alice had a few hundred pounds of her own. They would have to spend her little inheritance on the trousseau and wedding. Such things, however simple, cost money. It would be a quiet wedding, oh, very quiet indeed, but they must ask the Christopher Smarke. Would the name of "Smarke" convey anything to Dr. Ardeyne?

And now, led by a puff of grey smoke and a hiss of escaping steam, the weary train de luxe drew in—on the furthest line, of course—and the few remaining passengers began to clamber down from the high carriages. Here and there a portly man appeared, somewhat reluctantly. One of them stuffed a piece of bread into his pocket as he crossed the lines. It was the luncheon hour, and Ventigmiglia would appear to be the one terminus at which the arrival of the train created little or no excitement.

Jean Carnay had on white suede shoes and just for a moment she hesitated to follow the porters. Her eyes searched anxiously. Perhaps Hugo had not come. No—there he was! Yet . . . could that poor, shriveled-looking little man be Hugo? Yes, it was Hugo—as white as a badger, thin, his moustache white and closely clipped, nervously adjusting his eyeglasses with a gesture so familiar that it brought back the past as though yesterday. His hat looked queer, perched up like that. Ridiculous, but rather funny little, shrunken-tweed, the cape sleeves flapping about his wrists as he gathered up two bulging pieces of hand luggage. All—were familiar.

(To be continued.)

WOMEN CAN DYE ANY GARMENT, DRAPERY

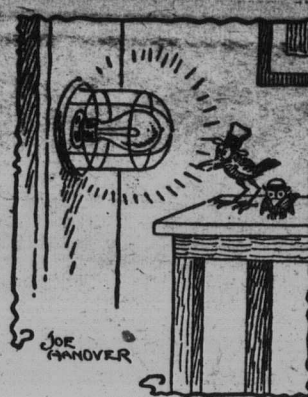
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Sealed, in its Purity Package

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM

Gained Romance.

Mary had a little can, She filled it full of jam, She opened it for Simon Sikes— And now she's Mrs. Sam.

Where Ignorance is Painful. Old Lady—"I believe in post mortems. It is awful not to know what you have died of!"

Perhaps. "Hey, Bill, I wonder why they put a muzzle on that thing!" "Dunno. Guess they think it will bite!"

Mutton and Macaroni.

When the cold mutton has lasted so long that the housewife dreads putting it again before her family, let her try it under this guise. Cut the cold meat into cubes. To two cups of meat have one cup of cooked macaroni, two cups of tomato sauce, one cup of cracker crumbs, two tablespoonsful of butter, salt and pepper. In a well buttered enamelled ware bake dish put a layer of macaroni, bread crumbs and tomato sauce, then a layer of mutton with bits of butter, pepper and salt. Alternate until the pan is filled. Sprinkle bread crumbs on top with enough extra butter to brown them. Serve in the dish in which it is cooked.

An Exquisite Reason.

Mr. Boggs, the butcher, was a jovial soul. As he was cutting up an order of lamb chops for a lady customer the lady asked curiously: "Mr. Boggs, what led you to choose your present occupation?"

"Well, I don't really know, ma'am," said Boggs thoughtfully. "Maybe it was because I have always been fond of animals."

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