

# "SALAD!"

In infusion is worth every cent of its cost, the flavor is Delicious and the strength Abundant.

**Beyond All**  
**Question...**

**The Most Economical**  
**Tea Obtainable Anywhere.**

## The Road to Understanding

CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd.)

"Do you know, Burke," she finally asked one night, between sobs, "I don't believe it's good for a thing—that old cookbook! I haven't got a thing out of it yet that's been real good. I've half a mind to take it back where I got it, and make them change it, or else give me back my money. I have, so there!"

"But, dearie," began her husband doubtfully, "you said yourself yesterday that you forgot the salt in the omelet, and the baking powder in the cake, and—"

"Well, what if I did?" she retorted. "What's a little salt or baking powder, anyhow, and I remember all the other things. Besides, if these rules were any good they'd be worded so I couldn't forget part of the things. And, anyhow, I don't think it's very nice of you to blame me all the time when I'm doing the very best I can. I told you I couldn't cook, but you said you'd like anything I made, because I did it, and—"

"Yes, yes, darling, and so I do," interrupted the successful husband, hurriedly. And, to prove it, he ate the last scrap of the unappetizing concoction on his plate, which his wife said was a croquette. Afterward, still further to show his remorse, he helped her wash the dishes and set the rooms in order. Then together they went for a walk in the moonlight.

It was a beautiful walk, and it restored Helen to good nature. They went up on West Hill (where Helen particularly loved to go), and there, laid down on the grass, and, one day they, too, would build a big stone palace of a home up there—though Burke did say that, for his part, he liked Elm Hill quite as well; but Helen laughed him out of that "ditch-dreamed" idea. At least, he said no more about it.

They talked much of how proud Burke's father was going to be when Burke had made good, and of how ashamed and sorry he would be that he had so misjudged his son's wife. And Helen uttered some very sweet and beautiful sentiments concerning her intention of laying up no malice, her firm determination to be loving and forgiving.

Then together they walked home! the moonlight, and so thrilled and exalted were they that, even the cheap little Dale Street living-room looked wonderfully dear. And Helen said that, after all, love was the only thing that mattered—that Burke said, "Yes, yes, indeed."

The vision of the sweet, daintily gown'd wife and the perfect home was very clear to Helen as she dropped off to sleep that night; and she was sure that she could begin to realize it at once. But unfortunately she overslept the next morning—which was really Burke's fault, as she said, for he forgot to wind the alarm clock, and she was not used to getting up at such an unearthly hour, anyway, and she did not see why he had to do it, for that matter—he was really the son of the owner, even if he was called an apprentice.

This did not help matters any, for Burke never liked any reference to his position at the Works. To be sure, he did not say much, this time, except to observe, stiffly, that he would like his breakfast, if she would be so good as to get it—as if she were not already hurrying as fast as she could, and herself only half-dressed at that!

Of course the breakfast was a failure. Helen said that perhaps some people could get a meal of victuals on to the table, with a hungry man eyeing their every move, but she could not. Burke declared then that he really did not want any breakfast anyway, and he started to go; but as Helen only cried the more at this, he had to come back and comfort her—thereby, in the end, being both breakfastless and late to his work. Helen, after he had gone, spent a blissfully wretched ten minutes weeping over the sad fate that should



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doom such a child of light and laughter as herself to the somber role of martyr's wife, and wondered if, after all, it would not be really more impressive and more soul-torturing with-remorse for the cruel father-in-law, if she should take poison, or gas, or something (not disfiguring), and lay herself calmly down to die, her beautiful hands crossed meekly upon her bosom.

Attractive as was this picture in some respects, it yet had its drawbacks. Then, too, there was the laurel wreath of praise due her later. She had almost forgotten that. On the whole, that would be preferable to the poison, Helen decided, as she began, with really cheerful alacrity, to attack the messy breakfast dishes. It was not alone the cooking that troubled the young wife during that first month of housekeeping. Everywhere she found pitfalls for her unwary feet, from managing the kitchen range to keeping the living room dusted.

And there was the money. Helen's idea of money, in her happy, care-free girlhood, had been that it was one of the common necessities of life; and she accepted it as she did the sunshine—something she was entitled to; something everybody had. She learned the fallacy of this, of course, when she attempted to earn her own living; but in marrying the son of the rich John Denby, she had expected to step back into the sunshine, as it were. It was not easy now to adjust herself to the change.

She did not like the idea of asking for every penny she spent, and it seemed as if she was always having to ask Burke for money; and, though he invariably handed it over with a nervous quick, "Why, yes, certainly! I don't mean you to have to ask for it, Helen," yet she thought she detected a growing irritation in his manner each time. And on the last occasion he had added a dismayed, "But I hadn't any idea you could have got out so soon as this again!" And it made her feel very uncomfortable indeed.

As if she were to blame that it took so much butter and coffee and sugar and stuff just to get three meals a day! And as if it were her fault that that horrid cookbook was always calling for something she did not have, like mace, or summer savory, or thyme, and she had to run down and buy a pound of it! Didn't he suppose it took some money to stock up with things, when one hadn't a thing to begin with?

Helen had been on the point of saying something of this sort to her husband, simply as a matter of self-justification, when there unexpectedly came a most delightful solution of her difficulty.

It was the grocer who pointed the way. "Why don't you open an account with us, Mrs. Denby?" he asked smilingly one day, in reply to her usual excuse that she could not buy something because she did not have the money to pay for it.

"An account? What's that? That wouldn't make me have any more money, would it? Father was always talking about accounts—good ones and bad ones. He kept a store, you know. But I never knew what they were, exactly. I never thought of asking. I never had to pay any attention to money at home. What is an account? How can I get one?"

"Why, you give your orders as usual, but let the payment go until the end of the month," smiled the grocer. "We'll charge it—note it down, you know—then send the bill to your husband."

"And I won't have to ask him for any money?"

"Not to pay us. The man's lips twitched a little. "Oh, that would be just grand," she sighed longingly. "I'd like that. And it's something the way we're buying our furniture, isn't it?—installments, you know."

(To be continued.)

**Culpable Delay.**

A certain man, who kept a small pawnshop, took out a fire-insurance policy. A few hours later, by a curious coincidence, a fire broke out and consumed his shop, together with all its contents.

The insurance company could not find sufficient grounds on which to refuse payment, but that the officers had suspicions the letter that accompanied their cheque proved:

"We note that your policy was issued at nine on Friday, and that the fire did not take place till three o'clock. Why this delay?"

Nearly one-fourth of all the bank employees in England are women.



The Sewing Room.

Try and save your dressmaker's time when she works at your home. Have the sewing machine cleaned and oiled. Run it on some waste material to throw off the excess of oil. Thread several bobbins with the needed thread. Have pins, needles, and shears handy, also an empty table for cutting.

Be sure the ironing board is padded and that it has a clean cover. If garments are to be made over have them ripped, cleaned and pressed. See that you have plenty of pins, and that they are very fine, for by using slender, extra sharp pins, you mark the fabric less.

When you work on black or dark cloth wear a white apron. The reflected light will be of help. Save all salvages of gorgette crepe, chiffon or fancy fine weaves. You can make a novel and attractive finish by applying them as a tiny ruffle or by leaving on the material in the original cutting.

Always save the buttonholes together before washing a sweater or in anything in which the buttonholes are liable to stretch.

When making over suits and dresses, don't neglect to brighten up the old buttons you are using on the new garment.

Pearl buttons which have become dull and old-looking may be brightened by soaking them in olive oil or a good quality of machine oil. When you take them out, rub them hard with powdered pumice, talcum powder, or a good nail polish. They will look like new.

The steel buttons which are so popular may be cleaned with a tooth-brush and soda. If they are rusty, use a cleaning powder. Dry thoroughly and polish. Cut jet buttons often look dingy from the dust which has collected in the design. Clean them by brushing vigorously with a soft brush.

To make buttons stay in place on the boy's garments, cut the leather tabs from old shoes and from these cut circular pieces about the size of a 10-cent piece. When a button is required on a garment subject to great strain, place one of the pads on the inner side of the garment where the button is to be sewed on. Tack it securely around. Sew on the button in the usual way, always remembering to put a knot on your thread between the button and the cloth; also to put a good winding of thread around the neck of the button, as this is a source of strength. Buttons sewn on in this manner will never drag a hole in the material.

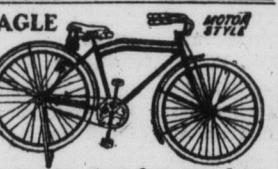
**Some Vegetables Seldom Grown.**

With so many good vegetables to be had for a song, it is a pity that the average farm garden growths them not. Some vegetables little known should be grown more widely. Everybody grows beets, if they own a garden, but few are familiar with the aristocrat of the tribe—Swiss chard, a beet that can't be beat for greens. Greens that are beautiful, delicious in flavor, easily grown, out and cleaned, are possible wherever Swiss chard is cultivated. The cut-and-come-again quality of Swiss chard rivals the best of spinach. There is no waste, as stem and leaf are equally good. The mid-rib is so heavy and thick that it can be served like asparagus, with cream or drawn butter.

As a marketable plant it is profitable. Besides the supply needed for the family several dollars' worth of greens can be sold in one season from a small packet of seed.

Kohl-rabi is a unique vegetable that we all have grown widely. If the exhibitors at fairs would discard the overgrown, woody specimens, so hard that even an ostrich would turn its back, and confine themselves to table size, which is that of a medium onion. Plants started indoors and hardened off on porches can be planted out in May, and as they are quick growers may be counted on for use even before the first peas. Successive plantings are in order through the summer. This really delicious vegetable has the flavor of a cauliflower and the consistency of a turnip. Sliced or diced, and served with a white sauce, it is delicate enough for the most fastidious taste. It is also used in salads.

Brussels sprouts are the joy of the epicure and as easily grown as any member of the cabbage tribe. They are the hardest of all and the latest



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cropper. The tiny heads should be hard and tight, boiled in salted water and served with drawn butter.

Peppers for pickles are always in order, but peppers filled with forcemeats and baked—oh, my! Peppers may be started indoors or under glass or early varieties may be grown from seed sown in the ground in May.

Make the vegetable garden attractive. A few castor-beans are enough to make one feel himself in the tropics. Stray cannas, and the surplus dahlias tucked in here and there, will add to the delight of a garden.

**Dairy Products and the Child.**

"Look at this, ma," said Mr. Brown, handing his wife a cheque. It was signed by the wife of a prominent financier in the neighboring city, and had been given Mr. Brown in payment for the weekly supply of butter which he had that morning delivered to her. Mrs. Brown almost gasped at the amount. From their few cows, kept more for their own use, and for fertilizer for their land, they did not pretend to regard the butter-money as an important addition to their income. But when a ten-pound jar of butter brought a cheque of more than six dollars this side-line began to take on a more serious aspect.

"How much are we using for ourselves now, ma?" asked Mr. Brown. "Better cut down all you can, eh? Give the children bacon fat on their bread. Used to love it when I was a kid."

"But, Jim," said his wife, "we're giving up our bacon, now that we've given up trying to cure it ourselves, and it's awfully high, too."

"Well, then, give 'em jam."

"We haven't very much of that, fruit was so high last summer and sugar scarce—but I'll see about butter substitutes. I've been hearing so much about them."

Mrs. Brown wisely investigated before changing her children's lunches. Fortunately she was a faithful reader of reliable farm and dairy papers.

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and she had no difficulty in finding that while butter substitutes are palatable, and apparently take the place of butter, in reality they do not furnish a proportionate amount of nourishment per pound per price, nor do they furnish those life and growth-giving principles which are men's.

Then this sensible mother found a review of a new book that she determined to read for herself, and so she sent to the publishers, the Macmillan Book Company, Toronto, for Dr. E. V. McCollum's book, *The New Knowledge of Nutrition*, one of the best books that I have read on the subject. In this book Dr. McCollum is very emphatic and clear on the importance of milk and butter in the diet of the human race, especially in that of children and he has not only contributed much to the future health of humanity, but also to the future development of the dairy industry. Everyone should read and study this book, especially every mother.

**To Keep Stove-Pipes Clean.**

When green wood is substituted for coal during the winter in the household heater, there is one small

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drawback. A deposit of a tar-like substance will form on the heater flues and stovepipes. This can easily be removed if it is done by the right methods. This is the right way: Dissolve air-slaked lime in water until the water will take up no more. Then apply it with a whitewash brush to the inside of the heater flues and smokepipe. Remove the smoke-pipe and apply it to the base of the chimney. Put back the pipe and start a fire. The tar-like substance will drop off the flues, or can easily be scraped off.

Corrections made recently in maps of Greenland have shown it to be about 150,000 square miles larger than formerly believed.

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**Splendid Record Achieved during 1918**

**THE year 1918 was for the business of life assurance a year of supreme achievement.** Owing to the combined effect of the war and the influenza epidemic, death claims were unusually high. The payment of these claims enabled the Companies to render an unprecedented measure of public service, and to fulfill to a more noteworthy degree than ever previously the beneficent purpose for which they were founded.

The record achieved during 1918 by the Sun Life of Canada was one of particularly striking success. For the first time in the Company's history new assurances paid for exceeded Fifty Million Dollars. The growth in size, strength and prosperity accentuates the Company's position as not merely the leader among Canadian Life offices, but one of the great insurance corporations of the world.

The Company's financial power is emphasized by its large Assets, Income and Surplus. During the year \$7,460,000 was added to the Assets, which at December 31st, had reached the huge total of \$97,620,000. The income is now \$21,651,000, while the undivided Surplus is \$8,027,000.

**THE RESULTS FOR 1918**

ASSETS			
Assets as at 31st December, 1918	\$97,620,078.85		
Increase over 1917	7,460,284.40		
INCOME			
Cash Income from Premiums, Interest, Rents, etc., in 1918	21,651,009.69		
Increase over 1917	5,965,172.01		
PROFITS PAID OR ALLOTTED			
Profits Paid or Allotted to Policyholders in 1918	1,540,807.16		
SURPLUS			
Total Surplus 31st December, 1918, over all liabilities and capital (According to the Company's Standard which is more severe than that laid down by the Insurance Act)	8,027,878.65		
TOTAL PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS			
Death Claims, Matured Endowments, Profits, etc., during 1918	9,708,554.28		
Payments to Policyholders since organization	78,892,881.15		
ASSURANCES ISSUED DURING 1918			
Assurances issued and paid for in cash during 1918	61,461,892.04		
Increase over 1917	8,770,824.56		
BUSINESS IN FORCE			
Life Assurance in force 31st December, 1918	\$40,878,626.19		
Increase over 1917	28,298,710.42		
THE COMPANY'S GROWTH			
YEARS	INCOME	ASSETS	LIFE ASSURANCES IN FORCE
1871	\$ 48,210.75	\$ 96,461.50	\$ 1,004,300.00
1880	274,065.20	785,940.10	2,775,846.00
1890	1,340,651.15	4,001,778.50	27,705,727.00
1900	8,864,138.50	15,554,776.40	76,881,188.00
1910	12,996,421.04	25,726,847.22	202,835,996.00
1918	21,651,009.69	97,620,078.85	348,808,666.00

**SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA**

1871 HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL 1919  
T. B. MACAULAY, President

# WORLD'S CROP FIGURES FOR 1918

A LITTLE MORE THAN AVERAGE YIELD OF WHEAT LAST YEAR.

Statistics Regarding Food Production the World Over As Compared With That of 1917.

A cablegram received at Ottawa from the International Institute of Agriculture gives the following crop data:

The area sown to crops in France is for wheat 11,086,000 acres against 11,942,000 last year. Sowings in Alsace-Lorraine, wheat, 167,000 acres; rye, 130,000 acres. Sowings in Japan, wheat, 1,362,000, against 1,326,000 last year; barley, 2,931,100 against 2,738,070.

The total production of wheat in 1918 in Germany, Denmark, Spain, France, Great Britain and Ireland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Netherlands, Sweden, Switzerland, Canada, United States, India, Japan, Egypt, Morocco and Tunis is 2,361,705,000 bushels, compared with 1,918,526,000 in 1917 and 2,290,694,000, the average of the five years, 1912-16.

The total production of rye in Germany, Denmark, Spain, Ireland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Netherlands, Sweden, Switzerland, Canada and the United States is 496,200,000 bushels, compared with 409,069,000 in 1917, and the five year's average of 342,295,000.

The production of barley in the same countries as for rye plus Great Britain, Japan, Egypt, Morocco and Tunis is 770,550,000 bushels against 681,078,000 in 1917, and the five years' average 730,095,000.

The production of oats in the same countries as for barley less Egypt, is 2,708,977,000 bushels, against 2,587,466,000 in 1917 and the five years' average of 2,567,751,000.

The production of corn in Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Canada, United States, Japan and Morocco is 2,638,314,000 bushels, against 3,185,204,000 in 1917, and the five years' average of 2,903,100,000.

The production of flaxseed in Italy, Netherlands, Canada, United States, India, Morocco and Tunis is 43,754,000 bushels, against 37,048,000 in 1917 and the five years' average of 52,213,000.

The production of potatoes in Germany, France, Great Britain, Ireland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Netherlands, Sweden, Canada, United States and Japan is 2,493,400,000 bushels, against 2,798,420,000 in 1917, and the five years' average of 3,044,444,000.

The production of sugar beets in Germany, Netherlands, Sweden, Canada and United States is 19,061,000 short tons, against 15,510,000 in 1917, and a five year's average of 21,708,000 short tons.

The production of wine in Spain, France, Italy, Luxembourg and Tunis is 21,870,000 Imperial gallons, against 24,309,000 in 1917, and the five years' average of 21,800,000.

Crop conditions are generally good in Great Britain, Ireland and Tunis and average in Italy and Japan.

**Care of Our Clothes.**

Clothes need care and rest as much as we do. A woman who always looks well-groomed and yet has not a large income says that she has a number of don'ts which may help others.

Don't carry heavy or bulky things in the pockets of your coat or overcoat. Don't wear the skirt of your suit in the house. As soon as you come in change to something else, for if you do not you will find yourself with a shabby-looking skirt and a still good-looking coat.

Don't wear the same shoes every day if you can avoid it. Two pairs of shoes, if worn alternately, will outwear four pairs, bought one pair at a time. Don't neglect to brush every article of outside clothing before laying it away. Don't wear the nap off soft material by using a whisk broom; use a brush. Don't let a stain remain a second longer than is necessary; remove it at once. Hang your suit coat on a hanger as soon as you can take it off.

Don't hang your blouses in a closet; shake them well and lay away in tissue paper in a drawer. Don't pull on your stockings; turn down the upper part to the foot and draw it on gently.

**A COUNTER-ATTRACTION.**

A young man from the country called on a certain great manufacturer in his workshop, and the man of metals and machinery picked up a powerful magnet and said:—"That magnet will draw three pounds of iron from a distance of two feet. There is no natural object on the face of the earth that has more power." "I dunno about that," said the young countryman thoughtfully. "I know a natural object, wrapped in muslin and frills, that is drawing me every Sunday evening over three miles of ploughed fields."

**A Wish.**

I hope when I have gone I may have wrought  
Within the hearts I love some kindly thought.  
I would not have them say, "She was so good,"  
But simply this, "She always understood."