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# "SALADA"

TEA

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## The Magic Rug of Friendship

—BY MRS. JOHN ALMY.

### PART II.

The next day Mrs. Lester went shopping in the city and the next morning she and Grandmother Lester set to work. There were quinces to be peeled, cans of choicest pineapple, apricot and cherry to be opened; nuts to be cracked; exact portions of honey and other delectable sweets to be measured out. Then came cooking. By the end of the afternoon there were two kinds of preserves: a delicious, golden-clear marmalade, and a deep-red, translucent quince conserve.

"Oh, Mother, I smelled our house two blocks away!" Ina cried, bursting riotously into the house. "I hope that you've made lots and lots of whatever it is!"

"Why, Mother, where did you get all of these quaint little brown jars?" Myrtle asked, spying a dozen squat, brown, stone jars, filled with preserves.

"I found them down town. I thought that they would be just the thing for—well—just little friendly, neighborly tastes. I was rather extravagant, I admit, Myrtle, buying so many luxuries but wait—"

"What do you mean?" Then, catching the sweet expression on her mother's face, Myrtle put her arm

lovingly about her waist. "Oh, Mother, if only more people *did* know you!"

That night, before going to bed, Mrs. Lester said to her husband: "Have you forgotten how to rhyme, dear? I wish that you'd write a verse for me, suitable to go with a little gift like a pot of preserves."

The next afternoon, Mrs. Lester lifted the knocker on the door of the Hardy home. A maid informed Mrs. Lester that her mistress could not see callers.

"I'm Mrs. Lester, one of Mrs. Hardy's neighbors."

"I'll tell Mrs. Hardy."

The maid, appearing again, bade Mrs. Lester accompany her upstairs and she was ushered directly into the presence of Mrs. Hardy, a charming young woman whose big brown eyes were dim with crying.

Mrs. Hardy started to rise.

"Don't get up!" Mrs. Lester said softly. "I've only come to make a little call." Then, remembering the young mother's sorrow she slipped an arm about her; saying softly, "My dear child! I've been wanting to come to you. I couldn't stay away any longer."

Mrs. Hardy smiled wanly in spite of herself and replied, "It is kind of you. I'm not ill, Mrs. Lester. I—I haven't been caring to get up."

"It's the kind of weather to be out of doors. Dear, I've brought you a pot of marmalade, like some I made yesterday. Myrtle, my daughter—she's just about your age, dear—put that sprig of bittersweet on top."

Mrs. Hardy discovered the card with the original verse and read it over twice. She began to laugh and then to cry and then to laugh happily. "Why—why, it's just for me! How did you know?"

"Mr. Lester wrote that especially for you, Mrs. Hardy. I can't say how he does it, but he somehow knows the way. When you come to know him—"

"I surely do want to meet him," interrupted Mrs. Hardy. "I wish that I could have known you before."

"This is the city—I was a stranger," Mrs. Lester said gently.

As they talked, Mrs. Hardy discovered that her new acquaintance understood all that she had gone through.

The time flew by until Mrs. Lester exclaimed, "I must be going! The family will be home in an hour. Will you come to see us, Mrs. Hardy?"

"We'll both come, Mrs. Lester! You see, we've been living here only two years since Mr. Hardy started out for himself—he's an architect—and built our home. I've been lonely sometimes for real friends, especially since the baby died. The other night, when I saw your house all lighted up and it was storming, I wished more than ever that I knew you all. You looked like such a homey family. Mrs. Lester, sometimes, when I've seen you come out of the house and hang your rug out to air, as Mother used to do, I've just longed to know you. I almost fancied that you were calling to me with that cheery rug."

So, after all, friendship was to come by way of the oriental rug and the delectable jam-pot!

The next afternoon Mrs. Lester went to call upon Mrs. Pettibrook. Mrs. Pettibrook was not at home.

"Please give her this," said Mrs. Lester, handing the maid something daintily wrapped in white tissue paper. "Mrs. Pettibrook will find my card inside."

A few minutes later, Mrs. Lester again issued from her door, accompanied this time by Grandmother Lester. They went directly to the house where faded little Mrs. Heatherby lived.

"Of course, I know, Grandma," said Mrs. Lester, "that it is entirely out of farm for us to make the first call but suppose we didn't—suppose—"

The imposing door, presided over by a liveried servant, swallowed up the two callers. When they emerged, fully two hours later, they were talking eagerly.

"To think that she too came from Manitoba and was a pioneer out West just as you were!" Mrs. Lester exclaimed.

"Wasn't she humorous, Agnes, when she told about that ride with the ox team? And the thro the Indian chief? stayed all night at her house! We didn't half finish our visit!"

The stormier and the snowier it

was outside, the cheerier the fire blazed on the Lester hearth, as it did the evening when Mr. and Mrs. Hardy called. In the broad daylight the furniture might have appeared frayed and shabby but in the soft radiance of bright, the sitting room looked brightly mellow and friendly. It happened that they were all home that evening and the family became acquainted with their neighbors in the characteristic Lester way; they simply took them into their comradeship with sincere hospitality.

The next day Mrs. Pettibrook called, when Mrs. Lester and Grandmother Lester were at home alone. She came to acknowledge the jar of marmalade, she said. "It's unique, absolutely. It's like rare, oriental perfume. I want to thank you for it. How did you happen to give it to me, Mrs. Lester?"

"I admit that it was rather informal, Mrs. Pettibrook. I gave it to you because I wanted you to know that you had at least the good will of your neighbors. I've lived in a small town all of my life, Mrs. Pettibrook," Mrs. Lester said, with a kindly defensiveness.

"I'm certainly thankful that you have, for then you probably have an original, uncontaminated viewpoint upon most important questions. I want to speak, too, of that verse that I found on top of that jar."

"Mr. Lester wrote that verse expressly for you. I don't know what he said. It was just a part of the friendship jar."

"A most important part, notwithstanding the fact that the jam was incomparable! Mrs. Lester, that jar or preserves or marmalade, just as it was, verse and all, put an idea into my head. It's this: why should you not make friendship jars for other persons—dozens of them, perhaps hundreds of them? This particular one that you gave me was more significant than you may realize. Then, why not give others the opportunity of buying friendship jars?"

"I had never thought of doing such a thing," Mrs. Lester replied. "Yet, if I felt that I was making, I think I'd love to do it," she said, slowly. "And if I did undertake to put up these jars, I just couldn't help putting friendliness into them for everybody! As for the verses, I know that Mr. Lester would like nothing better."

The plan developed faster than Jack's beanstalk.

Mrs. Pettibrook said that she would start the business through the domestic science department of the Woman's Club. It was decided that Mrs. Lester should try to furnish at least a hundred friendship pots in time for the Christmas holidays.

Busy weeks followed. The small tower-room became the Friendship Room. Here, as they were filled, the little brown stone jars were arranged in rows, according to kind, in the old-fashioned walnut cupboard; were numbered, too, as a key to the kind of verse and were to cost a dollar a pot.

The evening before the Friendship Room was to be opened to those who might care to come, Mr. Chesney himself brought home the restored rug. Under the light of the fire, it looked more softly radiant than before, "like friendship that has been tried," said Mrs. Lester.

Mr. Chesney, waiting for the street car to take him to his lodgings, looked down the street at the house from which he had just come. The light was streaming cheerily from the tower-room, beckoning him to come again. "The 'Friendship Brand,'" he said softly to himself and was still smiling when he boarded the car.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester sat together in the tower-room. Mr. Lester dreamily stirred the glowing embers.

"I'm glad, Agnes, that we have this Friendship Room. It means a visible touch with others in a kindly way."

"I'm thinking, dear, of those whom we shall come to know through this room, who will leave as friends, or to become better friends, I hope, of others. It's not the money that I've been thinking of most, George," Mrs. Lester continued thoughtfully. "I wouldn't have wanted to do it for that alone. We've pinched through the years and sometimes it has been rather hard, hasn't it? There is still the house to pay for. And we want to give the children a better chance. It will be a great satisfaction to feel that I can help some, though," she added a bit anxiously, "I don't ever want to make so much money that I shall forget to be friendly."

"Don't fear, Agnes. Don't fear," her husband replied fondly. "You will never become too rich and you will never forget to be friendly."

(The End.)

Oh, Easily!

At the end of a lesson dwelling on the roles played by carbohydrates, proteins and fats in the building up and maintenance of the human body, the nutrition teacher asked the usual questions.

"Can any one tell me the three kinds of food required for a nutritious balance of diet?"

"Yes, teacher," piped a confident one, "yer breakfast, yer dinner and yer supper."

Employ your time improving yourselves by other men's documents; so shall you come easily by what others have labored hard for.—Socrates.

Habits are the only cobwebs that grow into cables.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

### Living on Air.

Perhaps "living on air" will not, in the near future, be so impossible as it sounds.

We are told that the huge nitrate deposits of South America cannot last for an indefinite period, and that the world will soon have to search elsewhere for nitrate with which to fertilize its cornfields.

For years past, chemists and scientists of all countries have been seeking a cheap method of manufacturing "nitrates." It is a well-known fact that the air which surrounds us is mainly composed of oxygen and nitrogen, while a "nitrate" is also a compound containing these two elements. Scientists are seeking a process by means of which these two gases will be separated from the atmosphere and made to combine to form nitrates in large quantities. The method, to be a commercial success, would have to be extremely cheap.

When this comes about, and the world draws its main supply of fertilizers from the atmosphere, we shall be able to say with perfect truth that we are "living on air!"

### Germ's Are Fastidious.

You may think that one germ is very like another. You are wrong. There are germs and germs just as there are people and people, and while some germs will devour anything (more or less), others are as particular as the most fastidious human epicures.

No germ is more particular in its food than the whooping cough germ. He is described as a most dainty feeder, though admittedly his diet does not sound very nice. The blood of a human being or a rabbit always attracts him, but his place of resistance is this dish with an addition of glycerine and potato. Such is the ideal whooping-cough germ's mash.

Other germs have a much larger variety of diet. The whooping-cough germ would rather starve than depart from its narrow tastes.

And yet it is a small atom to be so fastidious. Five whooping-cough germs—resembling minute rods—may be placed end to end, and they will only measure one twenty-five thousandth part of an inch.

### Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts.

"The most important thing in life is for a man to unite with man; and the worst thing in life is to go apart from one another."—Leo Tolstoi.

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