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Those who have used Japan, Young Hyson or Gunpowder Tea will appreciate the superiority of this delicious blend, always so pure and rich. Try it.

Woman's Realm

A ROAD TO POPULARITY.

An impromptu group of young people were gathered around a play-piano one evening about a year ago, in the home of a prominent banker in the city of Montreal. The banker's daughter was seated at the instrument, and the others were alternately singing and dancing and generally making merry.

Presently the music and dancing ceased. There was a momentary lull. Someone suddenly suggested that Mary, one of the girls in the group and a member of Montreal's younger set, be requested to produce her violin, which she co-incidentally had with her, and play a few selections. After a little coaxing, Mary acquiesced and came forward. Under the soft glow of the drawing-room piano lamp she began to play.

She played beautifully. The banker's daughter accompanied her. She was asked to give several numbers, showing that her music was highly appreciated.

There was one girl, however, who although to all external appearances apparently enjoyed Mary's playing, inwardly was burning with envy—envious because Mary was winning the admiration of the girls present and she was not. As a matter of fact, she was the only one present who could not play some instrument or other, and naturally had nothing in common with the rest.

That evening there was one girl who went away from this luxurious banker's home, resolved to learn to play the piano and violin both. "She would start the piano first," she half-muttered to herself. Then no longer would she be an outcast whenever a group of young people gathered together for a musical evening. It is not difficult to guess which girl this was.

To-day this girl is well on the way toward being an accomplished pianist. She has advanced sufficiently far to feel "quite at home" among other girl musicians.

A year ago she knew nothing about music. To-day she is in her element when she hears Bach or Beethoven or Brahms being played or referred to. As soon as she has taken a few more lessons she insists on studying the violin also.

There is a moral to the above story. It is that every person when young should be given the opportunity of learning to play some particular musical instrument. When they are older, therefore, they are not at a disadvantage when surrounded by musical people.

Parents should encourage their children to take up music when young. There is no finer way of keeping the family intact than by "Music in the Home."

TRICKS WITH PIES.

In making berry pies from the fresh fruit, roll the berries lightly in flour before you add the sugar and butter, and your pie will never run over, nor will it have the pasty taste that a pie has into which flour has been sifted carelessly.

Apple pies may be governed the same way, although I have a device I like better for apples. After you put

in the bottom crust, blend butter, flour and sugar to the desired quantity; then put a layer of this in the lower crust before you lay in your fruit. If the apples are especially juicy, it is a wise precaution to wind a strip of damp white cloth or gauze about the edge of the completed pie before baking. This will keep in all the juices, and it can be readily stripped off when the pie comes out of the oven.

And do all the readers know that a quart of fruit, say cherries or plums, will make two pies? Make the first one as usual, draining off almost all the juice from the fruit. Now the liquor remaining may be thickened with cornstarch and with a little butter and more sugar, will make a good pie filling.—A. M. P.

A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

An odd little birthday gift, one that does not cost much over ten cents, is the shade or lamp pull. Button molds of the natural wood are used.

To make the square pull, two small square molds for the bottom and top group and two of a little larger size for between are needed.

Paint them bright colors, using enamel or artist's tube paints. Water colors may be used, but a coat of varnish or shellac is then needed to prevent dampness affecting the color. I enameled the square button molds a peacock blue and the silk cord on which they are strung is bright orange, thus giving a pleasing combination but still a bright touch of color.

Always knot one end of the cord to prevent its fraying out when working and to hold the lower molds. A twenty-four-inch cord is a good length. String on two flat molds and tie a knot down close, thus holding the molds closely together between the end knot and the one just made.

The two larger molds are then strung, and a knot tied down close on top of these two. Leave about three inches and tie a knot on top of these. In making pulls of other designs be sure to have good proportions between molds.

In the other pull I used round molds of two sizes. These are painted bright yellow and have little conventional rose designs in black and green. The cord is a turquoise blue. A green or black cord would go very well with the yellow. In this pull I separated each bead, holding them in place by a knot on top and bottom, which also adds to the decorative effect.

Pulls made in light colors are lovely for a girl's living room and in the bright colors for the living-room window shades or piano lamp.—D. W. P.

ONE NIGHT OUT FIXES THE TEA KETTLE.

Here is the remedy to get the lime out of a tea kettle with little trouble: Empty the kettle, removing the top. Set outside over night during hard freezing weather. The moisture in the lime will cause it to freeze and become brittle. Thus, early the following morning, it may be taken off the sides in large chunks, depending on how hard it is frozen. This method has been used several times with success by members of the home economics staff of Purdue University, who have found it quite effective.

CAN MEAT NOW FOR SUMMER USE.

Many a farm housewife has longed for a supply of fresh meat to give variety to the menu in summer. Fresh meat is expensive to buy in small quantities the year round and many farm homes are situated a considerable distance from the butcher shop. The discovery of the canning process for meats has solved this problem for the farmer's wife. Now, by killing in the winter when the possibility of spoilage is small, a supply can be canned for summer use to be ready to serve at a moment's notice.

Glass Dress.

A glass dress that belonged to the Infanta Eulalie of Spain, and that attracted much attention at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893, has been presented to the National Museum at Munich. The gown is of soft spun glass that looks like silk. So fine is the glass thread of which it is made that the dress weighs only one pound.

Minard's Liniment for the Grippa.

Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

"Love gives itself and is not bought."—Longfellow.

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)

They found a quiet corner in the hotel dining-room; but neither was inclined to eat, and they did not prolong the meal. Once outside again, Carlotta suggested the top of a tram-car to Kelvinide, and there they enjoyed themselves as two children might.

"I should like to ride on like this forever!" said Carlotta with her beautiful smile, "to ride away to the uttermost limits, and get clear from all the worries of life!"

"I forgot the moment I saw your dear face," answered Rankine, and at his look her color rose.

"I haven't got over the wonder of it yet—and to think that so short a time ago you were only a name!" she said.

"But life is like that," observed Rankine, with an oddly reminiscent look on his face. "One just goes on gaily and without thought, then suddenly a door opens and nothing is the same again! In my case it was the Clock House door—and you!"

Her face became wistful and rather sad.

"Nothing is the same, indeed! But happiness is pain, don't you think? I have proved it in the last three days."

"And I too! But it is worth all the pain, Carlotta. And now I think we shall get down here, and stroll down to the river. For the next hour or so, the half of Glasgow will be lunching, and the other half dining, and we shall have some solitude. We need it, my dear, for we have got to face the hard facts in which our happiness is wrapped up."

He assisted her down the steep stairway with a tenderness whose every touch was a thrill. They were like two children in their acceptance of the happiness that had come to them, though there was something, too, of the indescribable wistfulness and pathos of the child-heart in their faces.

"Carlotta," said Rankine, when they had reached a remote, sheltered nook where a seat invited them, "there is nothing surer than that we shall have to pay for this!"

"I want to pay," she answered quietly, "for there is nothing worth having in the world to be had for nothing, or even cheaply! I shall glory in the paying. The only thing I wish is that it would not hurt other people."

"Peter took it badly, Carlotta! He was frightfully cut up, I expect?"

"He was very angry, dear. And I was sorry—I could not tell him how sorry! But he never will understand. Never in this world, Alan, to the end of time! The thing will just seem hateful, sordid, dishonorable to him. I suppose that is how the world will regard us, and we shall not even be able to put ourselves right with it!"

"There will be a few understanding souls, I hope," said Alan consolingly. "For the outside world it does not matter at all; but one wants to live honorably."

"Yes, of course," she answered, and a little shiver ran through her shrinking figure. "But for me, you could have lived honorably—we both could. If only I had waited! It is I who did the wrong to Peter, Alan; and you must never blame yourself!"

"I could have gone away when I knew," he suggested.

But she merely shook her head. "It would have made no difference. I should never have married him, even if I had never seen you. He did well to be angry with me—and he was! Have you seen him since?"

Rankine looked the other way. He had not the smallest intention of telling Carlotta what had actually happened.

"Yes, I have met him, and he intends to get me into a very tight corner, Carlotta, his objective being to put me out of Stair."

"But how can he do that?" she asked, with a sudden terror in her eyes.

"Nothing easier—he certainly has the power. While I was away abroad, he got a grip, bit by bit. There never has been any money in Stair, Carlotta. When my father came to it it was burdened, almost beyond redemption. He did not improve matters, poor old man! He has not the money-sense. His life was a long struggle with poverty and with monetary cares. There is plenty of money at The Lees; Peter was accommodating—and so the thing went on. We must face the facts, and—my dear, I don't know when, if ever,

I shall be able to offer you a home at Stair."

"But—but will this not break your heart? Do you mean that you will actually have to go away from your beautiful home?"

"I have spent the morning with my lawyer. He advises me that Peter means to foreclose, and that unless I can pay him in full, either he gets Stair or I become bankrupt."

"Is there no way out?" asked Carlotta, and her glance was a little wild.

"Mr. Richardson is not hopeless. He will do what he can to get me out of my cousin's grasp. But it will merely mean a transfer of obligation, and the place will have to be let to strangers; in fact, to the highest bidder. There won't be any difficulty. We've been approached before, but my father would never listen or entertain the idea. His son, unfortunately, has no choice."

"Your sister?" asked Carlotta, and her voice had fallen to a low, rather pitiful cadence.

"Judy is very brave. She won't deepen the misery with complaint. So, you see, it is hard facts we have to face, my dear, and I'm afraid you've done very badly for yourself."

"Then what—then what will you do?" she asked, turning swiftly to him.

"I must go abroad again to seek my fortune."

"In Bombay?"

"God forbid! I can't find money in the orthodox channels, Carlotta. Something has been left out of my composition. It's the life of adventure I must seek, I'm afraid; and when I go, my dear, I will leave you free."

"Then you—then you are sorry we have met?" she asked as she rose slowly to her feet.

"Not sorry, but—hard facts again, Carlotta—I'm a homeless, a moneyless man, and you deserve the best. I must leave you free. Any man of honor would."

"And if I won't be free?" she said, and dropped her hand, light as thistle-down, on his shoulder.

He turned, and laid his lips upon it with a lingering passion.

"Then there is only waiting, my darling, for you and me!"

"I will wait till death, if need be, and after it!" she answered, and, bending her head, offered him her lips.

CHAPTER VIII.

INFORMATION FOR JUDY.

Judy Rankine was quite well aware that things were happening to her brother out of her knowledge, but life had already taught her how to wait. But after he had gone off to Glasgow that morning, with two very big wrinkles in his brows, a singular sense of futility overwhelmed her. She, who up till now had had so much to do, so many to think and legislate for, was suddenly, as it were, laid upon the shelf! She had a long day in front, with nothing to put into it. Nobody needed her. The hands, so swift and willing for service, for the first time were empty.

When she had given her orders for the day, and had had the customary talk with Ann Christy, she felt herself suddenly at a loss. Alan had not invited her to accompany him to Glasgow, though she had thrown out a hint. She understood that he wished to have his day and his mind untrammelled, for she was aware that the visit he had to pay to the lawyers was of an urgent and cruel kind. He had told her so much, and promised her full information when he should return.

The name of Peter Garvoek had not been mentioned between them since that fateful Sunday.

Quite suddenly, after she had eaten a scrap luncheon, Judy thought she would go over to The Lees. She was, as yet, unaware of any reason why she should not go to The Lees. She had not paid a friendly visit for a long time, for there was no deep bond of intimacy between them. They were her kinsfolk, however, and she had the right to come and go to them as she

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Sunlight Soap

willed. Most of the visitation of late years had been done by Lucy, who was a constant caller at Stair. Occupied as Judy had been with her father before his death, she had had little or no time for social duties.

(To be continued.)

THE PROFITS IN TEA GROWING

The price of good quality tea has risen in the last two years between 20c and 25c per pound. The demand which has been phenomenal, has sustained this increase, and the fortunate owners of tea plantations have earned dividends in some cases of from 60% to 100%. All those engaged in selling the commodity—who have not been making any more profit—have been hoping for over-production. This is inevitable when such profits are being made and prices will then fall. But tea is still getting dearer, and no one can foretell just when the drop will come—whether in one year or longer. It may come when least expected.

Clever.

Said a Greek to a Jew—"Have you seen that excavations on the Acropolis have revealed wires? That proves positively that my people knew the mysteries of telegraphy."

Replied the Jew to the Greek—"Have you seen that in excavating in Jerusalem no wires have been found? That proves that my people knew the mysteries of wireless telegraphy!"

"I know I'm cranky," said the handle of the ice cream freezer, "but I won't turn that thing unless I am

Minard's for Sprains and Bruises.



All Lit Up. Match Box—"Well, if there isn't Mr. Candle all lit up!"

Which One?

"Freddy," said the teacher, "you have spelled the word 'rabbit' with two t's. You must leave one of them out."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Freddy: "which one?"

A grouch is only a fellow whose smile is sort of rusty. Try rubbing in a little milk o' human kindness.

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