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When Dreams Came True

By BLANCHE GERTRUDE ROBBINS

CHAPTER II.

Captain David was still sitting beside the fire and he stirred it into life as Jean entered the sitting room.

"Have you ever thought how the neighborhood would get along without you if you went away?" he asked gravely.

Jean laughed and threw off her ulster. There were stray locks of black hair blown girlishly about her face and the light of excitement dancing in her eyes. One forgot her thirty odd years.

"I like to help," she answered simply.

Captain David stood suddenly straight and tense against the wall, his keen blue eyes looking down into her face.

"Miss Jean, you are so ready with your help to other folks, I wonder if I could ask help?"

"Surely! I am glad to help you," she responded eagerly.

"You told me your dreams to-night and they seemed in me—old dreams," Captain David explained. "I gave up the sea and came here for ship-building and a home. Like you, I want to live where I can see and hear and feel the sea. I can plan out the building of a schooner but I fail when I try to plan a house. You are a master-builder and I need your help. In your dream house you worked in the honey, sunshiny atmosphere of a housewife. I am going to build somewhere along the cliff. Will you help me plan and build?"

Startled, Jean McAllister faced her head. Help to build her dream house for another? Yet, she could not refuse this man, who seemed to understand her with such rare sympathy.

"I shall be glad to help you," she answered unhesitatingly, then questioned, "When will it be completed? Will you live there alone?"

The man looked thoughtfully into the fire before he answered. The shadow half hid his face.

"I should like the house finished by the last of March. I hope my girl—the dearest girl in all the world—will come to me then. I want the house ready for her in every detail. By myself I should make clumsy work of home building, but if you will help—"

"When do we begin?" questioned Jean breathlessly, her pulses quickening. The house of her dreams to be worked out in reality!

"Perhaps I can prevail upon Uphan, the contractor, to come down early next week and draw our plans. You really will enmesh upon your precious time."

"It will be a relaxation," Jean responded briefly.

Autumn and winter passed all too quickly for Jean McAllister, the patient pressure of household duties dominating her day, but the evenings were filled with the house-building on the cliff. Captain David was no longer a boarder at the MacAllister home. He and his staff of ship carpenters had provided themselves a sort of barracks in the ship yard. But even after evening he called at the dreary old house of Jean and together they walked down the crowded main thoroughfare of the little town to the beach and out over the cliffs.

Long hours had been spent over the first drawings, Jean suggesting an added window, the widening of a fireplace, or the building in of another cupboard.

Then the stone foundation rose from the ground and the framework spread out ramblingly over the rocks, the friendly face of the house looking out into the Bay.

Early in March the house showed signs of completion. The question of furnishings was confronting Captain David with all seriousness. He stood one evening in the centre of the long living room with its tan walls and mahogany woodwork, looking into the depths of the huge fireplace. Jean, standing in the great sweeping window, which she had flung open, drank in feverishly the salt air, blown across the cliffs with the inrolling tide.

"I have an idea that my girl would like only old, rich furnishings—something romantic. But I do not know where to find them," remarked Captain David, wrinkling his broad forehead.

Why had he never told her this girl's name? Jean wondered. She closed the window abruptly and turned back into the room, her eyes alight with eagerness.

"Oh, I know what she will want—wonderful, old things such as Captain MacKenzie brought home from England sixty years ago," she explained. "He fell in love and captured a girl who was a sort of a Princess, people said, and when he brought her home to Tere Point, Town the Bay, he

brought beautiful mahogany furniture to fit up a wonderful home for her. He built an ugly sort of mansion but he often left it for the sea he loved so well. Then there came a day when his ship was never heard of again and the poor little Princess—lady died heartbroken. Captain MacKenzie's heirs had no use for the big, ugly house and no one wanted to buy it or its wonderful furnishings. Perhaps she—your girl—would love the old mahogany things."

Captain David moved impulsively toward the window, looking out across the Bay toward Tere Point.

"Shall we drive over there to-morrow evening and see the furniture? I believe you are a wizard—you always know what I need."

Captain David had never spoken the girl's name, but once Jean overheard Joe twit him, asking when he looked for his "Theodocia." And Captain David, his eyes wonderfully luminous, had answered, "Not before the first of April."

Theodocia! A sweet, old-fashioned name. Jean wondered if she would after all fit into the ecstasy of the house built on the cliff.

She had considered her service to Captain David as a relaxation. Wonderfully the family had aided her, giving her freedom on many evenings. She came often to sit with the children. Even Joe and Haddon spent more evenings at home. She glanced into the full-length mirror that swung with the door of the Dutch-blue bedroom and started. What wonderful things the building of the house had done for her! She had not looked so young for years.

(To be concluded.)

Eyelids of Birds.

The Literary Digest tells us that human beings and most animals have only two eyelids, but that birds and some reptiles have three—that two move up and down, as do our own, and a third that moves like a curtain from the inner corner over the eyeball. In our eye sockets there are two sets of muscles—those that move the ball, six in number, and those that lift and lower the lids. The third eyelid seen in birds has its own set of muscles.

In an interesting address on this third eyelid delivered by Sir John Hutton at the Middlesex Hospital, London, he said, as quoted in the World Magazine:

"The muscular mechanism of the third eyelid, or nictitating membrane, of birds, is easily studied in a turkey, owl, eagle or ostrich. The membrane is neatly folded in the nasal side of the orbit and lies between the eye and the lid. It sweeps across the cornea at right angles to the eyelids. A special gland supplies fluid to facilitate its movement. It is amusing to watch the movements of this membrane, especially in big birds. In the owl it is pearly white. The movement across the eyeball is very deliberate and gives the birds a weird appearance."

When the nictitating membrane glides across the eye like a movable shade on a lamp, or more slowly, producing crescent shapes resembling the phases of the moon, the varying shapes are singularly attractive and unforgettable.

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World's Pagan Population.
There are nearly double as many non-Christians as Christians. Here are the approximate figures: Christians, 564,510,000; non-Christians, 1,081,981,000. Total population, 1,646,491,000. It is rather curious to reflect that most of the participants in the great war were Christians.

Keep Minkard's Ediment in the house.

Woman's
Interests

Planning Simple Menus.
There are three basic principles to follow in menu planning.

1. The foods offered should contribute to body comfort and satisfaction for several hours.

2. There must be some food incapable of complete digestion in every meal. The residue furnishes the "roughage" which prevents constipation and thus contributes to health.

3. The foods should be so balanced that the quality of the body fluid remains normal. That is, that acids formed from the foods are neutralized. Every meal should contain a protein for body building, a starch, sugar or fat for energy and a protective.

One of our most experienced dietitians has said that the standard breakfast menu is:

Cereal, milk, toast, fruit, a beverage.

All cereals and bread are acid-formers. When they are made of grain products from which all of the outer husk has been taken, they are completely digested or nearly so. Consequently the cereal and the toast do not fulfill the second and third rule.

However, we take breakfast foods with milk. This milk is rich in lime and other minerals which neutralize the acids formed by the cereal. But milk is completely digested, again breaking rule two. However, the fruit neutralizes acids and furnishes an indigestible fibre which makes it a balancing food. It is well not to stint on fruit. It is the health promoter. Fresh fruit is rich in protective substances termed vitamins and should be used in abundance.

Farm homes usually add to the above breakfast either bacon or eggs and potatoes. The digestion of bacon and eggs is relatively complete but the potatoes furnish bulk and neutralize the acids.

The use of butter with bread and the fat of bacon prevents too rapid digestion and thus contributes to the comfort and satisfaction of the meal.

Why is a dinner usually planned this way?

A clear soup—meat—vegetables, either alone or in salad—a starchy vegetable as potatoes—a dessert.

What are the unknown rules of health we have been following?

A clear soup is an appetizer and possesses the power of stimulating the appetite without satisfying it in the least; consequently it is an excellent beginning for dinner.

Meat furnishes the protein—muscle building—but because of its acid-forming propensity and too, I believe, because of its intense flavor, we neutralize it with a bland vegetable and for this, nothing excels the potato. Sometimes rice or macaroni are used in place of potatoes, and it should always be remembered that they are cereals necessitating the doubling of the vegetables.

Dessert may be fruit or custards or puddings made of such starchy cereals as rice or tapioca. Fruit needs no accompaniment, but custards and cereal puddings should be served as they usually are, with milk or with a sweet fruit.

Keep in mind the health-promoting, neutralizing vegetables and fruits. Let them appear often and in abundance at each meal. The health of the family will be improved, doctor and medicine bills eliminated, and the work attendant upon correcting ills due to bad food habits so reduced that life will be more full of joy.

A tabulation of foodstuffs is helpful in our study of menus, but there remains the fact, which cannot be overlooked, if our planning is to be successful, that the action of foods is interdependent. Without vegetables and the minerals they contain, meat, milk or eggs cannot build muscle indefinitely. Without the vitamins of vegetables and fruits the growth-stimulant of butter is not so effective. A diet of highly concentrated foods or of highly manufactured foods will not promote health because elimination is not fostered by concentrated foods.

Some of each of the following classes of foods should appear in every menu. Check up the week's plans and see where you stand.

Muscle Builders—Foods rich in protein: Milk, eggs, meat, fish, poultry, cheese.

Work Enablers—Foods rich in starch: Bread, rice, cornmeal, barley, wheat products of all kinds, tapioca, cornstarch, potatoes, bananas.

Foods rich in sugar: Sugar, honey, molasses, corn syrup, maple syrup, jams, jellies.

Foods rich in fats: Butter, bacon, lard, beef suet, vegetable oils.

Comfort and Health Promoters—Foods rich in minerals: Milk, vegetables of all kinds, fruits of all kinds. Protective foods: Vegetables, fruits, all natural foods.

The Home Makers.
"Alexandra! Please tell me what on earth you are doing."

Alex pushed a troublesome lock out of her eyes and sat back on her heels. "Is it really so bad as that? I know I wasn't doing it very well, but at least I thought my occupation was unmistakable. I am upholstering a chair."

"But what for?" Tess demanded. Alex looked at her thoughtfully.

"I suspect my purpose was two-fold. I wanted to show one of my club girls how she could make a pretty room at little expense, and I couldn't show her unless I knew how to do it myself. And incidentally I wanted to see if I could really do anything practical and useful. I think maybe—I got a bit disgusted with myself because I belong to such an incapable generation."

"Why, Alexandra! That's the very wildest of all the wild things I ever heard you say! Haven't we just proved that women could do all sorts of things that they've never done before?"

"What, for instance?"

"Why, Red Cross and first aid and knitting and nursing and driving automobiles and farming and selling Victory Loans."

"All right. Maybe the loans are new, although I have a suspicion that our grandmothers knew how to raise money as well as we do. But in knitting and farming and nursing, how many of us can compare with our grandmothers? Or in sewing and cooking? As for driving cars, they drove horses—that's the chief difference, and it requires quite as much brains to manage a horse as to manage an automobile. Of course we know more about office work; but of home making and neighboring—I wonder!"

"But, Alex, think of their education and ours! Think of their little silly music and their painted shovels and rolling-pins in their guest rooms for ornaments!"

"And we have painted coat hangers, and get our music out of a box. How many girls do you know who can sit down and play accompaniments for anybody to sing? I know just two!"

"What in the world are you trying to prove?" asked Tess a little impatiently.

"Maybe," Alex returned thoughtfully, "I'm not quite sure myself. Our grandmothers at least had guest rooms—they didn't have four room apartments. After all, home making is the greatest profession women ever can have—home making and the things that go to make a home beautiful and friendly and happy. Therefore we can't afford to drop out of our lives anything that will help toward that end. Hence the upholstery lesson to help Cassie make her little home. Do you get me, my dear?"

"No," Tess returned helplessly, "I don't!"

Alex smiled. "If only Cassie will!" she said.

The Meek.
The nations rage, the rulers fight; And all proclaim that might is right; Intrigues are used by small and great And hearts are full of bitter hate; But God goes round the world to seek The meek.

Sharp sounds are heard on every side, Our homes are oft invaded by pride; We try to save our life and name; We will insist upon our fame; But while with bitterness we speak—God seeks the meek.

God loves to dwell in simple hearts, To meek ones He his grace imparts; Commit into His hands thy ways, Trust in His goodness all thy days, Then rest in peace, though poor and weak—God loves the meek.

Odd Birds' Eggs.
Woodpeckers' eggs are of the purest white and so highly polished as to resemble finest porcelain.

The egg of the California partridge is covered with a delicate pinkish bloom which the slightest moisture will destroy. The mere touch of a finger will mar it.

Eggs of certain synchters have their surface marked with fine lines running lengthwise from end to end and looking exactly as if made with pen and ink.

A South American cuckoo lays an egg that has a chalky coat spread over it in such wise as to form a uniform network, the blue color of the shell showing in the spaces between the lines. Thus it looks as if covered with a fine white net.

Hens often lay malformed eggs, some of which are shaped like crooked necks, while others resemble jugs with handles. Now and then an egg of farmyard origin contains a smaller egg, the latter complete, shell and all.

Accurate.
A newspaper editor had a notice stuck up above his desk on which was printed: "Accuracy! Accuracy! Accuracy!" and this notice he always pointed out to new reporters.

One day the youngest member of the staff came in with his report of a public meeting. The editor read it through and came to the sentence: "3,599 eyes were fixed upon the speaker."

"What do you mean by making a silly blunder like that?" he demanded, wrathfully.

"But it is not a blunder," protested the youngster. "There was a c-eyed man in the audience!"

Minkard's Ediment used by Physicians.

Sacred Bees.
In Lithuania, when a bee stings a man he turns the other cheek.

And almost literally at that, because it is a sin to kill a bee, and no one ever commits that sin intentionally. As a result of their natural fondness for bees, Lithuanians, with the growth of their economic system, have developed bee raising from a general social custom to an important industry. Thousands of barrels of honey are exported from Lithuania annually.

Almost every one in Lithuania has at least one beehive. Sometimes they have thousands of swarms. But it is common even in the cities to have a man serve you midus that is made from the honey gathered in his garden hive. Midus, the national drink of Lithuania, is made from fermented honey.

Beehives in Lithuania are not the comfortable round loglike huts that are commonly used in Canada. They are built very much like the Lithuanian home, with slanting gable and quaint doorway.

The cottages which they build are considerably larger than the round Canadian hives. Double walls are built so that a protective warmth may be kept in the hives and prevent the bees from freezing during the extreme cold of the long winters. Pine wood is always used because it is supposed to be a greater protection against cold and because it is the most common tree in the forest lands of the country.

It is in the coloring of the hives that the Lithuanian asserts his individuality. The life of the Lithuanian has been starved of liberty and self-expression during centuries. He has been oppressed by Russians—not only his art and his literature but even his language has been suppressed. Now Lithuania has broken free and is asking the world to confirm its emancipation.

During the years of oppression one of the chief amusements and art mediums was the painting of hives. The highest degree of artistic beauty has often been realized. Color combinations of originality and richness were striven for. And it is notable that a bee farmer tried as many different schemes as possible so as to differentiate the hives from one another.

Not a Patent Food
"Give me a dozen bananas for children," said the red-faced man to the fruiterer's assistant.

The young man put them in a parcel.

"And give me some of the other stuff as well—the grocer says he doesn't keep it in stock."

"The other stuff?" said the assistant, with a puzzled look.

"Yes, I ain't good at pronouncing big words, an' I suppose I must have made a mistake with it, for the grocer laughed at me. But it's that there stuff as you say can be given to the kiddies with bananas."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," said the mystified assistant.

"Well, you are a nice man, you are, to be a fruiterer. 'Ere, come outside. An' I'll show you the placard in your window."

So he hauled the young man outside and pointed to the bill, which proclaimed that:—

"Bananas may be given to children with impunity."

It took the assistant a quarter of an hour to convince the red-faced man that "impunity" isn't a new kind of patent food.

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Some men resemble the men they imagine themselves to be about as much as a box of animal crackers resembles a "zoo."

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Not Quite Indispensable.

"I hear that Herbert Fickett has thrown up his job with the Boynton Company," said Isaac Mason.

"I suppose the business will go on same as usual," Hiram Stubbs returned dryly.

"Well, if it does, I guess it will be kind of a surprise to Herbert," said Isaac. "As I figure it out, he got \$5 into his head that they couldn't get along without him. He'll learn in time that he isn't quite indispensable."

"For that matter, who is?" put in Jacob Marrow. "I calculate there is nobody on a job that somebody else couldn't do as well, or better."

Hiram Stubbs laughed. "Makes me think of Sam Green over at Berry's Falls," he said. "Sam wasn't what you'd call an all-round capable sort of a man, but there was one thing that he thought he could do better than anybody else, and that was to beat the bass drum. He was a big fellow and looked well in uniform; and when there was a procession and Sam would come strutting along, pounding on that drum, the rest of the band didn't seem to be of much consequence."

"Well, one day Sam got mad at something, and he told the leader that he would have to find someone else to play the drum. From remarks that he made outside, it appeared that he thought the band would be broken up. But it wasn't. There was a young chap named Perkins, not overbright, who had been in the habit of following the band and watching Sam play. For all he was only a half-wit, he had an ear for music, or at any rate for time, and the leader let him try his hand at the drum."

"Well, the first time the band appeared on the street after that, there was Perkins swaggering along and making that old drum tell better than Sam ever had. Sam was on the sidewalk watching, and they said he turned all kind of yellow when he saw who was taking his place."

"I guess Sam isn't the only one who has had a jolt to his pride under similar circumstances," said Isaac. "Speaking of Herbert, if I had been going to give him advice when he started in with the Boynton Company, I should have said: 'Now, Herbert, don't you go to putting too high a valuation on yourself. You'll be only one little cog in the wheel. The Boynton Company were on the spot before you joined them, and probably will be there after you've gone. Above all, if you ever do get to the point where you imagine that they need you more than you need them, don't let them know that you think so; if you do, they may try to find out just how well they can get along without you.'"

"Well, I dunno," said old Mr. Potte. "Generally speaking, I believe I should put it a little different to a young fellow just starting out."

"Try to make yourself indispensable," I should say. 'Of course you won't completely succeed—nobody can. But if you aim at that, you are more likely to make yourself at least valuable.'"

"And try to cultivate plenty of self-esteem," I should tell him. 'You don't need to show it off before folks; but think highly of your capacity and character, and then see that you come up to your own estimate.'"

"Well, there," said Horace Marks, who had been a silent but interested listener. "I shouldn't wonder if that was about the line Herbert has been carrying out. I met the treasurer of the Boynton Company yesterday—he's a cousin of mine—and he told me they thought a lot of Herbert. To be sure, they did let him go. But it was only because they wouldn't stand in the way of his interests. Herbert is leaving to take a position with a larger concern. It was largely on their recommendation that he got the place."

"So that was the way of it," said Isaac Mason.

Ancient Welch Town to be Auctioned.

A large portion of the town of Merthyr Tydfil is to be sold, says a London despatch. The sale, which includes the ground rents and reversionary interests in the old Court estate, will include the major portion of the main thoroughfare, the High street, the Market house and the old Court House.

The old Court House has been used for some years as a Rowton lodge house, but it is believed to have been built more than 800 years ago by the famous Welsh chieftain, Ior Bach.

Seventy years ago, whilst the Court House was being repaired, an old room was discovered in the massive walls, and some pieces of oak furniture of Tudor character were found among the lumber with which the room was filled. They were in a fair state of preservation.

Ypres Cloth Hall to be a Monument.

A large party of skilled workmen will soon be sent here by the Belgian Government to make permanent the ruins of the ancient Cloth Hall and the famous church of St. Martin and a lasting monument to the martyrdom of the town of Ypres, says a despatch from Ypres.

The ruins will be left essentially as they are to-day, but will be skillfully reinforced by artisans so as to preserve their present appearance.

King George of Great Britain has decided to come personally to Ypres to present to the heroic town the British Military Medal.

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