

Particular People

choose

"SALADA"

TEA

The most delicious blend procurable.



Woman's Interests

EATING FOR HEALTH.

The cleansing season for the body as well as for the house has come. Greens in some form should be eaten at least once a day; better twice-cooked for dinner and as a salad for luncheon or supper. Occasionally cooked spinach may be added to the morning omelet, or creamed asparagus may be served.

Spinach and carrots are the richest of all vegetables in iron, though dandelions, salad plants, beets and most other vegetables contain limited quantities of it.

Cabbage, cauliflower and onions are rich in sulphur and phosphorus, and asparagus not only supplies salts but stimulates the kidneys.

Supply some of the needed protein in other forms besides meat and your family will feel far more comfortable and much more like working. Do not, however, construe this to mean that meat must be totally eliminated from the diet; but let it appear in the lighter forms now. Spiced meats are seldom seen on our tables, yet they are pre-eminently warm weather dishes. Then there are appetizing meat mousses.

But the salads which contain the meat elements should appear most frequently; they will lighten the work of the cook as well as the stomach. Cheese may be served as a meat substitute; a plentiful supply of it grated and added to French dressing will give an ordinary lettuce salad a sufficient quantity of the protein elements for this season.

A most complete salad may be made by poaching eggs until they are just trimming and arranging them in nests of lettuce leaves, dotting over the whole a goodly quantity of mayonnaise and surrounding with beet pickle.

Complexions shine when fruit is in the regular diet. Rhubarb is now to be had in most places very early. Try it in omelets, salads, fritters, puddings, puddings, shortcakes and betties.

Pineapples have splendid tonic properties. When mayonnaise is used on this or any other fruit salad, leave out the mustard and use lemon instead of vinegar; omit the pepper and add a little sugar. I have found it best never to use a boiled dressing with a fruit salad, as the milk and vinegar do not form a healthful combination with the acids in the fruit.

If you have no tendency to rheumatism eat all the strawberries you can as soon as they come into the markets, for their acids and salts carry to the body fresh vitality.

Eat little or no pastry. Replace the winter pie with simple puddings. Though hot breads have a certain place in the winter diet, they should be laid aside now.

Grown people should drink at least two quarts of water a day, children in their early teens three pints, and the smaller ones in proportion.

PUT THE OIL CAN TO WORK.

Don't insult your sewing-machine oil can by using it only on the rare occasions when the machine itself needs its lubricating attention.

The chances are that your sewing-machine oil can is even now anxious to show you what it can do. Get it out of its dark and dismal drawer and use it on the hinges of your squeaky doors. A drop or two of its soothing substance will silence that squeak.

Door locks, like all other machinery, require oil to operate successfully, and yet you ever thing of attending to this? No member of the household need take upon himself this additional duty if you will simply let your oil can put a drop of oil on the door key once in a while. The key will attend to the matter of oiling the lock and will keep it in first rate condition.

WE MAKE WORK FUN.

"Surely, boys! I will take a load of wood and a peck of potatoes this fine morning."

Many times last summer this was the greeting I gave to my five and three-year-old sons as they came to

CREAM

We want YOUR Cream. We pay highest price. We supply cans. Make daily returns. To obtain best results write now for cans to BOWES CO. LTD. TORONTO

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From minds the sagest counsellors depart."

CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)

"If you're quite sure it's wise for you to go on?" Alice repeated dubiously. "What does the doctor say?"

"I haven't seen him for two days," Huo replied with a touch of annoyance. "And do I have to ask permission? Or is this an asylum? I thought I was free. Is my door locked? In my hospital we didn't have lady nurses—"

"Oh, please don't think—"

"No, my dear; it's all right. Your poor old father—poor old Uncle John has had a hard time of it lately. You must forgive him if he's peevish. There was a doctor at that Place—"

Cross, his name was—decent enough chap. He used to say: 'Now, Smarle—I should say, 'Now, John Balis—don't be peevish or there'll be no apple tart for you at dinner.' And then I'd brighten up. Not worth it to lose one's portion of apple tart. So if you notice me behaving grumpy, just give me a nudge and say, 'Uncle John—now then, don't you be peevish! And I'll straighten up in two ticks. Come on, my dear, I'll be proud to be seen walking out with such a charming daughter.'"

"Daughter?" Alice exclaimed, half amused, half dismayed.

"Nice, I should say. Dear me, of course you're my niece, not my daughter. Don't tell your mother I said that. She'd be awful cross. Why, John Balis never was married. How could he be, poor fellow? He died when he was ten years old. But don't tell your mother I said that either. She's so touchy about little things. I—yes, here's my hat. Now shall we go down into the town and select a new hat for me? This one's rather old. I've had it for about sixteen years. What do you think of that? The only hat I've got, too."

"Perhaps it is time to get a new one," Alice agreed.

It was plain enough to her now that poor Uncle John was not quite right in his head. Of course, he'd had an illness and one could see that he was still delicate. She herself felt sorry for him and annoyed with herself for disliking him. Poor, fussy, foolish little man.

He trotted along beside her, grasping at her arm now and again, steady himself, until she took him firmly by the elbow. His movements were as uncertain as those of a mechanical doll.

"We shall have great adventures you and I," he chattered brightly. "Don't mind if I sometimes call you my daughter, but I'll be very careful not to when your mother's about."

Never had a proper daughter. She was another man's child. But hush—don't say a word of that, not a word! . . . Ha! I believe I know where your mother's gone. She's gone up to see Hector Gaunt. That's it. A fine fellow, Gaunt—but mad. Mad as a hatter. Always was. What do you think he did once? Married a girl when his own wife was still alive. If that wasn't madness, I don't know what you'd call it. They should have put him in that Place—not me."

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deyne's profession he had learned to be very much on his guard. Over such as he men like Ardeyne held a power which was as great as that of life or death. Indeed, Ardeyne—or his kind—could and did sentence one to a living death.

"This is my Uncle John," Alice said. "And this is Philip Ardeyne, Uncle John—the man I'm going to marry." Huo solemnly acknowledged the introduction and the two men shook hands.

"I'm sorry to hear you've been ill," Ardeyne said. "Better now, I hope?"

"Oh, yes, thank you. Much better. My niece and I are going down to choose me a new hat."

"May I come along?" the doctor asked.

Alice was surprised at her uncle's sudden primness. His manner could only be likened to that of a rather naughty child confronted by a nursemaid or other guardian whom he both respects and fears. "That would be very kind of you," he murmured in reply to Ardeyne's question.

Alice was on pins and needles, but she worried unnecessarily. Huo said nothing, did nothing that was in the least out of the way. His silence seemed unnatural. He answered nicely when spoken to, but rarely advanced remarks of his own, and never once did he forget that he was Uncle John Balis, the brother of Jean Carnay.

Privately, Alice was also worrying a great deal about her mother, but did not like to bring up the subject for fear of starting Uncle John off on his tedious rambling and somewhat scandalous reminiscences. Finally, after the hat was purchased and they had returned to the hotel and found that Mrs. Carnay was not yet back, her anxiety got the better of her.

"I do wish I knew where mother is," she said, trying to speak for Ardeyne's benefit alone.

"Perhaps it is time to get a new one," Alice agreed.

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dead in his tracks and stared at her apparently fascinated. He jabbed fiercely at his insecure eye-glasses, and shook off Ardeyne's hand.

Mrs. Egan came on down the steps to the terrace, but midway she halted suddenly, and a queer expression flitted across her face. Was it fear?

"Are we going to meet nunsey?" Alice inquired. The sight of Mrs. Egan always filled her with instinctive distrust. She wanted to get away. "Wait a minute," said Huo. "I know that lady, unless I'm very much mistaken."

"I don't think so," the doctor put in unthinkingly. "Come, let's go. You mustn't stare like that. It's not nice."

The quietly stern note of authority smote upon Huo's ears with an unpleasant sense of the familiar. He almost obeyed it. Then he straightened himself up and shook off the hand again.

"Leave me alone," he exclaimed peevishly. "I don't say I may speak to a lady if I have once had the pleasure of her acquaintance. How do you do, Mrs. Egan. Perhaps you don't remember me."

(To be continued.)

STARCHING HINTS.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure when it comes to the matter of sticking to irons. Put a small piece of paraffin into the starch, taking care to have it all dissolve, and sticky irons will no longer try your patience and soil your garments.

Save the water from boiling rice and use it to starch dainty articles of fine, sheer texture. It gives just the right degree of stiffness to voiles and organdies, which are so often spoiled in the laundry process by becoming too stiff.—A. C. H.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

This Resurrection of the Son of Man and the Son of God—Christ our brother—is the sublime proof of the Immortality of Man.

All good men love right for itself.

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WRIGLEYS

After every meal

A pleasant and agreeable sweet and a l-a-s-i-n-g benefit as well.

Good for teeth, breath and digestion.

Makes the next cigar taste better.

Sealed in its Purify Package.

WRIGLEYS SPEARMINT

THE PERFECT CIGARETTE

THE KING'S WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

In H.M. Stationery Office at Prince's Street, Westminster, is a certain strong-room, to which only a few high officials have access. It is commonly known as the King's Waste-paper Basket.

Here are stored in sealed sacks, each marked "Absolutely Confidential," all sorts of discarded State documents to which extra secrecy attaches.

Every year about this time the "paper basket" is emptied, the sacks being taken, with the seals still intact, to a destructor, into which they are dumped one by one by an official.

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