

Have You Tasted

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

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 Interests

CONVENIENCE AND EASE IN THE KITCHEN.

The other day I made a discovery. It was a simple thing, but these are things that make up our daily curriculum, and constitute life as a whole. This discovery was just the location of the ink well and other scribbling material. In comparison, it has the same use as the drawer in your kitchen cabinet which holds the paring knives, the egg beater, the heating spoons, the grater, and other kitchen implements. This tray was located to the left of my desk.

Either habit of fortune, or my mother designed that I be right-handed. I do not know whether the person who occupied this desk before me was left-handed or right-handed, but anyway, this scribbling paraphernalia seemed to have a fixed place on the left side of my desk. Whenever needing part of this writing material it was necessary to reach diagonally across my desk for it. I shifted it immediately to the right side to expedite work at my desk.

Then as I continued to mull over some step-saving suggestions, it was evident how the arrangement of certain equipment one considers "fixed" in the kitchen would expedite housework. Hiding right in your own kitchen are comfort and convenience, waiting for you to discover them.

All that a great many kitchens need is the rearrangement of the equipment already there. This arrangement should have but one objective, the saving of steps. There is no set rule that will apply to every kitchen, but in general arrange the sink, range, supply cabinets, work table, in as small a working space as possible. Because of the frequent trips from the supply cabinet to the work table, it is necessary to have them close together. For the same reason, place the work table near the sink and the sink near the range.

A great many steps can be saved by putting castors on the work table and it is but a few minutes task for the handy man of the house. While he is putting on the castors have him adjust the table to your height, just high enough so you do not need to stoop while doing your "daily dozen" at it.

Inexpensive tray carts can be made or purchased, that not only save steps, but time in preparing and serving a meal. The old-fashioned wash stand with wheels from the broken baby cart or sonny's discarded wagon, can be converted to a tray cart at little expense.

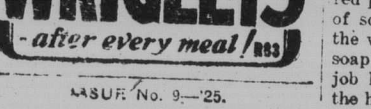
As a general rule, the farm kitchens are large, and a "rest corner" will add comfort at small cost. It consists of an easy chair, a small table, and a book shelf on the wall. Here are found the books the housewife uses in her daily work, and a good book or two to read for rest and inspiration while waiting for the pies to bake. In the "rest corner" the monthly accounts can be balanced, the meals planned, and the shopping list prepared.—M. C.

WASHING CRETONNES—OTHER LAUNDRY HELPS.

Soiled and dusty cretonnes and cretonnes can be washed without fading.

A Sweet Breath at all times!

After eating or smoking Wrigley's freshens the mouth and sweetens the breath. Nerves are soothed, throat is refreshed and digestion aided. So easy to carry the little packet!



WASUR No. 9—25.

A Touch of Chivalry

BY AMY BRUNER ALMY.

PART III.

And now began the long, anxious watch. The clock struck ten. It seemed days since Anson had left! What, if, after all, he missed his way? She yearned for him, as for a child, and it hurt her that he had gone protesting. Long since he must have reached the house and telephone for Robert. However, to telephone was one thing, to reach Robert was another and to bring him, miles distant through the storm, was still a more difficult thing. And yet, she knew Robert well enough to be certain that if once he got the word, nothing could keep him from trying to make it.

Time passed. After a while from sheer weariness Annie fell asleep. Perhaps, any minute now Anson or Robert might come. Selma tiptoed to the window trying to see through the frost-covered pane. The moon was rising; there was still high wind.

And now it was after midnight. Annie started up, wide awake, feverish, calling alternately for Dr. Hallett and her husband.

"Here, Annie... here..." answered the brave though frightened girl, kneeling by the bed.

"Hold my hand, George... Oh! A cry of relief and content escaped her lips. She thought he was beside her. Selma was stricken with dismay. Was she dying? And the baby... ?

So Selma watched, holding Annie's hand. She was stiff with cold and sick with a heavy weariness and mental discomfort. All that she could do was to keep up the fire and whisper that George loved her and all would be well. So she sat and presently fell into a heavy sleep.

"Selma!" She aroused dizzily. She had heard her name spoken softly, as if it had come from a great distance or as if she had dreamed it. She staggered stiffly to her feet.

"You, Selma! What in the world? I did not understand..." Selma rapidly outlined the situation while he took off his fur coat and heavy sweater and warmed his hands.

"First of all," he said, "we must keep it warm." Going into the entry-room he returned with a hatchet, seized a long, heavy bench that stood by the stove and with strong, swift blows cut it into firewood. "Use this, along with the coal. Don't let the fire get low. Put on a lot of water. There's the pump on the porch. Wear your mittens. Later, I'll tell you what I want you to do. I should have seen here hours ago." Then Selma saw him lift his head, his dark, deep-set eyes directed straight ahead as if he were meeting the challenge of an invisible task and the watching girl thrilled at that look of exalted purpose.

"This is Doctor Hallett, Annie," he said, lifting his voice and approaching the bed. "I've come, Annie! You knew I would and you didn't worry! We shall have a fine surprise for George!"

Selma stood at his call and there grew upon her the marvel of the gentle and unconquerable spirit of this man whose love she had rejected. Several hours later she was bending over a basket on the kitchen table. Swaddled in soft clothes and blankets lay the newborn son.

"Odd little fellow," said the doctor, gazing quizzically at the wee wrinkled face. "He'll keep you right busy for a day or two, Selma. And Annie, there, will too. She'll need all you can do."

"I hadn't thought... am I... I mean, won't someone else be coming to take care of her?" she asked, wishing as soon as she had said it that she had not spoken.

"No, Selma. I couldn't lay hands on any one else. I came on horseback. The woman living next, where Mr. Mayne telephoned, has six children and I didn't want to ask her, though if I had wanted her, she would have come. I couldn't stop for her anyway. You'll stay?"

"Of course! I'm thankful I can. But I feel so helpless. You—you'll give me directions? I have never done anything... like this."

"There always must be a first time. You're equal to it, never fear. I've got to rustle fuel for the seige. And look about outside, too. I'll have to shovel my way to the sheds, I suppose." Selma made coffee and set out food.

He returned, bringing a great armful of wood.

"I found two livery horses in the

open shed. Mayne's, I suppose. I've tied them up in the barn. They'll need feed and water. You're equal to that. Trust a prairie girl! George doesn't have any livestock about the place now, excepting chickens—I've seen to them for to-day. Now, if you'll sit down with me, I'll make a trained nurse of you." He took a writing tablet from his pocket. "We'll go over it exactly. Annie has a fighting chance and that only if she has someone to fight it for her," he said in slow voice. "I'll come as soon as I can and bring a woman with me. You'll have to stay with her to-day and to-morrow—and that will tell the story."

They looked deep into one another's eyes.

"I will—I will, Robert."

When he was ready to go, Annie had fallen into a natural sleep.

"You're not afraid, Selma?" They were standing together in the shed-like entry off the kitchen.

"No, not now. You have given me courage."

"Annie may forget how much she wants to live. Suffering does that sometimes. George is a fine fellow and the baby is sound as a dollar. You will have to tell her what she has to live for." He stood for a moment, his hand on the door knob, waiting for the possible questions. She gave him her hand.

"I will do all I can," she said quietly. He clasped her hand and went out into the bitter cold.

Clearing a little space with her breath upon the frosted pane, Selma watched him pass out of the yard on his grey horse. She had known him ever since she was a little girl and he a tall, lanky boy only two years older. When he had asked her to marry him, she had realized just how sincere he was, how good, how honorable, and was sorry that she could not say yes, but when Anson had come so temptuously into her life...

Now as she watched Robert from the tiny window, she seemed to see something about him that had been hidden from her—something strong, triumphant, radiant, knight-like.

As she turned back to Annie and the child, a touch of that spirit of unconquerable chivalry lay upon her too. "You are the one to bring her through. She doesn't know how much she wants to live—you will have to tell her."

"I will bring her through! I will tell her!" she said, speaking to an invisible presence.

Annie slept long; when she awoke, the sun was gleaming across the kitchen floor. Selma brought the baby to her and laid it at her side, for she had not noticed it yet.

"My little son!" whispered the mother. "My little George! If his father could see him..."

The wonder of it lay warm within Selma's heart too, as if, in part, the child was hers. So happy did Annie seem, so proud and strong, that Selma smiled to herself to think that she had hesitated to take care of her. She told Annie gaily that Dr. Hallett had given directions so plainly for everything that they simply could not go wrong. Even when Annie slept, there was no time for Selma to spend merely thinking. There was the little "folk" to care for, so tiny in body that she scarcely dared touch him and yet she managed some way, laughing to herself for her awkwardness. When she laid the soft little thing against her breast, an odd, throbbing tenderness filled her heart.

(To be concluded.)

Minard's for Sprains and Bruises.

Yes, and So Deep, Too.

Globe Trotter—"Of course you went up the Motherhorn?"

Bluffer—"Yes! Yes! What a beautiful river it is!"

Excessive Oil on Clutch.

Too much oil on the clutch reduces the coefficient of friction, and consequently the ability of the clutch to transmit power to the driving mechanism.

BEAUTIFY IT WITH "DIAMOND DYES"

Perfect home dyeing and tinting is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes. Just dip in cold water to tint soft, delicate shades, or boil to dye rich, permanent colors. Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings, everything new.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.



The W. T. Pember Stores, Limited, 129 Yonge St., Toronto



Introducing Mrs. Experience

Mrs. Housewife—permit us to introduce Mrs. Experience. As her name indicates, Mrs. Experience is a housewife of long training and wide knowledge, and she will be decidedly worth listening to on housekeeping matters. Each week in this paper she will have something of value to tell modern housewives. Look for Mrs. Experience every week.

Sunlight Soap

Engine Trouble. Little Ted, becoming very tired on the way home from church, begged his father to carry him. "Oh, no!" argued dad. "A big two-and-a-half-year-old boy like you must learn to walk up like a man!" Ted bravely trudged along for some minutes then began to pant and lag behind. Presently he called out, "Daddy, daddy! Better carry me, I'm about out of gas!"

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, inevitable when such a price is made and prices are high. A tea can foretell just what the demand will be—whether in one year or more it may come when least expected.

Poison Gas.

It is said that the Germans have invented a still more venomous kind of poison gas. The use of it will annihilate the nascent willingness of the world to forgive and to forget.

Easy Brake on Wet Street.

When driving on wet streets the clutch should never be released except at the last moment to prevent the engine from stalling. Always apply the brakes gradually.

Banking

The security afforded by Savings Office, together with every Post Office in Canada is possible for everyone to deposit. Interest is allowed, compounding privileges.

The confidence the public has in this Savings Office is shown by deposits, which are no small number.

All deposits are insured by the Province of Ontario.

Remittances sent by bank cheque, express, or otherwise, are addressed to your prompt attention.

Province of Ontario

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