This Bush Yields only 2½ ozs. yearly

A VERY small yield considering the size of the bush. It takes about 6½ bushes to yield a pound of ordinary tea—and about 10 bushes to yield a pound of Red Rose Tea, as only the tender shoots and buds are used to produce the distinctive flavor and richness which characterize this high-grade tea.

In sealed packages only. Try it.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

110

RUSSIANS TAKE ALLEGIANCE OATH

Troops on Balkan Front Swear Fealty to New Government

NEWS WELL RECEIVED

(Associated Press)

Saloniki, May 5.—All the Russian troops on the Balkan front have now taken the oath of allegiance to the new Russian government. Russian soldiers in the vicinity of Saloniki were marshalled on a suburban parade ground for the ceremony of swearing allegiance to the provisional authority. The general in command addressed them, reading the Russian Emperor's proclamation of abdication, and explaining that a constitutional convention was to be held later to chose a form of government.

"The Emperor has given up his throne," said the General, "and has absolved you of your oath of fealty to him. You are therefore free now to take the oath of allegiance to the new provisional government."

Not a dissenting voice was raised when the General read the new oath, which was first repeated by the officers, and then by the men, all of whom thereupon filed past and kissed the bible and the cross in token of their new allegiance.

In conclusion, the general explained that all courtesy titles had been abolished, and that in future the men must not address him as "Excellency," but simply as "General."

"Yes, Your Excellency," replied all the men in chorus, whereupon they were made to repeat their acknowledgement in the new manner of "Yes, General."

FILMS AND FOOD

(Associated Press)

London, May 5.—The government is to use the moving picture screen extensively throughout the country in making known the urgent need for food economy, and especially for the saving of bread. People are to be told the kind and quantity of food they should eat.

Courier Daily Recipe Column

ESCALLOPED POTATOES

A layer of sliced potatoes and a little onion dredged with salt, pepper, butter and flour. Repeat until to the top of the dish, then just cover with milk and bake one hour.

SUCCOTASH

Cut the grains from 10 full grown tender ears of corn, mix them with 1 quart of shelled lima beans, boil them until tender in plenty of well salted boiling water, and then drain them in a collander. Beat 2 eggs smooth, put them into a saucepan with the succotash and 2 tablespoons of butter, season to taste with salt and pepper and heat it thoroughly, but do not boil it, because that will curdle the egg. Serve it in a covered dish. As soon as it is scalding hot a cup of sweet cream is sometimes used instead of the eggs and butter, or a small piece of salt pork is boiled in the succotash.

BAKED BEETS

Beets retain their delicate flavor if baked intsead of boiled; wash and place in oven the same as potatoes, turn them often, using a knife instead of a fork, as a fork allows the juice to run out; when done peel and cut in slices, with butter, salt and pepper.

A TASTY DISH FOR SUPPER

Remove any wilted leaves or dark spots from a cauliflower, soak in salt water for an hour or more, cook in plenty of boiling water for 30 or 40 minutes, depends on size; have ready a rich white sauce; for the sauce have one tablespoonful of butter, the same of flour stirred together in a saucepan and mix with a cup of warm milk until smooth, add a little pepper and salt and a little cream if you have it, put the cauliflower on a pie dish, standing up, if it tips over cut a little more off the stem; pour the sauce over, be sure it covers; grate over this some cheese, then over the cheese a layer of bread crumbs; bake a nice brown and serve.

Assist Nature. There are times when you should assist nature. It is now undertaking to cleanse your system—if you will take Hood's Sarsaparilla the undertaking will be successful. This great medicine purifies and builds up as nothing else does

:: Our Daily: Pattern Service

Valuable Suggestions for the Handy Homemaker— Order any Pattern Through The Courier. Be sure to State Size

LADIES' DRESS.

By Anabel Worthington.

An economical and thoroughly practical way of using remnants in a combination that does not look "patchy" is shown in No. 8270. Of course it need not necessarily be of two materials, as the back view demonstrates that one material gives very satisfactory results. A satin vest formed of crossed pieces is a becoming closing line at the front. A square, flat sailor collar follows this same line. The sleeves are very wide at the lower edge and have a deep point at the back, suggesting the angel sleeve. They may be in either of two lengths. The skirt is a very easy one to make, as the upper section is in one piece and gathered, while the lower section is circular, having two gores. A softly draped girdle conceals the joining of waist and skirt.

Serge combined with taffeta—or any contrasting silk such as Persian or Oriental patterns, wool poplin, gabardine, serietta, pongee, tussah, or taffeta will be very good selection for this dress.

The ladies' dress pattern No. 8,270 is cut in two sizes—36 and 40 inches bust measure. Width at lower edge of skirt is three yards. As on the figure, the 36 inch size requires 5 yards 36 inch with 2⅜ yards 36 inch contrasting material, and ¼ yard 36 inch silk for girdle. The back view requires 5½ yards 36 inch goods.

To obtain this pattern send ten cents to the office of this publication.

8270

THIS WOMAN TO THIS MAN

—BY—

C. N. and A. M. Williamson

(COPYRIGHT)

AUTHORS OF
"A Soldier of the Legion."
"The Lightning Conductor"
"The Shop Girl"

Secured Exclusively for Publication in the Courier.

From Saturday's Daily.

"Indeed we mustn't stay, even for one night. If there's a train the same afternoon—"

"There's a lovely train," Mrs Waldo admitted, unable to resist praising the American railway system. "We call it the 'Limited.' You can have a beautiful stateroom, and run right through to Chicago without changing. If they must go, we'll see them off, won't we, Steve?" with a glance for the silent husband, "and bring them books and chocolates and flowers?"

What was left for Annesley to say? Short of informing the kindly couple that they were not wanted and had better mind their own business, and refusing to tell the train, she could do nothing except thank Mrs. Waldo.

"Perhaps," she thought, "they will forget, and things will settle themselves somehow, between now and then. Or else I shall patch up some excuse when the time comes."

When the invitation was given, the Minnewanda was still four days distant from New York; but the four days, though seeming long, were not long enough to produce the prayed for inspiration. Mrs. Waldo referred to the journey whenever she saw Annesley, so there was no hope of her inconvenient scheme being forgotten; and the nearer loomed the new world, the more clearly the girl was forced to see the thing to which a few hasty words had committed her.

She and Knight had staterooms adjoining, with a door between. That was to save appearances, and it was no one's business that the door was never opened. In reality, they might as well have had the whole length of the ship between their cabins.

Annesley kept to hers as constantly as her jangled nerves would allow, but the sea was almost provokingly smooth, and she proved to be a good sailor. She felt as if she would become hysterical, and perhaps do something foolish if she tried the experiment of shutting herself up from morning to night. She paced the deck, therefore, and was dimly grateful to Knight because he seemed always to be in the smoking-room when she took her walks.

At meals, however, unless she ate in her stateroom, they could not avoid each other; and again she felt cause for gratitude because Knight had accepted the Waldos' suggestion that they should take a table for four. In spite of the Waldos' unwelcome attentions, their society was preferable—infinitely preferable—to a duet with Knight.

They talked on these occasions; and the sharpest-eared scandal mongers could have guessed at nothing strange from their manner. But, save at these luncheons and these dinners, they scarcely spoke to each other.

Knight took his cue from Annesley. After the night when he had knelt at her feet and begged for her forgiveness he had never forced himself upon his wife. He seemed to have a dread of being thought an intruder, and even withdrew his eyes hastily, almost guiltily, if the girl ever caught him looking at her with the old wistful gaze to whose mystery she had now a tragic clue.

Annesley almost hoped that, before they landed, Knight might make some opportunity to discuss ways and means of getting out of the delimma created by the Waldos. But he never attempted to begin a conversation with her, and she put off the evil moment from day to day, telling herself always that there was time yet, and he had probably solved the problem—he, who was a specialist in solving problems.

Loving the man no longer, her heart seeming to die anew whenever she even thought of him, there remained still a ghost of her old trust in him; an almost resentful confidence that he who was so clever, so hideously clever, would be capable of overcoming any difficulty.

"I told him that I'd only go with him on the ship, and then we must part," she assured herself, lying awake at night, wondering feverishly what was to happen in New York. "He said we'd see about that later, but he must know by the way I act with him that I haven't changed my mind for a moment. He will have to get me out of the trouble about the train."

The girl, in mentally mapping out the future which must be lived through somehow, had thought of herself as being a governess for small American Children. She did not know many things which governesses ought to know, but if the children were small enough, she did not see why she mightn't do very well.

She could sing and play a little, as nine girls out of ten could. She had been told that she had quite a Parisian accent in French; and as for arithmetic and geography and other alarming things which children ought to know and grown-up people forget, surely one could teach them, with the proper books.

Besides she had heard that Americans liked to have English governesses for their little children; it was considered "smart."

She would go to an agent and it ought to be easy to find a place in the country or suburbs. It must not be New York, for fear of some chance meeting with the Waldos. But if worst come to worst, and because of those everlasting Waldos she had to get into the train with Knight, she would get out again at the first good-sized place where it stopped. There must be agencies for governesses. One would serve as well as another for her now.

As for money, she knew that she must have some to go on with until she could begin to earn. So far she had been forced to let Knight pay her way, as he had said, out of the "good" fund. Her coming with him had been for his sake, and to spare him from gossip. For herself, she was in no mood to care what people said.

But now, in sailing to America with him as his wife, she had done all that she had ever promised to do. He would have to arrange things as best he could.

Somehow the right time never came to ask him what he intended to do; for at the table, or if occasionally they were on the deck together, they were never alone.

The ship docked late in the morning, and Knight was busy with the custom-house men. It was noon when their luggage had been examined and could be sent away; and the Waldos, under letter "W," were released at the same moment that the Nelson Smiths, under "S," were able to escape.

"Let's have lunch together at the dear old Waldorf, our pet place and almost namesake," proposed Mrs. Waldo. "You owe us that, after all the times you entertained us in London, and you really quite see New York in the restaurant. You've nothing to do till your train goes this afternoon, and your husband can get your reservations right there in the hotel."

Annesley's eyes went doubtfully to Knight's, and met a steady look which seemed to say that he had made up his mind to some course.

"Very well, we shall be delighted" she said resignedly. "Shall we meet at the—Waldorf is it?—at luncheon time?"

"Oh, my, no!" exclaimed the older woman, radiant in the joy of home coming. "It'll be lunch time in an hour. You must taxi up to Sixty-first Street with us, and just glance at the house, or we shall be so hurt. Then we'll spin you down to the hotel again in no time. I wish we could feed you at home, but nothing will be in shape there till to-night."

There was still no time to ask Knight the long-delayed question. They saw and duly admired the Waldos' house, and took another taxi to the hotel, the Nelson Smith's luggage having been "expressed" to the Grand Central, to await them. Steve Waldo endeavored to obtain his favorite table, and Mrs. Waldo suggested that it would be a good time to get the reservations.

Again Annesley's started glance turned reluctantly to Knight. Again his eyes answered with decision. But this time there was no longer any doubt in the girl's mind. The Waldos, persistent to the last, would compel her to leave New York with her husband.

But she would part with him forever before darkness fell. "At the first big town," she told herself once more.

They were at the desired table, which Steve had jubilantly secured, when Knight rejoined them, announcing that he had his tickets.

"I hope you were able to get a nice stateroom?" fussed Mrs. Waldo, "Such a long journey, and dear Mrs. Smith's first day in our country!"

"Yes. Everything quite satisfactory," said Knight, in the calm way which Annesley had once admired.

Mrs. Waldo would perhaps have asked more questions if at that moment her roving eyes had not lighted upon a couple at an adjacent table.

Continued in Tuesday's Issue.

RHEUMATISM A MYSTERY

Some diseases give immunity from another attack, but rheumatism works just the other way. Every attack of rheumatism invites another; worse than that, it reduces the body's power so that each attack is worse than the one before.

If any disease needs curing early it is rheumatism, but there is scarcely any disease that physicians find more difficult to treat successfully. When a medicine does cure rheumatism therefore it is worthy of special notice. Medical authorities agree that the blood becomes thin with alarming rapidity as rheumatism develops. Maintaining the quality of the blood is therefore a reasonable way of preventing and combatting rheumatism. That it works out in fact is shown by the beneficial effects which follow the treatment of rheumatism, acute, muscular and articular, with that great blood tonic, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

That thousands of people who have taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for their rheumatism have been cured is a fact beyond dispute. That rheumatism does not return as long as the blood is kept rich and red is equally true. If therefore, you are suffering from rheumatism in any form you should lose no time in giving Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial.

You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BANKS TO ASSIST FARMER'S SEEDING

Honorable T. W. McGarry, the Provincial Treasurer, announces that the Government has made arrangements with the Bankers' Association, through the Organization of Resources Committee, whereby farmers who need money to purchase seed may receive reasonable credit at the branches of all banks in Ontario. Arrangements are also being made to assure a supply of seed. It is hoped that a sufficient supply may be procured to enable farmers to sow as much land as they can manage to cultivate.

Rippling Rhymes

by Walt Mason

SPRING.

The birds are singing in the trees, as you're no doubt aware; on honey bent the busy bees are droning through the air. The clucking hen beneath her wing, has chickens half a score; there's nothing I can say of spring you haven't heard before. A million bards have chanted rhyme about the bees and trees, about this gracious vernal time, of flower bespangled leaves. And evermore, till time expires, and Earth's a bye-gone thing, the gladsome bards will smite their lyres and celebrate the spring. And ever, in impassioned words, they'll sing such things as these; The brooks, the groves, the singing birds, the bees and fleas and trees. Describing buds and leaves and grass, their tuneful harps they strike; but I would sing of garden sass—young onions and the like. When one has eaten week on week evaporated fruit, how luscious seem the tender leek, the spicy radish root! And so I sing of home grown beans, of early egg plant fried, of spinach and of mustard greens—and let the robins slide.

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silvert

THE FAIRY OF THE BIG PINK ROSE

The little Fairy who lived in the big pink rose opened her door to an early bee caller. But just as she was handing him a cup of honey, snip went something, and the little Fairy tumbled to the grasses below, and her beautiful pink rose home was pinned to a lady's bosom.

"Well, of all things," exclaimed Mr. Bee. "That's too bad. Something should be done to folks that go through a garden cutting Flower Fairies' homes down," he buzzed.

"I knew it would come some day, for yesterday Old Gardener took a bunch of the Red Rose Fairies' homes. What shall I do now, all the other rose houses are filled. Where shall I go?" sobbed little Pink Rose Fairy.

A bluebird heard her crying, and flew to the bushes.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, and Pink Rose Fairy told him she had lost her home.

"Come with me. I'll take you to your cousin's place. She sent an invitation asking you to pay her a visit," said Blue Bird.

Pink Rose Fairy hopped on his blue wings and away they flew over the house tops to the meadows beyond, soon arriving at the Wild Rose Fairy's home.

The Little Fairy Was Sad

"I'm so glad to see you," cried Wild Rose Fairy as she kissed her city cousin. She was sorry to learn of Pink Rose Fairy's loss.

"You did right, Blue Bird, in bringing her to me, and I thank you," said Wild Rose Fairy, and Blue Bird flew away, glad that he had been of help to some one.

"What will you do, dear?" asked Wild Rose Fairy.

Pink Rose Fairy shook her head and sighed.

"I don't know, unless you can find me a home near you," she answered, and her cousin laughed.

"That will be lovely. Every morning you are awakened by the chirp of the bluebirds and robins, and at night are lulled to sleep by the song of the brooklet as he babbles over the pebbles on his way to the sea.

"The gentle breezes fan you all day long to keep you cool, and the glorious sun sends down his warm rays to give you life. I tell you there is no life like the freedom of the meadows, and I'm sure you will love your home among us here," said Wild Rose Fairy, and the Flower Fairies that lived near nodded their heads.

So Pink Rose Fairy built her castle near Wild Rose Fairy's home. She never longed to return to her garden home, but was quite happy among her wilder friends, and so you can see her to this day blooming along the roadsides in her dainty pink frock. The bees and butterflies all grew to love her, and called her Sweetbrier Rose because of her wonderful perfume.

THE BEAUTY OF SUNLIGHT

is that every garment washed with it bears the impress of purity; a purity begotten of sweet, cleansing oils, and maintained by absolute cleanliness in manufacture; a purity exalted by the co-operation of workers united for the purpose; a purity demonstrated by the "$5,000 guarantee" which rests upon every bar of SUNLIGHT SOAP.

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SUNLIGHT SOAP

LEVER BROS., LIMITED TORONTO

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH CAMERON

A "PORTRAIT.

"Well, anyway, she's always good company," defended Molly.

"Is that the best you can say of her," said the Author-Man's Wife.

"I think it's a lot," said Molly, hotly.

"It seems to me more like damning with faint praise," said the Author-Man's Wife.

With which do you agree?

I'm with Molly. Not because she's Molly, but because I think she's right.

"Being good company" hasn't a very heroic sound, but neither has "the habit of looking on the bright side," yet you know how highly Stevenson places that latter gift.

Is She Ready for Anything

I am thinking of a woman who has to a rare degree that gift of being good company. Let me describe her to you, so that you will know just what I mean by the phrase.

In the first place she is one of those people who is always ready to do things with you. She does not have a headache or some work that she planned to do and will not put off; nor does she think that she will get too tired. She is a person of abounding health which is, to be sure, more her good fortune than her virtue (at least we so rank it nowadays, perhaps we shall think differently some day).

She Has the Great Gift of Mirth

In the second place she has an excellent sense of humor. She is always ready to laugh, and she has moreover the Magi's gift of being able "to be diverted when other people are annoyed," at inconveniences or small discomforts.

She is an excellent listener. Not just the passive kind, but the kind that stimulates you, makes you wittier and cleverer than you are wont to be.

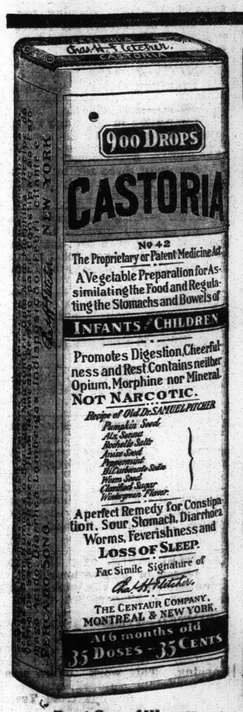
Yet she is not at all a silent person. She knows everybody in town and can tell you all the latest news—not malicious gossip—but all the interesting human chit-chat of the neighborhood.

She has always heard something nice that someone has said about you and never fails to repeat it. Also, she knows just what subject you particularly like to talk about and does not oblige you to introduce it for yourself.

She always has a good time wherever she goes because she carries this good-company atmosphere with her and because she knows how to make a lot out of small pleasures.

This is a portrait of a woman who is good company.

Is it "damning with faint praise" to use that phrase of any one?



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