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for every TWO cups. Pour on freshly BOILING water and let it stand for five minutes. THE RESULT will be the most perfect flavoured tea you ever tasted.

The Revolt From Four Walls

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE.

CHAPTER II.

The house itself was set far back from the road, not more than five or six hundred feet from the rocky shores of Georgian Bay and nestled behind a thick hedge of cedar which sheltered it on two sides from the heavy winds that swept down the lakes. The old lane, rutted by the wheels of wagons long fallen to pieces, was overgrown, as was the dooryard, which in Guy's memory had blossomed with old-fashioned flowers. The furnishings of the house were old, many of them costly, yet in its present state it was hardly a place of comfort. They had talked often in the week elapsing between their decision to go north and their actual arrival, of how Madeline might meet the place really comfortable. And she, feeling the thrill of a new interest in life, assured Guy Wardell that if he could do as much with the land out of doors, as she could with the interior of the home, there would be no complaint.

"It isn't going to be easy at first," she told her husband, "but I'm just going to pretend that we're camping and later we'll fix the place up with modern improvements."

It was late in the afternoon when they arrived. The sun was growing low in the West and against its brilliancy the looming hills were as peaks of soft purple veiled to the sky. Guy that had never looked so lovely. For many minutes he stared at them, and then remembering that the plowed fields were at the far end of his acreage, he hurried up the lane, turning to go through the thickly wooded patch of cedars, and scrub maples. Once there had been a well-defined path through these woods, but even though it had disappeared, long association told him the way. He knew that the old path ran close to the big butternut tree, then over towards a deserted sap house and then a hundred feet west to the open field. He smiled as he thought of the sap house. It held for him one of the

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helping the hands all morning. They don't seem to have much pep."

He reached for his hat and made for the door.

"I want to go and see that plowed land of mine," Guy called after him. "I'll walk with you—it's in the same direction."

"Are you having any trouble with your body?" Wardell asked when they were out of earshot of the house. "Or, is it just a spring-time laziness that makes you complain about your pep?"

"Trouble? Well, not exactly that, but there is a sort of don't-care attitude that we used not to have. They seem dissatisfied—almost defiant. We're all paying higher wages this spring, but that hasn't helped."

"Are the agitators getting in here?"

"Agitators?" The word was a quick, sharp question. "I don't know. To be honest with you, while I haven't any real trouble with my gang, nobody else of the P.M.A. seems to be able to get much done. And there's been a lot of queer business going on. What made you ask about agitators?"

"Nothing—only it's in the air and I happened to think of it."

John Baker looked at him sharply, and there was a light of sudden distrust in his eyes. They went along in silence. Guy thought along in his mind as to whether he should speak, but he reached the field that John was to plant and without any further words Baker slipped into a pair of overalls and picked up the planter that he used when he followed the furrows. He was not chatty.

"Well, I've got to start work now, too," John Baker said cheerily, his suspicious mood of a moment passing as quickly as it had come. "Come up to the house again—better come in the evening. Give my best to Madeline. Maybe Rose and I'll stop down there to-night, or sure to-morrow."

When John was halfway across the fields Guy turned and went through the hedge of trees that marked the boundary line of his own property. The field which he had ordered plowed was ready for planting. As farm fields go, there was not much of it so he was going to plant it himself, and trust that he would have help for the rest of the evening. Still, it was not his chief concern at the moment. What he felt was most important was that he must again visit the vicinity of the sap house. He picked up a stick, not because he was afraid—he could hardly say why. The small, ramshackle building impressed him unpleasantly—it could not all be from his boyish fright.

(Continued in next issue.)

"Eggs-Perimental" Puddings.

You know how our English ancestors became camping and pudding eaters? Julius Caesar, we are told, first brought the pudding into Britain. True, it was a curious concoction of water and flour, but as the generation grew wiser, so the pudding became more like a pudding.

At first they very much resembled pancakes, minus eggs, milk or lard. Then an original housewife would mix instead of water, another thoughtful cook would introduce butter or some other fat, and as time went on such introductions as sugar and fruit were made.

The addition of eggs to puddings was purely accidental. A housewife was making a pudding, and just above where she stood mixing it there was a shelf on which were some eggs.

Suddenly some disturbance caused two or three of the eggs to roll off the shelf, and they fell into the pudding. The woman decided to chance whether the pudding was spelt or not, and she left the eggs in, after having carefully picked out the broken shells.

She argued that if the eggs did not improve her pudding, they would certainly do no harm, and when her pudding was cooked and tasted a pudding of puddings was discovered.

From that time, puddings in England were made with eggs, for King John heard all about the woman's accidental "eggs-periment," and sent for her to cook such puddings for the royal household. Thus, the making of her puddings became the making of the housewife and her family.

Making Violins Talk.

Experiments made by two young Danish engineers promise to revolutionize wireless telegraphy and telephony.

They have discovered a new force, resembling electro-magnetism, by means of which it will be possible to increase the capacity of a wireless station to receive or dispatch messages.

The two inventors picked up wireless messages from different European stations, and by a specially constructed apparatus were able to take them down at the rate of six hundred words a minute. Mechanical recording of wireless messages has been attempted already in France and Germany, but the highest rate has been one hundred and twenty words a minute.

The force of which this is made possible is developed by sending an electric current through certain substances—for instance, lithographic stone (a slaty limestone).

During an experiment one of the inventors went to a house connected with the demonstration-room by wire and played a violin. This was distinctly heard by the gathering at the demonstration-room. In fact the sound was magnified so much that listening became almost unbearable. The inventor then talked into his violin, and another violin in the demonstration-room repeated his words.

Minard's Liniment For Burns, Etc.

Woman's Interests

She Does Not Hate It Now.

Rejuvenating an Old Sweater.

She was a "town girl" who had married a farmer, lived on the farm for two years, decided she could not stand the heavy physical work, so had persuaded her husband to move to town where he tried to make a living clerking in a store. After trying this for a few years, much to the dissatisfaction of the husband and not finding herself entirely satisfied either, they decided to try the farm once more. Some time later I was an invited guest and, hearing her story, asked her what particular task in her farm home she found most tiresome, and she promptly replied, "Dishwashing." She went on to say that she had never guessed how many dishes and pots and pans could be used in preparing a meal and how much surprised she was when she found how much farmers eat. "There are other tasks that are far heavier but none so monotonous," she said. "I don't mind the washing or the churning or the gardening or anything else that I get a little rest from, but these dishes three times a day. I just hate the sight of them! It seems as though I no more than have them clean and put away in the cupboard until I have to begin getting them out again to use for the next meal."

Dishwashing so annoyed this friend of mine that she set about trying to learn a better and quicker way to do that part of her work. She asked questions of everybody, wrote to firms advertising equipment which she thought might prove useful, talked to the hardware man in the little village and looked at his catalogues, and finally worked out a scheme which she has found satisfactory. The equipment was very inexpensive considering the fact that it is used three times a day. When its cost and the number of times it is used, is compared with the price of a new outfit, she is sure to agree that she made a good investment. And her husband is quite as enthusiastic over her plans as she is.

The way she used to wash her dishes was just the way her mother and grandmother taught her, and we all know that weary way so well that we shall not repeat it.

This is her new way:

After the men were through dinner she sorted the dishes, separating the plates with a rubber-tipped spatula, then put them on a two-shelfed tea-cart and because she had sorted them well before she stacked them, she was able to take all of them to the kitchen in one load.

She had had a tank attached to the kitchen stove into which she could pump the water with the little hand pump at the sink—not as good nor as complete as a supply of water all over the house would have been but much better than carrying the water in pails and emptying it into the reservoir and dipping it out again.

She put a few soap flakes in the dish pan, turned on the hot water from the tank and in a minute had a good suds. She used a dish mop for the first few dishes until the water cooled a bit. A pan of scalding hot water was next to the dish pan and she put the dishes into the water as she washed them. As soon as she had a panful, she dipped them out and stood them to drain in her dish-drainer. By the time she had another lot ready to put into the drainer the first ones were dry and she stacked them on the tea-cart. She wiped the glasses and silver but none of the other dishes.

When she was ready for the kettles, she took what she called her "mystic mit" which was a loosely-woven cloth with small pieces of metal in it, and instead of scratching with her fingernails the spot where the spaghetti had stuck to the bottom of the kettle, or ruining the kettle with a knife or fork (spoiling the knife or fork) she used this mit and the burned portion was removed very quickly and easily.

While washing the dishes, she sat on a high stool which she said immensely relieved her of the great strain of standing on her feet for so long as she had been doing formerly.

I was interested in noting how my friend had solved the garbage disposal question which is always a problem on the farm in fly time. She had a pail set inside a garbage can which opened by a pedal she operated with her foot. This covered garbage can was one of the best devices she had found, she said, for removing temptation from the path of the flies.

I was amazed at the short time required to "do" the dishes after a regular farm dinner served to seven people.

After the dishes were finished I "brushed up" the kitchen floor and I was glad to use the long-handled dust-pan, for I too like to save my back!

Seeing the interest she had shown and the joy she had found in working out a better way of doing this daily task, I concluded that there is no task so humble that we cannot find in it a fine satisfaction if we are willing to study it carefully and try to do it intelligently, always looking for a better way. I might add that this friend now has set about making a study of the other work in her home and she says she is finding it quite as fascinating as she found the study of the homely task of washing dishes.

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Feeding a Thousand Invalids.

Few realize what it means to feed a thousand people, a task which the London Hospital carries out four times every day of the year says an English paper.

The "London" stands on nine acres of ground in the Whitechapel Road, an oasis in the densest part of the East-end, where men, women, and children who have fallen a prey to disease are, by careful nursing and medical skill, re-established and given new life.

The feeding difficulty does not, perhaps, tax a hospital as it does a small family. The sick have to be correctly fed and the food that is ordered by the medical staff must be procured at any cost. No substitutes are allowed.

To ensure the perfect working of the hospital kitchens two services are installed, one for the patient and the other for the nurses. The menu of a hospital differs materially from that of an hotel or restaurant. The cooks are expert in sick-room cookery; patients must have their special dishes. Not, however, till the physicians or surgeons have finished the rounds of the wards can to-morrow's dietary be ordered and prepared. When the doctors have prescribed the foods, the Sister of each ward follows and collects the diet card and then informs the Steward of the hospital what special fare has been ordered for her patients' meals.

The Steward tabulates the diets, puts them into weights and measures, orders his gallons of milk, his sacks of potatoes, chickens, beef, mutton, and other necessary food.

Food trolleys descend from the kitchen block breakfast, dinner at noon, three o'clock tea with a final light supper at half-past six.

Food trolleys descend from the kitchen to the ward corridors on the stroke of each feeding hour. The Sister of each ward awaits their arrival, and as they trundle past her door she takes charge of the urns and boxes containing the food for distribution to her patients, and if at three minutes past the appointed time a ward has not been served, some good excuse must be forthcoming for the delay.

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Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye any material without streaking, fading or running. Dyeings has color card—Take no other dye!

Artificial Seasoning.

The practice of artificial seasoning of timber has grown greatly within recent years. Seasoning that would occupy three or four years by natural processes can be accomplished in proper kilns in from three to four days to as many weeks.

The work is done in closed-in buildings capable of holding from 20,000 to 50,000 cubic feet of timber. The floor is gently sloping and the timber is gradually passed down it. A fan heater, and this air passes through the piles of boards or planks, which are separated about an inch. The air enters at the lower end in order to carry the moisture derived from the timber that has been longest introduced at the upper end. The reason for this is that in seasoning the air must be charged with moisture at the beginning and only dry at the later stages. Without this precaution the timber would be "case dried," the interior remaining damp, and afterward it would warp and crack.

Try These Recipes.

Cream of Pea Soup—1 pint or can of peas, 1/2 teaspoonful sugar, white pepper, 1/2 teaspoonful salt, 1 1/2 pint spoonfuls butter, 1 pint milk, 1 pint liquid around peas and water, 2 tablespoonfuls flour. Turn the peas into a saucepan; add the liquid, water and sugar, and cook until very soft. Press the peas through a strainer. Make a white sauce of the remaining ingredients. Add the strained peas, heat and serve.

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Wise Men Say

That good luck will help a man over the ditch if he jumps hard.

That personality is a big factor in business success—but personality is not made by tailors and barbers.

That when everything conspires to give you the blues, turn to the obituary columns and feel glad that you're alive.

That the fact that you have a good opinion of yourself is no reason why you should have a poor opinion of others.

That competition is a good thing; it makes us a little more polite than we should be if we had things all our own way.

That a wise man knows an ignorant one because he has been ignorant himself, but the ignorant cannot recognize the wise because he has never been wise.

That good health, inspiration, persistence and a good memory—and, of course, keeping everlastingly at it—are the principal requisites for a successful career.

That we learn wisdom from failure much more than from success. We often discover what will do by finding out what will not do; and probably he who never made a mistake never made a discovery.

Street Paving.

The oldest pavement which there is any record in modern cities is that of Cordova in Spain, which was paved with stones by the Moors in the middle of the ninth century. The Moors also caused water to be conveyed to the city in leaden pipes.

Paris was the next city to pave its streets, but this civic betterment did not take place until the year 1184, on which occasion an historical says, "the name of the city was changed from Lutetia, which it had been previously called on account of its filthiness."

These old streets must have been very bad indeed, as it was the general practice of the citizens to keep swine, which roamed at large and wallowed in the mire of the public ways.

The streets of London were unpaved in the eleventh century, and it is uncertain just when the work did begin. Holborn was not paved until 1417, though it was frequently impassable from the depth of its mud.

Berlin allowed its streets to go without even a clearing or cleaning until the middle of the seventeenth century, and until 1684 it was a popular practice to place pigpens immediately beneath the front windows of the houses. Every kind of filth and dirt was thrown into the streets of Warsaw up to the comparatively recent year of 1823.

Flying Motorcycle.

We are likely soon to see cyclists taking the air in a very literal sense. In fact, the flying motorcycle (an Englishman's invention) is already an accomplished fact.

The machine, which weighs 230 pounds, is equipped with a plane and propeller, so that, when at full speed, its rider can launch it into the air.

This cycle monoplane carries an engine of forty horsepower and can fly for two hours at sixty-five miles an hour before exhausting its fuel supply. The plane and propeller are readily detachable.