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About the House

MAKE A COMFORTABLE LAWN SWING.

A sliding bed with a mattress in two parts, was discarded as a sleeping arrangement because something went wrong with one of the legs, so that the bed when stretched out, would not stand satisfactorily.

Several of the family were for calling the junk man, but a more ingenious member of the group saw possibilities in the old sliding bed.

It was taken apart so that there were two good stout springs with iron frames. Stout chains were purchased and attached, and the hammock swing suspended from the porch ceiling. The mattress was covered with cretonne, with a ruffle on either side, and pillows to match made.

The seat was so comfortable that it was always in demand. The other part was taken and turned upside down so that the erstwhile legs formed four posts, three sides of which were covered with stout khaki cloth of tent weight. This made a back, a head, and a foot. This part of the mattress was covered with khaki to match, with a straight valance in front. Stout chains hung the swing at the farther end of the porch, and bright cretonne cushions finished the article satisfactorily, so that it was even better than the first one.

The expense entailed for the two verandah swings was a mere trifle, as cretonne was used which was in the house, and only the khaki cloth and heavy chain had to be bought. True thrift consists in making good use of what we have, so as to increase our comfort, well-being and pleasure, at the same time conserving our resources.

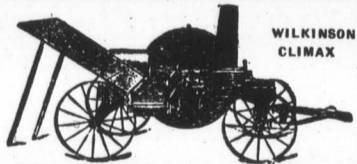
THE ANSWER.

What makes a home? the timber and the bricks?
Foundations strong? the style of roof and room?
The furnishings within? the builder's tricks
Of making wood so many forms assume?
Homes are not made of wood or stone
Nor all the things that men can make thereof;
What makes a home where joy and faith are known,
Where happiness and peace abide; is—love!

—Arthur W. Peach.

KEEPING HOUSE FOR SLEEPING BABIES.

A young woman writes that she has been able to earn a considerable amount of pin money by staying with her neighbors' babies on evenings when the parents wished to be absent from the house.



Increase the feeding value of all fodders by cutting them with the Climax Cutter. The Climax cuts dry straw or hay just as well as green corn. It is cheaper to run, requiring less power. Is built extra strong, costs least for repairs. Tell us what power you have and let us send you catalogue and prices. Save money by buying one of these machines now.
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WRITE FOR PARTICULARS

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JAMES SMART PLANT
BROCKVILLE ONT.

ISSUE No. 37-24.

One Up For Wembley

Romance in the Gorgeous Setting of the Great Exhibition that links East and West and North and South.

PART II.

A couple of revelling youths passed by. One was singing:

"Give me the moonlight,
Give me the girl,
And leave the rest to me—"

Jim glanced at the youths malevolently. They had disturbed his sweet melancholy. He was about to rise and leave the Exhibition when he saw something that chained him to the chair. Elsie was approaching on the path, and, by her side, was Mr. Manson.

Mr. Manson was in evening dress, and something in his manner made Jim Franklin think that his late chief had been doing himself rather well at dinner. He stopped and bent over Elsie, saying something with a fatuous laugh. Jim saw Elsie draw back from him, startled. Then he sat up, thrusting his pipe into his pocket. The side path was deserted save for the girl and Mr. Manson.

Suddenly Jim Franklin bounded to his feet. Mr. Manson had caught Elsie in his arms and was kissing her, despite her struggles and stifled cries. "Don't be a little fool!" Jim heard Mr. Manson say. "There's nobody about."

Then Mr. Manson felt a strong hand on the collar of his coat and found himself being violently shaken.

"That's where you're wrong!" an angry voice said in his ear. "There is somebody about, and he's going to see about you!"

What happened next happened so suddenly that Mr. Manson, despite his twelve stones weight, felt himself as a child in arms. For a few seconds he had a wild impression of being on the scenic railway. Then he came to the conclusion that it was the water-chute as he fell with a splash into the lake where Jim had flung him.

For a moment Jim watched his victim as he crawled out, white with rage and fear, and then he turned to Elsie.

"I didn't know we were in the Amusement Park," he said quietly. "Now shall we go to Burmah or India?"

"Back to the Lucullus, please!" panted Elsie. "My uncle is here. He has been entertaining the office managers to dinner. Mr. Manson was there, but when he met me I didn't know he was the sort he is. He's a cad!" She rubbed her lips furiously. "Let's forget him! What have you seen this evening?"

"Canada. I was two hours in the lake."

"You found it so interesting, didn't you?" "I was waiting for you. You see, you might be in Canada to-night. Miss Payne—Elsie—if I went to Canada, really and truly and made good, would you come out to me?"

She glanced quickly at him and learnt what she had known all along. He was very good to look at and he was desperately in earnest.

"I think I should like Canada very much," she said softly, "or India, or Burmah, or any place where you were!"

It was very late when they reached the restaurant where Elsie had to meet her uncle, but the stout, bullet-headed man, whom Jim recognized as Mr. Boulter, of the Boulter Line, was in great good humor.

"Hallo, Elsie! Changed your partner? Evening, sir! You're in the Freight Department in London, aren't you?"

Mr. Boulter prided himself on his memory for faces.

"I was, sir!"

"Have you left, then? What are you doing now?"

"Nothing, sir. I haven't had time to fix up anything yet. You see, I only got the sack to-day."

"The sack! What on earth for?"

"I'm afraid that I'm no use in the office, sir!"

"It isn't that at all, uncle," put in Elsie. "It's just because Mr. Manson had a down on him, and Mr. Manson is a cad! Jim threw him in the lake to-night, and serve him right, too!"

Elsie's cheeks were flaming. Mr. Boulter's eyes twinkled.

"And who might Jim be?" he asked. "Mr. Franklin, then. He's been my friend ever since you let me be your secretary. And Mr. Manson is a horrible man; and Jim is going to Canada, and I shall go there, too, later on, and—so there!"

Elsie's eyes shone defiance at the chairman of the Boulter Steamship Line, who chuckled, feeling at peace with all mankind—all except Mr. Manson, who had upset his favorite niece.

"Want to go to Canada, do you?" he asked Jim. "And so you shall. And to Burmah and to India and Australia, as well."

Jim Franklin glanced at the facades of the buildings before him and frowned.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' course of training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

The girl had many demands upon her time. Besides keeping house for her invalid father and her three younger brothers she was attending a nearby university. The family income was limited; but so long as the evenings were occupied with study and her days filled with work she could not earn in any of the usual ways the extra money that she needed.

In planning her scheme she realized that she could study at a neighbor's house as well as at her own—better in fact, for there she would not have three high-spirited brothers shouting over their games or banging the piano. Moreover, she could be earning something while she studied.

She wrote notes to all the young married couples in the neighborhood who had small children,—to those she did not know as well as to her friends,—saying that all her evenings were free, and that she should be glad to stay in the house with the baby while the parents went out. She added that for that service her charge would be fifty cents from seven o'clock until eleven, and seventy-five cents for a longer evening.

The plan succeeded from the first. Most of the young married people in the community were of modest means and did not keep a maid. They were glad to find an intelligent and responsible person to stay in the house when they wished to go out.

"Of course the baby never wakes up, but if he should Susan would know what to do," was the way they expressed their approval of the scheme.

The business soon grew to satisfying proportions. The girl's friends quickly told others of the plan, and in a short time the project of keeping house for sleeping babies was bringing an income of three, four, and sometimes even five, dollars a week.

THEY'LL TASTE GOOD WHEN THE SNOW FLIES.

Plum Conserve.—6 lbs. plums, 2 sliced oranges, 1½ lbs. large seeded raisins, ½ lb. nut meats, 3 lbs. sugar.

Quarter the oranges and slice the quarters and let stand in water overnight. Cook the plums until soft and press the pulp through a sieve. Cook oranges until tender and add raisins and sugar and cook until the consistency of marmalade. Add nuts five minutes before placing in sterilized jars.

Fruit Salad Dressing.—1 tsp. salt, 2 tsp. flour, 1 tsp. melted butter, 1 egg yolk, ½ cup cream, ½ cup hot syrup from sweet pickled peaches or pears. Mix dry ingredients and add the beaten egg yolk, syrup and butter slowly. Stir over boiling water until the mixture thickens. When cool add cream, whipped or plain.

Gingered Pears.—1 lb. pears, ½ lb. sugar, 1 tbs. preserved ginger (or ground ginger tied in cloth), 1 lemon, 1 cup water.

Cut pears in quarters, then slice in thin slices, put in granite kettle and cover with sugar. Let stand all night. In the morning cut lemons in small pieces, take all seeds out. Bring to the boiling point and let simmer for two hours, putting in the ginger, which has been sliced thinly, just before removing from the fire. If cooked to the consistency of jam, gingered pears may be kept in open jars.

HANDY PIECE SHELF.

I think that mothers with many garments to mend will appreciate this: In my bathroom, over the door is a foot-wide shelf. On this are three or four-pound cracker boxes. I like these best, but any large strong boxes will do. There are marked on the front with the kind of pieces they contain, as "White," "Blue," "Plaids," "Gray," "Underwear," "Linings," "Wool," etc. Each kind is rolled and tied securely before putting away. Sometimes a box will hold two kinds, one in each side of the box and the box has two names on the front, one under the other.

When I want to patch my blue apron, or little daughters plaid dress, the lining of the good man's coat, or big boy's trousers, I can find the necessary materials much quicker than when I kept them in a "piece-bag," and what I wanted invariably seemed to be at the bottom.—Mrs. M. N.

Most Expensive Chair.

The most expensive chair in existence belongs to the pope. It is quite modern, and was made to the order of an American banker. It is of solid silver, beautifully chased, and is said to have cost something like \$60,000.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Just Spikes!

"Well, now we're settled down, the tent's set up, the damage off, the kettle on the boil, Let's paint a sign and nail it on this tree. So everything shall be as ruled by Hoyle."

On which they took a box lid and some spikes And daubed upon the lid 'CAMP SANS SOUCL.' (They split the lid for kindling ere they left; The spikes were left embedded in the tree).

Time winged its flight. One day two tongue-tied men Stood hesitant before a garden gate, And coughed, and cleared their throats, and then one said, "We bring bad news, I guess, an' I sure hate To tell yuh, Missus, but—an hour ago, While we was cuttin' spruce down at the Mill— The saw got busted on some rusty spikes Sunk in the log. A splinter hit your Bill Who happened to be passin' at the time He's injured pretty bad. 'N fact it's said— (He gulped and mopped his brow and looked away) "Dear God! Don't say he's DEAD." "Yes, mum, he's dead."

—W.H.C.



Hard-boiled, No Doubt.

"His wife says he's hard-boiled." "She ought to know—he keeps him in hot water all the time."

SOME USES FOR DISCARDED FARM PAPERS.

We subscribe to a large number of farm and dairy papers and magazines. After reading, my husband files some of these, and out of others cuts material he wishes to save. Then they are left for me to dispose of.

I save and file various household articles and recipes for my own use, and then cut out any large pictures of animals. I find these in the advertisements and in the illustrated articles. I save pictures of cows and bulls of the different breeds, poultry, dogs, horses and other live stock. Some are in color, but most of them are not. They are all put into a box and saved until needed. Around Christmas time I purchase a quantity of red and black cambric and make scrap-books for gifts.

Cutting through triple thickness, I cut a number of pieces of cambric,

"I am afraid, sir," he said stiffly, "I am not in the mood to appreciate your jest to-night. To-morrow, perhaps—"

"It is no jest. If you will take on the job as my travelling agent, you can sail on the 16th on the Boulter's Lock for Singapore. You will get further instructions from our office there."

"Uncle!" The head of the Boulter's Line company found a white arm entwined with his.

"Can I go, too? I mean—"

"Good gracious, girl! What do you mean?"

"I mean that it would be an awfully good way of spending a honeymoon!" Mr. Boulter gazed at Jim shrewdly, and then laughed—a harsh cackle at first, then a roar of enjoyment.

"I can't tell whether it's the lights or the music or the dinner!" he cried; "but I'll let her go with you, boy! I wouldn't do it, mind, except that I have seen a lot of life, and I've only to look at a man to know if he's got the right stuff in him, and—and I can see in your eyes that you'll be good to this little girl!" Then, with a jerk, he became the business man again.

"Now, push off, both of you, and have a look at the Palace of Industry, for you'll have to get busy right quick!"

Jim Franklin declares that when he dies the name "Wembley" will be found written on his heart!

(The End.)

Why Glued Joints Fail.

Every housekeeper has had the experience, to her deep regret, of her furniture loosening up at the joints, due to changes of temperature and atmospheric conditions. In many cases valuable furniture has lost its usefulness and been discarded for this reason.

This condition, however, is not always due to the above causes, it would appear. There are numerous qualities of glue, or adhesives, as they are technically called, and the causes of failure of glued joints may, in many cases be due to the use of an unsuitable grade. The glue may have been the most expensive procurable, but not adaptable for the purpose for which it was used.

This situation has influenced the Forest Products Laboratories of the United States to conduct extensive tests for different purposes. Some twenty-six commercial adhesives of the hide and casein classes have been investigated, the work including both mechanical and physical determinations. Ageing tests to secure information on the permanency of the adhesives were also undertaken.

If the Forest Products Laboratories are able to secure results that will relieve the worries of the home makers of Canada regarding the coming apart of their furniture at the glued joints they will have earned a full measure of appreciation and at the same time will be in a position to supply invaluable information to furniture manufacturers.

Out in the Fields.

The little cares that fretted me, I lost them yesterday, Among the fields above the sea, Among the winds at play; Among the lowing herds, The rustling of the trees, Among the singing birds, The humming of the bees.

The fears of what may come to pass, I cast them all away, Among the clover-scented grass, Among the new-mown hay, Among the husking of the corn, Where drowsy poppies nod, Where ill thoughts die and good are born Out in the fields with God.

—Louise Imogen Guiney.

The Grail.

Not the white hands and smooth, but the hands with broken nails; Not the unfurrowed brow with its lines of grief unwritten; But the cheek that endeavor pales, And the lip that in fear is bitten; Not the calm of the cloister, cool And aloof from the populace, But the tears of the broken fool In the dung of the market place, And the light of the laborer's fire On the weary workman's face Shall touch the grail of beauty; there God drinks from human earthenware. —Anory Hare.

Nothing But the Truth.

James has just been engaged to assist the milkman. "Now," said his master to him on the first morning, "do you see what I'm doing?"

"Yes, sir," replied James. "You're a-pouring water into the milk!" "No, I'm not, James," was the answer. "You're wrong. I'm a-pouring milk into the water. So if anyone asks you if I put water into the milk, you be sure and tell 'em 'No.' Allus stick to the truth, James, and you'll get on in life. Cheatin' is bad enough, but lyin's awful!"

WRIGLEYS

Chew it after every meal



It stimulates appetite and aids digestion. It makes your food do you more good. Note how it relieves that stuffy feeling after hearty eating.



Whitens teeth, sweetens breath and lifts the goody that's in you. —L-o-o-t-s.

twenty-four by twelve inches. About five of these are stitched by machine down the centre three times to insure strength. This makes a square book of ten pages, but, of course, the books may be made any size or thickness that is desired. The edges may be pinked to prevent raveling, or left straight. The pictures are pasted in with common flour and water paste.

Some books are all cows, some have a different page for each type of animal, while others include barns with sometimes an attractive farm scene. At any rate, I try to group the pictures well.

Little children are always delighted with these books and their making affords many a rainy day occupation for older children. It is a good plan to keep an extra one on hand to take to a sick child.

I also keep only magazines hanging behind the stove. It is most helpful for wiping the stove and greasy skillets and saves many a dishcloth.—Mrs. E. M. C.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Free Speech.

A guest was expected for dinner and Bobby had received five cents as the price for his silence during the meal. He was as quiet as possible until discovering that his favorite dessert was being served. Then he could no longer curb his enthusiasm. He drew the coin from his pocket and rolled it across the table, saying: "Here's your nickle, mamma. I'd like to have it, but I'd rather talk."

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