

The Quality of "SALADA" TEA

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About the House

The match-making mother is one of those people whom we often meet in novels and at the cinema. We seldom see her in real life, because such odium is attached to the match-making mother that most women steer clear of the role. They wash their hands of all responsibility and leave their daughters to shift for themselves about getting husbands.

This is wrong. Between the scheming mother who disposes of her daughter in marriage as if she were a slave on the auction block, and the mother who leaves her daughter's matrimonial fate entirely to chance, there is a wide field in which it is not only the province but the duty of a good mother to forward her child's happiness and well-being.

It is strange that so many mothers do not realize this, for nearly all women, even when they have not been happily married themselves, believe in marriage. They recognize it as woman's predestined place in life, the career in which she is most likely to find peace and contentment. Every woman wants her daughters to marry. She never feels safe about them until they are married, and the first breath of relief that a mother draws from the time her baby girl is born is when she sees her walking out of the church door on the arm of her husband.

This being the case, why is getting her daughter married not a legitimate occupation for the mother? Why should not a mother use her wisdom and experience in trying to secure a good husband for her child?

No mother has a right to use her influence to make her daughter marry any particular man just because he is a "good catch." But she should use her own matrimonial experience and her own knowledge of men to guide her girl in making the right choice of a husband.

Every woman knows that in affairs of the heart an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. There is no use in arguing with a girl in love. She is temporarily incapable of seeing anything in its true light. She is deaf to all reason. Girls marry the men with whom they are thrown in contact. Hence it is the mother's duty to see that the men with whom her daughters associate are the kind she would welcome as her sons-in-law.

The sensible mother does not take into her family a handsome young relative and throw him into daily association with her daughter, and then howl with horror when she finds that they have fallen in love with each other and want to get married. Nor does she give the run of her house to some fascinating ne'er-do-well and then weep with despair when her daughter announces her intention of marrying him despite all the warnings that are held up before her as to how such a marriage is sure to turn out.

The managing mother prevents these catastrophes. Not believing in the marriage of cousins, she does not invite good-looking young kinsmen to make their home with her. She freezes out the undesirables.

The wise mother teaches her daughter that while love is the great thing in matrimony, it is not everything, and that a woman does not long love a husband who has not the solid qualities that command her respect. She teaches her that a man who can make his wife a comfortable living will hold her affections longer than one who starves her and repeats poetry to her. So, when the girl selects her life partner she does it intelligently, instead of marrying the first attractive man who strikes her fancy.

Men help their sons to start in business. Why should not mothers help their daughters to marry? That's the average girl's business in life.

AVOID CROWDING THE WINDOWS.

A few well-grown plants are more beautiful in the window garden than a compact mass can possibly be. I like to have every plant I grow show its individual beauty, which it cannot do when crowded by others. Then, if we have to divide our attention too much no plant will get the personal care that is so necessary to success. If you want to feel the greatest pride in your flowers aim to grow splendid specimens rather than a notable collection. I would rather grow one fine *Thurstoni begonia* and have it so perfect that it would compel admiration than grow a couple of dozen *begonias*, all commonplace except the variety.

I would rather grow one fern that would fill a window with its filmy fronds than a half dozen smaller ferns of different kinds. My friends would thrill with me over the one while they would give the collection but a passing glance.—A. H.

AFTER THE LAST BLOW-OUT, OLD INNER TUBES HAVE MANY USES.

An old inner tube has many uses in the household after it has seen its last days on the automobile. If rubber bands of various widths are cut from it, they will find many uses around the household. A paper-wrapped package is quickly fastened with one or two of them. The parcel-post package secured by these rubber bands arrive in good condition. Paraffined jelly glasses, if they have no tin covers, can be covered with circles of paper held in place by these rubber bands. Little daughter may use them as garters to hold bands in her bloomers.

If whole sections are cut, fringed and laced together, they make handy bags. The large size can be stretched down over the broom and saves much wear on the edges. Baby will have no end of fun rolling a ball through a piece of inner tube a foot long.

A VERY PLEASING BATH ROBE STYLE.



4959. Striped flannel, corduroy and eiderdown are good materials for a garment like this. It could also be made of quilted silk or satin, or of blanket cloth.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Fall and Winter 1924-1925 Book of Fashions.

TO A BABY.

Little rosy babykin with little rosy hands
Petal-like—yet metal-like with strength of iron bands!
Holding me and folding me in love's ecstatic mesh—
Love's ethereal spirit has been alchemized to flesh!

Dimpled little baby with a smile like honey-dew,
What has any human done to earn such wage as you?
Search my life of sin and strife however much I may,
Nothing half deserving you is found along the way.

Still we hold each other with a gladness all complete—
Gladness that is heavenly and wonderfully sweet.
I can only thank my stars for such a lovely fate—
Gosh! This makes a dozen lines; the editor told me eight!
—Strickland Gillilan.

BAKED RICE—MEXICAN STYLE

Besides being easily prepared, rice dishes are especially nourishing and a good substitute for potatoes which,

FROM THE DESERT TO THE MILL

Great Engineering Feats to Help Trade.

In many parts of the world there is a boom in engineering, particularly in the construction of great dams. One is being erected on the Nile, which will be the largest in the world when completed—larger even than the famous Assuan Dam in Egypt—others are being constructed in India, while another wonderful piece of engineering will be the mighty works in course of erection on the Colorado River, the object of which is to harness that mighty force.

There are already, on the Nile, numerous lasting monuments to the skill and enterprise of British engineers, but this latest undertaking easily eclipses all previous works. The dam, which is being erected on the Blue Nile, was commenced some years ago, but the work was condemned. The Soudan Government then invited tenders, and a British firm, Messrs. S. Pearson and Company, were awarded the contract, the sum involved being four million pounds. The dam is being constructed for irrigation purposes, and if the company's engineers fail to have water upon the land by July, 1925, they will have to pay a penalty of \$500,000.

Even more costly will be the irrigation project which has been begun in India, also by British engineers. This is the construction of a dam on the Indus River, the cost of which will be ten million pounds. There will be sixty-six sluice gates, 850 miles of main canals, and 1,200 miles of smaller distributaries.

The dam across the Colorado River will be twice the height of St. Paul's Cathedral, and will entail the expenditure of nearly fifty-five million dollars.

The River That Brings Ruin. If the Colorado is not tamed there is no hope of saving from inundation the prosperous Imperial Valley with its 100,000 settlers and yearly crops representing a value of \$100,000,000.

The river flows at the phenomenal speed of thirty miles an hour, as fast as many trains! In 1906 it overflowed its banks, cut a deep channel thirty-five miles long through the desert, and formed what is known as the Salton Sea, a huge lake 50,000 acres in area. Early in June, 1922, it wiped out almost half the Palo Verde Valley, hopelessly submerging two towns, ruining thousands of dollars worth of standing crops and rendering thousands of people homeless.

Unless baked, cannot be prepared in a short time. Rice can be cooked in twenty minutes and used at any time thereafter for several days. The following recipe for Mexican baked rice makes a very substantial "one-dish dinner" which is suitable for busy days.

Cook one and one-quarter cups of rice in boiling salted water for thirty minutes. Add one and one-half cups tomato juice, one large green pepper cut up fine, one-half cupful chopped pimento and a dash of pepper. Mix together thoroughly and pour into a well-buttered enameled ware baking dish, the porcelain-like surface of which will not affect or be affected by the acid in the tomatoes. On top place the tomato pulp, left after straining the juice. Bake thirty minutes in a hot oven. Serve white hot.

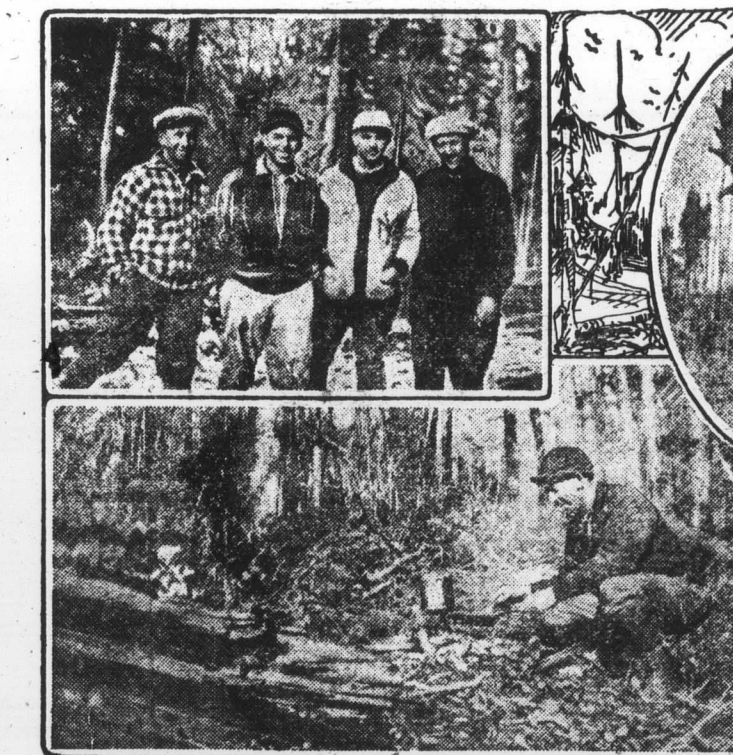
What One Remembers. She (under the spell of nature)—"Sad and sweet November! Makes one remember—"
He (rather more practical)—"That next month's December—and bank accounts vanish with the old year."

Power of the Will. "Tis in ourselves we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills.—Shakespeare's "Othello."

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For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.



FAMOUS U.S. BASEBALL MEN HUNT IN CANADA

Star players from Yankee baseball team join captain of Chicago White Sox in hunting trip to New Brunswick woods. Top left—Eddie Collins, Fred Hoffman, Bob Shawkey, Joe Bush. Right—Bob Shawkey with one of his trophies. Below—Eddie Collins prepares a steak.

Eddie Collins, captain of the Chicago White Sox, with Bob Shawkey, Fred Hoffman and Joe Bush, leading right hand pitchers of the Yankees, and Dr. Walford, of Philadelphia, have just returned to civilization after a successful sojourn in the Tobique game district of New Brunswick, about which they are most enthusiastic. Charlie Cremin, the noted guide of the Tobique, had them in tow. Charlie met the rest of the party at Plaster Rock, the jumping off place on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Joe Bush landed first blood, killing a moose with a fifty-inch spread of antlers. Shawkey killed one later with a spread of fifty-three inches, immediately following up by killing a buck with antlers carrying twenty-three points, while Dr. Walford and Fred Hoffman were killing a moose and a deer each. An Albino fell to Joe Bush on the last day.

Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

"Love gives itself and is not bought."—Longfellow.

CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd.)

"No! and by heaven you don't leave me like that! Do you think that I, Peter Garvoek, am going to be made a laughing-stock of in the place by a creature like you! That you and Stair between you will make me such a fool? I tell you, you haven't reckoned with Peter Garvoek! I can crush him, as one crushes a fly on the pane. I have him fast in the toils, and I will crush him! He will never have either bread or salt to offer you, for he is incapable of earning an honest penny. His only asset is his handsome face, and we shall see—we shall see"—and here there was actually foam on his lips—"we shall see how much it will do for him!"

Carlotta, sickened beyond telling, shaking with nervousness that was partly fear, turned and fled.

It was her first encounter with the man, blind passion of a man baulked in his dearest desire. She had looked, as she imagined, into the depths of the innermost hell; yet, behind her natural shrinking, a vast pity lay. Never had Peter Garvoek, in his kindest, most servile mood, pleading for her forbearance if not for her love, appealed as he had done now, in the throes of his jealous rage.

She wept as she sped across the field paths, choosing them blindly yet without mistake, so as to escape the scrutiny of the Sunday strollers. They were tears of dismay and of shame for herself, that she had awakened such passion in a man's soul. Never unaware of her power—for what attractive woman is?—she had altogether failed to gauge its depths. She had awakened fires which, perhaps, never would be quenched. And none knew to what heights these flames might rise!

Her being quailed at the thought of danger to Stair.

Peter Garvoek in such a mood was capable of murder, and the thought that he had her lover so much in his power sickened her with mortal fear. She paused, stumbling on the path, and, hesitating, looked back, half-minded to return and plead with him. But her pride forbade her. They were men, and must fight it out on the men's battle-ground. She dared not inter-vene. No woman could.

Left to himself, Peter Garvoek paced the narrow clearing in the Cessnock woods, the prey of the darkest passion which can ravage a man's soul. All the inborn and hidden jealousy of his cousin Stair rushed up, new kindled, permeating his whole being, poisoning the very air he breathed.

As cousins, at school and college, they had been pitted against one another, and every time Stair had carried off the palm with that ease and surety which follows those beloved of the gods, whom Nature has endowed with her most winsome gifts.

Peter the tortoise, slow, ponderous, unlovely to look at, blunt of speech, and sour of heart, had had to toll and toil; while Stair, with a smile and a glance of his merry laughing eyes, swept easily to the goal.

The only gate closed to Stair had been the power to make or accumulate money. And money is power! Money is power!

Peter Garvoek rolled these words, like a sweet morsel, under his tongue, as he at last turned away, the door of his Paradise closed, to face a future in which Carlotta had no place. That power, it would be used to the uttermost to grind him down, or with his union with Carlotta or with any woman impossible. His Uncle Claud, even against his better judgment, had allowed Peter Garvoek's

fingers to get too closely about the roots of Stair.

Once or twice, rendered uneasy by chance scraps of conversation which she had overheard, Judy had asked a few questions, and even, on one occasion, ventured on a mild protest, but her father had reassured her.

"There are few shrewder men than your cousin Peter, my dear, and in spite of what people say of him, few more generous. We shall be perfectly safe with him, and it is far better to go to a relative for an obligation than to an outsider."

But that was just the point where Stair liked Peter. She even found certain qualities in him others had denied or belittled; but she was uneasy because of his growing proprietary interest in Stair. She wondered what Alan thought of it, but as yet they had not openly discussed the matter.

There were no misgivings in Peter Garvoek's heart that Sunday afternoon as he strode sagely and swiftly to the Dalblair Inn for his horse. Nay, in his heart there was a deep and savage satisfaction that he had it in his power to repay Alan Rankine in like coin for his treachery. The appeal Carlotta had made, the vivid and arresting statement about the swift birth of love between her and Stair, had had no effect on him, save, perhaps, to deepen his wrath. He was incapable of believing it, or of understanding a thing so subtle. Hard facts were all that Peter Garvoek could deal with, and he would force his enemies to contemplation of them, too.

At the Dalblair Inn they wondered to see the laird of The Lees return for his horse so soon. Since he had begun to spend his Sundays at the Clock House, seven and eight hours' stabling had been required, and it was always dark before he rode away.

Seeing thunder on his brow, the ostler, something of a philosopher, decided that there had doubtless been a lovers' tiff.

Garvoek rode straight home, arriving there about half-past four, and entered the house as his mother's tea-tray was being carried upstairs to the small drawing-room where they sat when alone.

The man started at sight of his master, and hesitated.

"Will you take tea, sir?"

"No, and say nothing to your mistress. I am going out again, and may be late."

Peter Garvoek's Sunday was not yet over.

He left the house by the French window of the music-room, which had been a late addition to The Lees. Peter's mother was very musical, and never having been strong, had spent much of her time cultivating her gift. The husband who had adored her, and who had loved to study her slightest whim, had built this noble annex, and fitted it up most sumptuously, though of late it had been little used. Lucy, the only daughter of The Lees, not having inherited her mother's musical gifts.

A wide sweep of exquisitely-kept turf, bounded by a fine stone balustrade, copied from Stair, made the back of The Lees even more imposing than the front. Beyond the balustrade the hill rose steeply, its sparse fir trees making covert for game both for The Lees and Stair. Higher up it was quite bare, except for the heather clumps which grew among the boulders.

On the other side of the hill, or which Stair stood, and which faced the sea, the slope was entirely covered with heather, and lay beautifully to the sun, making a very fine background for the more stately home of the Rankines.

It was natural that the cousins, all friendly in their childhood, should have made a short-cut between the two houses. A small wicket gate, cunningly fashioned, opened out of the thick shrubbery at the far end of the terrace, and it was but a step through the fir belt to the sheep track and the march dyke which separated the two properties.

To this path Peter Garvoek turned then in the glow of that beautiful Sunday afternoon, but the peace and beauty of it laid no healing balm on his spirit. The sea, had never looked more lovely, with the hills of Arran just visible through the tender mist.

The feeling of newness of life was everywhere; the cry of the lambs which dotted the hillsides, and the song of the laverocks in the lift filled the air with that wonderful, vivid sense of life and hope inseparable from the spring.

Peter Garvoek had other things to think of than the beauty of a spring afternoon in one of the most beautiful spots in the world. After he had passed through the gate in the march dyke and actually stood upon the lands of Stair he stood still, and, knitting his brows, seemed to take stock with frowning eyes of the boundaries.

He was measuring something—meditating, perhaps, on some new division which would equal his rights.

"I can crush him!" he said between his teeth. "If I choose I can hound him out of Stair without a penny to his name. What can hungry acres do for a man? Why, nothing! He shall pay, pay, pay to the uttermost farthing!"

Suddenly, round the spur of the hill where the flag still flew half-mast high from the tower of Stair, he beheld a tall figure striding towards him—the man with whom his black thoughts were busy, the man who had wronged him, who had stolen his wife, from him before he had called her by that sweet name!

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.