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between "Salada" and "just tea."



Woman's
Interests

FOOD FOR THE SICK.

A problem which most housewives have to solve at some time or another is the planning and preparation of food for those who are ill. In very serious illness, the doctor usually states very plainly what the patient may or may not have to eat, but often he orders a liquid diet, a simple diet, or a soft-solid diet.

A liquid diet includes milk, chocolate milk, malted milk, beef tea, extract of beef, soups (both clear and creamy), grape-juice, albuminized grape juice, albuminized orange juice and orangeade.

A soft-solid diet includes crackers and milk, pen or potato puree, soft or cream toast, rice, tapioca, custard, ice cream, gruels, soft boiled egg and grape juice, lemonade, orangeade and egg-nogg.

A simple diet usually ordered for convalescents includes only easily digested foods, such as milk, clam broth, stewed oysters, eggs, toast, well cooked vegetables, rice, tender meat, either broiled or roasted.

The following menus are suggested for persons showing symptoms of having taken cold: Breakfast, prune juice and milk toast. Dinner, oyster stew and crackers. Supper, hot rolled oats gruel, buttered toast and tea.

These menus are suggested for the convalescent stage: Breakfast, grapefruit, poached egg on toast, cocoa. Dinner, lamb broth with rice, baked potato, baked custard. Supper, cream-tuna fish on toast, corn flakes with cream, orangeade.

Albuminized grape juice is made with two tablespoons of grape juice, the white of one egg, one-half teaspoonful of sugar and chopped ice. To the beaten egg white add the grape juice and sugar and chopped ice. Serve in a dainty glass. Have all ingredients chilled before combining.

Albuminized orange juice is made in the same way, using the juice of one orange and sufficient sugar to sweeten. Egg-nogg requires one egg, one teaspoonful of sugar, a few grains of salt, three-quarters of a cupful of milk and a grating of nutmeg. Separate the egg. Beat yolk, add sugar and salt, and beat until creamy. Add the milk and fold in the white of egg, beaten until foamy. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Serve immediately.

For rice gruel use one tablespoonful of rice, one cupful of milk, three tablespoonfuls of water, a few grains of salt. Scald the milk and water in a double boiler, add the rice gradually and cook twenty minutes. Strain. Rolled oats gruel can be made in the same way.

Floating island, which always pleases, requires one egg, one-half tablespoonful of sugar, a few grains of salt, three-quarters of a cupful of milk. Scald the milk and water in a double boiler, add the rice gradually and cook twenty minutes. Strain. Rolled oats gruel can be made in the same way.

Everyone ought to be interested in an appearance which is attractive and pleasing to others. Why should we presume to be a blot on a landscape of so much natural beauty? It is a personal satisfaction to know that we are making the most of ourselves.

To radiate a truly beautiful spirit, and to be sure of a sincere manner and charm of presence, we must be kindly in our thoughts as well as our words. The beauty which lasts must

be more than skin deep. No one can be beautiful or interesting who does not get sleep enough. Scientists have proved that the brain cells pass a vital element which is exhausted during our waking hours, and renewed during sleep.

The brain cells of an individual killed, or who dies after suffering great fatigue or strain, are so lacking in this vital element that they cannot be sustained different colors readily by laboratory work; whereas, the brain cells of a rested and alert individual will take on a bright stain or tint readily. Students and other workers who fail to get sleep enough are short-sighted and stupid. They are trying to make bricks without straw or clay, and it cannot be done.

The individual who is decidedly over-weight or under-weight has sacrificed symmetry and beauty. Health is not at par, and efficiency and enjoyment of life are both lowered. The person of determination and strong will, will keep watch of his or her weight and will use safe and logical means to keep it at normal.

One important element of personal attractiveness is what may be described as "triginess" in a woman, or "careful grooming."

There are two sisters who are twins, and naturally almost identical alike in form and feature. One has stringy hair which always looks ragged and poorly cared for, sallow skin, stubby nails, and collar awry. Her clothing is of good quality, but inclined to be mussed, and often to lack brushing. Shoes and gloves show the evidence of neglect. This woman's social position is an indifferent one, for people do not value her for what she really is.

The other sister is "trig" from head to foot. Her hair is shining and clear, her eyes sparkling, her hands always beautifully combed. Her skin is in good condition, and her garments becoming and beautifully cared for. As a matter of fact, this sister accomplishes twice as much as the careless one. Her social position corresponds to her appearance, because her mental processes keep step with her culture and painstaking nature. She is frequently described as "a very beautiful woman."



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CHAPTER XII.

The arrival of Carrie Egan caused a happy shudder throughout the Mimosa Palace. Mrs. Egan was of the stuff upon which hotel gossip feeds and fattens. Colonel Derwent, the dandy of the English element, who had been to some pains to search for "Major Carnay," deceased, in the Army Lists, and discovered that there was no such person, forgot Jean and his deduction that she was divorced.

The colonel's bosom friend, Count Praga—the Anglo-Polish banker—who from altruistic motives had insisted upon playing Cupid to the whole hotel, ceased his match-making activities abruptly and became both introspective and retiring. Count Praga had run into Mrs. Egan a couple of seasons ago at Pau, and he knew that wherever she was, there also was the home address of trouble.

The knitting brigade clicked and clattered, the English rather shocked by their unconventional countrywoman, the French ladies mildly amused, and the Italians—as usual—wholly unconcerned with anything but their own personal and family affairs.

If Mrs. Egan was scandalous, it was merely because she declined to run on the iron rails of strict convention, preferring—as it were—her swift silver car and its resounding Klaxon horn. She wore no hat—it was said she did not own such a thing—and most of her dresses were sleeveless, and she went down to bathe from the rocky Cap d'Ampeggio, where there were neither huts nor tents to minimize publicity. Mrs. Egan disrobed in her own apartments and drove down in the protection afforded by her Roman striped cloak.

She came the fashion to stroll past the Cap about eleven o'clock and see her head bobbing against the waves half a mile out to sea. She strode back again, wondering if she would return safely or be dashed to pieces against the rocks.

She frightened and fascinated the entire hotel before she had been there twenty-four hours. Inside of a week a few daring spirits among the younger set were feebly emulating her example and being scolded for it. Fair-complexioned girls got horrible cases of sunburn through leaving off their hats, and an Oxford undergraduate—a swimming man—was nearly drowned by following Mrs. Egan's capricious course through the rocky coast sentinels. She wore a sort of fishnet cap to confine her bushy hair at tennis, and in consequence the English handmaid went into temporary eclipse. Rope sandals became the popular footwear for mountain climbs although so far no one but Mrs. Egan had abandoned the respectable and useful stocking. Two of her tried it surreptitiously while out by themselves on a lonely trail, but they got their legs badly scratched in the underbrush, and the adventure was not repeated.

Who—everybody asked—is Mrs. Egan? It was Colonel Derwent who supplied the more technical items of information. Mrs. Anthony Egan, said the colonel, was the widow of a well-to-do broker or "City man" who had been shot by his partner in business. Didn't they remember the Smarke case, famous in its day? Well, Mrs. Egan was the heroine of the Smarke case. The defence had at first tried to prove that she had been present when her husband was killed and knew a great deal more about the matter than she admitted, but afterwards with the Court's permission—to Hugo Smarke's plea of not guilty was added that of insanity, and the jury had brought in a verdict of Guilty, but insane.

Some people did remember the Smarke case, or professed to do so, and were thrilled accordingly. But it was much more interesting to learn that two years ago at Pau Mrs. Egan had driven a young man of somewhat slender intellect to suicide, and a little later on nearly got herself horse-whipped by reason of her flirtation with the young husband of an elderly English schoolmistress who objected to the affair, and made of her objection a really delightful scandal.

The ladies of the Mimosa Palace Hotel began—in so far as they were able—to draw in their menfolk, and the more discreet among the men themselves, notably Count Praga and Colonel Derwent, walked softly and circumspectly, casting eyes upon the hotel from a distance.

It became apparent quite soon that Dr. Ardeyne was an old friend of hers. How do such things leak out? Nobody, unless it was Mrs. Egan's Italian maid, ever saw them together; nobody, except the concierge, knew that he had made enquiries concerning the locality of her rooms. Yet the whole hotel breathed in the knowledge, and quite suddenly people—good-looking, middle-aged women with a taste for youthful men—those who had been a little jealous and resentful of Alice Carnay, began to be sorry for her. They predicted for Dr. Ardeyne a swift fall; for his fiancée, unhappiness.

And all the time, in the very centre of this buzzing hive, lived Jean and Hugo Smarke, in sublime ignorance of Mrs. Egan's presence here. Jean had brought her husband back in the heat of the day, when the hotel appeared to be deserted. "My brother, Mr. Balis," she said, "my brother, Mr. Balis," and she collapsed into his arms and he had his own balcony. He had caught a chill on the train, and he was weak and nervous, so Jean called to a "hotel doctor" and permitted Alice to see, "Uncle John" only once

or twice from the doorway. Because of Hugo's indisposition Jean had her own meals upstairs. She rather encouraged Hugo to take things easily, dreading the moment of his first public appearance.

Would she ever be able to break him, she wondered, of bubbling about Broadmoor?—or, as he called it, "That Place." To her, he talked of nothing else, recounting over and over again foolish and irritating experiences with his fellow-prisoners, their various idiosyncrasies, their petty habits, the loathsomeness of one who was caught cheating at cards, the bad table manners of another, the unpleasant characteristics of their guards and keepers. So it went on for long hours while Jean forced herself to listen patiently, and the precious holiday moved day by day towards its close.

But she comforted herself with the assurance that Alice was happy and having a good time. She would not let Alice come near "Uncle John" for fear of infection. Influenza was raging through the town and the doctor said Hugo was suffering from a mild form of it. Jean took risks herself, but she didn't intend that Alice should lose any of those golden hours by being laid up with "flu."

In the natural course of things Hugo grew better. Towards the end of the week he was well enough to sit up for his meals, and Jean left him alone one afternoon while she and Alice went down into the town to do a little shopping.

The doors all communicating, Hugo was given the run of their now extensive suite, and eventually found his way to the sitting-room, which he had not entered before. He was half-dressed, with a faded old bathrobe over his shirt and trousers, and badly needed a shave. A stubbly white haze disgraced his chin and he wore no collar. He looked a weak but somewhat ruffianly person as he ambled about making himself acquainted with these new surroundings.

The sitting-room, as usual, overflowed with the flowers which Hector Gauguier brought.

Hugo looked them over with suspicion. There were two small framed photographs of Alice, one on the mantel and one on the writing-table, and he picked up a bronze paper-cutter and playfully jabbed a hole in the lace curtain with it, hurriedly putting it down again and drawing the curtain well back so that the hole didn't show. After this he went out on to the balcony and, looking down, discerned the heads of some people having tea on the veranda far below him. One man wore a large hat bobbing with yellow flowers. What would happen if he should fill his bath sponge with water and let it suddenly rain on the door?

With this amusing idea taking form in his mind, he stepped back into the room just as someone knocked at the door.

"His heart began to beat fast. It had always been like this at That Place—whenever he thought of anything really jolly, some intrusive person seemed to rend the air and forestall him. In fact, of late, he had almost given up practical joking on that account. "Come in," he said sullenly.

The door opened, and to Hugo's utter amazement there entered a man who was more familiar to him than his own brother. He clapped a hand to his forehead and gave a faint cry. Was he back in That Place?

The newcomer, clad in tennis flannels, stared at him with widening eyes and dropped jaw.

Hugo Smarke began to whimper. "I won't go back—you can't make me. I won't go. This is Italy. You can't take me back if I say I won't go."

Philip Ardeyne shut the door, then—as an afterthought—locked it. "I'm not going to take you anywhere," he said. "But, of course, you can stay in this room. How did you get here? Does your balcony adjoin this one?"

Hugo, with a trembling hand, pointed through the line of open doors. The doctor looked and saw that the door on the other side of Mrs. Carnay's bedroom was open.

It will, you'd better get back to it, old chap. The ladies who occupy these rooms might be alarmed if they came in and found a stranger here."

"I'm not a stranger," he said. "I belong here. I'm—in my wife's brother, you understand. My name isn't Smarke. You thought it was, didn't you, doctor? But there was just one little mistake they made at That Place. My name is John Balis; and my wife's name isn't Mrs. Smarke at all. Her name is Mrs. Carnay. She's not my wife; she's my sister. And

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ISSUE No. 12-24.

I'm not Alice's father. I'm her Uncle John. Perhaps you'd better tell me what you mean by coming into these rooms? I've been very ill—a little light-headed with 'flu—but I've already got a doctor. My wife saw to that. I don't want anything to do with you, Ardeyne, or with anybody else from That Place."

Hugo stopped from sheer lack of breath and sank down into a chair, exhausted and trembling.

(To be continued.)

London Traffic Weakens St. Paul's Cathedral.

St. Paul's Cathedral, which for several centuries has loomed it over all London from the peak of Ludgate Hill, is showing signs of fatigue. Its stones, blackened by the fog and soot of bygone ages, are getting weary from the constant vibrations caused by the roaring traffic that swirls all around the structure, and the unrelenting pull of the Thames upon its foundations.

The south transept has begun to lean toward the river and the southwest tower has dropped several inches from the perpendicular. Something must be done soon to preserve this crowning achievement of Sir Christopher Wren. Mervyn McCarty, architectural adviser in the dean, says a large sum of money will have to be spent on the Cathedral before very long, and the Board of Commissioners at present is considering several proposals for its preservation.

An American firm which underpinned some of New York's great skyscrapers has examined St. Paul's and recommended underpinning as a cure for its architectural malaises, but the commissioners are not against such a method.

In the eighteenth century iron straps were put around the corners of the transepts to hold the building together and since then it has been necessary to make other repairs to the malalignments caused by the movement of the masonry of which has rotted, will require 30 years to complete.

Meanwhile, the stream of buses and motor lorries which flows past the building becomes larger and larger, with consequent increase in the devastating vibration.



And Was Occupying a Sleeper, Too. Reggie—"Oh—aw—I beg pardon, Miss Sharpe—I didn't hear. I'd gotten into a train of thought, don'tcher know?"

MY ROASTING PANS.

To save labor in washing the roasting pans, I grease them just as I grease an earthen or brass baking dish before putting in the food and placing the pan in the oven. Rubbing the inside with a piece of wet is excellent for any metal roasting pan, as the grease helps to keep the food from burning onto the pan.—N. D. F.

HAND BAGS MADE NEW.

When I want to make an old black leather hand bag look like new I rub it with the fat side of a bacon rind. It will shine up any kind of leather. Of course, rub afterwards with a piece of cloth so that all fat will be removed.—K. W.

WOMEN! DYE FADED THINGS NEW AGAIN

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Purchase a roll of adhesive plaster, and you will never again be without some at hand. Its uses are many and varied. Last week I found it necessary to send fifty cents in coin through the mail. I placed the money at the top of my sheet and held it in place with a strip of the plaster. Try it.

In Epping Forest there are 114 cricket pitches, 244 football grounds, and 139 tennis courts for the use of the public. Epping Forest is maintained by the City of London.

Golf is becoming popular with the rank and file of the British Army. They are now allowed to wear fatigue dress when playing.

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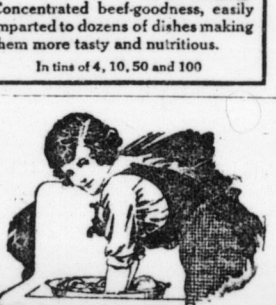
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Page boys in one of London's large hotels are now receiving lessons in French, ready for the expected invasion of visitors for the British Empire Exhibition.

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Scientists predict that the dominion of men is on the wane, and that in time women will be the ruling sex.

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Little Victorians.

In the early days of Queen Victoria's reign children were kept strictly in order. They were also, declares Lady Dorothy Nevill in her book Under Five Reigns, "generally forbidden to do anything they particularly liked—more, I think, on general principle than for any sufficient reason."

"Their books," she further states, "were of a totally different sort from those of to-day; most of them contained poetry, or rather versification, inculcating good behavior, especially with regard to that moderation which childhood usually and perhaps not unnaturally abominates. The highly salutary precepts enjoined in books such as Mrs. Turner's Cautionary Stories were in great favor with parents. Some of the lines in that volume with regard to gluttony are highly characteristic of infantile education as it was understood in the past. For example:

"Eat ham and goose and drink port wine?"

"And why mayn't I, as well as you, Eat pudding, soup and mutton too?"

"Then comes the quiet dignity in reply:

"Because, my dear, it is not right To spoil the youthful appetite."

"The daily life of a child then was of a much simpler description than at present. Unlike the young people of to-day, we stood in awe of our parents, their wishes were regarded as irrevocable decrees.

"My father was an autocrat whose rule over his family was absolutely unquestioned. Well do I remember how at breakfast my mother would on certain days catch my eye and significantly look down at her plate where her knife and fork had been carefully crossed—as a sign to the family that its head was in no mood for conversation. My father, though a most good-natured man, was at times roused to temporary fury by anything that clashed with his mood."

Mrs. Turner's book of edifying verses for children was by no means the only one, though it was one of the best known. A book of the same sort bearing a British imprint was long in use in a New England family, and a few of its detached leaves are still to be found in the scrap-book of one of the daughters. Only one preserves the popular dialogue form, and the child speaker seems a less materially minded infant than the one who yearned for goose and port wine:

If I'll be neat and very good And quite politely eat my food And hold my knife and fork aright, And show no eager appetite And leave no scattered crust or crumb And till I'm spoken to be dumb, May I at table sit to-day And hark to what the grown folks say?

Ans. No, no, indeed, my little pet; You have not learned the half as yet. Good Nurse must teach you are you're able.

To with your elders dine at table. This moment, see! Suppose a guest Viewed where those naughty elbows rest.

Your manners surely would be blamed And we, your parents, sadly ashamed.

Oh, no, mamma! Oh, no! Oh, no! I would not shame my parents so! I asked what children mayn't expect Until their manners are correct.

The Old Manse Speaks.

The children are coming home, home. They're coming home in the spring, My latches shall know the touch of their hands. And my walls—their whispering. My floors shall feel the tread of their feet.

My hearth shall comfort their tears, Oh, the children, the children are coming home. Across the dusty years.

The children are coming home, home, Buth and Bill and Pow, Bob and Dyer and Sade and Let— Some night when April blows Her first magnolia-laden winds Through all my spacious rooms My roof shall shelter their hearts again

When flaming April blooms. The children are coming home, home, O God, look down on me! And make me as sweet as Mary's house

That stood in Galilee. Something more than mortal and stone, More than timber and bricks! Something akin in the children's hearts To altar and crucifix!

—Marion Francis Brown. The nautical day, which by old custom now begins at noon, will hereafter begin at midnight like civil time. As hitherto the hours will be numbered from one o'clock, but navigators say that beginning the first hour at midnight instead of at noon will do away with much confusion and useless figuring.

Oyster stew (serving): six oysters, one cupful of milk, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of butter. Pick over the oysters carefully, removing any bits of shell, place in a colander and wash with cold water. Reserve oyster liquor, heat it to boiling point, strain through double cheese-cloth. Scald milk in double boiler, add the oysters and cook until oysters are plump and gills curled, add seasoning and liquor. Serve at once.