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THE HOME GARDEN AND CANNING SHELF.

We usually can products to cover thirty weeks of the year when fresh products are too high-priced for frequent consumption. The table following gives the necessary amount per person: Cut this out and watch it through the summer and see if you are accomplishing your goal.

PRODUCT PER PERSON FOR THIRTY WEEKS.

1. Greens, spinach, dandelions, chard and other greens. Five quarts (one serving per week).
2. Tomatoes, ten quarts, (two servings per week).
3. Other vegetables, peas, beans, beets, carrots. Fifteen quarts (two servings per week).
4. Supplement canned with stored ones, such as cabbage, rutabagas, onions.
5. Fruits (including jellies). Thirty quarts.

Supplement canned fruits with dried or stored ones, such as prunes and apples.

5. Meats, thirty quarts. Through the warm months, beginning April through October.

Total, ninety quarts.

You will notice that we recommend the eating of greens at least once a week, and the other commonly canned vegetables also twice weekly. This makes a total of five days for which the canned products cellar is responsible. The remaining two days should be supplied by our commonly pitted vegetables for we should eat one generous serving of vegetables in addition to potatoes, at least once each day. Children under seven years of age should be counted in when estimating the amount of sweet corn needed for it is not good for them, but they can eat all other products in considerable quantities and be the better for it.

Fruits should also be included in every day's menu. It is never difficult to interest the housewife in putting in her own fruit. They always keep easily and furnish for her table an attractive, wholesome and nutritious amount given below, of course, is a minimum diet requirement and many of our readers will doubtless find they have gone far ahead of this chart. In general, it should be said that there should be equal amounts of fruit and vegetables put up for the winter. If this were true we would find high standards of health throughout the country. It is the continuous unvaried diet of meat, potatoes, bread and butter, and pie that becomes a menace ultimately to the family which keeps itself to these foods, even though generously supplied.

LOCATION OF THE GARDEN.

The garden should be near the house since it is often cared for after supper, or odd times, and it is also more easily accessible for the housewife. Since rapid growth is desirable a protected spot should be chosen. A southern or eastern slope is best with the tall-growing plants at the north-west to long and narrow rather than square, so to prevent too much shading from the sun.

THE SIZE OF THE GARDEN.

The size of the garden comes up next for consideration. It must be large enough to supply the table daily throughout the summer with fresh vegetables to raise the usual pitted products in sufficient quantities for the coming winter, and to furnish the necessary amount of corn, beans, peas, greens, and the like, for the winter canning budget. Space for the first two types can be reckoned by comparison of last year's garden. Space for the canning can be figured by the general rule given below.

If the garden is large so it must be cultivated with a horse, it should be long and narrow rather than square, so that the turning around of the cultivator and horse will be less frequent. Length of row or number of plants to produce:

- One bushel of tomatoes, five to ten plants;
- one bushel of string beans, 100 feet of row;
- one bushel of sweet corn, 100 feet of row;
- one bushel of shelled peas, 200 feet of row;
- one bushel of spinach, 100 feet of row;
- one bushel of small beets, fifty feet of row.

RATIO OF UNCOOKED TO COOKED PRODUCTS.

1 bu. peaches	18 qts.
1 bu. pears	30 qts.
1 bu. plums	30 qts.
1 crate blackberries (16 qts.)	14 qts.
1 crate strawberries (16 qts.)	12 qts.
1 bu. tomatoes	16 qts.
1 bu. string beans	20 qts.
1 bu. sweet corn	12 qts.
1 bu. shelled peas	12 qts.
1 bu. spinach or other greens	8 qts.
1 bu. small beets or carrots	16 qts.

Fresh air and BOVRIL

are the great safeguards of Health.

The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.
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CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd.)

When Tu Hee came to, for a few seconds the past hours were blurred from his memory and she gazed about bewildered. The couch she was on was strange but very pretty. It was all pale blue and gold, like foreign woman's boudoir. Foreign—ah! she covered her face with her hands as she saw her own and the familiar voice spoke to her, "Dear little girl—little Tu Hee, don't be frightened. It's all right, dear."

Bewildered she still on her face as she murmured, "It's the American, Mrs. Claymore. Please, please, why are you here?"

The woman sat on the side of the couch. Taking one of Tu Hee's hands in her own she said, "It has been a terrible mistake, dear. The Government officials took you for some one else."

"Some one else?" questioned Tu Hee, perplexity in her voice. "Who? Do they not know I belong to the house of the great Weng Toy?"

"They do not, dear. It will all be explained later. Just rest for a few minutes."

"No, no," exclaimed Tu Hee, slipping from the couch, "I rest at her house, a woman who has almost childlike in her appeal as she turns to Mrs. Claymore. Please—your friend—take me home."

"Won't you please have some tea first?"

Tu Hee looked into a pair of brown eyes so big and friendly that her lips parted a little and she bowed gratefully, as she obediently took the beverage.

No word was spoken as she partook of the refreshment, and she stole surreptitious glances at the girl opposite of the table. When she had sipped the last of the tea, the girl leaned forward and addressed her in an eager tone. "My name is Grace Ashcroft. If you can ever forgive us for from you some time."

Tu Hee smiled and bowed again, and still a little bewildered allowed herself to be led by Mrs. Claymore to a waiting car where she was embraced by the frantic lun, who laughed and cried in turns at seeing her child safe.

Beside the car stood the British officer, a long thin plaster dividing the dark brown of his cheek with its startling whiteness.

At sight of him Tu Hee shrank back, clinging to Mrs. Claymore. David came forward, and all the while with feeling as he tried to right himself in the eyes of the Chinese girl. Her own conduct appears to be hotly in question, but when she is strong enough to tell an explanation I feel sure I can clear myself. Won't you please trust me of driving you to your home?"

Something in the voice stirred Tu Hee strangely. Instinctively she trusted this stranger, and wondered at the woman who could have ever feared him. His eyes were clear and direct. She bowed her assent and David handed her into the front seat of the car.

Mrs. Claymore smiled, relieved that a tense situation had passed, and took her place in the back, beckoning Tu Hee to sit beside her. Lun was not so easily deceived with, however. She had had enough of foreigners and foreign automobiles. Nor was she without her monster should go without her until it had disgraced her child.

headed—his hat had already been jolted off—to the excited Tu Hee. "Yes, yes," assured the girl, "I am a stupid, mistake." She glanced shyly at David. "Mrs. Claymore will explain, uncle—and please thank this gentleman. He has been so kind."

Weng Toy stiffened. He bowed courteously to the face of the foreigner seated beside his ward. Tu Hee fidgeted, as she fancied his eyes lingered toward the court plaster, but she beamed again as she saw his hand extended. She knew trust always went with the mandarin's hand-clasp.

Weng Toy instructed the chauffeur to drive both cars into the courtyard, and they all walked back to the house. Mrs. Claymore cleverly monopolized Weng Toy. David found himself behind with Tu Hee.

Tu Hee was asked all manner of questions by her ruffled companion which she answered evasively, and when he grew insistent pleaded she would explain later, that Uncle Weng would explain.

For the first time in her life Tu Hee experienced the feeling of envy. She envied Lun. The old nurse was talking over her shoulder volubly. The girl's heart fluttered. Even she, staid Lun, had capitulated to the foreigner. Tea was served in the library, a concession extended to only Weng Toy's intimate friends. Tu Hee hadn't hoped for this, but a glance at her uncle's face told her that Mrs. Claymore's tact had won the day and banished the last vestige of a cloud. Not only this, but the mutual goodwill between her uncle and the officer was unmistakable.

Chi Sing was the only one of the party who was out of his element. He creaked and drank tea, and all the time furtively watching the Englishman. The persistent question which dawned his face was whether the foreigner's round meant an act of chivalry to Tu Hee.

Weng Toy urged his guests to remain for dinner. David would willingly have set aside his business engagements, but a warning glance from Mrs. Claymore bade him leave with her, and he reluctantly obeyed. However, he eagerly accepted Weng Toy's invitation for the next week, and as he went he turned back to the door, feeling like a man who had been let into a secret.

When the door had closed on the foreigners, Weng Toy took Tu Hee's face between his hands, and a little girl looks not unhappy or downcast, all her harrowing experience. She has truly inhaled the brave spirit of the hero.

"Home, Sweet Home"

A Montreal business man en route to Toronto early this spring was overtaken by a travelling companion: "Last night I went home completely fagged out. I put on my slippers, lit the grate fire, put a calico record on. Home, Sweet Home on the phonograph, and sat back in an easy chair to rest my brain, body and nerves. Do you know, before the piece was finished, I could just feel a soothing feeling coming over. That old song will never die, will it?"

Many such a compliment has been paid to that song, the one hundredth anniversary of which fell on May 8th, and as such that date was made something of in many sections of the English speaking world. This number finds a place in every folio of home songs, from the oldest volumes in our grandfathers' homes to the most recent collections of songs for community singing. It has been sung on the concert platform by prima donnas, from Patti to Galli-Curci. It has been performed by the world's leading violinists and cellists. Almost every boy has chosen it for his first attempt at the mouth organ.

The words of "Home, Sweet Home" were composed by John Howard Payne, who was born in New York City, at 33 Pearl Street. He was to be an actor, but his father discouraged it. Young Payne became a clerk in a counting house, tried his hand at Journalism, but afterwards, through the assistance of a novelist, he took a college course. His father having got into financial difficulties, he left college and went on the stage, of which he made a great success for a time.

Later Payne went to London and Paris and wandered to other parts of the world. He made good money at times with his writings, but was anything but thrifty. On a dull October day in old London, when he was feeling depressed and the pinch of lack of funds, the words of "Home, Sweet Home" came to him. In 1823 Charles Kemble bought Payne's manuscripts, and among them was a poem, "Clara, the Maid of Milan." Kemble persuaded him to alter this into a libretto for an opera, the music for which was composed by Henry Rowley Bishop. This

Payne did, introducing his poem "Home, Sweet Home," and it was produced at Covent Garden on May 8th, 1823. Latterly he died in Tunis, where he died in 1852.

Sir Henry Bishop, a Londoner by birth, who furnished the music for "Home, Sweet Home," did not claim that the melody was his own. He announced that the melody was that of an old Calabrian peasant song familiar for generations to the mountain folk of Sicily. Another claim, however, is that Bishop composed the music to meet the needs of a firm of publishers who were issuing a book of national melodies of all countries, and who, lacking a Sicilian melody, commissioned Bishop to write a tune that would pass as a Sicilian air.

Bishop was knighted in 1842. He occupied musical chairs in Edinburgh and Oxford. He was a prolific dramatic composer, producing over eighty operas, farces, ballets, etc. He also won fame as a writer of glees.

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After EVERY Meal

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Ontario's First Sunday School Started in 1817

The very first notice of a Sabbath school in Upper Canada appears to have been in June, 1817. William Moon, who conducted one of Kingston's earliest day schools, was influenced by the plea of a Rev. Mr. Catricken to lead his school "and services" towards organizing what probably was this province's first Sunday school.

Baliwell's pioneer school opened doors in 1826, and John Turnbull, Dr. Marshall and Dr. Cooper were its guiding spirits.

By that date Sunday schools had come into general vogue in the old settlements, and were valued and encouraged by all classes of people. They were kept up not only by private benevolence but by the help of the U.C. parliament, which granted \$750 for the "use and encouragement of Sunday schools, and of indigent and remote settlements."

Francis Asbury, the Methodist bishop of the United States, in 1781, founded the first Sunday school in America. It is recorded that in 1790 the U.S. Methodist Sunday schools for poor children, white and black.

In England, Sunday schools date from 1769, when a Methodist lady, Hannah Bell, "was instrumental in training many children in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures." Later in 1791, Robert Raikes, publisher of the Gloucester Journal, happened to be talking on the street to a lady who afterwards became the wife of Samuel Bradburn, celebrated lay preacher. He pointed out some ragged urchins, asking, "What can we do for them?" "Let us teach them to read and take them to church!" was the reply. He immediately proceeded to try out the scheme, the pair attending the first quota of neglected waifs and the origin of our present Sunday school, an institution which has perhaps done more for the church and the social improvement of Protestant communities than any other agency of modern times, the pulpit excepted.

Progress of Liquid Fuel.

For a long time liquid fuel was employed only for steam production, but an indication of the wide application that it may have in many forms of industry is afforded by the experiments of the owners of a large glass manufactory at South Hackney, in England.

The experiments there were begun more than ten years ago and after overcoming many difficulties a special furnace was evolved which appears to be entirely satisfactory. Four to five thousand gallons of oil are burned every week with perfect combustion and a total absence of smoke and the temperature obtained ranges from that of a baker's oven to that required for melting crucible steel.

Lord Sleeps in a Cage.

Lord Leverhulme, the eminent English philanthropist, sleeps in a cage in the open air, both winter and summer, being convinced that fresh air is one of the chief necessities for health.

Bees Have Hip Pockets.

In the bee's legs are pockets for holding pollen, each pocket being closed by rows of bristles which interlock in the most wonderful manner so preventing the pollen from falling out.

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